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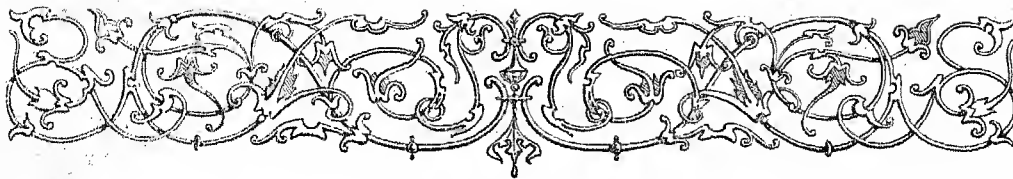


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# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

By JOHN FINNEMORE,

Author of *The Custom of the Country*, *The Red Men of the Dusk*, &c.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE HEAD ON THE POST.

**E**ARLY on a fine August morning in the year 1685, I rode through Winchester on my way home from London, my man, Tom Torr, at my heels. Some miles out of the town I entered upon a long stretch of open road, and saw at the far end of the level causeway bright sparkles and flashes as of the sun falling upon burnished armour. Soon I made out a troop of cavalry advancing at a walk. As we drew near each other I knew the regiment by the facings, and next I recognised the officer riding before them. Lieutenant Poyntz recognised me at the same moment.

'What! Ferrers?' he called out, as he rode over to my side of the road, then drew rein, and we greeted each other; but the next instant my eyes were drawn to the detachment which followed, and I understood the slow pace of the horsemen. Six troopers rode two by two, and with them walked a tall, ruddy-faced man in the corduroys and top-boots of a farmer. His round, red English face was set and grim; his bright-blue eyes stared proudly before him; but, alas! his arms were bound at his back, and a rope stretched from his wrists to the bonds of those who walked next. Two by two after him came eight other stalwart, brown-faced fellows, ploughmen and the like by their looks, but dirty and dishevelled, their clothes torn and stained, and one or two bandaged as if suffering from wounds. Now, for the first time, the sickening sense of what this futile Monmouth Rebellion meant to our west-country lads came home to my heart. I was fresh from London, where the most dreadful threats of vengeance were filling the air. The intention of the Privy Council to give to the west-country a terrible lesson had already leaked out; and I looked

with heavy eyes on the poor fellows tramping along, roped one to the other like a gang of desperate criminals to whom it is hopeless to show mercy.

Such a glorious morning as this was their birth-right. They should have been, sickle in hand, among the corn, now painting the landscape with patches of bright gold; the farmer should have been at their head, or pounding along the road to market on his stout cob. On many and many such a morning had I ridden that road and seen such men straightening their backs to scan the passing traveller, and give their honest, simple greeting; had drawn rein to pass the time of day with such-and-such a farmer, and speak of crops and the outlook of the season.

Doubtless these thoughts marked my face, for my acquaintance, a pleasant, frank English lad, said quietly, 'You don't like it, Captain?'

'No, Poyntz,' I replied, 'I don't.'

'Nor I,' said he. 'Of course it cuts deeper into you, being a west-country man yourself; but I've seen things'—He paused and drew a deep breath. There was a short silence before he spoke again.

'I suppose, now the scare's over, it's easy to get leave?'

'I'm not away on leave,' I answered. 'I've resigned my commission.'

'Resigned your commission?' he returned, open-eyed and wondering.

'Yes,' I said. 'I waited until all possibility of being ordered on active service was over, and then left the army.'

'Well,' he said slowly, 'I can understand it, when you belong to these parts. Upon my soul, I'd resign my commission, too, sooner than do again what I've had to do lately; and if they started such deviltries in bonnie Yorkshire, where

I was bred, begad! I'd go over to the other side, and back up the yokels. These poor wretches were turned over to me early this morning as I set out for Winchester. They were routed out on the farmer's place somewhere near Romsey, just after dark last night.'

'Is the man in front a rebel?'

'Not a fighting rebel. It seems the eight men made their way back across country to their native village, and he hid them and fed them.'

'And now he'll share their fate?' said I.

'Tis beyond a doubt,' returned my acquaintance. 'And yet what should we do if old friends in trouble came knocking at our door?'

'What indeed?' I answered. 'There is word in London that Jeffreys will come down to try them.'

My companion shrugged his shoulders.

'A short shrift and a long rope—eh?' he said.

Then he took his leave and galloped after his detachment, while I put Roan Robin once more to the trot, and posted on.

Half a mile from Romsey a lame beggar-man stepped out of a thicket and came down the road towards us. I was walking my horse, and the click of the fellow's crutches rattled plainly on the stony track. He had one leg slung up in a long bandage which passed round his neck, and he moved heavily and feebly. Twenty yards lay between us when he stopped with a low groan and raised a lack-lustre eye. His glance at once sharpened and brightened; he drew himself up as straight as a larch, kicked his leg briskly out of the loop, tucked his crutches under his arm, and stepped to meet me with the gait of a gamecock.

'Jan Torr,' said I, 'you disgrace of as decent a family as ever lived, are you not hung yet?'

'No, Master George,' replied the rogue, with a cheerful grin. 'Beggin' ne'er run to a hangin' job, an' that's the worst against me yet.—How d'ye, Tom?' he continued, nodding patronisingly to his brother, who blushed with shame, as he always did when he happened to come across the graceless vagrant.

I dropped something into the broken hat the tattered scamp held boldly up, and rode away amid his blessings. No one would have dreamt that the spruce fellow at my heel—and a more steady, trustworthy man never rode there—and the beggar with his greasy wallet buckled about him were brothers; yet so it was. Tom and Jan Torr were the only children of a most respectable couple; but some vagrant strain, coming from who knows where, had broken out in the younger son, and work he would not. He lived on the old folks till they died, and then, with the lightest heart in the world, took the road and joined the noble fraternity of cadgers and mumpers. Once in a while he gave a look round his native spot, and was now returning from such a journey. I had never seen him on crutches before, and perceived it was a new trick he was practising.

At Romsey we made a halt of a couple of hours,

baited the horses, and refreshed ourselves. When we started again things began to look home-like. We had now but fifteen miles to go before we reached Whitmead, on the northern border of the New Forest, and Romsey was our market-town. Every field, every spinney, was a familiar sight; and the pleasant wooded landscape sleeping quietly in the hot August sunshine had that smiling, personal air of welcome found only in one's native reach of country.

We followed a byroad; and, the weather having been fine and dry, the going was good, and we made Cowslip Knap in an hour and a half from Romsey. From the summit of the ridge the whole of the Whitmead valley lay before us: the village clustered round the church, the mill in the hollow, and my own house, Whitmead Priory, half-way up the opposite slope. But none of these drew my first glance. My eyes turned southward to a ridge crowned with dark pines, and at the mere sight of a stack of chimneys climbing above the dusky crest my heart throbbed quicker and quicker, and I wondered what Cicely was doing, and whether I dared ride over this evening.

I had not seen her since the last February, and then I had felt diffident, and had gone away without speaking; but six months of heartache and longing had spurred me on to put my fate to the trial, and yea or nay I would have, and that shortly. So I said stoutly to myself, and yet I feared whether my hard-won courage would hold out under the fire of her beautiful brown eyes.

This, with a young fellow's selfishness, was the main current of feeling; but underneath lay an uneasiness as to what I might hear of my people and this wretched outbreak. Thousand-tongued rumour had been busy to a degree, but of reliable news I had had none, and I knew Whitmead folks well enough to be pretty sure that a contingent had marched off under the blue banner.

Fifty yards down from the ridge we entered an oak wood, through the heart of which ran two roads. Where they crossed, a sign-post was set up to guide travellers. I was passing it when a frightened voice called out behind me:

'Captain!—Master George! Look there! Look at the sign-post!'

I looked, and gave such a start as to jerk the reins and bring my steed up instantly. The sign-post was surmounted by an iron spike, and from this spike a ghastly, gory head looked down upon us—a venerable gray head, the silvery hairs clotted with blood and clinging stiffly about the skull. The distorted face was pale as wood-ashes, except where it was marked with blotches of blood, which was now dark and dried, and peeling in the heat. I was shocked utterly and beyond telling. It was John Woodley, the old gamekeeper—old John, who had placed my first carbine in my hand, had taught me to shoot, taught me everything I knew of woodland lore—a simple, honest, upright man—and here was his



head stuck up as I had seen on London Bridge that of many a rogue. Here indeed was an earnest of the bloody stories which had flown through the land from end to end. The head was tilted slightly forward, and the wide-open, staring eyes looked down towards us with a fixed, dreadful look.

'John Woodley!' murmured Tom, his face as white as chalk.

I drew Roan Robin closer under the post, gathered my feet under me, and leapt up on to the saddle. My hand was stretched out to take down the pitiable relic, when the door of a cottage a little below was flung open, and a terrified voice called shrilly, 'Let un bide! Let un bide!'

I looked round in great surprise to discover my gunsayer; for the oak-wood was mine, the sign-post was mine, the cottage was mine, the woodman who lived there was my servant, and the head to which my hand was reached had spent almost its every thought in the service of my house. It was the woodman who was shouting at me, and Tom Torr fired up instantly.

'Are ye mad, Joe Beech,' he roared, 'to dare to say such words to the Captain?'

Beech, with no thought for the indignation of Tom Torr, now came forward, his hands raised in frenzied appeal.

'Let un bide, Master George!' he screamed, his voice raised to an unnatural pitch. 'Oh, let un bide!'

Behind the man, his wife and children had run out into the road. The woman, a noted termagant, was weeping in an extremity of terror, and about her skirts clung a mob of yellow-haired, weeping children, and from one and all rose a shrill wail, 'Let un bide!'

I withdrew my hand from the clay-cold cheek on which I had laid it, dropped into the saddle again, and beckoned the man forward. He came, and broke into his tale as he did so:

'Twor' the night afore last, Captain, just on sundown, I 'eard a rattle o' feet, an' looked out, an' there wor' seven or eight o' they dragoons comin' down the road. I got me back to the 'ouse an' peered out o' winder, an' then I see old John Woodley in the midst o' 'em. They took un, it seems, on One Elm Waste, an' seein' 'e wor' all worn wi' travel, would 'ave it 'e wor' a rebel. An' the truth soon wor' out, for 'e up an' defied 'em, an', 'tis said, waved 'is cap an' cried, "God save King Monmouth!" Be that as it may, they come down 'ere, an' the old man that spent 'e could scarce drag one leg arter 'oother. Right 'ere under sign-post 'e dropped in the road, an' the soldiers cursed un by every name they could lay tongue to. "We'll 'ave to carry un," says the corp'al. "'Ang un to sign-post," cried another; "'tis but a rebel. Ain't we strung up scores an' scores?" "Ay, ay," cried two or three more; "swing un! swing un! Save trouble o' carryin' un." "Set the cursed rebel on 'is legs,"

says the corp'al. "I'll do justice on the rogue quicker'n that. Now, lads, d'ye mark me cleave un to the teeth. 'Twill show ye 'ow to 'andle a broadsword." They dragged the poor old man up an' set un on 'is legs. The corp'al took 'is distance an' drew 'is girt sword. Then 'e slid the edge o' the blade along old John's head, as a man draws 'is mark on a place 'e means to strike, an' swung up the sword. John Woodley neither moved nor spake. I could see his lips agoin', as if 'e wor' a-prayin'; but 'e stood there calm an' steady. Down whizzed the sword an' down dropped the old man; an' the dragoon chaps all roared an' roared wi' laughin', for the corp'al 'ad made but a miss-'it arter all, an' struck the side o' the 'ead. Ye can see the great bloody cut now, an' just over yon right ear. 'Owever, 'twor' enough. The old man wor' dead as a nit. Then they 'acked off 'is 'ead an' set it on sign-post, an' the corp'al 'e come 'ere an' called me out. "Sec 'erc, my man," says 'e; "yon's a warnin' for all folk to keep the peace an' honour the king. D'ye take care none meddles wi' it. We'll be this way again within the week; and if so be ye've let any meddle wi' our work we'll set a light to yer thatch as sure as ye've a roof over yer 'ead." Then they went.'

'What of the body?' I asked as the woodman ceased speaking.

'I buried un in the wood, sir,' replied Beech. 'They said nought about that. 'Twor' just tumbled into ditch.'

I drew my reins into my bridle-hand and trotted off. My impulse to take down the head had passed. Were the consequences to fall upon me alone I would have risked it; but could I protect my own people against the savage fury of the victors, drunk with blood, and seeking every pretext for revenge? I knew very well I could not, and I held my hand from making mischief.

Before I left London loud complaints had poured in of revolting cruelties perpetrated by the brutal soldiery upon the hapless country-folk: not, mark yon, upon the peasantry who followed Monmouth—they were given over at once as a fox is given to be broken up by the hounds—but upon innocent people, who had taken no part in the rising, and whose only crime consisted in the fact that they lived in the doomed west-country. King and Council had laughed all complaints to scorn; had sent down order after order, fiercer, crueller, bloodier. None knew so well as they how the smallest success of the rebels would have led to a general outbreak against James and his mad passion for thrusting Romish doctrine down the throat of a Protestant nation; none were so resolved to visit the broken movement with a punishment so terrible as to cow the disaffected everywhere into silence.

I turned a corner and my heart leaped. Politics flew from my thoughts, and I devoured with all my eyes the picture of a young lady

trotting towards me on a gray horse, a serving-man close behind.

Cicely! The name formed itself on my lips, and my face was on fire, I knew, as I bowed low on her approach. She drew rein and smiled faintly, and, as I thought, coldly. Her beautiful face was pale, but her eyes burned with more than common brightness.

'Cicely!' said I joyously, 'is all well with you?'

'Yes, George,' she replied gravely. 'We are as usual. Your coming is unlooked for. I thought you were not to return until October.'

There was something in her measured words which touched my heated spirit with an icy chill. As for the use of the Christian names, that meant nothing. We had known each other from childhood.

'No,' said I; 'but in these awkward times a man's plans change at a day's notice, and he finds himself marching hither and thither when he least expects it, putting old acquaintances to the trouble of greeting him months before the proper time.'

In my uneasiness, you see, I was attempting a sprightly speech, and was about as lucky as usual.

I have no gifts in that direction, and had best have left it alone. To turn such a stroke one needs a light, touch-and-go air, and it is a fatal blunder to do what I could not help, and that was to plead with eyes and smile for a little more kindness. I did not get it. Cicely replied politely to the more formal inquiries I made after her mother, and then her gray horse became restive. I could not detain her longer, and away she went at a swift trot, and I moved on homewards with a heart no longer bounding in time to the nimble hoofs under me. I felt pretty sure that her gray nag would not have given such signs for hurrying off on his own account, and I wondered what her little heel had been doing on the other side. Why should she do it? I had never known Cicely avoid me before. A coquette? No. Her frank, open, gentle nature held no trace of such a spirit. She was offended. How? We had parted on our old friendly footing, and I knew of nothing which could have altered it. I had been so confident of the smile which had never yet failed me that the loss of it cut all the deeper, and my heart throbbed uneasily. How stood my day-dreams now?

## THE BRITISH AND OTHER ARMIES.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to H.M. Forces,  
Author of *How to be Happy though Married, Mr Thomas Atkins, &c.*



ANY celebrated military men accompanied the last manoeuvres, with which I was, as spectators. Amongst these was the German military *attaché*, who spoke English perfectly. One day I suggested to him that he must despise our manoeuvres, because they were on such a small scale compared with those of Continental armies. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'they are very good.' This was, I suspect, a polite lie. Then I led him on to criticise the British army. He said, 'It is excellent for fighting savages, just as ours is excellent for fighting the French.'

Our army, composed of that good old mixture of English, Scotch, and Irish, has often shown that it could beat civilised nations as well as savages; but still it is true that the work which our army has to do and that which the German army has to do are so different that they can scarcely be fairly compared. So limited is the scope of campaigns in Germany and France that only one set of conditions need be contemplated—the same climate; the same facilities of supply and of marching; the same topographical characteristics. In England it is very different. We do not know where our next war may be, nor even the colour of the people with whom it may be waged. Each new expedition requires special equipment and special methods of supply. The transport may be mules, camels, coolies, or Nile boats. It is impossible, then, to

keep in store the whole of the equipment necessary to make an army immediately effective for any particular country to which it may be sent.

If we would appreciate the business-like way in which the army corps was despatched to South Africa, we should by way of contrast think of how the French had to get English ships to transport their troops to Madagascar, and of how even the acute Americans muddled their expedition to Cuba. The arrangements for this last were so bad that the cavalry horses had to be left behind. The different units were separated from their stores, horses, and baggage. Sanitary considerations were disregarded, and the army had not enough even of 'embalmed beef.' No one knew where to find medical comforts, and thousands were annihilated by disease. The transports had been so carelessly loaded that neither tents, baggage, camp-kettles, nor extra clothing arrived at the front until some days after the surrender; while the heavy guns of the siege-train lying at the bottom of the hold, under tons of material, were never disembarked at all.

Many mistakes were made in the South African campaign, but at least the way our army was transported to the seat of war deserves great praise. On 20th October the first transport sailed. On the others troops were embarked at the rate of 3500 per diem; and by 17th November 48,500 men, 132 field-pieces, 47 machine-guns, 942 vehicles,

and 4644 animals were sent off. Within six weeks of the day the Reserves reached London the brigade of Guards were storming a position seven thousand five hundred miles distant from Chelsea Barracks. One of our foreign military critics, who animadverts adversely on several things in our army, says on this point: 'The difficulties of the country, the almost impossibility of obtaining supplies, the terrors of the climate, the water question, the thousands of horses, mules, and cattle which had to be fed without the possibility of getting a blade of grass or any pasture from the soil— whoever can understand and realise all this will know how hard it is to carry on a war at a distance of six thousand miles from home.' 'Such a war,' said the Austrian general Turr, 'never was waged before, since equal distances have never had to be traversed, nor have such difficulties of ground, climate, and supply ever had to be surmounted; the nearest approach being the Bosnian insurrection, in which the natives also turned soldiers at one moment and innocent farmers the next. The Bosnian natives were also excellent shots, and past-masters in the art of taking cover and using every natural advantage, just like the Boers. The distance to Bosnia was, however, very small, while the area of the insurrection was not to be compared with that in South Africa from the sea-base up to Mafeking or Pretoria. Above all, the poor Bosnians had no Creusots and no Mausers, and smokeless powder was not yet invented.'

Then as to the fighting capacity of our soldiers when they get to the scene of action, let this be judged by the way they march and shoot, which are the two most important of their duties. Tommy may fall out of the ranks when route-marching during peace, but he sticks to it manfully on active service, tramping and fighting on bleeding feet.

The German soldier is taught not only to shoot, but also the minutest details about the construction of his rifle. Our musketry instruction may not be so thorough, but the shooting attainments of British soldiers now compare favourably with that of foreign ones, the Boers perhaps being a possible exception. Unlike former times, our soldiers practise shooting in all weathers, because battles do not wait for dry, calm days. There is keen competition amongst those who aim at becoming 'first-class shots' and 'marksmen.' Two or three days before a company goes to the range the men receive preliminary instruction, with lectures on the theory of musketry, &c.

What our army is now has been shown by the not little but very big war in South Africa. Our short-service men have proved themselves to be as brave as soldiers ever were; and if their courage at times seemed to come to be without knowledge, and their mode of fighting to be that of fanatical Dervishes rather than the kind that scientific leading would have directed, arm-chair critics should remember that the generals

had difficulties to contend against which we at home cannot realise.

No one could read the account of Elands-laagte battle and those that followed it without feeling that a British army still bears with it an 'awful power.' What Napier said of the men who stormed Badajoz in 1812 is as true of those who captured Talana Hill: 'No nation ever sent forth braver troops to battle.' 'There is no beating of these troops in spite of their generals. I always thought they were bad soldiers; now I am sure of it. I had turned their right, pierced their centre, and everywhere the victory was mine; but they did not know how to run.' So wrote Marshal Soult about the British troops after the battle of Albuera. They were bad soldiers because they did not know when they were beaten, and when, according to the etiquette and established rules of the game, they should have run away. In this sense our soldiers have always been and are now the worst in the world.

It is true that very stupid mistakes were made at the commencement of the South African campaign. There was deficient scouting, followed by mad frontal attacks; our guns occasionally dropped shells into our own infantry; victories were not properly pushed home. This sort of thing must inevitably take place on both sides at the commencement of a war. Peace training can never even approximate to war conditions, and there must always be a transitional stage in passing from a peace to a war footing. We cannot tell of what material our generals are made until we see them in war, and then it is too late. Even Moltke was not infallible, and much less the German generals under him. In the first few weeks of their greatest and most successful efforts they too were dogged by misfortunes, and to a greater extent than we ourselves have been. This fact ought to go far to show that there are some things in war which escape all possibility of precise prediction.

What posterity will think of us is very much what contemporary foreign nations are now thinking of us. From this point of view, the remarks which Turr, the before-quoted Austrian general, has made in reference to the publication of the Spion Kop despatches are interesting. He said that he regretted their publication, because by it highly meritorious officers were discredited before the army and the world. 'I regret it especially in the case of General Buller, because he acted like a bull in Natal, keeping the Boers from overrunning the south of the colony and from destroying the railway down to Durban, and that at a time when everything depended upon it. Where is the military man who could say of himself that he had never made mistakes? Have none of the officers subordinate to Lord Roberts blundered? But is he, therefore, to be publicly blamed? Yet every one will admit that he had a much easier task than General Buller.'

After listening once to some German officers discussing the soldiers of different nations, I timidly hinted that we in England had a little army, and said I would like to know what they thought of it. 'We think,' answered one of them, 'that your army has no organisation and no discipline, and that the soldiers are too softly treated.' We have already spoken of the difference that exists in the circumstances of the German and English nations in reference to army organisation. The Germans know exactly what their army has to do: to fight the French or the Russians; while we require an army that will go anywhere and do anything.

As regards discipline, here is what Count Adalbert von Sternberg says. He knows our soldiers well, for he is the Austrian officer who fought against us, and was taken prisoner with Cronje's army at Paardeberg. After his release, when interviewed at Paris by a representative of the *Daily Mail*, he said, 'The British army is a splendid body of gentlemen. I allude not only to the officers but to the men. For Tommy Atkins I have the sincerest admiration and respect. He is a fine, healthy, straight-thinking gentleman, and I admire and love him, as every soldier must. . . . Thanks to the moral qualities of each individual soldier, the discipline is simply perfect.' The same authority contradicts the assertion that our soldiers are too softly treated. What he says is that British officers 'overwork, overrush, and overfight their men, taking no precaution to ensure them against excessive loss.' An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory, and it is a fact that our soldiers, who before the war were treated in a way that their predecessors would have thought incredibly luxurious, have endured the necessary privations of war as cheerfully as they were ever borne. The fact is, that nowhere in these days of popular education can soldiers be treated as if they were convicts. They must be better paid, fed, and housed than were the soldiers of a former age, who could neither read

nor write, and who in many cases escaped prison only by going into the army. Is not, too, the moral persuasion sort of discipline now in vogue in the British army of a higher kind and more suited to our time than the iron rule that prevails in the German? I have known officers of that country who spoke with surprise and admiration at the way our officers join with their men in games, and thereby gain a personal influence over them. 'We would like to do so,' they said; 'but we could not without relaxing discipline.'

Where conscription is the law, as it is in almost every country except England and America, privates get far more respect and consideration than they do with us. Imagine a German soldier refused admission to the first place at an entertainment or into a fashionable hotel because he was in uniform! If such a thing did occur, he would be almost allowed to run his bayonet through the insulter of 'the cloth.' On being told in Germany by an officer that his brother-officers study their profession so much that many of them break down with nervous complaints, I asked why they worked so hard. He replied, 'We work for our lives.' He meant that they could not afford to play at soldiering. If they were not serious and did not prepare themselves and their men for anything that might happen, the French, Russians, or some other neighbouring nation would come upon them and cut their throats. It is this feeling that gives to the German army the air of intense earnestness that strikes a stranger. Each man seems to feel that the freedom and continued prosperity of the Fatherland depends to a considerable extent upon himself. There was a good deal of this earnestness in Great Britain when, after the reverses we suffered at the commencement of the Boer campaign, dukes, earls, and men of all sorts and conditions volunteered to go to the front as yeomen-privates. This sort of thing is the pride and defence of Greater Britain.

## THE FAMILY SKELETON.

By ARCHIBALD EYRE, Author of *Queen Elma*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



It was a time of keen political excitement; a period of processions to Hyde Park, and glaring newspaper-posters. I believe that some members of the Cabinet had their windows broken; and I know for certain that one very respectable old gentleman was severely hustled on Waterloo platform simply because he resembled another very respectable old gentleman whose political opinions did not coincide with those of that particular crowd.

At that time I was private secretary (unpaid) to the Right Honourable Sir Lawrence Copeland, M.P., one of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. The duties of the post were not onerous, and I found time to see a good deal of Sir Lawrence's eldest daughter Beatrice, with the result that, with an ease which some people aver is always absent from the course of true love, we became engaged. A similar ease marked Sir Lawrence's acceptance of the post of father-in-law elect. Nothing could have exceeded the strict decorum



with which the whole matter was arranged. My own relations were pleased; Beatrice's relations were satisfied; the circle in which we moved pronounced it a suitable match; and it is obvious that Beatrice and I approved, or we should not have placed ourselves in such a position.

Sir Lawrence did not see why the nearer relationship which was about to be established between us should in any way interfere with the proper observance of my duties as his secretary. Of course, he was quite right; but, at the same time, the ruthless way he would overrule my appointments with Beatrice, if they in the least interfered with his interests, was characteristic of the man. He was essentially a clear-headed, shrewd, precise man of business—qualities which, in a more modified form and in a strictly feminine way, Beatrice had inherited. He was, moreover, a man who never forgot his friends—or his enemies, for the matter of that—which to a secretary with political ambitions was a matter of some moment.

One day he asked me to call for him at the Foreign Office in order that we might make a visit together. The Cabinet meeting he was attending was still in progress when I drove up in his carriage. I watched rather listlessly the little throng waiting to see the Ministers take their departure, until one of the crowd attracted my attention. He was a tall, thin man, seedily dressed, with an alert, eager face, and a mouth singularly wanting in strength. He looked about sixty, and from his general appearance I judged he was a habitual drinker, as the hand with which he kept nervously tugging his ragged gray moustache never ceased to tremble; but there was an air of breeding about him which distinguished him from the crowd of casual onlookers. What had chiefly attracted my attention was his facial resemblance to Sir Lawrence Copeland. I do not mean that any one could have mistaken the one for the other; but there was a striking likeness between the two men.

The Ministers began to appear singly and in couples. A few of the bystanders raised a feeble cheer for any particularly well-known politician; one individual, I remember, somewhere in the background, indiscriminately hooted one and all until summarily suppressed by a policeman. Sir Lawrence was one of the last to appear, and on coming down the steps made straight for his carriage. As he passed, the man whose appearance had attracted my attention pushed his way through the crowd and grasped Sir Lawrence's arm.

'Larry,' he said, his face full of eagerness, 'don't you want to speak to me?'

Sir Lawrence regarded the old man sternly for a moment.

'Constable!' he said, without turning.

Of course a policeman was on the spot at once, and tried to hustle the old man aside; but he clung with tenacity to Sir Lawrence's arm.

'Now, look here, Larry, you know you want to speak to me. Just think! Oh, do think!' There was a plaintive note in the man's voice.

Sir Lawrence stood absolutely still while the policeman unclasped the old man's fingers and dragged him aside. When Sir Lawrence had entered his carriage he put his head to the window and beckoned the constable.

'Let that man go,' he said quietly. 'Don't take him in charge. You understand?'

The constable touched his helmet.

In the grasp of a couple of policemen, the old man kept up his refrain: 'Just you think if you don't want to see me. Think! Think!'

The sound of his voice only died away as the carriage moved beyond hearing distance.

Sir Lawrence threw himself back on his seat and frowned.

'Is that man mad or drunk?' I asked.

'Neither.' He pressed his lips together and thought.

'How do you explain his conduct, then?' I asked curiously.

He glanced at me. 'You don't know who he is?'

I shook my head.

He smiled rather wearily. 'That,' he said, 'is our family skeleton.'

'Your—what?'

For a few moments he looked as if he had said too much. 'The whole story is forgotten now. Twenty years is a long time for a scandal to survive. I don't believe there are three people in England besides Beatrice and myself who know he is alive. Even *Debrett* states him to be dead.'

'States whom?'

He flicked at a fly on the window-pane with his gloves: 'The man who caught hold of me just now.'

'Who is he?'

Again he hesitated, but evidently made up his mind to continue: 'My younger brother Hector.'

I was silent in astonishment. It seemed incredible that the shabby, trembling old man could be the younger brother of the alert middle-aged man beside me.

'Your younger brother?' I exclaimed. 'That man your brother?'

Sir Lawrence leant forward and let down the window. 'It is a distasteful subject; but perhaps it is as well you should know the particulars. In fact, I may have to rely on your assistance. Hector is a few years my junior—he must be nearly sixty. He never got on with my father, who could not tolerate his extravagant ways. Of course you didn't know my father; he was what the present generation would term a hard man. At any rate, he took a stringent view of his duty. Parents are not so strict nowadays.'

'I suppose not,' I said, for he had stopped and was looking at me as if for my acquiescence.

'Without giving details, I may tell you that at length my father gave him a thousand pounds and bundled him off to the colonies. He frittered away the money, and then came home. My father declined to help him further. I believe Hector was even in want. At any rate, he forged my father's name for a considerable sum.'

'Well?'

'My father prosecuted him, and he was sent to prison.'

I was somewhat shocked. 'Surely that was rather a drastic measure?'

'I am not concerned to defend my father's action,' said Sir Lawrence rather coldly. 'The effect of it was, that when Hector's term of imprisonment ended he disappeared for over twenty years. In fact, I heard no more of him till my father's death.'

'That was ten years ago.'

Sir Lawrence nodded. 'He came to me shortly afterwards with a long tale of misery. He had been married for seven or eight years, and from what I could make out his wife had kept him by singing at some low music-hall in Melbourne; but now she was dead, and he was alone in the world with a child of ten years, the daughter, I understand, of his wife by a former marriage. He said that unless I helped him he must starve.' Sir Lawrence shrugged his shoulders. 'If he could have starved in decent retirement I should not have been greatly concerned. In any case, it was obviously undesirable to have a poverty-stricken brother of criminal proclivities hanging about in one's immediate neighbourhood. So I agreed to pay him three pounds a week, on condition that he remained out of England. He accepted these terms, and my agents in Melbourne have paid him this sum regularly till recently. About six months ago I told them to stop it.'

'Why did you do that?'

'It was entirely his own fault. To my extreme disgust and annoyance, six months ago he called at my house. It turned out he wanted me to provide for the child—the child of the woman he had married. Not, mind you,' said Sir Lawrence with emphasis, 'a child of his own, but a stepdaughter to whom he alleged he was bound by the ties of affection. The folly of his suggestion never seemed to have occurred to him. He was quite overcome when I peremptorily refused even to consider the matter. He said the doctors told him he might die any day, and he couldn't bear to leave the girl penniless. I pointed out that the girl had no claim on him; but, in his pining, sentimental way, he would not be satisfied.'

Sir Lawrence spoke with some heat. He could not understand how any one could act so absurdly.

'And what happened?' I asked.

'He kept persecuting me with letters and visits. Wherever I went he dogged my steps on the same foolish errand.' Sir Lawrence smiled in a somewhat superior way. 'If I had been a

weak man it is possible I might have given way, simply to save myself from the annoyance. As it was, I gave him a week to leave the country. He did not go: I stopped the allowance.'

'And since then?'

'Since then an awkward thing has happened.' At that moment the carriage stopped and we prepared to alight. 'I must tell you the rest after dinner to-night.'

That evening Sir Lawrence, Beatrice, and I dined alone. As soon as the servants had left the room he lit a cigar.

'Now,' he said, 'I want to finish telling you about my brother Hector.'

Beatrice made a movement as if to leave us, but her father stopped her.

'Don't go, Beatrice, or Gerald will be fidgeting to get away. Besides, you may be able to help us.'

He turned to me: 'There are few women whose judgment I would trust before Beatrice's.'

Beatrice's lip curled slightly: 'Your belief in my judgment does not often extend to taking my advice. However'—she sat down in an arm-chair—'I may as well discuss Uncle Hector as sit alone in the drawing-room.' She leant back in her chair and closed her eyes. The rays from the shaded lamp fell on her beautiful, proud face. I should have been content to sit and watch it in silence, but Sir Lawrence plunged at once into his subject.

'I have lost,' he began abruptly, 'some very important papers.'

I roused myself to attention. 'You have lost—what?'

'Some letters. If the contents got known it would be awkward—confoundedly awkward.'

'How did you lose them?'

'They were stolen. I believe my precious brother Hector has them. I told you this morning that for some months past he has been continually calling at the house and sending in messages. Of course the servants were instructed to refuse him admittance. Unfortunately, about a month ago a new footman—stupid fellow!—showed him into my study, the waiting-room being engaged. He was there alone for about ten minutes. I sent him packing as soon as I heard he was in the house. Now, it is quite probable my desk was unlocked. I am careless about that kind of thing.'

'You think he took the letters out of your desk?'

'I think he opened the desk and made a grab at the bundle, without an idea of its importance.'

'And they are important?'

Sir Lawrence smoked on for some moments. 'Important, certainly, inasmuch as they would shock the weak minds of the public. You know the political situation at the moment. We are not ready for a General Election, and we cannot continue in office unless we can detach Barton and

his group from the Opposition. Barton's followers only require his lead to induce them to throw in their lot with us. Barton can make them come, and Barton can keep them back.' He smiled rather cynically. 'Barton of course will act from the highest patriotic motives; but'—

'But?'—

'But he would like to be assured that we recognise the great sacrifice he is making.'

'Oh, recognise it by all means,' I said carelessly.

'It is difficult to satisfy a man who is acting from the highest possible motives,' said Sir Lawrence dryly.

'Ah! he wants something.'

'Don't misunderstand me. He is acting quite legitimately—at any rate from a public man's point of view. The leader of a party is surely entitled to be assured that a lifeboat has been provided before he jumps overboard. I have been in negotiation with him as to the particular kind of lifeboat.'

'And are his followers also to be provided with lifeboats?' asked Beatrice, without opening her eyes.

'Tut, tut, my dear!' observed Sir Lawrence good-humouredly; 'patriotism is its own reward, so far as the rank and file are concerned. But Barton desires that his abilities should be utilised by the State. I am afraid the letters he has written would astonish the public. The public are so easily astonished.'

'I always thought Barton was a bit of a humbug,' I observed thoughtfully. 'And these are the letters that are missing?'

Sir Lawrence nodded. 'You see how inconvenient it would be if an enterprising newspaper got hold of them. The Prime Minister would be exceedingly annoyed, Barton would be gravely compromised, and I should feel like a fool. In fact, our little scheme for an alliance would fail dismally, and we should have to face a General Election at the worst possible moment.'

'And how do you propose to get them back? It seems a mere question of money.'

Sir Lawrence's face clouded. He sat up on his chair and thumped the table with his fist, making the glasses and silver jingle. 'Am I to be swindled by a man like Hector? Certainly not! Not one penny, if I can help it!'

Beatrice opened her eyes and glanced in my direction. When her eyes met mine she smiled wearily and closed them again. We had touched on Sir Lawrence's weak point. To put it mildly, he was not generous where money was concerned.

'How, then?' I asked.

'That is the question on which I want your opinion,' he replied rather querulously.

'How can Gerald know? The only course is either to pay your brother what he wants for the letters or to put the matter into the hands of the police,' said Beatrice.

'Both equally out of the question. Why

should I pay money? And as to the police, in the first place it would cause a pretty scandal. A public man cannot prosecute his brother without the public being agape with wonder. Just think of the newspaper paragraphs and all the unpleasant publicity. And then, probably, somehow or other, the contents of the letters would get disclosed.'

'Then pay him,' said Beatrice imperturbably. 'I dare say a small sum would do.'

'I'll not give him a farthing!' cried her father. 'And that's flat! If he returns the letters I will pay the passage of the couple out to Melbourne, and renew the allowance for Hector's life. That won't be for long, thank goodness!'

'What do you suggest, then?' asked Beatrice placidly.

Her father hesitated and looked rather doubtfully from her to me.

'Surely,' he answered, 'we have sufficient ingenuity to hit upon a plan. Surely we three can cope with a man like my brother. Surely by the exercise of a little skill, craft, cunning—call it what you will—we can make him disgorge the letters.'

'Of course, if you propose to descend to cunning'—began Beatrice scornfully.

'And why not? We are dealing with a rogue. Why should we be squeamish?'

Beatrice's lips curled disdainfully. She said nothing, however, and her eyes closed again. I saw strong disapproval on her face.

'My idea is,' her father went on, 'that Gerald should go and see Hector.' Beatrice's eyes opened quickly. 'He will see how the land lies. If he gets an opportunity, perhaps he may be able to secure the papers. A small sum to a servant'—He stopped rather abruptly, for he could feel his suggestion was not received with enthusiasm. 'At any rate,' he continued rather hastily, 'Gerald will be able to report if Hector is in negotiation with any one else.'

I was not at all enamoured with Sir Lawrence's proposal, and it was on the tip of my tongue to say so. But—perhaps it is weak of me—I have more than once been annoyed by the calm way Beatrice decides matters in which I am principally concerned. She never seems to consider it necessary to consult me. I mention this because, if she had not so peremptorily vetoed her father's suggestion, I am quite sure I should never have acquiesced in it.

'The thing is out of the question,' she said coldly. 'Gerald will do nothing of the sort.'

'May not Gerald decide for himself?' asked her father with unpleasant sarcasm. 'Most men prefer to have a voice in matters that concern them alone.'

Her face flushed.

'It is a matter in which I am entitled to an opinion. He shall not do such dirty work.'

'Really, Beatrice,' I interposed rather petulantly,

'you exaggerate the matter. There can be no harm in my seeing your uncle. I think your father's suggestion is a good one.'

She turned on me sharply: 'His suggestion is not a good one. I object to you being involved in so sordid an affair.'

'I don't see that it is so particularly sordid.'

'You are going to try and swindle a wretched old man.'

'Not necessarily,' said I. 'In any case, it is to obtain possession of something he has stolen.'

'The whole thing may get into the papers. Your name will be bandied about in a thousand unpleasant associations.'

'It is my name.'

Beatrice rose. 'You have asked me to share it.'

'I beg your pardon, Beatrice,' I answered, ashamed of my rudeness; 'but surely it is my duty to help your father?'

'Let him send a paid servant—a clerk—but not—you!'

'It is best that I should go.'

A sudden anger seized her. I admit that patience is not Beatrice's strongest point.

'I disapprove of your going.'

I shrugged my shoulders. 'Notwithstanding'—I began.

'You will go against my express wishes?'

It really was necessary that Beatrice should know that I had a mind of my own, but at the critical moment I hesitated. I think I should have decided to prove my strength of mind on some other occasion had not her father intervened.

'Of course Gerald will go,' he observed, speaking to Beatrice, but with his eyes on me. 'He is not likely to allow himself to be ordered about by a slip of a girl.'

To call Beatrice a 'slip of a girl' was rather a misnomer. She is tall for a woman, and has the figure of a Grecian goddess.

'Let Gerald answer for himself,' Beatrice replied sharply. 'You won't go—will you, Gerald?' There was a note of pleading in her voice. Sir Lawrence looked at me in his cynical fashion, waiting my reply. I think it was the half-smile on his lips that decided me.

'Certainly, I shall go.'

Beatrice gave me one look, and then went out of the room. She did not bang the door. Beatrice is not the type of woman that bangs doors when she is angry. I rather wish she was.

## FROM THE TWOPENNY STALL.

By ARTHUR L. SALMON.



One can claim to be a true lover of books who does not delight in the second-hand book-shops. The bibliophile, the collector of rare editions, may find them less fruitful now than they used to be; they have been too well explored, and their owners, as a rule, are too well informed and too watchful to allow any great prize to escape. But the joys of collecting first editions and literary curiosities are only to be indulged in by a long purse; the genuine second-hand book-stall holds out temptations to the man of most limited means. From my childhood, when I went on the search for books with only a few pence, perhaps only a single penny, in my pocket, I have met with my reward in the dingy boxes or shelves whose contents are all priced at one almost contemptible figure. It must not be supposed that rare works are often to be found in these receptacles of the outcast; yet I have often caught the most astute bookseller napping in the volumes that he has cast scornfully into his twopenny box. Delightful works of the eighteenth century, things not to be had in cheap reprints, are to be sought for in these haunts. A little patience, and something good is almost sure to turn up.

If it may not seem idle or egotistic, I should like to particularise a few of the books that I have picked up at 'twopence only.' By the way,

we sometimes suppose that cheap books are altogether a thing of the present generation; many would be surprised, if they turned up a list of the 'British Classics' sold by a combination of booksellers a century since, to find at what low sums really standard works were sold. But the present value of an old book is not to be gauged by the price at which it was issued. Among the books most frequently to be met with on the old book-stall is Thomson's *Seasons*; it may be taken as quite a typical feature of the second-hand stall. Its omnipresence is a proof of the poem's great former popularity; though latterly it has been so neglected that when we speak of James Thomson there are some worthy persons who suppose we are referring to a young man who wrote a pessimistic poem named *The City of Dreadful Night*. Such a mistake is enough to make poor old Thomson turn in his grave—though he might be too lazy to take the trouble, for he was a man who loved repose. But the 'man in the street,' who has been somewhat slightly spoken of lately, might surely remember Thomson as the author of 'Rule, Britannia.' There is much true poetry in the *Seasons*, and our grandparents were none the worse for loving it. The book-lover may visit almost any second-hand book-stall in the kingdom with the certainty of securing this good old work for twopence, or perhaps for a penny, and an edition, if not



eighteenth century, at least dating from the early eighteen-hundreds. It will be in faded calf, about which a faint aroma clings; and possibly it will be adorned with 'superb embellishments.' What can be more delightful? I have met these copies of Thomson frequently; and though I have not deemed it advisable to go beyond two editions in my own small library, it has been a pain to reject them. I never feel sure that another twopence will not be beguiled out of my pocket in exchange for one.

However, there are works not so common, and whose discovery is more of a lucky find. For example, I once picked up a copy of Warton's poems, half-bound, with the genuine up-turned s of the eighteenth century, for the same sum. I mean Dr Thomas Warton, sometime Poet-Laureate, and historian of English poetry. Those who have read the *Remains* of Henry Kirke White will remember how he devoted a youthful essay to Warton, and readers of Hazlitt will also recollect that shrewd critic speaking of Warton's sonnets as 'some of the finest in the language.' In fact, Warton to some extent foreshadowed Wordsworth as a writer of what may be called *local* sonnets. He was indeed an admirable scholar, a good critic, and a true poet; something like a lesser Thomas Gray. It may be possible—it was a few years since—to get a modern reprint of Warton's poems; but how much more charming to meet with them in this fashion! Though only a boy at the time, it gave me a thrill of pleasure that I have not yet forgotten.

Then there is Gray himself. His poems can be purchased new at any price the reader chooses to pay—from Mr Stead's 'Penny Poets' to the elaborate edition edited by Mr Gosse; but none the less to meet them in the twopenny box is a pleasant and not infrequent *rencontre*. An even better find rewarded me a few days since. I picked up for twopence Mason's complete edition of Gray's works, clean and perfect, with many pages uncut. It was one of a series of British Classics given by about a score of different publishers (of whom Messrs Longman are the distinguished survivors) in the early years of the nineteenth century. It has certainly been proved that Mason is reliable neither as biographer nor as editor, yet the latest writers on Gray have still to confess that his labours are indispensable. Having recently seen the same work advertised in a second-hand bookseller's catalogue at two shillings, I was of course specially delighted to buy this one at twopence. Poems, letters, memoirs, of one of the greatest geniuses of the eighteenth century, and all for twopence! It was enough to make one walk home feeling several inches taller. At the same price I have bought Mason's own attempts at English drama in the classic mode—not very easy to meet with nowadays; and though not very readable, they are

interesting as an effort to treat romantic themes in a classic manner. Mason also, together with Gray, was one of the first to turn with some taste to the Celtic side of our history and literature; and his *Caractacus* is not to be sneered at. The writings of another of Gray's friends, Dr James Beattie, can often be found on the second-hand book-stalls; I once bought a delightful little copy of his *Minstrel* and other poems for a penny. For twopence I bought his complete *Life and Letters*, edited by Sir William Forbes, and valuable for the glimpses of literary society that it gives us. The *Minstrel* was once an ardently admired poem; and even more excessive praise was given to the cumbrous *Essay on Truth*, with which Beattie thought to extinguish such antagonists as Voltaire and Hume. He did not succeed in erasing these two, any more than Jeffrey crushed the *Excursion*. The *Minstrel* is a poem of a transition nature, only possible to such an age as that which produced it. Neither its poetry nor its philosophy is of great depth; yet it is distinctly a pleasant poem to read, and it is a pleasure to meet it in the dusty nooks of a cheap book-box.

Readers of Leigh Hunt will recollect his reference to the editions of poets and others published by Cooke. He says: 'Cooke's edition of the British Poets and Novelists' came out when I was at school. Shall I ever forget his Collins and his Gray, books at once so "superbly ornamented" and so inconceivably cheap?' It is quite possible to come across these Cookes still, in the old book-shops. For twopence I purchased the poetical works of Smollett and of Thomas Tickell, in one volume, Cooke's edition, the date being 1797. Its 'superb engravings' were by Kirk. My Thomas Warton had been a companion volume. Of Smollett's poems not much need be said. Some of his verses display feeling and pathos; but his satires are as bitter as Juvenal, and as gross. Tickell's is a name familiar to every student of Pope and Addison; he was intimately connected with the famous quarrel between the two. It was Tickell's translation of the first book of the *Iliad* that Addison commended and assisted, in preference to Pope's; some say that Addison himself did much of the translation, but Tickell proved himself to have talents quite equal to the occasion. It was Tickell who said of Addison that he

Taught us how to live, and (oh, too high  
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

He also wrote another verse, in his ballad of 'Colin and Lucy,' that lingered long in the ears of the public:

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

Fashions and manners change; but, after all, some of these forgotten poets of a past age are as readable and more interesting than many of our contemporary minor versifiers. For instance, there was Ambrose Phillips, whom Pope shrewdly satirised in the pages of the *Guardian*, and whose name gave us the word 'namby-pamby,' first applied to his poetry. It is pleasant to see that Lowell has a good word for him in one of his essays. I bought his poems, which are now very difficult to procure, for the usual twopence (perhaps it was a penny—I am not quite sure), and I found that his pastorals are really better than Pope's, more natural and more rustic. These are the books that must actually be sought for among the second-hand shops; they cannot be had otherwise. In Cooke's edition I one day discovered a complete Akenside, the price again being twopence; and Akenside is a poet whom no student of our literature can afford to ignore. In some respects he curiously foreshadowed Wordsworth.

Such works as Pope's *Homer* and Dryden's *Virgil* are, of course, often to be found; but plentiful modern reprints take away from the charm of finding them. Rather more valuable as a find was the Cowper's *Iliad* which I once captured; but for this I think I paid threepence. An even choicer sense of pleasure attended the discovery of Fairfax's *Tasso*, in Charles Knight's blue-covered volumes, at one penny each volume, twopence the complete work. Hoole's translation is too much like a watered Pope, and gives no true conception of the original; but the verse of Fairfax has a Spenserian tone quite in keeping with his subject, and he shares the grand style of the Elizabethans. Dr Johnson prophesied that Fairfax would never be reprinted after Hoole's rendering had appeared; but good old Johnson was wrong more than once in his literary estimates. Surely there must be many lovers of our literature who would be glad to give twopence for Fairfax's *Tasso*. However, I am not offering it for sale. For the same sum I once bought a translation of Klopstock's *Messiah*, done into prose by a lady; but I have never read it, though I tried to. Coleridge spoke of Klopstock as a 'very German Milton,' and the account of the visit that he and Wordsworth paid to the old poet does not present a very prepossessing picture; but it is no wonder that poor Klopstock complained of his translators.

A complete edition of Schiller's poems in the original was another of my twopenny finds; but I think Lenau's poems gave me even greater pleasure. There is deep and true poetry in the writings of this genuine lyricist—sometimes a touch worthy of Heine, and a greater sincerity. Another German find was Gessner's *Death of Abel*, translated, for one penny. It was very popular at one time, and was translated into the same dreary prose as Klopstock, whom its author

imitated. Readers of Hood will recollect that Eugene Aram comes across a boy reading the *Death of Abel*; one feels quite sorry for the lad.

Returning to British literature, how many 'general readers' have any knowledge of Glover and his epic piece *Leonidas*, which was seriously ranked with Milton? I picked this poem one day out of the usual cheap receptacle, and found later that twopence about represented its value. Why might not convicts be compelled to read works like this and Klopstock, as an alternative to capital punishment? A far pleasanter find was the poems of Gay, containing in the same volume Cotton's *Visions in Verse* and Moore's *Fables for the Female Sex*. This Cotton is not the same as collaborated with Izaak Walton. Versified fables are now out of fashion with our poets, but there are some good things in Gay's; and even more interesting are his rural poems and his *Trivia*. In the pastorals, instead of giving his peasants classical names such as Daphnis and Strephon, Gay gives them such names as he supposes to be suitable to rude country life, and these, to say the least, are curious. It is difficult to imagine where he discovered his Lobbin Clout, his Boobyelod, his Lubberkin, his Bowzyheus and Blouzelinda; but in spite of these monstrosities his eclogues do really give us far more of genuine country life than any number of the affected pastorals that had been popular. If he had kept to his Marians and Cicelies and Black-eyed Susans, Gay would have done better; and he did well in not fearing to profess openly that he imitated Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* rather than more recent bucolic writers. Dr Johnson has not many good words to spare for Gay; but in spite of that a pleasant hour may easily be spent in his company, and he illustrates his generation perhaps as well as any man of the time. We cannot rank him with Thomson or Gray or Collins or Goldsmith, perhaps not even with Beattie, as a serious poet; but his works are more of a contemporary record. He merges himself more fully in his time, and while there is less literary value, there is more historie.

Another pleasing rhymers of those days was Shenstone, who cultivated a taste for landscape-gardening, and whose verse reflects this proclivity. His *Schoolmistress* is one of the best efforts of a generation that was rather fond of pretending to imitate Spenser. His poems also I have purchased for the same serviceable twopence. The same sum purchased Falconer's *Shipwreck* and Somerville's *Chace*, in one volume. Both have merit; but the latter, in its vigorous blank verse, is the more living and forcible. Its theme was a good one, in so much as it took the author and his readers at once into the open air; it is breezy and dashing, with a sense of nature's loveliness, even if there is no profound art in its descriptions.

Another capture that gave me very great pleasure was Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, for which I gave one penny. It was one of the author's own editions. In his unaffected simplicity, his absence of adornment, his faithfulness of touch, Bloomfield is one of the best, though the least ambitious, of our truly pastoral writers. He knew the life that he describes, and his poem is like an autobiography. Further, for one penny I made a delighted acquaintance with Macpherson's *Ossian*, and the book became the companion of my boyish wanderings.

To those whose pence are few, as mine were then, nothing offers greater possibilities than the cheap book-stall. It is to be found, happily, in all large towns and in many small ones. In some north-country places, and sometimes in the south, it is actually an important feature of the markets; so that those who come in from the outlying villages may be attracted by food for their minds as well as for their bodies. It is interesting to find stalls of books standing in the open air, among meat, poultry, trinkets, and greengrocery; it reminds us of the time when Dr Johnson's father used to carry his book-stall from Lichfield to Uttoxeter and Birmingham markets. New

books are becoming so cheap now that some predict an early death for the second-hand book-trade. The prediction is a short-sighted one. There are always the rare editions, the scarce copies, the rich bibliophile, to keep the business going; and besides this, it is still impossible to buy many works that we may desire in new reprints at all. The publishers are very obliging, but they naturally only reprint that for which there is a demand; and in the byways of literature there are many works for which there would be no manner of demand at all. What could the student of eighteenth-century literature do without the old book-shop? How else could we study the minor poetry, the essayists, of the age so-called Augustan? Where should we get the poems of Warton or of Tickell? Even if there were reprints, would these be as delightful as the rusty and faded old volumes? Poetry is now given to us at a penny a volume, and it is a noble boon; yet still it would be well for our young scholars to reserve some of their pennies for the twopenny book-stall. Their purchases will have the charm of the unexpected; there will be a delight in the seeking and a delight in the finding.

## THE TRAIL OF THE TRUST.

By JAMES BURNLEY, Author of *The Industries and Resources of America, &c.*

### PART I.



THE trail of the trust is over everything American; its deepening shadow falls upon every branch of the country's industry, and crosses every avenue of the national life. There is no getting away from it. In most places the track has been wrought deep into the heart of things. In other parts its traces are faint almost to the point of imperceptibility; but the trail is there, and its connection can be followed up from the extremest verges of the industrial outlook to its busiest centre.

It is much easier to understand how it came there, and under what specially favourable conditions it rapidly spread itself, than it is to define its good or its evil in their proper proportions, or to predict the outcome of the gigantic problem with which it has confronted the citizens of the United States. It is undeniable that practically all the great labour-employing plants of the country are in the hands and under the control of trusts, and that there is hardly a single commodity of commerce that the country produces, from armour-plates down to matches, that can be bought or handled without the payment of tribute to some great combination.

A tourist from Europe might travel from one end of the country to the other without having much surface-evidence of the action of trusts and combinations forced upon him. He would be more or less under their influence, however, from the time of landing to the day of his re-embarkation for his native shores.

The ship he arrived on would be boarded by an agent of a press combination which alone has the privilege of selling newspapers on incoming vessels. In cabling home from the wharf the news of his safe arrival, he would have to employ the services of a great telegraph monopoly. His trunks having passed the ordeal of the Customs examination, he would see his baggage taken in hand by servants of an express combination that enjoys the exclusive rights of entering the wharf. A trust cab would convey him to his hotel, and nearly everything that he touched in the way of eating or drinking would have been supplied by trusts. His fish and oysters would probably have been provided by the Booth Company, which, with its capital of over £1,000,000, largely controls the distribution of these comestibles. If he took a sardine by way of an appetiser, ten to one it would have come from one of the two great syndicates which practically command the whole sardine industry; and if he nibbled a biscuit, it

would almost certainly have been supplied by the United States Biscuit Company, which has a capital of £11,000,000, and takes under its wing all the big cracker and biscuit concerns in the States. The cigar he would smoke would possibly have been obtained from the £4,000,000 Cigar Trust; and the match he would light it with would be more than likely to have been bought from the Diamond Match Company, which has a capital of £2,500,000, and runs six mills.

When it came to sitting down to dinner, nearly every mouthful he consumed would have the flavour of the trust about it if his palate were only keen enough to detect it. Gifted with this extra sense, his celery-soup would remind him of the Celery Trust; his beefsteak would recall the fact that the meat dealers' business of America is mainly in the hands of four firms, whose gigantic stockyards and packing-houses command every detail of the businesses of butchering and the supplying of meat; the vegetables he helped himself to would suggest the operations of the United Fruit Company, with its capital of £4,000,000, or of the Preserving Combine, with its £2,000,000 capital; the bread that he might munch would stir up thoughts of the American Flour Manufacturing Company and its £30,000,000 capital; while the butter he used would inevitably call up visions of the Farm and Dairy Product Company and its £3,000,000 capital. If it chanced to be a hot day and he wanted a glass of ice-cream, he would straightway think of the American Ice Trust, with its capital of £3,000,000; and in the same way his cheese and his coffee would yield him reminders of other multi-millioned trusts.

It is well, however, that he should be in ignorance of these things, and that his largesse to the trusts should take the form of indirect and unconscious offerings, otherwise he might feel uncomfortable; so when he takes his glass of whisky-grog as a 'nightcap,' the fact that it is a trust article, and has been supplied by one of the two great combines in this industry, possessing a united capital of nearly £36,000,000, and the probability that the sugar he uses in sweetening it will be another trust commodity, for which the American Sugar Refining Company, capitalised at £25,000,000, is responsible, need not disturb his rest.

The trail of the trust coils around him even as he sleeps. The carpet of his bedroom is possibly the product of the National Carpet Company, which takes in most of the carpet-mills of the country, and has a capital of £10,000,000; the bed and chairs may have been made by the Chamber Furniture Manufacturers' Association, which swallowed up fifty separate firms and has a capital of £2,000,000. The paper on the walls will doubtless owe its origin to the National Wall-Paper Company, which represents a combine

of thirty concerns and has a capital of nearly £7,000,000. When he rises in the morning the soap he uses in his bath will be the product of the Soap Trust, having a capital of £10,000,000; and the mirror before which he dresses will in all likelihood be from the National Mirror Manufacturers' Association, which absorbed some forty companies and has a capital of £1,000,000.

Taking a walk in the streets, a thousand other evidences of the working of trusts would be presented to him did he but know it. The children he would see going to school would have the literature issued by the School Board Trust under their arms; the immense sheets of glass of the shop windows he might look through would have been supplied by the Window-Glass Combine (capital, £6,000,000); the jewellery he would see displayed in such profusion here and there might have come from the Jewellery Manufacturers' Trust, which combined three hundred firms in New England and two hundred in the middle Atlantic States; and the hundreds of bicycles he would notice, ridden by old and young, male and female, gentle and simple, where there was a good roadway, would for the most part be from the American Bicycle Trust, which works one hundred plants—75 per cent. of all in the country—and has a capital of £6,000,000. The candy he would observe the youngsters eating would likely enough have been put out by the Candy Manufacturers' Trust, with its £15,000,000 capital. As for the auto-vehicles that might pass him in the streets, it would be strange if they did not belong to one or other of the three great trusts that control the making and using of these horseless machines, the chief of which promises to be the Auto-Truck Combine, owning exclusive rights under the Hoadley-Knight patents in Europe and America, with a capitalisation of £40,000,000.

If he wrote a letter at his hotel, the chances are that it would be upon paper manufactured by the American Writing-Paper Company, which owns twenty-seven mills and controls 76 per cent. of the fine writing-paper output of the country. If he sought relaxation in a game of billiards, he would possibly have to play on a table made by the Billiard-Table Trust. If he wished to slake his thirst with an orange, the Orange-Growers' Trust (capital, £4,000,000) might be the original supplier of it; and the paper bag that the fruit-seller would put it in would almost inevitably be the product of the Union Bag and Paper Company, controlling the entire paper-bag business of the country, with a capital of over £5,000,000. Even the theatre wherein he might seek amusement—perhaps witnessing an English play by an English company—would be pretty sure to be one of the houses of the Theatrical Trust (capital, £6,000,000), which controls fifty large enterprises all working together and rendering it difficult for any one to operate indepen-



dently of them in any of the big cities of the States.

Then, when he comes to travel, he will necessarily be in the hands of one or other of the great railway combines. The Pullman-car he will ride in, moreover, will represent an organisation that works the whole of the sleeping-car system of the country, the only competing enterprise (the Wagner Palace-Car Company) having been absorbed by the Pullman Company a few months ago. The steel rails over which the train would run would presumably have been manufactured by the Carnegie Company, which, in its later organisation, has a capital of £50,000,000 at its back, and is undoubtedly at the head of all the iron and steel combinations of the world. Whenever the traveller saw an oil-lamp or an oil-stove burning, it might be taken for granted that the combustible would be that of the famous Standard Oil Company, which, with its commanding position and its £22,000,000 of capital, largely dominates the oil sale of the country.

The total capital represented by the six hundred or more trust undertakings of the United States at the present time, leaving out the smaller concerns, comprises probably not less than £1,500,000,000 of common stock, and about £450,000,000 of preferred stock, making the tremendous total of £1,950,000,000. With this formidable force in constant action it is not to be wondered at that trusts form the most prominent subject of daily discussion amongst Americans interested in trade matters. It is the standing dish from morn to night. Trusts are held accountable for every shadow that appears on the business horizon. They are the great dragon in the path of industrial progress, it is asserted, and must be set aside or they will ultimately swallow up the whole of the trade of the country. Still, the trusts not only remain, but go on increasing in number and power day by day; and what the end will be none can tell, although pessimistic predictions foreshadowing disaster are constantly being dinned into the people's ears.

However, the end of trusts is not yet. Their grip is too tight and too far-spreading to be loosed on a sudden; and as the bulk of the men who hold the reins of government, imperial and local, have been brought more or less within the influence of trusts, and are benefiting by their continuance, it will require an overwhelming expression of popular feeling to bring these great organisations under such legislative control as will arrest their extension. The country, the period, the unique industrial conditions, the temperament of the people, have all contributed in their respective degrees to the establishing and rapid expansion of trade combinations. The idea which the trust embodies is almost as old as trade itself. It is certainly an older idea than that of co-operation. Englishmen were battling against it

before America was discovered. What were the trading privileges granted to their favourites by the Norman and Plantagenet monarchs but an application of the principles since developed and more largely operated by modern trusts? Those early trading concessions were monopolies undisguised; trusts in only too many instances are monopolies under a mask. That is the main difference. As English trade expanded in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the burden of monopoly grew more irksome, the people became resentful; and so strong had this feeling become in Queen Elizabeth's time that a serious conflict was only avoided by Her Majesty's personal popularity. Year by year, however, the tide of opposition swelled until in 1623 it was found necessary to pass the so-called Statute of Monopolies, which practically abolished the worst forms of the evil.

It is in the nature of things that a man engaged in trade or business should desire advantages, and that he should exercise his ingenuity in devising methods of establishing himself in a position of superiority over his competitors. To do this by means of a direct monopoly is no longer permissible in the leading commercial countries; but it was soon discovered that it could be accomplished to some extent by combination. Thus, by a simple process of evolution, we are able to trace the gradual growth of the giant trust through all its stages of development, from the individual to the partnership, from the partnership to the company, from the company to the trust.

Up to a certain point our own country took the lead in the combination of industrial enterprises; and the instances of the formation and successful operation of gigantic undertakings by companies and corporations in Great Britain have been many. Under the stimulative influence of the limited liability enactments, they have spread over the entire field of national industrial effort. Between our own business combinations and those of America there is, however, a wide difference. The strict monopolistic element is almost wholly absent from the British organisation, there being little or no power of stifling competition existent, except in a few instances where the possession of patent rights confers exclusive privileges for a time. It is only in a country where protective tariffs exclude the products of foreign nations from the home markets, or place them at a disadvantage, that a system like that of the American trusts can be built up. Therefore, there are numerous trusts in Germany—some two hundred at the present time; but as these have hitherto been free from the more objectionable features of those of America, by reason of a wise moderation in management, friction with the labouring classes has been avoided. Many of the leading industries of France are also in the hands of trusts; and there are also strong industrial organisations in

Russia; but it has been reserved for the United States to develop the trust idea to its fuller capacity, and it is there that the great battle of the trusts—if battle there is to be—will have to be fought and decided.

The soil of America has been extraordinarily favourable to the growth of trusts. In no other country has the sphere of operations been so large, the course of development so rapid, or the resources at command of such magnitude. The country's industrial progress has formed a succession of surprises, and there has been no holding it in; and amidst the rush and stir of material advancement such little attempt had been made by the legislature to regulate its pace or prescribe its limits that ample opportunity has been afforded to a number of clever and tactful men to seize upon the industrial situation and push the trust idea with such energy and force as to bring the trade of the country under their subjection. From the trust has been born the multi-millionaire—hundreds of them; and now, while the working masses are wondering how it has all come about, and asking themselves what their position is in the industrial group; while politicians, preachers, economists, lawyers, and editors are puzzling themselves how the hydra-headed giant has to be dealt with, it would be hard to say where eventually the trust will land America or where the trust itself will be landed.

No matter how the question is approached, it presents serious difficulties. Under the first great American trust—slavery—generations of planters acquired fortunes, and that trust became so firmly rooted that the country was thrown into a civil war, thousands of valuable lives were sacrificed, and hundreds of millions of dollars of treasure spent before it could be dissolved. The hold of the industrial trust is still more tenacious and far-reaching, yet it ought to be within the range of enlightened legislation to minimise any evils that may surround it, and to turn its better features to effective account in working out the general problem of industrial progress.

According to some of the trust-denouncers, commercial honesty does not exist in America. The country is hardly in so bad a plight as that; and, having so many 'glass houses' of our own in the domain of moneymaking, it is not for us to throw stones. The only thing that is seriously the matter with America is that her citizens are in too great a hurry in their money-hunting; and when people are in a hurry they do not always mind whom they knock against or push aside in their effort to get a front place. It might not be going too far, perhaps, to say that the moral fibre of the American business world has been subjected to too severe a strain by the actions of unscrupulous lenders; still, it would be absurd to imagine that the only honest man in the country is the one who works for wages and 'hangs his head and a' that.'

Americans, however, do not wait for outsiders to tell them of their faults. Indeed, the outsider who should be foolish enough to take that office on himself would speedily find a metaphorical shower of bricks being hurled at his head. Left to express themselves in their own way, they will criticise each other with an openness and an emphasis truly staggering. 'I don't pretend to be honest; no man is,' said Mr Eugene V. Webster, a Brooklyn lawyer, in a public speech recently; adding, for the benefit of the fraternity to which he belongs, 'and a lawyer cannot be.' This frank avowal was not any more remarkable, perhaps, than that made a few months earlier by Mr Richard Croker, the Warwick of the Tammany forces in New York, when he admitted before a certain committee of investigation that he was 'in politics for the money to be got out of it;' and he doubtless supposed he had completely vindicated his position and that of his fellow-politicians when he politely reminded his opponents that 'to the victors belong the spoils.' Referring to the financial methods of America, another authority, Mr Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago street-railway magnate and millionaire, had something pertinent to say the other day. Speaking of Wall Street, the Stock Exchange, and speculation in stocks generally, he said, 'The man who enters Wall Street is an idiot,' and he declared that no outsider could 'play the ticker' with the Wall Street men for a couple of years without losing his money.

#### THE OLD COIN'S TEACHING.

I HAD a coin, so old and so defaced  
The likeness of its king could not be traced  
By all my gazing: so my steps I sped  
To an old man of learning, and I said,  
'You study coins, sir; tell me, if you can,  
The worth, tho date of this.' And he began  
To feel it, for his eyes were growing dim;  
His fingers o'er it passed and round the rim  
A moment wandered, then he told the date,  
And all I asked. My wonderment was great.

A deeper lesson on my conscious heart  
I found was thus engraven; it made me start  
To think how blindly I had looked on man,  
How foolishly misjudged the heavenly plan;  
Because through ignorance I failed to trace  
The likeness of the God who made our race  
In His own image, worn away through time,  
Yet coin most true of empire all sublime.  
For if those loving souls who study men  
Can find resemblance still, why surely, then,  
God, who is Love, will recognise His own,  
And by the Maker will the coin be known.

Alas! O Lord, in me the metal's worn,  
The superscription lost, the rim is torn;  
And yet Thou mailest me. In love Divine,  
In Thine hand take me; say that I am Thine.  
W. M. MEREDITH.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE PARISH CHEST.

By the Rev. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

**T**HE custody of parochial documents is a vexed question which has agitated the minds of antiquaries and students of history for some time. Recently a Royal Commission has been appointed to inquire into the best methods of preserving these most valuable records, which contain so much that is of priceless importance to those who love to study the manners and customs of the English people. There are some who desire to cart away the books and papers which we country-folk prize so dearly, and store them amidst the mass of documents in the Record Office or some large central dépôt in London. No scheme so successful could be devised for effectually burying our village records, and preventing them from ever being serviceable again. Another plan, better conceived and far more advisable, is to induce the County Councils to take up the matter, and establish local Record Offices in county towns, provided with strong-rooms and a qualified custodian. This scheme possesses many advantages; but many of us who live in the country will greatly deplore the removal of our old registers from the Parish Chest, where they have lain so long, and where, in spite of some glaring exceptions, they have been carefully and zealously preserved.

A few years ago an American lady visited the rectory where I am now writing. She stated that she had come to England on purpose to find some traces of her ancestors, who left this country in the year 1640. The old register was produced and examined, and her joy was great when we discovered several entries of the names of her family. She made a pilgrimage to the church, and inspected the old moated farmhouses. She carried away with her photographs of the village, sprigs of ivy from the church, and copies of the entries in the old books; and these are now treasured in her Transatlantic home with affectionate interest and regard. Now, if this lady had been compelled to make her researches in the dull atmosphere of a

Record Office, without any of the associations of the *genius loci*, her visit would have lacked half its interest. The Parish Chest of the village is the proper place for the documents relating to the parish, although stricter regulations might be made to ensure their better custody, and severer penalties enforced for wilful and careless neglect.

We will raise the lid of the Parish Chest and examine carefully its contents, of which these reformers would seek to deprive us. Therein we find the old churchwardens' account-books, the parish registers, lists of briefs, and many other papers and documents which bear on the history of the parish. The old register books record the names of past generations of villagers, and many curious facts about the parish and its people which are not found in the dull, dry columns of our modern records.

Parish registers were first ordered by Thomas Cromwell in the year 1538, and from that date many of our registers begin;\* but vicars did not all obey the injunctions of Vice-Regent Cromwell. The instruction was renewed by Edward VI. in 1547, and by Queen Elizabeth in 1558. Most of our old register books begin with the latter date. James I. ordered that the registers should be written over again in a parchment book, the entries having previously been recorded on paper. Hence many of our books, although they begin with the year 1538, are really copies of the paper records made before 1603.

The disturbances of the period of the Civil War caused much neglect in the keeping of the registers. Many of the incumbents were driven away from their flocks, and parish registrars were chosen by the parishioners, and approved and sworn before a Justice of the Peace.

Here is a record of this business taken from the

\* Eight hundred and twelve registers begin in 1538, forty of which contain entries prior to that date. One thousand eight hundred and twenty-two registers date from 1538 to 1558, and two thousand four hundred and forty-eight from 1558 to 1603.

books of this parish: 'Whereas Robtr. Williams of the parish of Barkham in the County of Berks was elected and chosen by the inhabitants of the same parish to be there prish Register he therefore ye sd Ro: Wms. was approved and sworne this sixteenth day of November 1653.—Rr: Bagg, J.P.'

Henceforth the children are registered as having been *born*, not *baptised*, until the Restoration brought the clergyman back to his flock again, when the entries are written in a scholarly hand, and the disorder of the previous years ceases.

In 1679 an act was passed requiring the dead to be buried in woollen, the purpose being to lessen 'the importation of linen from beyond the seas and the encouragement of the woollen and paper manufactures of this kingdom.' A penalty of five pounds was inflicted for a violation of this act; and as frequently people preferred to be buried in linen, a record of the fine appears—for example, at Gayton, Northamptonshire, where we find in the register: '1708. Mrs Dorothy Bellingham was buryed April 5, in *Linnen*, and the forfeiture of the Act payd, fifty shillings to ye informer and fifty shillings to the poor of the parishe.'

Pope wrote the following lines on the burial of Mrs Oldfield the actress, with reference to this custom:

'Odious! In woollen! 'Twould a saint provoke'  
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke).  
'No; let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face.'

Sometimes after the name in the register are added the words, 'Not worth £600.' This refers to the act of William III. of 1694, which required that all persons baptised, married, or buried having an estate of that value should pay a tax of twenty shillings. The money was required for carrying on the war with France, and the act was in force for five years. This description of the personal estate was not intended to be invidious, but was of practical utility in enforcing the act.

The parish registers reflect with wonderful accuracy the life of the people, and are most valuable to the student of history. Clergymen took great pride in recording 'the short and simple annals of the poor.' A Gloucestershire rector (A.D. 1630) wrote in his book the following good advice, which might be taken with advantage in many other villages: 'If you will have this Book last, bee sure to aire it att the fier or in the sunne three or four times a yeare, els it will grow dankish and rott, therefore look to it. It will not be amisse when you find it dankish to wipe over the leaves with a dry wollen cloth. This Place is very much subject to dankishness, therefore I say look to it.'

A study of the curious entries which we occasionally find conveys much remarkable information. Sometimes in the days of astrology, in order to assist in casting the nativity, it is recorded that

at the time of the child's birth 'the sun was in Libra' or 'in Taurus.' Gipsies were evidently numerous in the sixteenth century, as we constantly find references to 'the roguish Egyptians.' The domestic jester finds his record in the entry: '1580. March 21. William, fool to my Lady Jerningham.' The suicide is 'infamously buried.' Heart-burial is often recorded. At Woburn, Bucks, we have: '1700. Cadaver Edi Thomas, equitis aurati, hic inhumatum fuit viceesimo tertio die Junii.'

Records of the visitations of the plague are very numerous in all parts of England, as at Eggescliffe, Durham: '1644. In this year there died of the plague in this towne one and twenty people; these are not all buried in the churchyard, and are not in the Register.' Sometimes masses of human bones are found buried in fields outside towns and villages, memorials of this devastating plague.

Parish clerks have not always very musical voices when they shout out the 'Amens.' The rector of Buxted, Sussex (A.D. 1666), records with a sigh of relief the death of his old clerk, 'whose melody warbled forth as if he had been thumped on the back with a stone.'

Sometimes royal visits to the neighbourhood are recorded, even a royal hunt, as when James I. hunted the hare at Fordham, Cambridgeshire. The register of Wolverton gives 'a license for eating flesh on prohibited days granted to Sir Tho. Temple, on paying 13s. 4d.' Storms, earthquakes, and floods are described, and there are records of certificates granted to persons to go before the king to be touched for the disease called the king's evil.

The Civil War is frequently mentioned, and it also caused the omission of many entries. At Tarporley, Cheshire, there is a break from 1642 to 1648, for which the rector thus accounts: 'This intermission hapned by reason of the great wars obliterating memorials, wasting fortunes, and slaughtering persons of all sorts.'

Parish registers have fared ill and suffered much from the gross carelessness of their custodians. We read of the early books of Christchurch, Hants, being converted into kettle-holders by the curate's wife. Many have been sold as waste-paper, pages ruthlessly cut out, and village schoolbooks covered with the leaves of old registers. The historian of Leicestershire writes of the register of Scraptoft: 'It has not been a plaything for young pointers, it has not occupied a bacon scratch or a bread and cheese cupboard. It has not been scribbled on within and without; but it has been treasured ever since 1538, to the honour of a succession of worthy clergymen.' *O si sic omnes!*

The churchwardens' account-books are even of greater value to the student of history than the registers, priceless as the latter are for genealogical purposes. The Bishop of Oxford states that 'in the old account-books and minute-books of the churchwardens in town and country we possess a



very large but very perishable and rapidly perishing treasury of information on matters the very remembrance of which is passing away, although their practical bearing on the development of the system of local government is indisputable, and is occasionally brought conspicuously before the eye of the people by quaint survivals. . . . It is well that such materials for the illustration of this economic history as have real value should be preserved in print, and that the customs which they illustrate should be reclaimed by history from the misty region of folklore whilst they can.' Many of these account-books date from pre-Reformation times, and disclose the changes which took place in the fabric of our churches, and the removal of roods and other ecclesiastical furniture during the Reformation. They are usually kept with great exactness, and contain an accurate record of the receipts and expenditure for each year. Some of the entries are very curious, and relate to the sports and pastimes of our ancestors, the mystery-plays, and church ales, which were all under the patronage of the churchwardens. The proceeds of these entertainments were devoted to the maintenance of the church, and were included in the accounts, as well as the necessary cost of the merry diversions. Thus, in the books of St Lawrence's Church, Reading, we find such items as the following:

1499.	Paid for a coat for Robin Hood.....	5s. 4d.
"	for a supper to Robin Hood and his company.....	1s. 6d.
"	for making the church clean against the day of drinking in the said church.....	0s. 4d.
1531.	" for five ells of canvass for a coat for Maid Marian.....	1s. 6½d.

'Bells for the morris dancers,' 'liveries and coats,' 'bread and ale,' 'horse-meat of the horses for the kings of Colen on May Day,' were some of the items which appear in these books. Another book tells us about the 'gatherings' at Hocktide, when on one day the men stopped the women, and on the next the women the men, and refused to let them go until they gave money. The women always succeeded in collecting the most money:

I'm receyved of the men's gatherynge.....	7s. 3d.
" " " women's gatherynge.....	37s. 5d.

Traces of this custom are still found in many country places. The practice of 'hocking' at Hungerford and 'lifting' in Lancashire subsist still; but the money collected is no longer devoted to any pious uses.

The item 'Paschall money at Easter' frequently occurs. This was originally a collection for the Paschal taper which burned before the high altar at Eastertide. When in the reign of Elizabeth the taper was no longer used, the money was devoted to buying the bread and the wine for the Easter Communion. Another item which often appears is a payment of 'smoke

farthings' to the bishop of the diocese at his visitation court. This is another name for Peter's Pence, formerly given to the Pope. In the accounts of Minchinhampton we find this entry under the year 1576: 'For Pentecost money, otherwysc peter pence, sometyne payed to Antecryst of Rome, xviij.' After the Reformation the tax was collected, but given to the bishop.

There are very many other points of interest which a study of the churchwardens' books present. In more recent times we find constant payments for the slaughter of sparrows, and many other items which scarcely come under the head of ecclesiastical charges. In the Whitechurch books we find: '1671. Paide for a coate and wastecoate for Goodwife Clarke, 13s.; also for linen and shoes to the chirurgeons for looking at Ezechiehl Huller's legg, £3;' and similar entries. Of course the vestry was then the council chamber of the parish, which managed all the temporal affairs of the village community. Possibly in these days of Poor Law Unions and District and County Councils our affairs may be managed better; but there is much to be said in favour of the older systems, and Parish Councils are not much of an improvement on the old vestries.

Another book which our Parish Chest contains is the Brief Book. Briefs were royal letters which were sent to the clergy directing that collections be made for certain objects. These were very numerous and varied. The building of St Paul's Cathedral after the Great Fire, a fire at Drury Lane Theatre, rebuilding of churches, the redemption of English slaves taken by pirates, the construction of harbours in Scotland, losses by hail, floods, French refugees, Reformed Episcopal Churches in Great Poland and Polish Prussia, Protestants in Copenhagen, loss by fire, colleges in Philadelphia: these and many other objects were commended to the liberality of Churchmen. The sums collected were usually very small; and Pepys wrote in his *Diary*, June 30, 1661: 'To church, where we observe the trade of briefs is come now up to so constant a course every Sunday that we resolve to give no more to them.' The granting of briefs gave rise to much abuse, and was finally abolished by the advice of Lord Palmerston.

The contents of the Parish Chest afford an unlimited mass of material for those who love to study the curious customs of our forefathers and their strange usages. Here is a record of a much-married person: 'Mary Blewitt, ye wife of nine husbands successively, buried eight of ym, but last of all ye woman dy'd and was buried, May 7th, 1681.' In the margin of the register is written: 'This was her funeral text.'

The register of Sparsholt, Berks, records an instance of the body of a dead man being arrested for debt. The entry is: 'The corpse of John Matthews, of Fawler, was stopt in the churchway for debt, August 27, 1689. And

having lain there fewer days, was by Justice's warrant buried in the place to prevent annoyances; but about six weeks after it was by an order of sessions taken up and buried in the churchyard by the wife of the deceased.'

A dog-whipper was an ancient parish official, whose duty was to drive out all dogs from the church. The Wakefield accounts contain the items:

1616. Paid to Gorby Stork for whippinge dogs. 2s. 6d.  
1703. For hatts shoes and hoses for sexton  
and dog-whipper.....18s. 6d.

Another official was the person appointed to arouse members of the congregation from their slumbers during divine service. The parish accounts of Castleton record:

172. Paid to Sluggard Waker.....10s. 0d.

Sometimes the cost of a journey to London was defrayed by the parish in order to enable the sufferer to be touched for the king's evil. The Ecclesfield accounts contain the following entry relating to this custom:

1641. Givon to John Parkin wife towards her  
travell to London to get cure of his  
Majestie for the disease called Evill,  
which her sonen Thom is visited with-  
all.....6s. 8d.

The clergymen were required to keep a register

of all who were so touched, in order that they might not again go to the king and receive the bounty which accompanied the touch. Hence we read in the register of Hambleden, Bucks: '1685. May 17. Mary Wallington had a certificate to goe before the king for a disease called the king's evil.'

The treating of bishops and clergy is often noticed in the accounts. Sometimes a sugar-loaf was presented, as at St James's, Bristol:

1620. Paid for a sugar-loaf for the Lord  
Bishop.....15s. 10d.

Sometimes items relate to their refreshment:

1593. Pd. for a galland of beere given to the  
Beishopp of Hereford.....iiiiid.  
1617. Pd. for a quart of wine and sugar be-  
stowed upon two preachers.....xd.

The status of students at the universities was not so high in former days as at present, and poor scholars used to beg their way to Oxford and Cambridge, and receive the assistance of the charitable. Hence we read in the Severton accounts:

1562. Gave to a pore scholar of Oxford.....2s. 0d.

With this record of a 'pore scholar' we must leave our study of the contents of the Parish Chest, which afford such valuable and accurate information about village and town life of ancient times.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER II.—A RIVAL IN THE FIELD.

**T**HE next day I took another horse—for Roan Robin had earned a holiday—and rode over to Grent Barrow, where Cicely and her mother lived alone, her father having been dead many years. The old butler showed me into a morning-room, where I found Mistress Plumer, the elder lady, seated by herself. Here, at any rate, was no change.

'My dear George!' she cried, and came slowly across the room to meet me, for she was an invalid.

We sat down and conversed for a while, and my uneasy heart began to beat a little more freely. I glanced round, and she smiled.

'You wonder not to see Cicely?' she said. 'She has gone to spend the day at Rushmere. It is an old engagement. I should have gone too had I felt equal to it. Sir Humphrey Lester himself rode over for her this morning.'

'Yes,' I replied; 'Cicely was always a great favourite of his.'

'And you too, George,' cried Mistress Plumer. 'Why should you not ride on and join the party? They will be delighted to see you.'

'I have received no invitation,' I said.

'Invitation!' cried Mistress Plumer. 'What-

ever has come over you, George? The idea of your needing an invitation to ride up to Rushmere! And then no one had any idea of your dropping from the clouds in this fashion, so how could they send you an invitation? Go at once.'

It was not difficult to allow myself to be persuaded, and I climbed into the saddle once more, and went at a gallop over open grassy country for Rushmere Hall.

It was an hour's ride, and I cantered up the avenue and came out near the bowling-green to see a group of gentlemen enjoying a game as a breather before dinner. The first to catch sight of me was Commodore Cliffe, the brother-in-law of Sir Humphrey Lester, and a distant relation of my own. He hailed me with a stentorian 'Ahoy!' and came forward to shake my hand. This drew the attention of the players, and a pause was made in the game.

I greeted several old friends, including Sir Humphrey himself, and was introduced to a batch of new acquaintances. Among the latter were some officers belonging to troops quartered in the neighbourhood. One of these, a Captain Baywood, I already knew slightly; the others were strangers to me. When all due civilities had passed the game was resumed, and after

delivering my horse to a servant, I stood near the Commodore to look on.

'Down here on furlough—eh, George?' said he.

He always spoke as if hailing the main-top, and I saw the officers look up curiously for my answer.

'No, sir,' I replied; 'I have left the army.'

'A thundering good job, too,' roared the old sailor, who had all a seaman's contempt for soldiers. 'Why couldn't you have been rated on one of His Majesty's ships if ye wanted to do something?'

To this I had no answer, and the Commodore scratched his chin with the iron hook which served him for a right hand, and appeared to deliberate on the news. His quick eye caught the officers whispering together, and he demanded the date of my resignation. I gave it, and he trumpeted it out.

'Yes, yes. Of course, after the fighting was over. 'Tis a bad business—a cursed, cruel business.'

Sir Humphrey drew near and begged his brother-in-law to hide his opinion of recent affairs out of regard for the guests.

'Ay, ay, brother,' growled the Commodore, 'you're right—you're very right. I'll say naught.—Come, George.'

He wagged his head to me and drew me aside to talk of the reasons which had urged me in throwing up my commission. He approved them roundly, with a great volley of ringing quarter-deck oaths. He was west-country heart and soul, and the butchery of our poor misguided lads had cut him to the quick, as had been the ease with me.

'Luckily I was left on guard-duty in London,' said I, 'and so escaped having actually to fight against my own people; but when the trouble was over for the moment, and I could resign with a good conscience, I came out of it. There was no difficulty made about the matter; scores were ready to take my place. Every hanger-on at Court is looking out for a vacancy either for himself or a friend.'

'I doubt, lad, you've done no good for yourself in high places by saying farewell at such a time. There is a something pointed in a man of our parts stripping off his uniform now.'

'I care not, Commodore,' I answered. 'I have seen the Court pretty closely for the last two years, and bear it no love. I can content myself with Whitemead and old friends.'

All the time we talked my eyes were busy searching for Cicely. Where was she? No ladies were looking on at the bowl-play, and as we rambled away from the bowling-green, which was at the side of the house, I led my companion toward the broad terrace at the front. Here was another large company, both ladies and gentlemen, strolling up and down on the wide flags overlooking the beautiful gardens, and then away across a smiling country of fields and meadows and orchards to the great purple masses of the

New Forest woodlands lining the horizon. Coats of blue and white and scarlet, and shining flowered satin gowns, made the terrace as brilliant as the flower-beds below. A lively babble of laughter and voices filled our ears as we passed through a doorway in a flanking wall and came upon this gay scene, radiant in the strong sunshine. Here were more officers, gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and their wives and daughters: such a gathering as hospitable Sir Humphrey and his wife loved.

'Why,' said I, 'half the county are here.'

'I believe sister asked them all,' said the Commodore. 'She has a rare fancy for a crowd. And there's my pretty Cicely, the sweetest maid in the west-country, be the next who she may.'

I had seen her too, and had choked back an exclamation, for a swift, cruel thought had darted through my mind like a flame. Did not the sight of the pair before me explain her coldness of yesterday? She was walking up and down with a man nearly as tall as myself, dressed in a splendid suit of scarlet and silver. They were a little apart from the rest, and his air was unmistakable: it was that of a gallant offering profound homage. Either she was accepting it as a matter of course, or she was innocent and utterly unconscious of his meaning. I knew Cicely, and was well aware that the second explanation was quite possible, yet the first tortured me.

We were now joined by a neighbour, Squire Hampton, a fussy, self-important little man, always full of country gossip, and for ever busy adding to or distributing his budget. For a few minutes the talk ran on slight matters; then he pointed with a knowing wink at Cicely and her companion.

'Not much doubt there, I think,' he said, with a chuckle; 'quite a surprise to me, though I generally know what's going on in the country as well as most.'

'You are devilish prying—that's a fact,' grunted the Commodore, who did not love him.

Squire Hampton took care to be deaf to this remark, and rattled on glibly to me.

'My Lord Kesgrave is coming your way for his countess, 'tis clear enough, Mr Ferrers. Quite an honour for your countryside. Miss Plumer is a close neighbour of yours—eh?'

I said nothing, but watched the pair steadily.

'As handsome a couple as ever I elapped eyes on,' said Commodore Cliffe, as if to himself.

The old gentleman was right. It was years since I had seen the Earl of Kesgrave, and then the prettiness of his features had been womanish. Now they had darkened and strengthened. His face was thinner, and deeply lined, and his tall, handsome figure carried his superb dress easily; he had the grand air, and the country squires and dragoon officers about him formed a mere foil against which he blazed. As for his companion, beauty and grace had ever been her

birthright; to paint Cicely's portrait were but to attempt to twist superlatives between my clumsy fingers, and superlatives are all too weak.

'What think you, Mr Ferrers?' said Squire Hampton, his small, ferrety eyes searching my countenance with an air which betokened he had his suspicions of me.

'Why,' said I coolly, 'they are the handsomest couple I ever saw. My Lord Kesgrave has greatly improved; he has seen wind and weather, and got the pink-and-white washed out of his face to much advantage.'

'Ay, ay,' said Hampton, but not heartily.

I saw that he had counted on a jealous speech for a certainty to add to his fardel of gossip. He moved off, and the Commodore snorted.

'Can't abide that fellow,' growled the old sailor, 'for ever tittle-tattling and carrying gossip. I ain't surprised, for a good half-dozen times of late I've seen Kesgrave striking across the heath below my park towards Great Barrow. Hullo! here's sister.'

Lady Lester stopped, with a cry of surprise, as she saw me, then came to meet me as I advanced to greet her.

'Why, George,' she said, 'this is a pleasure to see you back. When did you come?'

I told her, and we stood chatting for a few moments. The next turn of the promenade brought Cicely and my Lord Kesgrave close upon us. Cicely looked up suddenly and swiftly, as if her glance had been drawn by intuition towards me. I was looking at her over the head of my kind old friend the hostess, and I dare say my gaze was melancholy enough. She flushed a little, then paled. I started, and Lady Lester looked round to see whither my eyes were drawn.

'Oh, 'tis Cicely,' she said; and I stepped forward and made my bow.

'I think we have met before, Mr Ferrers,' said my Lord Kesgrave as we saluted each other.

'Yes,' said I, 'at Oxford.'

'Ah!' he went on, with a polite, lofty air. 'Oxford it was. I've been abroad most of the time since then. How go things in London?'

We talked for a while of events so far as I had newer accounts to furnish of London happenings; then a squad of acquaintances who had learned of my appearance bore down upon me, and I was separated from Cicely again. My heart became more and more uneasy, for still she showed no sign of our old pleasant comradeship, no sign of the cheerful freedom which had existed between us for so many years.

At dinner I had not the luck to get a place near her; she had my Lord Kesgrave on one hand and Squire Hampton on the other, and I was some little distance down the table on the opposite side. The light was at my back and fell full upon Cicely and her companion, and I studied Kesgrave attentively. Certainly, here was no mean rival, and a man not easily to be turned

aside in the race for a lady's favour. He was now nearly thirty, for I knew him to be some three years older than myself; he looked forty, and would never look more mature, more serenely master of himself, at fifty. He wore his own brown hair, fine and abundant as a woman's, in long, flowing, silken curls; the oval of his face was perfect as ever, but the features were greatly changed. Heavy lines were graven beneath his large lustrous eyes, his brow was furrowed, his lip firmer and harder, and a wrinkle was folded above his delicate arching nostrils. His beauty was a trifle haggard, and being so, it exercised a fascination a thousand times deeper and subtler than the girlish charms which had won for him the name of 'the Lady' at Magdalen nine years before. He had started on his travels soon after leaving the university, and had found the Continent so much to his liking that he spent years as an ordinary traveller spends months. I had understood more than once that his tent was set up rather in Venice than Leyden. A short study of his features went far to confirm the report. Nights at the green cloth and the wine-cup were indicated there in hieroglyphics too clear to be mistranslated. No stylus leaves a more enduring record on that human palimpsest.

'Did you see the Duke lose his head, Mr Ferrers?' asked Mistress Hampton, a stout, red-faced country dame, seated opposite to me.

'Yes, madam,' I replied, 'and he faced the axe more boldly than I had expected when one considers his conduct after Sedgemoor.'

'Would that I had taken my trip to London later,' she went on, with a sigh, 'and I might have seen it too.'

'You have been in London this year?' said I.

'Last May,' she replied; 'but there was nothing like that to be seen—nothing but mere regues and footpads carried to Tyburn, and the like.'

'Zounds!' chirped her husband from a little above her, 'you enjoyed what you saw, Mrs Hampton. At any rate you laughed all the time, whether at the play or at Bridewell. Had you seen such a thing so far from the ordinary as Mommouth's head rolling into the sawdust, strike me! you would have been suffocated with delight.'

'Truly, London is a pleasant place,' said the lady, with another sigh, this time at the memory of departed joys. 'What a day we had at Bridewell!' She smiled as she recalled it.

'Ay, ay,' said her husband. 'Sir Wilfred Capern made up a party for a jaunt on whipping-day, and invited us to join it.'

'Laugh!' chimed in the country lady. 'I did laugh that day. There was one big, blowsy wench; oh, how she did yell when the whip fell across her back! It was as good as a play.'

'Faith, madam,' chuckled an officer who sat next her, 'you have no need to go as far as London to see that sport. You have only to ride with us when we are beating the country for these



rebel rogues. I can tell you when we suspect some of these cottage-women of knowing a hiding-place, a pair of stirrup-leathers across their shoulders renders us good assistance.

'Serve them right, the hussies,' rejoined Mistress Hampton. 'Whip them soundly, Major. I would that every rebel were safe under lock and key. Mr Hampton has done what he could to that end, I assure you. He has already taken nine fellows about our country, and I hope his exertions will not be overlooked in the proper quarter.'

Squire Hampton took off a glass of wine with a careless air as if his own merits were the last subject to which his thoughts turned, but could not repress a complacent look when the Major remarked that such loyalty deserved a spray from the fountain of honour.

The Commodore, seated near me, had ceased to attend to his dinner, and I knew what was coming, and smiled to myself.

'Now there, Mistress Hampton and Major Rye-croft, you have the advantage of me,' he began in his smoothest tones; but his lip and nostril curled. 'I've fought Don and Dutchman, and seen many's the time cannon-bullets hopping about like peas. I'm an old hard-a-weather sailor, and yet there you notch a point in courage clean beyond me. Yes, a lady and a dragoon officer are my betters—easy. I can't abide to see a woman flogged.'

A broad smile began to widen on the faces of the near diners; my Lord Kesgrave laughed audibly. Major Rye-croft flushed and set up a wooden grin, as if he tasted the joke and wished to take it pleasantly. Mistress Hampton bridled and looked loftily at the Commodore.

'A man, now,' continued the latter. 'Ay, ay, trice him up and give him three dozen at once if he deserves it; that's another thing. But a woman? No, I can't stand it. I was in London in the spring, and one day I took a chair down to the Mall from my lodgings. On the way we ran into a crowd following a whipping-cart. At the tail of it was a poor wretch with a child in her arms and two others running at her skirts. By what I could make out she had snatched a loaf from a baker's stall, and they were flogging her through the town. The dirty mob howled for joy as the rascally hangman swung his whip and laid the bloody weals across her back. And, so please you, the scurvy rogues carrying me set down the chair to enjoy the fun. I promise you I was out at a jump to let them feel the weight of my cane. They were glad enough to set their shoulders again under the poles and trudge on.'

This put an end to such brutal chatter, and indeed to all conversation so far as Mistress Hampton and the Major were concerned. They said no more, and looked very foolish to boot.

## BIRD AND BEAST WOES IN WINTER.



NOTHING tames like hunger; we see this every hard winter when stress of starvation brings all kinds of birds, even the shyest and most retiring, about our windows in quest of crumbs. Nor are birds the only applicants for 'outdoor relief' when frost and snow cut off supplies; it would seem as though hunger sharpened the wits of starvelings, and urged creatures which under ordinary circumstances ask nothing at man's hand to apply to him as the superior animal for charity.

During the terribly hard frost of February 1895 Mr W. H. Tuck of Tostock, in Suffolk, saw one day a squirrel and a field-mouse among the usual crowd of bird pensioners. We can understand the squirrel, from his coign of vantage in a tree, taking a hint from the birds and calling at Mr Tuck's window to see what might be the attraction that brought the birds thither regularly every day; but it is less easy to explain the appearance of the vole; probably he came out on a foraging excursion, and was attracted by the flight of the birds in one direction.

In the same month a very curious incident occurred in Perthshire. The snow had been exceedingly heavy, and one night a passenger train, though drawn by three engines, was

brought to a standstill by the drifts not far from Dalnaspidal Station. After some hours the passengers were roused by the sight of a herd of deer coming down to the train. What could have brought them? The deer in most forests in Scotland are given a ration of hay when the land is buried under snow, and at such times they throw aside much of their fear of man, associating his appearance with much-needed food; but they could hardly reason that trains meant man, and therefore the possibility of a meal. It is more likely that they were drawn to the snow-bound train by the lights from the engines and carriages, light at night having an irresistible attraction for wild creatures.

The boldness of deer in hard weather led to a singular law-suit in the state of Wyoming a couple of years ago. One evening in the winter of 1897-98 a band of elks, seventy-seven in number, found their way through a gate which had accidentally been left open, into a rick-yard belonging to a ranch-owner named Adams, and proceeded to regale themselves on the hay. Mr Adams promptly shut the gate and detained the whole herd, cherishing dreams of domesticating these splendid deer. He fed them all the winter, at no small expense, as may be imagined; but when April came round and the snow disap-

peared the State authorities called upon him to release the elks. Mr Adams refused, representing that, inasmuch as he had saved them from death by starvation, he was entitled to claim ownership. There was some show of reason in his plea; but unfortunately the Wyoming game-laws forbid the capture of various animals, elks among them, by any species of trap; and though it was not suggested that Mr Adams had left the yard gate open with any intention of catching deer, the court held that he had trapped them when he shut that gate; whereby Mr Adams lost his case and the elks, which had cost him a few tons of hay.

The owner of a covert which is bounded on one side by a stream is very liable to lose his rabbits when the ice enables them to cross in search of more food than they can find at home. In severe weather rabbits go far afield in search of food, and remain where they happen to find it. A case of almost complete loss of rabbit stock was recorded a few years ago. The animals left their warren, and crossing a wide ice-bound brook, found joy and plenty in a straw-yard; there they stayed until a thaw cut them off from home for ever, less to the satisfaction of the covert owner than to his neighbour across the stream.

In severe weather grouse leave the high grounds for the shelter of low-lying pastures, and when goaded by starvation are not above applying to man for help. On the 10th of February 1895 the Rev. W. Featherstonhaugh of Edmondsbyre, near Newcastle, found perching on a thorn-bush not ten paces from his door three grouse greedily eating the haws. The birds remained there the whole afternoon, and next morning came back to join the everyday crowd of birds which gathered to eat the crumbs thrown out for them. A good deal of interest was roused among shooting-men in the north of Ireland in Christmas week of 1894 by the appearance of numbers of grouse along the seashore at Ballywalter, near Belfast. Nobody could remember ever having seen grouse there before, and it was supposed that they came from the Donegal moors to seek among the seaweeds the food they could no longer find on their native hills. Sea-wrack as diet for grouse does not sound promising.

The high normal temperature of birds enables them to resist cold more effectually than they could otherwise do. Whereas blood-heat in man is 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit, it is 107 degrees in the domestic fowl, and more in some other birds. Nevertheless they feel the cold cruelly, as you may see any frosty night if you visit an ivy or creeper clad wall with a lantern; the sparrows nestle together in a closely-packed mass, and if there be a chimney you may be sure the birds will have chosen its exterior as their roosting-place for the sake of such warmth as it may give. Birds display a certain amount of ingenuity in finding means to warm themselves. One very cold day in February 1895 a gentleman in

Warwickshire was surprised to see a robin drop from a bush and perch upon a rabbit which had just fallen to his gun. He did not understand the bird's motive at once; but when more rabbits were shot and laid together, the robin showed clearly enough what he wanted by crouching among the warm carcasses. The most notable feature of the case was, that this intelligent robin followed the shooting-party all day; and they, having learned what the small bird desired, took care that he should enjoy it whenever game was killed. In the winter of 1881 a farmer of Milverton, in Somersetshire, observed a number of chaffinches entering an outhouse where bullocks were stalled. He went in, and found them nestling in the straw against the flanks of the reposing beasts. Birds are fond of using sheep as warming-pans, regardless of the risk attendant; 'snuggling' down into the long wool, they are apt to get their feet entangled, when the result may be starvation.

'Any port in a snowstorm' would seem to be the birds' motto. One cold winter a few years ago a gamekeeper in Suffolk took from a rabbit-burrow a huddling little group of moorhens, bramblings, and blackbirds which had found shelter in that retreat, much, we may suppose, to the amazement of the rightful owner. When the streams are ice-bound and snow lies deep, the moorhen, finding its ordinary refuges closed, will seek safety in the swiftly running shallows which are not frozen. It dives to the bottom and clings to weeds or stones till the danger that drove it into hiding is past, or until it must come to the surface to breathe. Rooks in winter sometimes turn upon small birds. Some years ago, in Westmeath, rooks were seen killing the starlings which consorted with them, and eating the warm bodies. In regard to this, however, we must remember that the rook is more than suspected of carnivorous practices when food is most plentiful; the question whether rooks kill or do not kill young chickens and game birds in spring and early summer has often been discussed, and the weight of evidence justifies a verdict of 'Guilty.'

When the mercury stands several degrees below freezing-point disaster awaits the little bird that perches without discretion. Near Market Drayton one very cold day a kingfisher was caught by a farmer whose attention had been attracted by its struggles; it was fast frozen by the toes to an iron fence-rail. A robin was found in the same plight on an iron staple in a gate-post near Mains of Lesmurdie, and a hard lump of snow was the martyr's stake of an unfortunate sparrow. Snipe have been found frozen to the flags of a well-coping on which they had perched to drink, and so powerful a bird as a wild goose has been taken out of a bog where frost had literally 'laid it by the heels.'

## THE FAMILY SKELETON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

**S**IR LAWRENCE was most anxious that I should see his brother without delay. He was haunted by the fear lest the letters should fall into the hands of the editor of an Opposition journal, who would make sensational copy therefrom. He provided me with his brother's address, and the next day I took a cab to the corner of the street named.

It was a depressing neighbourhood in which I found myself—somewhere in Camden Town. I discharged my cab, and stood for a moment looking round me. On my right hand was the main artery of traffic, with yellow trams and buses passing every minute. At right angles was the street in which brother Hector lived—a street of dingy little houses, with imitation lace curtains and wax-flowers in the windows.

As I stood there examining the figures over the doors in search of No. 34 I noticed a tram stop and a slight, girlish figure alight. Like most men, if I see a pretty face I do not turn away my eyes unnecessarily; and in the present instance the pretty girl was obviously in far too great a hurry to notice me. She jumped from the car almost before it stopped, and hastened along the road with eager little feet. She was pretty, undoubtedly, but not in a way, I should imagine, that would attract much admiration in Camden Town. Her face was rather pale, and in her large dark eyes there was an expression of sadness. She hurried along, and I followed slowly.

I am afraid, however, that my eyes were fixed more on the little figure before me than on the numbers of the houses. She suddenly turned aside up the steps of one; and I, quickening my pace, was just in time to see the door close upon her. My eyes caught the number of the house, and I discovered, with surprise, that it was the number I sought. Without hesitation I grasped the knocker.

After an interval a slatternly little maid-servant opened the door. I asked for Mr Hector Copeland.

'Upstairs—room on the right; and if you calls again, give two single knocks.'

'Certainly,' said I. 'But why?'

She tossed her head. 'Tain't my place to open their doors. They opens them theirselves.'

'And how many knocks do you open to?'

'Three?'

'On the whole,' I remarked thoughtfully, 'I think I should prefer to knock three times.'

She stood and looked at me blankly, guessed after thought that a compliment lay hidden somewhere, bridled, and volunteered to show me upstairs.

'What name shall I say?' she asked.

I hesitated. Beatrice's words came back to me suddenly, and on the spur of the moment I gave my first two names, omitting my surname:

'Gerald Osborne.'

She disappeared up the stairs, and in a few minutes came back with the request that I should accompany her. I went up the dark, narrow staircase, and then entered the room, the door of which she flung open.

As I entered, the old man whom I had seen the day before outside the Foreign Office came towards me. Behind him I saw the girl who had preceded me into the house.

'Whom do you come from? Who sent you? What do you want?' he cried in a voice that trembled either with excitement or fear.

'I have called at the request of'—

'Yes, yes.'

'Sir Lawrence Copeland.'

The fear died away from his face and exultation took its place.

'I knew he would send! At last! At last!' He turned to the girl. 'Phoebe, he has sent at last!'

The girl came slowly forward. She lifted her pathetic eyes to mine.

'My father has long been expecting to hear from his brother,' she said. Her voice was low-pitched and musical.

'About what?' I asked.

'About the allowance,' she replied without hesitation. I saw her father tug at her gown.

'It is about the allowance I have come to speak,' I answered.

She clasped her hands. 'I shall be so happy if things can be as they were a year ago. Surely it is not impossible?'

'Not,' said I, 'if your father will listen to reason.' I looked at him sternly.

He intervened. 'Business afterwards,' he said nervously. 'See, the tea is on the table. Perhaps you will join us. My daughter will be going out presently, and then we can talk.'

So we sat down together, and the young girl poured out tea into thick earthenware cups from a brown teapot with a chipped spout.

'Perhaps I ought to have introduced you,' went on the old man, painfully eager to be at ease. 'This is my daughter, or rather my step-daughter, Phoebe. And your name is, I think, Gerald—Gerald'—

'Gerald Osborne.' The girl's eyes had caught mine, and there was such manifest purity and innocence written on her face that I felt a scoundrel for assuming a false name in her presence.

'Osborne?' repeated Hector. 'I suppose you

aren't any connection of the Osbornes of Grayleigh Hall? But then, of course, you are not.'

I denied all connection, feeling uncomfortably hot. Curiously, it was my mother's family to whom he had alluded.

'You are in my brother's employment?'

I assented. 'A kind of secretary.'

'Poor devil!'

'Father!' exclaimed the girl, and rested her white hand for a moment on his arm.

'I know my brother,' said the old man doggedly, 'and I pity any one who is dependent on him. With all my heart I pity him.'

The girl looked deprecatingly at me. I drank my tea and said nothing.

'He pays you very little, I'll be bound,' he went on. 'Works you to the bone, and pays you as little as possible.'

'My salary is not large.'

'Not it! Not it!' he cried in triumph. 'I know my brother!'

The meal continued in silence, the old man nodding and muttering to himself, and the young girl and I silent and constrained. At length she rose.

'I shall be back soon,' she said, and passing her step-father's chair, she bent and kissed him on the forehead.

The old man's glance followed her. 'A good girl!' he said when the door closed. 'What could I do without her? Every day I see her growing thinner and paler. I cannot bear to see her working and striving for a pittance—a miserable pittance—to keep our souls and bodies together. Something like tears were in his eyes. 'I have been waiting and waiting for some sign from my brother. Now surely all will be well. We will go back to Australia. I will never come to London again. Never! Never! It is a cruel place, and I hate it. It brings back so many bitter memories. But now, if my brother has given way, all this misery will end.'

'I don't understand what you mean,' I said. He had risen from his seat by the table, and had sunk into an arm-chair by the window.

'What has he told you to offer?' he asked. He leant forward in his chair with a look of intense eagerness on his face.

I hesitated for a moment. 'If you go back to Australia within a fortnight, the allowance he has hitherto paid you will be renewed.'

'Yes, yes. But what else?'

'Nothing else.'

The light faded from his face, and he sank back in his chair and looked at me dazedly.

'You don't understand,' he began again. 'I am an old man, and cannot live long. The doctor says I may die any moment. What will Lawrence do for my daughter? I cannot leave her alone in the world, without money, without protection. She is not strong. At this moment she is slaving her strength away. He must give me money for her. He must! He shall!'

I shrugged my shoulders.

'Surely he has told you to make some offer'—He became silent. 'Are you sure he has made no suggestion?'

'None.'

I had determined that he should be the first to allude to the missing letters. I could see on his face the desire to speak plainly struggling with a sense of caution.

'Has not my brother mentioned to you that?—Hasn't he seemed annoyed, upset, lately?'

'No,' said I; 'not at all.'

The look of disappointment on his face grew more intense.

'He must know!' he muttered to himself.

'Surely he has missed them!'

I was standing beside the fireplace. I rested my elbow on the mantelpiece and looked down on him. A feeling of pity stirred in my heart. It was obvious that death had laid one hand on his.

Tremblingly he rose and went to the cupboard. For a moment the thought was in my mind that he was going to produce the letters; but I was soon to be disillusionised. He brought out a bottle and filled a glass with spirits, which he drank off at a gulp.

'May I offer you?'—he began.

I declined.

The liquor had revived him. 'You will go back to my brother,' he said, 'and tell him that I decline his offer.'

'I fear,' said I, 'it will not be repeated.'

'And say to him,' he went on, disregarding my remark, 'that I had hoped to have served him.'

'In what way?'

He glanced at me out of the corner of his eyes while he poured out a second glass.

'I heard a man in the street—or rather in a public-house—telling another man that he had in his possession certain letters belonging to Sir Lawrence Copeland'—he raised the glass to his lips and drank part of its contents—'which he proposed to publish.'

'Really!'

'An editor of a newspaper had offered him a large sum of money for them.' He eyed me furtively. 'A very large sum of money.'

'Oh, indeed!'

'I know the man. I dare say—I know—I could get the letters. But of course I should have to pay money for them.'

'How much?' I asked carelessly.

'Two thousand pounds is the lowest price,' he responded sharply.

I laughed. 'I am quite sure Sir Lawrence would not give two thousand pence for all the letters in the world.'

His face fell. 'Has he missed the letters?'

'Not to my knowledge,' I replied boldly.

'Tell him what I have said. He will look amongst his papers. And then'—

'And then?'



'Perhaps you will come back to me.' He shambled back to his chair, but rose to offer me his hand.

'Good-day, Mr Osborne,' he said. 'It is a pleasure to have made your acquaintance.'

As I closed the door I could hear the cupboard being opened and the clink of glass.

I went down the stairs and out by the front door. I had not gone far when I met Phoebe. She stopped when she saw me; her face lit up with eagerness.

'Is it arranged?'

For a moment I felt something of a shock. Could she be privy to this audacious theft?

'Is what arranged?'

'Can we go back to Melbourne? Oh, if you knew how anxious I am to leave London! It is killing him!'

I hesitated a moment. 'What is keeping you here?'

'Has not father told you his brother owes him money? He came over to England to try and get it from him, and then'—

'Well?'

'His brother was angry and stopped the allowance; and so'—

'And so you have had to keep him and yourself?'

She looked at me quickly. 'That is nothing. I am well able to work. But, oh! I should be glad to go back to our friends. We were so happy there. But here'—

'Your father drinks,' I blurted out, with a brutality for which I cannot excuse myself.

She flushed and drew herself up.

'I beg your pardon,' I said hastily. 'Sir Lawrence will renew the allowance if your father will return to Australia.'

She shook her head sadly. 'Father says he will not go without the money. He says his brother will be sure to give in before long. Oh, isn't it so?'

I shook my head.

The tears welled into her eyes.

'Must we stay here much longer?'

'Can't you persuade your father to return to Melbourne?'

She clasped her hands with a despairing gesture.

'I have tried, but he will not listen to me.'

We stood silent for some moments.

'You are not—not in need of money?' I asked.

Again the blood tinged her cheek. 'Oh, no, no!' she said hastily. 'I have a very good situation at Marshall & Snalgrove's. They pay me very well.'

'I will come and see you again. Perhaps we can arrange something.'

'Is Sir Lawrence so very hard?' she asked wistfully. 'If I were to go to him, do you think?'

'No, no,' I replied hastily. I could not bear that she should learn that her father was a thief.

'I will see him, and perhaps I can induce'—

'Is the money really due to my father?'

'No, it is not.'

'I feared that was the case.' She gave a little sigh. 'I would rather father did not press him any more. If we could only induce him to go back to Melbourne!'

'That would be the best thing.'

'I will try again,' she said hopefully. 'Good-bye.'

I took her little hand and pressed it. She entered the house, not improbably, as I thought, to find her father the worse for liquor. I turned away with a sad heart.

## THE TRAIL OF THE TRUST.

### PART II.



ACCORDING to some men, there is no honesty in American professional life, American politics, or American financial methods. According to others, there is no honesty in the American world of business. A little while ago the president of a great iron and steel trust in Chicago, without a word of previous warning, closed down twelve of the big mills of the concern, threw six thousand men out of work in a twinkling, and drove the stock of the company into a rapid slump on the exchanges, for no other purpose, it was asserted, than to juggle a tremendous profit for himself. At any rate, there did not appear to be any sufficient business reason for the closing of the mills; and when all the hubbub and excitement had died down, and the president had finished

manipulating his shares, he was said to be considerably over a million richer than he was before the mills were shut down; and this was all brought about within a week. A panic in a particular stock is artificially created, and shares rush down; reassuring reports are then issued, confidence is partially restored, and the stock bounds up again—not to the old point, perhaps, but sufficiently for the purposes of the manipulator, who, buying largely at the ebb, sells again at the rise, and the trick is done.

It does not follow, however, that because some controllers of trusts are unscrupulous all the rest are of the same pattern, any more than that the confession of Mr Eugene V. Webster proves that all professional men are rogues, that Mr Croker's admissions evidence the same thing as regards all politicians, or that Mr Yerkes's warn-

ing constitutes proof-positive that there are no honourable financiers or brokers.

As to the American trusts, they affect the general trading operations of the country in such a way that the narrow path to individual success in business becomes a very hard road to travel. For the patient, plodding honesty of the kind that labours and hopes and waits, there is little room nowadays. In a country so great and so rapidly developing, where as yet nothing is old and little is permanent, the most daring men win, not the most scrupulous. A man rushes for the first and readiest opening that presents itself when he wants to make a short cut to wealth, and does not always give himself time to consider whether the way is paved with honest purpose or not. Good intentions, which are said to pave another place, must suffice, and if he can make a favourable connection with a trust he will find the route shorter than in any other direction.

The active enemies of trusts—and they are many and bitter—proclaim that before long the magnates of these big organisations will control everything, from the governing powers downward, and that the ideal democracy founded by George Washington will, under the octopus-like grip of these men, become as despot-ridden as any of the monarchies of the ancient world. As far as money constitutes power, the trust-kings of America are powerful beyond all other men. The Standard Oil Company, which recently declared a quarterly dividend of £4,000,000, or at the rate of £16,000,000 for the year, has made five men amazingly rich. Mr John D. Rockefeller has a fortune of not less than £50,000,000; his brother, Mr W. D. Rockefeller, is said to be worth £20,000,000; Mr J. H. Flagler is credited with possessing £10,000,000; Mr H. M. Flagler, £7,000,000; and Mr J. D. Archbold, another £7,000,000. These five Standard Oil men, with fortunes aggregating nearly £100,000,000, have all risen from comparative obscurity on the wings of this mighty trust. The Standard Oil Trust, which absorbed numerous undertakings into one holding, was formed in 1882, with a capital of £14,000,000, was declared in 1892 by the Supreme Court of Ohio to be illegal, and was nominally dissolved; then it was carried on as a number of separate concerns, but has recently been re-organised under the New Jersey laws, and exercises a greater control to-day than it did in 1892, employing a capital of nearly £20,000,000, and being to all intents and purposes still the Standard Oil Trust. It is estimated that Mr J. D. Rockefeller's income from this and other sources for the present year will amount to £15,000,000.

The Federal Steel Company, after paying 6 per cent. on its preferred stock in 1899, earned about 12 per cent. on its £9,000,000 odd common stock, which is known to be 'water' or goodwill. The American Wire and Steel Company in the same year paid 7 per cent. on its preferred stock, and earned in addition some 18 per cent. on its

£10,000,000 of common stock, which is admitted to be all 'water.' It would be easy to multiply these instances of 'water' earnings.

On a more solid and legitimate basis is the Carnegie Company, which made over £4,000,000 profit in 1899. Of course, in the strict sense, the Carnegie Company is not a trust, yet it is so far-reaching in its operations and has absorbed so many other undertakings that it is in effect one of the greatest of all industrial combinations, with the enormous capitalisation of over £50,000,000.

It is practically the same story all through the list. The trusts are eating up everything within their reach. The day of the small trader is gone. Many of the older men have worked their way up by degrees from the position of mechanic to that of owner of a manufactory. What chance is there for a young man to do this in these days? In the workshop that he enters as a youth he, as a rule, learns to do one thing only; but suppose he by a stroke of luck manages to acquire a more general knowledge of his trade and obtains a little capital and sets up a small factory, what chance has he in competition with the great concern that has the practical control of the particular industry in which he is trying to make a living and win his way to the front? If he makes headway enough to attract the notice of his big rival he is soon brushed aside or absorbed. His only chance is to fight his way into a trust, or be content to sink into the humble position of the wage-earner, powerless to resist the dictation of the company that employs him. All along the line the mighty few are in control. Steel, coal, petroleum, meat, sugar, whisky, flour, cordage, furniture, biscuits, milk, matches, all come under their sway. The big railway companies annex their smaller rivals, and in the large sphere of municipal service—such as the supply of gas, electricity, street-car systems, and the like—where competition was formerly in beneficial operation, combinations of capitalists, working under concessions often obtained by corrupt means, are steadily enriching themselves.

On similar lines the retail businesses of all the large American cities are being centred in a few rich enterprises. The small or even the moderately large trader is being gradually swept aside by the department store, an idea which originated in England, but which has been greatly enlarged upon in America. Each of these department stores is in itself a considerable market-place, larger in extent than that of many an English country town, and covers many acres of floor-space, where everything that man, woman, or child can require to eat or wear, everything for domestic use, from bedsteads to kitchen utensils, can be obtained, and for the most part, it must be admitted, at lower prices than at small establishments. The power of the big purse to buy in large quantities at bottom rates here comes into

effect for the consumer's benefit, although it is by no means certain that the workpeople who made the clothes, or the furniture, or the utensils had not to suffer that these things should be, for there are plenty of sweater-shops even in free America.

The rich man has it all his own way. Immense business buildings are put up, mostly as devoid of architectural beauty as a cotton factory—piled up story on story—ten, fifteen, or twenty, it may be, every floor a honeycomb of offices, and embracing so much of the commercial and professional life of the city that away from these giant structures the ground becomes of comparatively small value. As things are going, it almost seems that before long all traders and workers who are not connected with trusts, combines, or mammoth establishments will have to fall behind. Hopeless servitude must be accepted. There will always be room for the workman of special genius and ability to force his way up; but the barriers around the rank and file of the industrial army will be drawn closer than ever. While some of the greatest of the trust organisations are notable for their soundness and stability, and for their generally beneficial operation, these are not the characteristics of the main body of the big trade combinations; and the discontent amongst the working classes daily becomes more acute. Speaking of the condition of the men employed at an Anderson factory before and after it was acquired by a trust, the Rev. Dr George L. M'Nutt reports a workman as saying, 'In the days before the trust we had steady employment. Since the trust came we never know when we are going to be laid off, or why. Work is so unsteady that we can hardly make a living. In the old days when we had a grievance we could talk it over with the boss; but to-day if there is a shut-down nobody knows anything about it except that it has been ordered from headquarters in New York. We can't find a man.' Dr M'Nutt maintains that the morale of the industrial army is thus being weakened by absentee cold-blooded leadership, and that the sturdy homesteader is being superseded by a homeless factory floater, a man of little worth to his employers, a danger, and in the end a burden, to the State, beyond the power of the Church to reform or redeem. This is an extreme view, no doubt. For all that, the influence of trusts is unmistakably towards the breaking down of the old ties of mutuality between employers and employed; they are forced farther apart than ever.

As regards the enhancing of prices by the operation of trusts, the evidence is too clear and too well known to need repetition. In some instances prices have been decreased, but as a rule industrial combination is followed by the reverse tendency. On this point, Mr J. S. Clarke, president of the New York and New Jersey Construction Company, made the statement recently that his company, in trying to secure cement with

which to build foundations for a new bridge across the Hudson at Weehawken, found that the prices of this material had been so greatly increased by the trusts controlling the cement-market that they concluded they would save money by establishing a cement factory of their own, although the cost of founding such a plant would be £200,000. This again may be an extreme example; still, it is in this direction that trusts often influence prices.

How powerful the trusts are, how rich, how great in the ability to appropriate or pay large sums, may be evidenced by the handsome rewards they are able to bestow upon those who perform special services in aid of their organisations. For example, Mr Dill, the New York lawyer who recently succeeded in patching up the differences between Mr Andrew Carnegie and Mr H. C. Frick, who had gone to law concerning the claim of the latter to certain of the iron and steel company's millions, received a fee of £200,000 for his services; and for arranging the trifling matter of the taking over of the Ogden Gas Company by the People's Gas Company of Chicago, Mr Levy Mayer, a local lawyer, was paid a fee of £100,000. Another fortunate man is said to have received between £6,000,000 and £8,000,000 in stocks for his work in organising a number of big trusts. He had to pay out of this the expenses of securing options and charters, and in some cases to share with other promoters; still, it is said that he has netted at the least £2,000,000. The promoters of the Republic Iron and Steel Company are understood to have received £1,000,000 of common stock, and those of the National Tube Company and the American Steel and Hoop Company are reported to have received a like amount in each case. The promoter of the American Tinplate Company received £2,000,000 of common stock. Somehow, these facts and the stories about trusts decreasing prices do not seem to fit well together.

It is the one strong point of the defenders of trusts that combination has the power of cheapening production. So it has; but does it acquire its power for that purpose? Does it use its power in that direction when it has acquired it? Sometimes, but not often. Take the operations of the most noted of all the American combinations as an example. Although the flow of oil had not been decreased, the price of kerosene oil in the States was advanced three or four cents a gallon lately, within a period of a few months; and upon the daily output of the Standard Oil Company that advance meant that consumers had to swell the wealth of the shareholders by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and that apparently for no sufficient reason.

Mr Carnegie, who always ushers in his arguments with a rare flush of enthusiasm, regards great aggregations of capital as of benefit both to rich and poor, and worthy of nothing but encouragement; but then all heads of trusts are not

possessed with the high ideals of Mr Carnegie, and few undertakings are less under the influence of trust evils than the one that bears his name. Trusts, as Mr Carnegie would like them to be, are a very different thing from trusts as they are; and to say that they are not of a monopolistic tendency is to close one's eyes to much actual evidence, it is to be feared. The Hon. Seth Low is another defender of trusts, but he does not get beyond maintaining on general principles that it is good for both labour and capital to combine. 'I believe,' he says, 'in the great corporation and the trade-union—in co-operation in all its branches.' But he forgets that the economic forces which have produced these respective combinations do not represent co-operation but rather conflict.

It is pretty generally conceded, however, that trusts are an evil, or, at least, that in some of their phases they are productive of evil, if not an absolute menace to the public weal. Republicans as well as Democrats admit this; the air is full of anti-trust sentiment, and attempts are made from time to time to legislate on the subject. Several of the state legislatures have passed restrictive laws, but some greater scheme of national redress and protection is what the opponents of trusts are demanding. Remedies, some drastic, some sensible, many foolish, are continually being put forward; but neither political party has as yet adopted any thorough-going anti-trust platform. Considerably more than half the entire capital credited to the manufactures of the United States is controlled by trust organisations; and as these combinations have as a rule been resorted to as a means of overriding competition, it is not by any ordinary process of economic evolution that the evils they have brought into existence will be removed.

One of the boldest of the critics of trusts is President Hadley, of Yale, who insists that 'a new system of ethics is a matter of vital necessity to the American people.' They must cease to regard the director of a great business as having the right to conduct it regardless of the public welfare. Mr Hadley would apply the scourge of social ostracism to any man who gained his wealth by unworthy means; but this is easier said than done, for in many cases the recognised 'leaders' of society would, under such a system, be the first to have to go. Still, the attempt to press a better ideal upon society is worthy of encouragement, and as a factor of reform deserves support. Senator Chandler believes that the simplest mode of restraining trusts is for the state legislatures to amend the laws relating to corporations; but as different states would pass different laws, and some would probably be inclined to help rather than discourage industrial combinations, such experiments would be more likely to complicate than simplify the general issue. Mr Arthur M'Ewen suggests that municipal owner-

ship of public utilities—such as street railways, gasworks, waterworks, &c.—would solve the difficulty, leading first to the nationalisation of the railways, and afterwards to the subjugation of trusts as anti-social agencies. Governor Roosevelt has much faith in the curative influences of publicity and state supervision; and he urges that if it could be shown that there are inordinate profits, 'competition or public sentiment will give the public the benefit in lowered prices; and if not, the power of taxation remains.'

Technically speaking, there are no trusts; the undertakings that go by that name are simply joint-stock companies differing from thousands of others only in having a greater capitalisation. It is in their monopolistic operation that they take upon themselves the character of trusts. In his annual message of December 1889, President Harrison declared that trusts were 'dangerous conspiracies against the public good, and should be made the subject of prohibitory and even penal legislation.' President Cleveland, in his message of 1896, also denounced trusts, maintaining that the laws passed for mitigating the evils of trust combinations had proved ineffective, and recommending separate state legislation in relief of the evils. Mr McKinley has no high opinion of separate state legislation as a remedy, and leans to uniformity of repressive enactments. In his message of last December he expressed the opinion that combinations which control the market of any commodity and suppress natural competition 'are obnoxious not only to the common law, but also to the public welfare.'

Acting on the recommendations of the sub-committee of the House Judiciary, proposals have been submitted to Congress aiming at giving that body the full control of all companies and combinations, compelling all trust-made goods to be branded as such, prohibiting the use of the mails by trust organisations, and requiring the trusts to file regular reports of their affairs with the Secretary of State. The only one of these recommendations that commands general outside approval is that of publicity, which as a regulative influence would be valuable, as it has proved in England with regard to our limited liability companies. As for the rest, there is so much to be said for and against the proposals that it will be some time before any comprehensive measure can be passed; and meanwhile the peculiar fighting power of the trusts will be brought into play, and legislation will probably be blocked for a considerable time longer. The avarice of organised wealth is a hard thing to kill.

In spite of the seriousness of the matter, the Americans contrive to find a humorous side to the question. When they fail to do this the time will have gone by for further trifling with it. The spirit of burlesque plays around the subject, and trusts are travestied and imitated in so many ways that it is sometimes difficult



to mark the dividing line between playful fun and concealed gravity of purpose. A Mr Charles Kling, who is styled the 'pie-king' of New England, caused a pleasurable flutter a little while ago by organising a trust for controlling the pie business of the entire eastern states; and it was considered that, as the inhabitants of New England eat pie four or five times a day, the Pie Trust would probably make great profits. In order to still further stimulate the consumption of pie, Mr Kling invented what he claimed to be a perfectly digestible article, to which he gave the name of the 'sanitary pie,' presenting it in every conceivable variety, from the common or wayside apple-pie to the aristocratic lemon meringue. Some few grumblers objected to the innovation on the ground that one of the chief attractions to the New Englander was the weird and rousing nightmares which supervene on a hearty feast of pie and vary the monotony of pastoral life. However, the Pie Trust was formed, and the managing director was heard to say in the moment of triumph that he cares not who may control the other industries of New England so long as he is left to direct the operations of the pie-mills.

In Chicago the beggars and match-sellers have a little trust all their own, though it is not registered as yet. Small companies of juveniles have been established, to each of which a certain district, building, or territory is allotted; and when the boys or girls of one area invade the ground of another there is trouble. It has been reserved for San Francisco, however, to touch the ghastliest point in trust operations, though there again they have had to dispense with the sanction of the law. A number of Chinamen have formed themselves into what is practically a Murderers' Trust. The Chinese are a peculiar people and a vindictive, and the putting out of the way of obnoxious persons has long been carried on as a regular business amongst them; but the rates in the homicide

market were getting too high. It cost from £100 to £200 to get an irritating friend or a too long-lived relative disposed of; now, since the new combination started in, it is possible to secure a first-class assassination for as reasonable a sum as £60, which is a great saving, and the new men are so accommodating in their methods that they do not require their clients to pay over the money until the obituary of the departed appears in the leading Chinese newspaper. This is one of the instances in which a trust has been effective in really lowering prices.

A Hen Trust was proposed a month or two ago, but of course ended in cackle. The idea of a Farmers' Trust has been seriously entertained, though; and wherever money is to be made the trust idea plays around in some form or other. One enterprising Philadelphian has been trying to form a Snake Trust, and is said to have 'cornered' the snake-market so completely that Americans in want of reptiles of this order will for some time to come be compelled to make their purchases from this gentleman.

The story goes that the chief of the Ice Trust called up one of his subordinates on a certain day, and demanded, 'Have you grabbed everything that could possibly come under our jurisdiction?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'The flocs and bergs in the Arctic and Antarctic regions?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then go out,' said the chief, 'and buy up every Uncle Tom's Cabin company on the road.' 'But what have they to do with ice?' inquired the subordinate. 'A good deal!' shouted the chief. 'What does Eliza escape on, young man?'

To the great body of the American people, however, the trust is the hundred-headed hydra of reality, not of joke or fable; but up to now no Hercules or Iolaus has come forward to perform the act of decapitation and searing. Meanwhile the iron of public sentiment is being heated ready for their arrival.

## A FAMOUS SCOTCH SONG-WRITER— WILLIAM GRAHAM, LL.D.



DR GRAHAM'S golf-songs, with which all readers of Mr Clark's standard work are familiar, have always been held in deservedly high repute; but his angling and eurling verses are of similar worth. His lines in honour of gutta-percha are full of quaint humour, and the verse dealing with the old feather-balls the best, perhaps, in golfing literature:

And though our best wi' them we tried,  
And nicely every club applied,  
They whirled and fuffed and dooked and shied  
And sklentit into bunkers.

Of his angling songs, 'My First Salmon,' sung

at the Edinburgh Angling Club so long ago as 1859, has proved the most popular; and the 'Angler's Reveille' of 1861 will always prove of interest to Scottish anglers, if only on account of its references to the famous old 'Nest' on Tweedside, of which society he was long a member.

Of those devoted to eurling, the following lines from a song sung to the Cupar Club in 1830 seem to have a jolly enough swing:

Their whiskers are wi' hoar-frost white,  
Their cheeks wi' crimson glow,  
And frae their lungs the winter's breath  
In volumes forth they throw.



Of his miscellaneous songs, a rollicking lilt, 'A Picnic in Tweeddale,' has the following :

Noo ilka young chiel's up to wait,  
And kindly help to fork and plate,  
Ilk lassie's sure o' a helpmate,  
At picnics upon Tweeddale.  
Here some are carving on their knees  
Some awkward fowl wi' angry feeze,  
Till in some madam's lap it flees  
Silent, 'mong the hills o' Tweeddale.

Dr Graham was born at Dunkeld just a hundred years ago, and educated at Perth and Edinburgh, where he entered the university at the mature and venerable age of thirteen. After spending some years as English master at Cupar Academy, he returned to Edinburgh as teacher in the famous old Military Academy under the veteran Captain Orr, for so long a well-known figure on the streets of Edinburgh; and some of his reminiscences of the school are extremely interesting. It seems that in the course of its story more than a thousand officers were educated there; and in the Crimean War alone a hundred of its pupils fought, of whom ten died on the field. After the academy's career of honour was brought to a close, Dr Graham opened a school of his own in Queen Street, and joined the directorate of the Scottish Institution for Ladies in Moray Place; and was in harness almost to the time of his death in 1886.

Of his prose writings the most interesting would seem to be the *Lectures on Scottish Life during the Early Part of the Century*, delivered to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1868; and those dealing with his own profession are still of recognised value. He was able to tell at first hand of the old village schools, with their cock-fights and bleeze-money at Candlemas, and many another long-dead custom. His lighter sketches are full of a quaint humour that makes them vastly pleasant reading, and one can readily understand why he was held the best of good company. His genial and kindly sociability are still remembered with affection by many of his surviving club-mates in the district of East Fife, of which he sang so often and so well. He was formally appointed Poet-Laureate of the Innerleven Golf Club away back in 'the forties,' and his likeness still holds a prominent place in their portrait gallery.

Scattered broadcast throughout his writings are quaint yarns and gleams of fun. Thus, in the old war-days, while some French prisoners are quartered for a night in the parish church of Errol, one of them steals the mortcloth wherewith to make a pair of trousers! There can have been but few fat schoolmasters in those days, for a great proportion had an average income of only fifteen pounds a year. In one parish near Edinburgh the schoolmaster, by combining his proper duties with those of precentor, beadle, and gravedigger, managed to scrape eight

pounds together. But it is pleasant to note his gracious tribute to the clergy of Scotland for what they had done towards the elevation of the teacher.

If the lot of the teacher, however, was not a rosy one, that of his pupil was even less so; and some of the punishments seem to us grotesque to the verge of absurdity and almost incredibly cruel. Still, games of a kind they had; and the Doctor takes care to note that abrupt change from one game to another with the changing season that seems so mysterious and inexplicable to the grown-up. He, however, explains it as the work of juvenile tyrants, who scour the town and insist on the universality of one game and the deace of another; and the nonconformist must look to having both his toy and his head broken. The good old Highland game of shinty seems to have been the Doctor's own love, and of it he writes with an enthusiasm that is eminently catching. Cricketers may be interested in noting that he attributes the practice of the game on the Perth Inches long before it was known elsewhere in Scotland to the flocking of English boys to Perth Academy, then famous for its mathematical teaching.

Let us conclude with a rather queer note on Dr Senebier, a well-known French teacher in Edinburgh and famous Tweedside angler: 'He was very dexterous in the plaiting of fishing-lines, some of which were composed of the locks of ladies of distinction!' It is, probably, unnecessary to add that he was himself French.

#### A. LETTER FROM HOME.

DAINTY little missive,  
What dost thou contain:  
Tidings of a lover,  
News of loss or gain?

Message from a mother  
To an absent son;  
Word of some life's battle  
Bravely fought and won?

Scent of dew-clad roses  
Borne across the sea;  
Murmur of the pine-tree  
Dear to memory?

Song of sweeping oar-blades,  
Purling of a stream,  
Overhanging willows,  
And a sweet day-dream?

Beetling bats in twilight,  
Vesper song of birds,  
Hush of night descending,  
Thoughts too sweet for words!

Far away from home-life,  
In an alien land,  
Letter, thou art welcomed  
With an outstretched hand.

SHANGHAI.

GEO. H. LUDOLF.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

By GEORGE M'CRAE, M.P.

[The Editor recognises that certain statements in this article are open to controversy; but as the subject is one likely in the near future to excite a good deal of attention, he thinks Mr M'Crae's paper will interest the readers of *Chambers's Journal*, even although they may hold opposite views.]

**I**T is a matter for deep regret when any subject purely economic falls into the rut of party politics. There was undoubtedly grave danger of the question of the Taxation of Land Values becoming a mere party shibboleth. Evidence, however, has recently not been wanting to show that on both sides of politics the minds of public men are awakening to the importance of considering this old doctrine fairly, which, in a new form, has appeared in our midst.

It may or may not be a coincidence that this interest is evinced at a time when the subject of local taxation is under consideration by a Royal Commission. We incline to the belief that the evident necessity which exists for some relief from the land-hunger felt in all our large centres of industry is the cause of the great interest taken in the discussion, rather than the bearing which the taxation of land values has on the incidence of taxation, imperial or local.

The question has therefore a double aspect: first, its effect from a taxation point of view; secondly, its influence on an entirely new order of things occasioned by the rapid growth of urban communities, and the consequent difficulty of providing reasonable house accommodation for the toiling millions, owing to the high price of land in the environs of our large towns.

Considerable difficulty is experienced in approaching the subject from the taxation point of view, having regard to the relationship which ought to exist between local and imperial taxation, and their respective incidence on different classes of the community.

We do not propose to examine the proposals of those who advocate that all duties of Customs and Excise should be abolished, and that all taxation, imperial or local, should be raised from the land; nor of those who hold the still more extreme view that land should be rated up to twenty shillings in the pound. The latter proposal is a question not of taxation but of confiscation. To levy a contribution on the value of the land for imperial purposes would be to tax land values. To levy a contribution on the value of the land for local purposes would be to rate land values. The two are popularly, though erroneously, held to be synonymous terms. We will so far defer to the popular phrase for the sake of simplicity, and will speak of the taxation of land values in the wider sense.

To keep the inquiry within reasonable limits, we will for the most part consider its bearing on local taxation and its effect on land in urban districts. It is here that the great increment in land values has taken place. In rural districts the land is for the most part agricultural, and the same conditions do not obtain; nor does the same difficulty arise with regard to taxation. The questions which naturally arise are these: Is land a proper subject for taxation? Is it already taxed? Does it bear its fair share of taxation?

With regard to imperial taxation on land, an act passed in 1692 imposed a tax of 4s. per £1 on lands and houses. In 1698, in consequence of various efforts to evade a true return of annual value, Parliament fixed the amount that 4s. per £1 was estimated to realise. It is almost incredible, but nevertheless it is the fact, that the land-tax is levied on that valuation of two hundred years ago. Further, various remissions of land-tax have taken place, with the result that the land-tax for England and Wales now produces less than £800,000 per annum. A tax on the true annual value of the land would produce about £40,000,000 per annum.

The great increase in the value of the land is not because it is able to produce more. In fact, agricultural rents have fallen. The increase is the result of the great increment that has taken place in the value of town lands.

In Scotland the trivial sum which the land-tax produced was so disproportionate to the value of the land that the tax was abolished in 1896.

The history of local taxation in Scotland is a very interesting one. In the olden days an assessment was made on lands and goods, or *Scot and Lot* as it was termed. *Scot* consisted of the local tax; *Lot* was personal service exacted from the individual members of the community. Taxation on goods or 'means and substance' was abolished in time, and local taxation levied on rent. Local taxation is therefore at present based on rental—that is, property is rated, not on its capital value, but on its annual value. When we speak of property we mean land and buildings. It is quite obvious that the rental of a shop, say, in Princes Street, Edinburgh, includes the annual value of the land on which the premises are built.

The advocates of the taxation of land values hold that property, apart from land, is the produce of the labour of the individual; consequently a tax on property is a tax on industry. Tax not the buildings but the land is their cry.

What say the economists as to land being a fair subject for taxation? The greatest of all our political economists, Adam Smith, in his *Wealth of Nations*, V. ii., treats the subject very exhaustively, and gives no uncertain sound as to the economical aspect of the taxation of land other than agricultural land. 'Ground-rents,' he says, 'are a still more proper subject of taxation than the rent of houses. A tax upon ground-rents would not raise the rent of houses. It would fall altogether upon the owner of the ground, who acts always as a monopolist, and exacts the greatest rent which can be got for the use of the ground.' Further, to show that it would be no injustice that the landowner should bear the tax, he goes on to say: 'Ground-rents, so far as they exceed the ordinary rent of land, are altogether owing to the good government of the Sovereign.' Again: 'Nothing can be more reasonable than that a fund which owes its existence to the good government of the State should be taxed peculiarly, or should contribute something more than other funds towards the support of that government.'

If this holds good of imperial taxation, the argument gathers much in weight when applied to local rating. Had Adam Smith lived to witness the great growth and development of our urban communities, he would doubtless have added to his dicta of 'the good government of the State' that of the expenditure of the municipality.

Modern political economists are no less emphatic as to the obligations which ought to fall on the

land. Professor Sidgwick says: 'On the one hand, "the unearned increment" of urban values seems to me a proper object of special taxation, so far as this taxation is traditional and established. On the other hand, it would be obviously inequitable to tax the owner of ground values for the purpose of poor relief or education more highly than the owner of any other kind of property, in districts or parts of districts in which these values are stationary or diminishing.'

Professor Seligman, to quote a foreign economist, says: 'Even in England, where so many reforms have been made in the national revenue, the whole system, with its exemption of non-productive realty or land held for speculative purposes, and its imposition in the first instance on the occupier, means the relative overburdening of the poorer classes.'

Other authorities might be cited, but sufficient has been said to show that the proposal to tax land values is economically sound.

If economically sound, is the taxation of land values essentially just under present conditions? This is best determined by considering how a tax on land would operate. A popular belief is, that if the principle of the taxation of land values were given effect to, the superior who had feued the land would, in defiance of what is termed the sacred rights of contract, be liable in all cases for the whole tax on the land value. This is manifestly incorrect. A valuation would be made of the land; and here it may be said, on the authority of experts, that there would be no difficulty in arriving at the value of the land apart from the value of the buildings thereon. Where the present value of the land exceeds, as in many cases it does, the amount of the feu-duty, the proprietor who benefits by the increment in the value of the land would be liable for the rate corresponding to the amount of the value of the land vested in him—that is, for the whole value of the land minus the feu-duty value. In practice the whole tax would, in the first instance, fall on the proprietor, who would have relief against the superior for that portion of the rate applicable to the amount of feu-duty payable. Take the following illustration: The annual rental of certain premises is £1000. The value of the land on which they stand is, say, £500 per annum, with a feu-duty payable to a superior of £10. The proprietor, who, we will assume for the sake of simplicity, is also the occupier, would pay a land-tax on £500. As, however, he only enjoys the benefit of the land minus the £10 of feu-duty paid to the superior, he deducts from his feu-duty the proportion of the rate corresponding to the amount of the feu-duty. In this case the proprietor would pay no additional rates. He would, in fact, pay less. His present payment would be diminished, first by the amount obtainable from the superior, and secondly, by the amount of relief he would gain



from the unfeued land, which would then for the first time be rated. The rate might be higher; but, apart from the deductions referred to, he would pay, say, a 4s. rate on £500 instead of a 2s. rate on £1000. The amount in money would be the same.

Objection is taken to the proposal that the superior, who has compounded with the feuar for the latter to pay all rates, should in future be called upon to pay any rates on the sum which he receives. It is argued that this would be a breach of contract, and that any proposal for future taxation of land values should exclude the superior. It ought, however, in fairness to be kept in view that in most cases the feuing of ground is not quite in the nature of a free bargain as between parties. The superior is generally in the position of a monopolist, and receives the highest possible price. It is unlikely that the superior could have received a higher price than he actually obtained had he been subjected to a rate on land value. It must also be kept in view that taxation has increased, and new rates have been levied on property which were never contemplated when many former bargains were concluded. Yet the present holder has no remedy against the previous seller, although the imposition of these new rates may make his property less valuable. The broad fact remains that in urban districts a superior who has waited till his land has increased in value by the growth and expenditure of the community has paid no local rates during the period of increasing value; he pays none even after he has feued the ground and reaps an annual income for the most part due to local expenditure and the growth of the community. It may be said he is only reaping what the economist terms the 'profits of abstinence'—that is, he suffered a present disadvantage for a future gain. The crux of the whole matter lies in the fact that, as is admitted by all the great political economists, land being a monopoly, its tenure is on a basis differing very widely from stocks or shares, or other investments.

Granting, however, that existing contracts ought not to be interfered with; and granting, for the sake of argument, that feu-duties should not be rated other than as part of a heritable subject—that would only dispose of the fringe of the question. As has already been pointed out, the feu-duty in many cases is merely a nominal payment, and the benefit of the increase in the value of the land is enjoyed by the proprietor of the hereditaments. In such cases the major portion of the land-value tax would fall not on the superior but on the proprietor. It has already been made clear that if he were also occupier, so far as the proprietor is concerned he would pay no more in rates than he does at present; that on account of the larger area of taxable land he would in all probability pay less. Then the further question arises: If you depart from

the present system of taxation on rental, the occupying tenant would entirely escape taxation. He would, at any rate, escape direct taxation if the basis of assessment is changed from rental to land value; but if the contentions of those who object to any change in the present incidence of taxation (apart altogether from the taxation of land values) are correct, the proprietor would recover any additional taxation he had to pay from his tenant in the shape of increased rent.

The incidence of taxation as between owner and occupier is a question which has given rise to much controversy. Economists disagree as to whether a rate levied on the occupier ultimately falls on the owner or whether it remains with the occupier. In England all rates are paid by the occupier. In Scotland the poor and school rates are divided between owner and occupier. The municipal rates vary from one-third levied on owners and two-thirds on occupiers in Edinburgh, to a fraction of a penny on owners in Dundee. So that the great bulk of the rates in Scotland fall on the occupier. Parliament has more than once affirmed by resolution that an equal division of rates between owner and occupier is the fair proportion.

The taxation of land values would transfer the rates from the occupier to the owner, or if feu-duties (or in England ground-rents) were directly assessed, to owner and superior. A proposal, emanating from the Corporation of Glasgow, has been put in the form of a bill before Parliament, and introduced by Sir Charles Cameron, to impose a special land-tax in Scotland not exceeding 2s. per £1 on the land value. If this were given effect to it would be an addition to our present method of assessment, and would increase the share of taxation at present paid by the owner. The rate would also fall on the superior to the extent of his share in the land.

We have endeavoured to show that it is possible to relieve industry by removing taxation from buildings and putting it on the land even if Parliament stipulated that ground-rents should be exempted from the proposed new rate; although all advocates of the taxation of land values who take their stand on the broad principle would dispute the equity of so doing.

There is still another course which might be adopted, one which would remedy many grievances and would in all probability secure early parliamentary recognition—namely, the proposal to rate unlet ground which has a building value. It is evident from the illustration given above that land does not escape taxation. Where land is built upon, the annual value of the land is included in the rent of the premises, and is therefore rated. Whether it bears its fair proportion of the assessment we will consider later. Unbuilt-on land is for the most part agricultural. Under the present system agricultural land within the boundaries of a municipality only pays rates



on one-fourth of its agricultural value. If a rate were levied on the market value of such ground, land which is now held up for a higher price would be forced into the market, with two desirable results to the community. Reducing the price would give greater facilities for increase of house accommodation, so much needed in all the great centres of industry. From the taxation point of view, the fall in the value of land would not be so great as the increase in value of the land which for the first time would be subject to taxation. This would also have the effect of reducing all round the general rate of taxation.

If taxation were put on land values instead of rental, it is in accord with the laws of political economy that the relief from taxation of property, as apart from land, would stimulate industry. Under the present system, the more beautiful a building is made, and the more there is expended on sanitary improvements, the higher is that building rated, which is undoubtedly taxation on the value of the proprietor's improvements.

We have already answered two of three propositions propounded at the beginning of this article. It has been proved, from the views of our ablest economists, that land is a proper subject for taxation. It has also been shown that land is already taxed, although the original holder has escaped by transferring the burden on to the lessee.

We now propose to discuss the third proposition—namely, Does land bear its fair share of taxation?

It cannot be disputed by any student of finance that land in this country bears a smaller share of taxation than land in any other country in Europe. In 1870 a select committee of the House of Commons considered the question of taxation, and its Report is the most comprehensive survey which has yet been made on the subject. Mr Goschen, one of the greatest living authorities on taxation, was chairman of the committee; and his Draft Report, which was substantially adopted by the committee, together with a subsequent Report of 1871, forms one of the ablest contributions on the subject of taxation ever submitted. Mr Goschen showed in a series of tables that land in the United Kingdom paid in 1868 only 5.28 per cent. of imperial taxation; that France paid 18.43 per cent.; Prussia, 11.39 per cent.; Russia, 11.21 per cent.; Austria, 17.54 per cent.; and Hungary, 32.30 per cent. The Report also states that, 'speaking very broadly, in England fifty years ago land bore two-thirds of the taxation on real property, and houses and other property one-third; the latter now bear two-thirds, while land bears one-third. In France lands bore over two-thirds more than fifty years ago, and bear more

than two-thirds still.' Further, it is stated that, in proportion as a larger share of taxation is levied in respect of houses than of land, so does the amount paid by the occupier, and not by the owner, increase.

A subsequent Report by Sir H. Fowler in 1893 dealing only with local taxation brought many of the tables given in the Report of 1870 up to date. It shows the proportion of rates borne by lands, houses, and other property at various dates; and it is most interesting as showing how a change has gradually taken place in the proportion borne by the two classes of real property. In 1817 lands bore 66.66 per cent. of local taxation, and houses and other property bore 33.33. By 1868 the position is entirely reversed, and lands only bear 33.33, while houses and other property bear 66.66. When we come to the year 1891 we find the remarkable result that land only bears 15.31 per cent. of the rates, and houses and other property bear 84.69 per cent.

The following figures give another and still later comparison with regard to the valuation of lands and houses in 1881 and 1898. In 1881 the valuation of the land in the United Kingdom is stated at £69,291,973. In 1898 it had fallen to £53,937,149—a decrease of £15,354,824. On the other hand, houses valued in 1881 at £117,405,977 increased in value to £181,781,928, or an increase of £44,375,951 as against a decrease in the value of land of £15,354,824.

One element has, however, we think, been overlooked by those who have hitherto spoken and written on the subject. They have entirely ignored the fact we have already referred to: that a great part of the rent of houses may be apportioned to the value of the land; and that, therefore, there has been what may be technically called an economic drain from the one class to the other—namely, land which was formerly assessed as land is now assessed under the description of houses, being included in the rent of houses.

The question is at least worthy of calm and dispassionate discussion. We cannot evade new problems by pleading that 'whatever is is right.' It is not improbable that the new conditions resulting from our industrial and commercial advancement, the new demands which press on the attention of our municipal authorities, and the great increase taking place in our national expenditure may lead to the devising of additional sources of revenue to satisfy the imperious claims of local rating and imperial taxation. When that time arrives, as come it will sooner or later, the Taxation of Land Values will not be ignored.



## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

## CHAPTER III.—WORDS OVER THE WINE.



WHEN the ladies were gone, and we were left to our wine, the Commodore drank gaily round. Major Rycroft pledged him, but with no good-will; and it was clear that he was brooding over the sarcasm of his senior. The talk turned upon the state of the country and the doings of the King's troops, and these were lauded freely. Many at the table were wholly on the side of authority as at present constituted, and those who were not did not care to support opposite views, since they could do no good. One only could not be silenced. It was the Commodore, and on hearing of a cold-blooded piece of cruelty told as a joke he blazed out.

'Forty-seven years,' he cried, 'I served my country at sea, and saw as much fair and honest fighting as any man; and yet I never heard of tricks played on Moors, Turks, or heathen negroes to equal what's done to-day by English to English. 'Tis not the King's orders, I declare. I'm loyal as any man in this realm; and, 'fore God! I trust he'll disavow the rogues who disgrace his uniform. There's none so cruel as a coward who has his opponent down.'

The old gentleman was to find himself grievously mistaken as to his King; but that was a matter for another day. Here was now the table in a roar at this bold speech, and the officers furious. Major Rycroft, the senior officer present, had his own bone to pick with the Commodore, and his voice rang loudest.

'Your words,' he cried, 'reflect on His Majesty's service, sir. You are old and disabled; nothing else saves you from instant punishment.'

'You're monstrous polite, Major,' roared the Commodore. 'Old and crippled—eh? So I'm to keep my mouth shut while you boast of your sneaking deviltries. Perhaps I can find'—

'Brother! brother!' cried Sir Humphrey from the head of the table, 'I beseech you to put this unhappy quarrelling on one side. These gentlemen do but obey their orders, as their duty calls on them; and who should know better than you that obedience is imperative?'

'Ay, ay, Humphrey,' said the Commodore, 'I want to raise no gale at your board; and, to be sure, as you say, discipline calls for instant carrying out of all orders, good and bad.'

This half-apology for his heat calmed things down, and no more was said to him by the officers. Indeed, they had turned their eyes as one man upon me instead of my kinsman.

Sir Humphrey had known very well what the latter was driving at, and had struck in soon enough to defeat the Commodore as far as words went; but the old seaman had laid his hook

upon my sleeve, and every one understood very well that he looked to me to draw the sword for him. For my part, I scarce knew what was going forward. My mind ran entirely upon Cicely and Kesgrave. The latter was looking on with an amused smile, and now drank politely towards the Commodore. That seasoned old vessel pledged him deeply in return, and in a measure concord was restored to the meeting. 'Twas but for an instant.

'I hear that you have left the army, Mr Ferrers,' said the Earl.

'Yes,' I replied. 'The country is more to my taste than London.'

'Rather a strange time to resign a commission,' remarked Major Rycroft.

'Your opinion was not asked on the question, Major Rycroft,' I said. 'And for a west-country man the time is by no means strange.'

The Major laughed offensively, as if he thought he had pricked me deeply, and two or three of his brother-officers began to talk as their natures prompted them; for Sir Humphrey's wine was very good, and they had not spared it.

'Said to be a wonderful man with buttoned foils,' so one voice rose above the clatter, emphasising the word 'buttoned.'

'Precious queer, resigning now,' called out another. 'Doubt if we ought to allow him to sit with us.' A tipsy voice began to sing the coarsest verse in the old ballad about Sir John Suckling and the Scots, and there was much laughter. A little below me sat a cornet, a tall, handsome lad, his face burning with wine, and his young fiery heart eager to take up the quarrel the Commodore's action had set on foot between his corps and myself. His fingers were working convulsively about the bowl of his wine-glass, yet he hesitated to take the final step. I smiled quietly at him, and he blushed hotter yet.

'Pray,' said I, leaning forward, 'spare me that unpleasantness. I assure you I do not require to be wound up by the sensations of wine filling my eyes and running down into my neck. If you or any other gentleman'—

'Charlton,' roared Major Rycroft, interrupting me, 'do not come between me and Mr Ferrers.'

'You hear,' said I, nodding towards the Major, 'your senior officer demands first turn. If I run away from him, then you may throw the wine by all means.'

The more sober of the elders now burst in upon us, and tried to straighten affairs out; but the incensed military were in no mood to be pacified. The Commodore they could not attack, but my blood they were resolved upon. The old sea-dog himself was in high feather.

'Pooh, brother!' he said when Sir Humphrey

came to make what peace he could. 'Let the lads have a breather. Neither will be the worse for it. Not a man among 'em can touch George, and he wouldn't hurt a fly. 'Tis but a match without the buttons.'

The majority of the party now moved to join the ladies; Squire Hampton, the Commodore, and a few more stuck steadily to the bottle. The evening was calm and beautiful, the windows of the great withdrawing-room stood open, and the ladies had sauntered out to the terrace and the wide lawn. Sir Humphrey had detained me a few moments, and my Lord Kesgrave had not let his opportunity slip. He was at Cicely's side; and, for the first time in my life, I was a little afraid of her. This new, strange coldness chilled me so that I did not dare to thrust myself into her company without an invitation, open or tacit; and I received none. It was not for want of watching for it. I hung about her neighbourhood; but she seemed to feel my presence, and resolutely averted her eyes. I rambled about the terrace, and became involved in other groups of the company, and thus a couple of hours after dinner slipped away. Then the Commodore came out of the house and joined me, and eased his mind by cursing heartily the officers and the stories they told. He was in the midst of his commination when a flash of bright steel and scarlet caught my eye. The sun was getting low, and its level shafts raked the great avenue flanked by lofty limes. Up the broad road was galloping a trooper, his horse stretching at full speed.

'Eh?' said my companion, 'Some message for the redcoats, I shouldn't wonder.'

In a short time Captain Baywood was seen making his way towards us as we leaned against the balustrade of the terrace.

'I am acting for Major Ryecroft, Mr Ferrers,' he said, bowing politely, 'and I am forced to come to you in person. Sudden orders have arrived, and we must march. An opportunity to settle affairs may not immediately present itself if the present moment be let slip'—

'Any time you like,' cut in the Commodore. 'When do you get to horse?'

'We may not delay,' said Captain Baywood.

'Beautiful bit o' turf outside the gates,' said the Commodore. 'No-man's-land. Humphrey's estate stops at the park palings. We'll go that way now. Bring your man on as soon as you like.'

We slipped out of the throng, rambled into the gardens, and passed out into the park by a door in the farthest wall. From this point we reached the gates by secluded paths through the ferns, and came out on a patch of trim greensward, where we strolled up and down to await the officers. Soon, to a jingling of bridles and clanking of swords, the party cantered down, drew rein, and tied their horses to the hazel-bushes. Of the encounter which followed it is not worth while to speak. Whatever the Major could do with his

regimental weapon, the broadsword, his abilities were scant enough with a rapier, and in less than twenty minutes the Commodore and I were returning up the avenue, my sword as clean as I had hoped it would remain.

We regained the terrace to find the company greatly thinned. Indeed, we had met several parties in the great avenue striking homewards before the dark, and had run the gauntlet of many significant nods and smiles from those who suspected our errand. Lady Lester swooped down on us and began to scold the Commodore vigorously for his bloodthirsty, quarrelsome ways, as she depicted them with sisterly frankness.

'God bless me, sister!' he cried. 'Fight, d'ye say? Here's been no fight; we did but set the lobster-backed dragoon up, and George took his toasting-iron and twitched it up among the trees. Fight d'ye call it? 'Twas but a lesson in fencing, and a hint he'd better be more civil to an old man. Still, the lads are not bad lads at bottom. They gave us a hearty huzza as they rode off; though, egad! the Major didn't join in it.'

I slipped away and left them to settle in their own fashion, and soon ran full on Sir Humphrey. He began to question me, and I satisfied him. Then I asked him where was Cicely?

'Gone,' he said.

'With whom?'

'There's quite a party riding her way,' he replied, 'and some pass close to Great Barrow.'

I made my adieux and got to horse without delay. My road lay along a smaller side-avenue. It was empty, and I took it at a swinging gallop as soon as I was out of sight of the house. When I had passed the lodge-gate on that side I took the open country and rode across the heath. By a rude bridle-path I could cut off nearly a mile of road. The sun was down, but the west was still full of crimson and gold; the rabbits flitted in hundreds to their burrows as I thundered over their warrens, keeping a watchful eye for the evening snares set by their holes; the pleasant fresh scents of the dewy evening were rising from the open furzy land. Cicely! Cicely! Cicely! The sweet syllables seemed to set themselves to the rhythmic gallop under me as I rode after her. I came out on the highway, or rather byway—for it was but a wide, sandy heath-track—and saw that I was still behind the party. From side to side the road was printed by fresh impressions of horse-shoes. I posted on and climbed a hill. The way ran directly across a great furrow of the heath. From the ridge I looked into the dip and saw the cavalcade I pursued just breasting the opposite slope. They rode by twos and threes, and the servants moved in a solid cluster behind. My eye fell on the leading pair, and I drew rein; my heart thumped uneasily again. Cicely and Kesgrave once more! What did he mean by coming this way? It was not the nearest to Greycote, his seat in this part of the country.

'Confound him!' I thought. 'There's never an end of the fellow. Am I never to get a word with Cicely, and see where the land lies for me? Why is she so cold? Even if there were no hope for me in the world, why should she avoid me?'

The riders mounted the rise and disappeared over its crest without any one discovering me. I walked my horse slowly to a place where roads crossed. The party had gained on me, and were now far in front, almost lost in the films of evening gathering over the dusky heath. I had given up my pursuit altogether. I had no heart to join them now. I drew the left-hand rein and turned into a cross-road leading away from the course they were pursuing, and heading straight for Whitmead Priory.

When I reached home and walked into the library, where I usually sat, a tall man rose from a chair beside the hearth, and laid down the long pipe he was smoking. It was Parson Upcher, the rector of the parish, and I was pleased to see him. We greeted each other warmly, and then he sat down to his pipe again.

'I heard you were not at home,' I remarked.

'Came back from Salisbury to-day,' said the parson, smiling all over his cheery red face, and smoothing back his white hair. 'I heard you had come down from London, so I made my way up here, and sat down to wait for you.'

'How did you get on?' I asked, for I knew he had gone to interpose on behalf of a falsely-accused prisoner.

'I might just as well have stayed at home,' he said, puffing slowly at the long silver tube. 'Folks are crazy, high and low, over this dreadful business. I offered full proof that Job Prime had never left the village, never been ten miles away from Whitmead, let alone at Sedgemoor; but it was all for nothing. "He must go to the assizes now"—that's all they would say—"and I might bring forward my evidence there."'

'Are there many fugitives hidden about here now?' I asked.

'Scores,' replied Parson Upcher in a low

voice. 'I shut my eyes to them, and take care to know nothing. I was asked once or twice plump, while I was in Salisbury, could I tell of places where rebels lay? and I answered no. I could answer with a good conscience, for I knew of none; but they are hidden about the place, sure enough. A week last Thursday I met Sarah Thorne, just at twilight, by the willow coppice. I came on her suddenly, and the poor woman, what with the start and what with trying to drop me a curtsy, sent a big brown loaf rolling from under her cloak right across my feet. Her two lads joined Monmouth, and nobody is supposed to have any idea what's become of them.'

'I trust the poor soul will keep them safely hidden till all's quiet,' I remarked.

'I hope so,' said the clergyman; 'we want no more bloodshed. There has been plenty already.'

There was silence for a few minutes while I filled and lighted a pipe; then Parson Upcher asked me how long I intended to stay.

'I have come for good,' I replied. 'The King must find another man to fill my uniform if this sort of work is to fall to his army.'

'He won't find a man to fill your coat in a hurry,' chuckled the parson; 'but I'm glad enough to hear you've returned to us. It's better both for the estate and the folks who work on it to have the master at home. 'Tis true the house is big, and you are alone; but there's a remedy for that.' The parson chuckled again.

'How long have Major Ryecroft and his people been about here?' I asked. The parson's laugh stirred thoughts I was willing should sleep, and I turned the conversation.

'Barely a week,' he said. 'The country about here was quiet enough till they came. The rebels lay still and the folk fed them secretly, and it was hoped things would blow over; but they have set the whole place by the ears. Riding and running, they have driven them out of cover like ferrets put into a rabbit-hole. People pop up under your feet whom you don't want to see—whom you ought not to see. Confound the redcoats!'

## ON THE RIVIERA.

By MAORILANDA.



It is not the 'season' in this far-famed resort, Mentone, Health is king instead of Death, and not an invalid is to be seen on the wide promenade facing the Mediterranean.

The snow-white, palace-like hotels are closed and deserted; even the gates of the cemetery are barred until '*la saison commencera*.' In this wonderful France death itself, it seems, must wait on the pleasure of the people.

A few short weeks ago all was different. Crowds had come from the fogs of England to

find sunshine and warmth in Mentone, sheltered as it is from the strong wintry winds by the wall-like spurs of the Alpes Maritimes. Titled people had arrived from all parts of the world; kings and princes made this their meeting-place.

We pass, in search of the picturesque and curious, from the clean Mentone of the all-powerful *Anglaise invalide* to the Mentone of 1500, with its stairways (in place of streets) actually hewn out of the rock, and leading in narrow lanes higher and higher up the mountains to the 'cemetery of the foreigners.' On



both sides of these stairways—so close that, stretching out one's hands, one can touch the buildings—rise the tenements; some of the windows having cobwebs, apparently of centuries' growth, across them, with perchance a faded card marked '*Magasin à Louer.*' Many of these hovels are inhabited by swarms of people, who have to bend nearly double to enter the narrow doorways, or creep down the dark, dank, evil-smelling steps into what looks like the very bowels of the earth. Some of the odd, unequal steps leading to the upper rooms are literally hewn from the mountain-side.

Most of these tenements are built of cobblestones splashed over with clay, and all are discoloured with the dirt of ages. Occasionally attempts are made to construct gardens on the roof. Women sit by the doors and work—the children crawling at their feet, together with cats and dogs—only moving to let the donkey-women with their heavily-laden animals pass.

Some of the young girls are really beautiful, but they age early; while the old men and women look terrible, their faces sodden and heavy, many of them with eyes wild with the madness of strong drink; and the smell of garlic almost stifles every other odour.

As we go up still higher, the buildings seem taller, dirtier, and more dilapidated, the stairways narrower and steeper; but yet the place is picturesque. Unexpectedly the roadway broadens out into an octagon, and we come upon the Catholic Cathedral. The beauty of the edifice is astonishing—rising suddenly amongst these squalid dens, it seems especially so. In the interior the walls and roof are beautifully painted in panels; the side-altars are exquisitely decorated, many having marble tablets affixed. Carved confessionals stand at intervals on the inlaid floor. Through the stained-glass windows the subdued sunlight flings its changing colours on the immovable figure of a black-robed nun; but the silence of the place is broken by a child from the hovels

near by, who follows us into the sacred edifice to beg for alms.

On one side of this Cathedral lies New Mentone, the Municipal Buildings, and schools for the demoiselles; on the other, the Mentone I have just described. We see a woman passing from the one to the other, driving her flock of goats. She will stop at the doors of the villas in New Mentone, and milk the required quantity there and then.

High above the octagon, up steeper stairways and past worse rookeries, we find the cemetery, with the graves so close together that it seems impossible for another coffin to be buried there. Here lies John Richard Green, the historian, and other well-known men. Many of the tombstones tell sad stories of lives well begun; most of them are decorated with wreaths of flowers or beads, and on one lay a tiny doll. Here, in this silent, peaceful graveyard, half-way up the mountain-side, every nation has some of its children buried.

Just below is an orchard, golden oranges shining through the leaves, olive-trees forming a background for the peaches and lemons growing side by side. Far below the red-roofed houses, white yachts are gliding across the still, blue waters of the Mediterranean; tier above tier, the Alpes Maritimes rise on every side save one.

Only a few miles distant from this quiet spot is Monte Carlo; and at certain hours of the day, even in the season, Mentone is deserted by every one able to stand: all gone to seek the excitement or amusement of the gaming-tables. This Monte Carlo, whose fame has reached even to the Antipodes, is very beautiful, lying on a shelf of the mountains and sunning itself like a lizard; the domes of the Casino being plainly distinguished for miles. The place seems to supply a new language, as well as money and work for the inhabitants of the villages around; and it attracts the richest and highest in rank to the shores of the sunny south of France.

## THE FAMILY SKELETON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

**F**ROM Camden Town I took a cab to the House of Commons, where I knew I should find Sir Lawrence. I had a hasty interview in the lobby, when I briefly told him the result of my mission. He turned purple with indignation when I mentioned the sum Hector was asking.

'Two thousand pounds!' he exclaimed. 'It is infamous!'

At that moment Sir George Barton passed, and Sir Lawrence bowed and shook hands with a most charming affability.

'Confound that fellow!' he exclaimed the

moment Sir George was beyond hearing. 'He is the cause of all this trouble.' I thought this a little hard on Sir George.

'What is to be the next step?' I asked.

He pondered. 'Do you think Hector is really in negotiation with any editor? Of course the story of the man in the public-house is the merest nonsense.'

'Undoubtedly. Oh no! I don't think he is negotiating with any one as yet.'

'You had better keep in touch with him. You are going to see him again, I suppose?'

'Oh yes!' I replied. 'I intend to look round again to-morrow.' I fear I reddened a little. My

thoughts were perhaps not entirely busied with the lost letters.

He nodded, and the next moment one of the Whips claimed his attention.

The next day I was again at his brother's house. The little 'general' greeted me with a smile, and showed me upstairs. I had to wait some time before Phoebe appeared.

'I am sorry,' she said, 'that my father is not—not well. He has gone to bed.'

'I am sorry. I hope it is nothing serious.'

'Oh no! It is nothing—nothing unusual.' She flushed a little, and moved to the table on which the tea-things lay. I guessed at once the nature of her father's 'illness.'

She poured out the tea in silence, and handed me a cup. I was longing to say something sympathetic—something to show I felt for her. She looked so fragile for a solitary struggle with poverty. Something in my face seemed to communicate my thoughts to her, for she spoke with something like defiance in her tone.

'Father is very good and kind. I am afraid that you do him an injustice.'

I said nothing.

'I assure you,' she went on earnestly, 'that if he were my own father he could not be more devoted. He loves me so, and—and I love him.'

'At the same time'—I began.

'Ah! you must not blame him,' she cried, 'if occasionally he—if he is tempted. He was not like this in Melbourne—at least not so often. Here he is worried about business matters. He is so anxious about me—so afraid he dies and leaves me unprovided for. Ah! you must not blame him.'

'I do not blame him.'

'Even to-day,' she went on eagerly, 'it was my fault. I begged him to do as his brother wished and go back to Melbourne. He was upset—agitated; and so'—Her eyes filled with tears. 'It is only when he is troubled that he drinks too much. I should have remembered.'

'I am afraid,' I said gently, 'your life is very hard.'

'Oh no!' she exclaimed. 'You must not think I complain. It is not hard. Only sometimes I think of other days.'

Something rose in my throat. For some minutes we were silent.

'But you yourself have a hard time?' she said. 'From what father said I am afraid your life is not so very easy.'

I was ashamed—utterly ashamed. Mine a hard life!

'I am a man,' I replied at last. 'That makes all the difference.'

She rested her cheek on her hand and her eyes looked far away. 'It seems so strange to me sometimes,' she said dreamily, 'that there are men and women who live quite free from anxiety. They haven't got to think and scheme; they have all they want.'

'I hate people who do not work,' I cried petulantly.

She roused herself and looked at me gravely. 'I think it must make people selfish,' she said. And then her thoughts seemed to fly off at a tangent: 'Do you know Sir Lawrence's daughter Beatrice? Father pointed her out to me in the Park one Sunday morning. I think she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.'

'She is very beautiful.'

'I have seen her twice,' she went on. 'The first time I didn't care for her much. Of course I admired her; but she looked so proud and disdainful. I was quite afraid she would see me and despise me.' She gave a little, low laugh. 'Of course she wouldn't have known who I was; but she might have wondered why a shabby person like myself was allowed in the Park.'

'Miss Copeland isn't really like that,' I answered loyally.

'I know she isn't. I saw her again, and, oh, she seemed so different! Her face was full of happiness. I admired her the first time, but the second time I think I could have loved her.'

'I wonder what was the cause of the change?' I remarked curiously.

'I wondered too; but I made a guess. I said to myself, "She has met the man she really loves, and he loves her and has told her so." And isn't it curious? a few days later I saw in the papers she was engaged to the Honourable Mr Darlington. Do you know him?'

'A little.'

'Father knows about his family. Tell me if he is nice.'

'Not very.' I quite meant it.

'Oh! I am sorry.'

A prolonged pause intervened, and I felt I ought not to stay longer. So I rose.

'I will call again to-morrow to see your father,' I said.

'Thank you. I will tell him. I do hope you will be able to get him to go back to Melbourne.'

'I will try. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye.'

And so we parted for the second time.

I called the next day, and many times afterwards. Owing to the turn political affairs took, it became a matter of paramount importance that nothing should disturb the alliance that had been entered into by the Ministerial party with the wing of the Opposition.

Sir Lawrence became consumed with a fever of anxiety lest the letters should be disclosed, but he could not reconcile himself to pay the heavy price demanded. It is true his offer increased from time to time. He offered one hundred pounds, and after much hesitation and with manifest reluctance, another hundred; but Hector was stubborn. Certainly, his demand declined from two thousand pounds to fifteen hundred, and from fifteen hundred by gradual stages to one thousand

pounds; but there it stopped, and all my urging and arguments did not move him.

I became utterly weary of this endless haggling. More than once I was tempted to pay out of my own pocket the amount in difference, but I hardly dared to do this. Sir Lawrence was a man of a peculiar temperament, and I knew he would regard this action on my part as something bordering on an insult. And, after all, there were compensations. Phoebe, with her gentleness and charm, I found a pleasant companion, and, many were the chats, tending every day to become more intimate, we had together.

It was the little maid-servant who awakened me to the fact that I was sailing in dangerous seas.

'Hullo!' she said one evening on opening the door to me. 'You come here pretty often.'

'Do I?'

'Don't you? Are you a-courting Miss Phoebe?'

For a moment I was taken aback. 'I come on business,' I said stiffly.

'Oh, that's it—is it?' she answered dryly. 'I thought as how there might be a wedding from the house. Beg pardon, I'm sure.'

But the girl's silly remark remained unpleasantly prominent in my mind. Truth to say, I recognised that I looked forward to my interview with Phoebe with far more zest than was necessary; and it had struck me that when I entered the room there was a shy gladness in her eyes which I hadn't the right to bring. I mused over the matter long and carefully, and decided that for Phoebe's sake, for Beatrice's sake, for my own sake, something definite must be done.

However, nothing was done, and things drifted on in the old way. What could I do when Sir Lawrence insisted that I should keep continually calling on his brother? I allowed matters to drift on without doing anything.

It was some months after my first interview with Hector that he astonished me by making me a proposition. I had called as usual about the hour when Phoebe returned from her work, and we were sitting together in the dusk of the evening.

'If I were a young man,' began Hector with sudden fierceness, 'I would not be content to live in servitude to a man like Lawrence. To be ground down, worked to the bone, and all for a miserable pittance!'

I knew he was alluding to me. 'What else can I do?' I asked rather impatiently, for I was heartily weary of the part I was playing.

'Do!' he ejaculated. 'Be a man! Be your own master! Get away from this miserable country. Come away to Australia and carve out your own future.'

Phoebe was looking out of the window listlessly, but at her father's words she turned quickly towards me. Her face had suddenly brightened.

'How can I?' I asked despondently. 'To start in a new country needs capital.'

He leant forward and laid one hand on my

knee. His face was not far from me. It was not an attractive face at the moment.

'If you had money,' he asked, 'would you go?'

I hesitated; but there really was only one answer I could make in the circumstances. 'Oh yes,' I replied.

'Help me and I will help you.'

'I don't understand.'

'I will give you a quarter of what I can get for the'—he stopped suddenly and glanced towards Phoebe—'in settlement of my claim against my brother.'

'You mean'—

He stopped me hastily. 'We will talk of this afterwards. We mustn't weary Phoebe with business matters.'

Phoebe rose rather reluctantly. She looked at me with some anxiety. 'I will be back shortly,' she said, and went out of the room.

When the door had closed Hector leant towards me again. 'I want to get back to Melbourne,' he said. 'This place doesn't suit me. I am dying too quickly. If I get back soon, perhaps I may live a little longer. It is useless to negotiate further with my brother. Help me to sell the letters. I am too old and feeble to make a good bargain. Do this for me, and I promise you shall have a quarter of what you can get.'

For a moment I was too astounded to speak. I looked at him angrily. What had I done to make him think me so unscrupulous a scoundrel?

'I can't do that,' I said abruptly.

'Why not?'

'Hang it! can't you see how monstrous your proposal is? After all, I am an honest man.'

He sat silent for some minutes. 'Honesty is sometimes only another name for cowardice,' he observed, with a sneer.

I did not answer, for a thought had crossed my brain. Was not this a method whereby to get the letters? He must put them into my hands if I had to sell them. I think it was a sense of shame that made me hesitate. I remembered Beatrice's scorn at her father's suggestion that we should outwit this old man? And yet, if I did not agree to his proposal he would probably find some other instrument.

I think he must have noticed the doubt on my face.

'You have not cause to love my brother—have you?'

I shook my head.

'Come, help me! For your own sake—for Phoebe's sake. At the same time, you will be laying the foundation of your own fortune.'

And so I pretended to be convinced.

'I will do it,' I said. 'Give me the letters.'

He rose to his feet and stumbled to the sideboard. Unlocking a drawer, he drew out a packet sealed up in an envelope. He came towards me with them, and my hand was out to take them when the door opened and Phoebe entered.



'How dark it is!' she said as she lit the gas. 'I hope I am not interrupting you.'

'Not at all,' I exclaimed, my hand still out for the letters. Hector stood hesitatingly, looking with something like fear towards his daughter.

'We have finished our chat, dear,' he said, holding the packet behind his back, as if afraid she should see it. There was a look of such conscious guilt on his face that it attracted Phoebe's attention. She looked at him perplexedly. I began to fear lest the letters should slip from me.

'Let me have the statement of your case, Mr Copeland,' I said boldly.

'Ah! yes, yes. This is the statement of my case.' He kept glancing towards Phoebe as if the explanation was for her. I held out my hand, and at last he placed the packet in it. Needless to say I grasped it eagerly.

A few minutes afterwards I said good-bye. Phoebe came down the stairs with me, and opened the front door.

'Mr Osborne,' she said suddenly, 'did you agree to accept part of any money father got?'

I looked at her rather blankly, unable to make up my mind what to reply.

'Did you?' she repeated, looking at me with her clear eyes.

'Yes.'

'But—but you told me father had no real claim!'

I was silent.

'And—and surely it is not quite honourable. Don't mistake me! Oh, please don't! Perhaps I misunderstand the whole matter; but it seems to me father only suggested this because you could, in some way, obtain more money than he could get himself. Would it be fair to Sir Lawrence? You see, you are acting for him. He trusts you.'

Her hand was on my arm. I took her little hand in mine.

'I don't know whether I am acting honourably or not,' I said. 'I wish I could explain to you. I cannot now. Some day perhaps I shall. In the future, if you think I have acted meanly, please try and forgive me.'

'Will there be anything to forgive?' she asked wistfully.

'I don't know. I think so. Oh, I am ashamed of everything!'

Her fingers grasped mine. 'Oh, don't act wrongly! But I am sure you will not. I should be so—so'—Her eyes filled with tears.

'So—what?' I asked gently.

'So sorry and so disappointed.' She smiled again. 'But I know you could not act dishonourably.'

'Good-bye,' I said hastily, and went quickly away.

At the corner of the street I hailed a cabman and directed him to drive to Grosvenor Square. When I reached Sir Lawrence's house, the foot-

man told me that Sir Lawrence and Beatrice had dined alone and were still in the dining-room. I went there at once. Sir Lawrence, who was smoking a cigar, nodded to me and pushed a chair in my direction. Beatrice welcomed me with the cold kiss that lately had been my portion.

'Well, Gerald,' said Sir Lawrence, pushing the cigar-box towards me, 'any news?'

I selected a cigar and lit it. 'I have been with your brother.'

'Well, has he agreed to my terms?'

I shook my head.

'You don't seem to have much influence with him,' said Sir Lawrence discontentedly. 'I should have thought any one could have worked these letters out of him, especially with so many opportunities as you have had.'

I felt rather aggrieved. 'I don't pretend I have any influence with him. I don't suppose any one except his daughter has.'

Sir Lawrence turned sharply in his chair.

'Now, curiously, that is just what Beatrice has been saying. She believes the girl is at the bottom of the whole matter; and from what you say'—

'Nothing of the kind,' I cried, with acute indignation. 'She knows nothing whatever about the letters. To suggest she is privy to her father's theft is utterly absurd.'

I saw Sir Lawrence glance towards his daughter and smile cynically; but Beatrice did not respond.

'You say she is the only one who can influence her father?' she asked in her slow, deliberate fashion.

'Yes, absolutely.'

'And you have not told her of her father's delinquency?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'I could not—did not care to. It would have pained and shocked her.'

'But surely if she is as honest as you would lead us to believe, and if she is the only one who can influence her father, she could influence him to return the letters?'

I was silent. Certainly Beatrice's logic seemed faultless.

'Bravo, Beatrice!' cried her father; 'you've hit it.' He turned to me. 'The girl must be told.'

'No, no!' I cried.

'Why not?'

I had no answer.

'Why not?' he repeated. 'It is the obvious course. You must tell her.'

I shook my head.

'Hang it! why not? I hope you haven't fallen in love with the girl.' He spoke chaffingly, but I know I reddened to the roots of my hair.

'Nonsense,' I cried; but my voice did not carry conviction even to my own ears. I glanced deprecatingly towards Beatrice. Her eyes were



on me, and there was a startled look on her face.

'It is a shame to disillusionise her,' I went on hastily. 'She loves her father. It is cruel'—

'Bah!' cried Sir Lawrence. 'Don't be so absurdly sentimental. She must be told.'

'She shall not be told,' I answered angrily.

'If you will not do so, I will. I'll write to her to-night. Or, stay, perhaps Beatrice had better do so.'

I cast an appealing glance in her direction; but her face was turned away.

'I will do so if you wish it, father,' she replied, with unusual submissiveness.

Suddenly I remembered the packet, which curiously, for the moment, I had forgotten. I pulled it out of my pocket.

'It is not necessary,' I cried, with sudden relief, 'for here are the letters.' I flung them on the table. Sir Lawrence made a grab at them.

'You have got them, Gerald? Good man! good

man! Thank Heaven!' With fingers that positively trembled he tore open the envelope.

I felt immensely relieved. I had saved little Phoebe from a disclosure that I felt sure would have caused her bitter sorrow. I drew a great breath of satisfaction.

Suddenly Sir Lawrence tossed the packet from him. 'Confound it!' he exclaimed, 'they are merely copies.'

I sat dazed. A sudden cloud seemed to pass over the brightness of the room.

'Copies!' I ejaculated.

'Copies!' echoed Beatrice.

'Copies,' repeated Sir Lawrence, looking at me with manifest disfavour.

We sat in silence for some minutes. Then Sir Lawrence rose.

'Write that letter to-night, Beatrice,' he said, and turned his back on me.

I sat still and stared at the pattern of the tablecloth. I had no word to say.

## A PECULIAR INSTINCT.



INSTINCT has been defined as a sort of inherited knowledge peculiar to the lower animals. That man possesses many analogous traits we all know; but there is one so subtly engrafted in his nature that, under certain circumstances, he is unconsciously made to act in precisely the same manner as the wild animal, and that is in circle-travelling.

It is this peculiar instinct which causes wild animals, when pursued for any considerable distance, always to travel in a circle; and man, when lost on the veldt, the prairies, or in the forest, unconsciously becomes controlled by the same instinct, and is made to bend his course and travel in a circle, and return to the same place from whence he started.

Circle-travelling is almost without exception made towards the left, whether by man or beast; and this fact is so well known to the American Indians that some of the tribes make use of it in hunting the wild horse. A tribe known as the Shiennes are most expert in capturing the wild horse on foot without any other means than that of a lasso, by simply taking advantage of this instinct. The hunter will ride out on to the prairie, and as soon as he comes up with a herd of wild horses he will ride in amongst them and separate the animal selected from the band by turning it off in an opposite direction from the herd. Then, hobbling his own horse, he will go off in pursuit on foot with nothing but a lasso in his hand. The affrighted animal will dart off at a furious pace, and when it has placed about a mile between itself and its pursuer, will stop and look round. Seeing its

pursuer making on towards it, as the Indian does at an easy dog-trot pace, away again goes the startled animal at its highest speed, but only again to halt to look back upon its approaching enemy, then to dart off again like the wind. So the poor terrified steed will halt and start again and again without being able to get out of sight of its pursuer, each spell of running being shorter than the last as it gradually exhausts itself. The Indian, however, jogs on, getting closer and closer, carefully husbanding his strength; he does not travel the same distance as the horse, for, well knowing that the horse will travel in a circle, he directs his course accordingly, cutting off great sweeps of the circle which the animal is making, and slowly but surely draws upon his quarry, until, getting within striking distance, he at last is enabled to throw his lasso over the neck of the animal and secure it.

So with man the same instinct prevails to travel in a circle. A notable instance of this is mentioned by Mr Catlin, an American traveller of repute, which occurred while ascending the Upper Missouri. He had left the steamer on which he had been sailing up the river, with the object of reaching an Indian village by making a short-cut across a prairie on foot, accompanied only by a single attendant. 'In our course,' says Mr Catlin, 'we had a prairie of some thirty miles to cross; and the second day being dark and cloudy, we had no object by which to guide our course, having no compass with me at the time. During the first day the sun shone, and we kept our course very well; but on the next morning, though we started right (laid our course), we no doubt

soon began to bend, notwithstanding that we appeared to be progressing in a straight line. There was nothing to be seen about us but short grass, everywhere the same; and in the distance a straight line, the horizon, all around us. Late in the afternoon, and when we were very much fatigued, we came upon the very spot, to our surprise, where we had bivouacked the night before, and which we had left on that morning. We had turned to the left, and no doubt travelled all day in a circle. The next day, having the sunshine, we laid (and kept) our course without any difficulty. On arriving at the Sioux village and relating our singular adventure, the Indians laughed at us very heartily, and all the chiefs united in assuring me that whenever a man is lost on the prairies he travels in a circle, and also that he invariably turns to the left; of which singular fact I have become doubly convinced by subsequent proofs similar to the one mentioned.

The same thing occurred with poor Van der Riet, who in 1891 was lost on the South African veldt in Mashonaland for forty-eight days. Twice he essayed to reach the camp from which he had strayed, and twice he returned to the same spot he started from, each time after having tramped a considerable distance in what he imagined to be a perfectly straight line.

My own experience confirms the above facts. When travelling in Florida some years ago I had occasion to traverse a forest some sixty miles in extent, in order to reach a village situated on its northern border. I set out early in the morning on foot, and continued till midday, when I stopped to rest and take my midday meal. I sat on a fallen tree for about two hours, and then resumed my journey, carefully keeping, as I imagined, a perfectly straight course, and resting from time to time, when, somewhat late in the evening, and while congratulating myself that I must have by this time completed fully three-fourths of my journey, to my great surprise I came upon the precise spot where I had halted at midday and taken lunch. There could be no doubt about it, for there was the fallen tree on which I had sat, with some of the crumbs and other remnants of my repast lying on the ground, together with some pieces of paper in which I had had my food wrapped. My amazement was as great as that displayed by Robinson Crusoe when he discovered the footprint in the sand. Here was this peculiar trait of unconscious circle-travelling practically demonstrated to me for the first time. I had travelled in a circle, and that, too, bending to the left, although all-unconscious of it.

I remained there for the night, and on the following morning set out on my journey once more. This time, however, I set my course well to the right, being determined I should not again diverge to the left. I kept on the whole day beating so hard to the right that I conceived the

impression that when I emerged from the forest I should come out at least some miles to the right of the village. At night I bivouacked, and again resumed my tramp on the following morning, still keeping the same course, bearing strongly to the right. As I began to get clear of the forest I kept looking to the left for the village, which I expected to see, as it stood high up on a hillside; but judge of my vexation when, having at last got out into the open, I saw the village nestling on the hill fully two miles away to my right. Thus, notwithstanding all my precaution, I had still actually drifted to the left.

How or why this peculiar trait or instinct should be common to both man and beast it is difficult to say, unless it be one of those wise dispensations of nature enabling the wanderer to return to his home.

When in New Orleans I met a party of gentlemen who were travelling. On one occasion our conversation happened to drift into the subject of circle-travelling, when one of them told a remarkable story of what befell him and a Mexican who accompanied him on a journey across Texas. I did not believe the story, and took it to be a little bit of Americanism; but since my own adventure under somewhat similar circumstances I have to some extent modified my opinion.

However, I give it here for what it is worth. It was somewhere in Western Texas, where the narrator and the Mexican had been travelling together for some days on foot. They had left the prairies and had entered upon a wide extent of broken forest-land. One morning they were preparing to resume their journey, after having bivouacked overnight, when some deer appeared upon the scene. They both fired, and one of the deer appeared to be badly wounded, limping off after its companions; but from all appearance it was not likely to run far.

In the excitement of the moment the Mexican gave chase and disappeared among the scrub. The narrator called, and fired off his gun repeatedly, but without getting any response. Then, after waiting until about midday, and concluding that his companion had lost his way, he set off on his journey alone, thinking that probably he would meet the Mexican at the village they had expected to reach that day. But, strange as it may appear, he too lost his track, and could find no trace of the village. He kept on, however, until close upon nightfall, when, to his surprise, he heard the cry of a man as if in distress; and on looking a little ahead he discovered his lost companion lying exhausted at the foot of a tree that appeared familiar to him; for indeed it was the very tree on which they had slung their hammocks the night before.

Thus the two lost travellers had each traversed a circle which brought them back to the precise spot from which they started.

## A RENEGADE.

By MIS ISABEL SMITH, Author of *The Romance of Mutby Workhouse*.

**I**T was always a moot question whether the Baptist Church of Sleabridge did itself good or evil when it sent its pastor, the Reverend Amos Tregennick, for a fortnight's change to Northbeach. He was run down; as a matter of fact he was always running down, and his deacons, after many consultations, had come to the conclusion that a little sea-air on the bracing north-east coast would be the best thing for him. Accordingly a collection was made, and the pastor informed of their intentions concerning him.

It must in justice be owned that the Reverend Amos Tregennick himself was averse to the scheme. He hated being a burden to his people, and felt he would rather have struggled on, in spite of feeling unfit for work. He had got into his little groove, and did not care to move out of it. Most of his time was spent in his study, a dreary room shadowed by the walls of the chapel, preparing endless sermons, and labouring to fit himself for the various meetings which filled up all the days of the week. He had very little leisure for exercise, and no thought of recreation. Indeed, all the exercise he got, as a rule, was that involved in walking from house to house visiting his flock; and as there were generally some of them ill, it was depressing work, especially to a man of his highly-strung nature.

The Sleabridge Church did not go in for the divers clubs and classes of a secular character which so many modern churches affect, and there was little variety in the minister's daily round. He often felt lonely, for he had been a widower some years; and though there were several of the energetic lady-workers who would not have objected to becoming the second Mrs Tregennick, he did not seem to have any thoughts of changing his condition. His only relaxation was an occasional pipe. Some of the congregation objected to their pastor smoking; but on this subject the Reverend Amos Tregennick reserved the right of private judgment. He plodded patiently on in the road he thought his duty, till the time came when his strength failed him and he could go on no longer.

It was at this juncture that the Church came to his rescue, as he remembered with a sense of humiliation they had come many times before, and he was sent away to the sea.

Now, it was a curious coincidence that Mr Tregennick, though he had been for several holidays and had some forced changes during his pastorate, had never been to the sea. Mountain, loch, hydro-pathic establishment, and mineral spring—he had tried all these with varying benefits; but this

was the first time since he entered the ministry that he had tried the seaside.

The Northbeach season had not begun when the Reverend Amos Tregennick arrived there; but the shipping and fishing made life and bustle in the town. Sleabridge and all its burdens seemed far away to the Baptist pastor as he strolled down towards the quay next morning. The salt smell and taste of the air was delicious and invigorating. The sight of the gray sea, breaking in little white frills upon the beach, filled him with a strange ecstasy, and revived an old, old longing that he thought he had put away from him for good.

He gazed far off across the waste of waters whence big ships on the offing were going to the other side of the world, while fishing-smacks dotted the nearer horizon. Ten years ago he had been one of those who go down to the sea in ships. It had been his boyhood's dream to be a sailor, and, like most strong impulses, it had fulfilled itself. He had risen to be second-mate of the sailing-ship *Lady Godiva*, when circumstances occurred which changed the current of his thoughts, and made him feel that he must give up his life to the ministry. Consequently he left the sea, and after the necessary training, became pastor of the Sleabridge Baptist Church, a position he had retained with great difficulty owing to his frequent breakdowns of health.

As a sailor Amos Tregennick had been a fine, smart-looking fellow; but with his change of occupation his appearance had changed. He had grown flabby and laid on superfluous flesh; he wore his hair long and shaggy, and let his beard grow, which, though it might look more pastoral, was certainly not an improvement. Poring over books and papers tried his eyes, which were eminently sailor's eyes—far-sighted; he stooped in consequence, and had to wear spectacles. Altogether he was very different from the man who trod the planks of the *Lady Godiva* ten years ago. His voice and his manner of speaking had of course altered too, and had grown a trifle unctuous, unknown to himself.

Now, as he strolled down to the harbour and saw the ruddy, weather-beaten sailors lounging about or busy on their vessels, his heart went out to them with a feeling of kinship. They eyed him askance, little dreaming that a kindred spirit dwelt in that ministerial, black-coated visitor. The pastor looked round with keen appreciation. Fishing-smacks, their red sails furled, lay in the harbour. On one of these, *The Owner's Pride*, a lad in overalls and nether garment of artistic shades of orange was swabbing the deck in a half-hearted sort of way, and the Reverend



Amos felt inclined to take the mop from him and do it himself. Little boys sat on the wooden platform that ran round the side of the quay, their legs dangling while they patiently fished with hook and string. Black retriever dogs abounded on all hands, lying among the coiled ropes on the shore or the forecastles of the ships, or following their masters about, but always curly and black.

The Sleabridge pastor wandered round till he came to a British merchantman—a barque; and in response to the skipper's invitation he went on board. He chatted away for some time, unconsciously reverting to nautical terms, and showing a knowledge of seamanship which made the captain remark as they parted, 'I can see you are an old hand, sir.'

Strange to say, the Reverend Amos Tregennick flushed with pleasure at this compliment, and went back to his homely lodgings hungry—elated, and yet half-fearful that he was forgetting his present calling. In the afternoon he went for a sail, and something of his boyish delight in the sea came back to him as he felt the wind rushing past his ears, tasted the brine in the air, and listened to the flapping of the canvas and the straining of the ropes. He would have given up a quarter's salary to enjoy such a treat again. He became quite a familiar figure down by the shipping, where he had a word for every one. The society of these rough, honest seamen was a refreshing change to Mr Tregennick, who had associated so long with landmen and people who followed sedentary callings.

The seamen soon found out he was not in reality a 'landlubber,' and gave him their confidence, some of them even promising to follow the good advice he managed to put in now and then. His clothes began to smell of tarred ropes; and in the solitude of his lodgings he found himself practising nautical knots, and with a thick piece of string deftly manipulating a Turk's head, a buntline, and a bowline on a bight.

So the days slipped by. The Sleabridge Church would hardly have recognised their pastor, so brown and hearty did he look.

One morning he strolled round to the Custom-House, and after patrolling up and down in an undecided manner, went inside; but here his courage seemed to fail him, for he got no farther than the vestibule, where he stood hesitatingly, apparently engrossed in reading the various printed bills with which the walls were hung: 'Notice to Mariners,' 'Wreck on the Goodwin Sands,' 'To Pilots, and Masters and Crews of Pilot Vessels,' 'Smuggling Notices,' and 'Cautions to Owners.'

The minister quite started when a clerk suddenly appeared and asked if he wanted any one.

'No, no. I was merely looking round,' stammered the Reverend Amos confusedly; and he hurried away as if he had committed a theft and expected to be pursued.

When he reached his lodgings he found a letter from one of his deacons, saying they were glad to hear their pastor was progressing so favourably; but if he felt another week would do him good he was to stay, as the substitute was doing very well.

Mr Tregennick read the letter with a flushed cheek, and his hand trembled as he laid it down. Next Tuesday his time was up. He had forgotten for the moment it was so near; but he decided to go then. He would not trespass on the forbearance of his Church any longer.

He put on his hat after lunch and went straight to the Custom-House, going in this time before his courage had time to evaporate. He emerged some little time after, looking relieved, and walked home with an elastic step.

The first thing he did was to answer Deacon Tovey's note, thanking his people for all their kindness, stating that he should return next Tuesday (*D.V.*), and he should then have a matter of importance to consider with his Church. Mr Tregennick rather expected another letter from the deacon in reply to this, inquiring what the weighty question might be; but none came.

One afternoon he had just returned from a sail, and was seated in his parlour intently studying a key-map of the Baltic, with tide-table and nautical almanac on the table beside him, when Mr Tovey was announced.

The minister sprang up confusedly. 'Mr Tovey, how are you? I did not expect to see you,' he exclaimed, extending a hand of greeting.

'No, I dare say not,' replied the deacon; 'but having business on this line of rail, I thought I would come on to see how you were.'

'Pray sit down,' said Mr Tregennick, sweeping 'The Flags of all Nations' off a chair, and bringing it forward.

'You are looking well, sir,' remarked the visitor.

'I am feeling quite another person,' replied Mr Tregennick, and he rang for some tea.

While they were drinking it, and after a few desultory remarks, the deacon said:

'I thought I should like just to have an idea of what the question was you mentioned in your letter that you wanted to consult us about.'

The Reverend Amos breathed quickly.

'Yes—I—perhaps it would be as well,' he faltered. Then, after a momentary pause, 'You have always been especially kind to me, Mr Tovey, and it is only fitting you should be the first to hear of my impending resignation.'

'Resignation! Mr Tregennick,' ejaculated Mr Tovey in astonishment.

Mr Tregennick grew white. 'Yes, Mr Tovey, he said, the tears coming to his eyes. 'I feel I must resign my charge at Sleabridge. I believe I am right in so doing; but it will be a great wrench.'

Deacon Tovey regarded his pastor stonily.

'Am I to conclude, then, that you have received a more advantageous offer?' he inquired stiffly.



'No, Mr Tovey, certainly not,' cried the pastor, almost indignantly. 'I hope I am not capable of such base ingratitude after the invariable kindness with which my Church has always treated me.'

'Then, may I ask, sir, what do you intend doing?' asked the deacon coldly.

The Reverend Amos Tregennick flushed all over his sun-browned face and neck. 'If I can get on a ship, I am going back to sea,' he replied.

'Mr Tregennick! Sir, you surprise me!' cried the deacon in a tone of righteous displeasure. 'Called to the ministry, and going back to the world! I am grieved, deeply grieved, to hear it.'

'I was afraid you would not approve, Mr Tovey,' said the minister sadly, 'and I have no doubt I shall be universally blamed in the congregation; but, as I said before, I believe I am doing right.'

'It is very easy to believe what we want,' observed the deacon grimly.

Mr Tregennick restrained an impatient reply. 'Of course, Mr Tovey, I should remain at my charge till you are suited with a successor. I wish to inconvenience the Church as little as possible; but when you are settled I shall go to sea. A son of the owner whose ship I was in is at the Custom-House here. I have seen him, and he will use his influence to get me afloat again. I have a second-mate's certificate, but I shall endeavour to obtain a first-mate's as soon as I can.'

As he spoke of his future the far-away look came into the minister's eyes and his face brightened.

Mr Tovey eyed him disapprovingly, harangued his pastor at considerable length on his apostasy, and wound up with recalling to him the solemn Scriptural warning about putting the hand to the plough and looking back. 'You must remember those words, Mr Tregennick,' he said.

'I do—I do,' replied the Reverend Amos earnestly; 'but suppose one finds one's strength is not enough to drive the plough, cannot one find some other way of helping the husbandry, even if it be only burning the weeds?'

The deacon shook his head unconvinced, and Mr Tregennick went on:

'Let me put my view of the case, Mr Tovey. All the years I have been in the ministry I have been continually breaking down. Again and again I have felt myself an unwilling burden to my flock. They have been most generous; but it has troubled me all the same. As a sailor I was strong and hearty, but the strain of head-work as a preacher was too much for me. Since I have been at this place, the last few weeks, I have felt a return of my former health and energy, and have quite lost that feeling of weariness which made the smallest duties weigh heavily. I have thought it well over, Mr Tovey, and I believe I am justified in the step I propose taking. Besides, I hope that I may do as much or more good at sea. At any rate, a good example and a word

in season is more needed on board ship than in a respectable congregation, which for the most part, by the mere fact of its being a congregation, shows it has some leaning after righteousness. In not confining my ministrations to the Church, I shall be humbly following the great Exemplar who came "not to call the righteous." Sailors will listen to one of themselves where they might scoff at a parson. I think now that I did wrong to leave at all, but it was with the idea so common with young disciples that only in the ministry can one do good. What is more generally wanted is not so much preaching as the leaven of a good life among lives that are evil; and that leaven I hope to be.'

The deacon took up his hat to go. 'Well, Mr Tregennick, my dear pastor, you must judge for yourself,' he replied; 'but as I said just now, it is very easy to believe what we wish.'

Things were easier for the Reverend Amos Tregennick than, according to some of his congregation, he had any right to expect. The 'supply' who had taken his place at Sleabridge during his absence proved to be not only in want of a charge, but generally acceptable to the Church. He was therefore invited to remain, and at the same time a berth as second-mate was offered to the quondam pastor on board a sailing-vessel bound for the Philippines to trade in spice.

Mr Tregennick felt the parting from his people keenly, and there were a good many who never ceased to regret him. The remainder, however, found it a comfort to have a minister blessed with a sound constitution, warranted to stand any amount of sermons and meetings, and who did not require to be sent away for change. But as it was the visit to Northbeach which had revived the Reverend Amos Tregennick's old longing for the sea, it always remained a doubtful question whether the Sleabridge Baptist Church did wisely or not in sending him there.

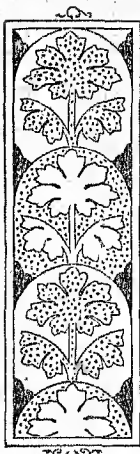
#### GRIEF.

##### A SONNET.

THERE came to meet me, on Life's toilsome way,  
An angel form, in sable garments clad,  
With eyes that shone through tears—serenely sad—  
And met my glance unheeding, thoughtless, gay.  
'My son,' he said, and softly touched my hand,  
'Walk not in idle paths of unbelief.  
God's messenger am I—my name is Grief;  
I knew the things thou canst not understand.'

He showed me secrets strange of Death and Life,  
The mysteries of sorrow and of strife,  
High, holy things I had not dreamed of yore;  
And when he left me—sorrowful, alone—  
Earth seemed another Earth than I had known,  
But God was nearer than He seemed before.

V. M. CRAIGIE HALKETT.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES AT THE LAST PARIS EXHIBITION.

By E. G. CRAVEN.



OPINIONS are divided as to whether the gigantic Exposition de Paris of 1900 has, financially, been a success or a comparative failure. For the first few weeks everything seemed to indicate failure; but as time went on the number of visitors increased daily, until the attendance reached, even if it did not surpass, anticipations. Probably this was due in the first place to the reduced cost of admission. Speculators who had gone in for huge blocks of tickets realised that, unless they were content to dispose of them at a discount, a heavy loss would inevitably follow. As a consequence, the street hawkers, who had become the recognised medium for the sale of tickets, soon had to put them on the market at half their face value, which was one franc. By degrees the price fell to twenty-five centimes; and latterly they could be purchased for fifteen centimes—only three-halfpence of our money. The authorities, however, to some extent discounted the advantage of cheap rates by exacting two, three, and even four tickets from visitors on special occasions, such as illumination nights. To this mild form of plunder the Parisians appeared to submit quite cheerfully; but there were instances when the demand for four tickets instead of one was met with very distinct expressions of disgust on the part of the innocent foreigner. On these occasions the uniformed guardians of the pay-boxes accepted the protests of indignant visitors with a nonchalance that could only be justified by a complete ignorance of any language but French.

Of the many ways by which the Exhibition could be reached, none offered greater attractions in fine weather, or appeared so popular, as that afforded by the river steamboats—the *bateaux mouches*. These ran at intervals of a few minutes from the piers on both banks of the Seine; and it is difficult to imagine a more brilliant and

imposing spectacle than that presented to the passengers by the almost endless succession of beautiful buildings lining each side of the river from the Pont de la Concorde to the Pont d'Iéna—bridges which practically marked the boundaries of the Exhibition. The fare on these steamboats was only one penny for any distance; and never was better value given for money. Overcrowding was unknown, as the proprietors were too wise to run any risk of imperilling their licenses; and on a fine day it was not unusual to have to await the arrival of boat after boat till at last one discharged a sufficient number of passengers to leave room for the fortunate few nearest to the barrier. The bridges mentioned, as well as others in the vicinity of the Exhibition, were profusely decorated, and the Gallic Cock, resplendent in gold-leaf, was a conspicuous object.

The great 'Fair,' as Americans persist in calling it, cost nearly five million pounds. It covered more than three hundred and fifty acres of ground, and there were no less than fifty entrance-gates. Within the main or principal entrance from the Place de la Concorde, the visitor was confronted with a wealth of architectural design absolutely bewildering in its variety. Our language unfortunately possesses no equivalent for the French expression *embarras des richesses*; and never was the application of this term more fully justified than here. The same may be said of the treasures which these buildings contained, for all the kingdoms of the earth and the glories of them were represented.

The Exhibition was divided into eighteen principal sections, each section being subdivided with such taste and skill that not only was everything displayed to the best advantage, but there was no difficulty in finding an object sought for, irrespective of its importance. Moreover, the visitor had the inestimable advantage of being able to compare the most *fin de siècle* productions

with those of a similar character in vogue during the earlier years of the century, the progress of development displayed in these exhibits forming an object-lesson of extreme interest.

The limits of this article will not permit of elaborate descriptions; and for the same reason reference must be confined to some of the more important features of this colossal undertaking.

The French Government were naturally alive to the importance of providing facilities for enabling visitors to combine a maximum of sight-seeing with a minimum of trouble or fatigue. The show was so vast that, without special and adequate means of locomotion, the task of 'doing' it thoroughly was almost impossible. However, the engineers were, as usual, equal to the occasion. An excellent electrical train service, supplemented by a novel device in the shape of a moving platform, enabled visitors to flit from one section to another with the utmost ease and despatch. The charge for a complete round on the former was twenty-five centimes, and for the latter fifty. The reason for this difference in price, though probably understood by the promoters, was not very obvious to the general public. There is this to be said, however: the moving platform afforded opportunity to the youth of both sexes for the display of agility in jumping on and off denied to those who patronised the cheaper but more speedy electric train. With a view to providing the lazy with a means of going upstairs without the necessity of using their feet, movable gangways on the principle of the endless chain enabled them to mount to the galleries. The charge for this was ten centimes, and the ticket entitled the holder to a rebate of this amount on the admission fee to certain of the side-shows.

As might be expected, electricity was the motive-power wherever possible, a condition which was the rule rather than the exception. This power was derived from more than one source, the most interesting being that which supplied current for the means of locomotion last mentioned. This current was generated at Moulineaux, nearly four miles distant, sent down at a pressure of five thousand volts, and transformed to a working pressure of five hundred volts at a sub-station in the Exhibition, whence the energy was distributed to the various motors, of which one hundred and eighty of five horse-power each were required for the moving platform alone.

The electrical section of the Exhibition was one of extreme interest not only to the more or less technical visitor, but to the general public. Unfortunately many of our leading manufacturers were conspicuous by their absence as exhibitors; but it is doubtful if even their best productions would have appeared to advantage by the side of the stupendous and beautifully finished machinery displayed by their foreign competitors. One superb four thousand horse-power steam dynamo, which supplied current for lighting a large portion of the

Exhibition, was a masterpiece, and ran with the precision and almost the noiselessness of a clock. Others of two and three thousand horse-power fulfilled a similar duty with unerring regularity.

Electricity in the service of man does not confine its operations to lighting buildings or the conveyance of visitors; it was to be found in a thousand and one forms throughout the huge space allotted to its display. Not the least interesting and valuable application of it was to be found in connection with the domestic arts of cooking, heating, &c. That important developments in this direction are confidently looked for may be judged from the attention that has been paid to the subject by some of the leading Continental manufacturers. For warming rooms there were stoves of elegant design which radiated heat with an inviting glow, and possessed all the advantages of gas with none of its drawbacks. They were fitted with a simple arrangement which enabled the temperature to be regulated with perfect facility. Moreover, the expenditure of current was exactly proportionate to the amount of heat desired: a very important matter. The appliances for cooking, &c., were endless in design and calculated to meet the most fastidious taste. The method by which electricity is applied for these purposes is novel and ingenious. It is well known that certain metals offer a greater resistance to the current than others, the electric energy being thereby converted into heat. In order to obtain the largest possible heating surface with the smallest consumption of current, the inventor has devised a means of applying exceedingly thin films of these metals (alloys of platinum, &c.) to a supporting or insulating base of enamel. The effect is the same as though wires had been rolled out into the thinnest of ribbons and embedded in the material with which the utensils are lined. There is, however, no appearance of these metal films, nothing but a smooth enamel surface being presented to whatever may be placed within the vessel. The efficiency of this arrangement of resistances may be easily judged by the rapidity with which the temperature of fluids is raised. The current required by an ordinary lamp of sixteen candle-power will boil half-a-pint of cold water in about three minutes. There were sauce-pans, frying-pans, kettles, &c., which resembled the ordinary articles of commerce in appearance, except that they were fitted with some two or three small projecting brass pins which, by means of flexible conducting-cords fitted with corresponding detachable caps, form simple connections with the source of electrical supply. Many of these utensils were fitted with an arrangement which permits the maintenance of four different degrees of temperature, which is an obvious advantage. For stoves, or radiators, as they are termed, the metal resistances are deposited on narrow strips of mica about six inches long, the amount of heat given off depending on the number of these strips. A radiator two feet six inches high and twelve



inches wide, weighing only ten pounds, will comfortably warm a room fourteen feet square and of ordinary height. The action is remarkably quick, as there is practically no preliminary waste of current owing to the small amount of absorbent material in the apparatus. Many other useful appliances were shown, such as tiny stoves for heating ladies' curling-tongs and flat-irons, containing resistances similar to those described, which are ready at a moment's notice and always clean.

Altogether, it is very evident, on the Continent at least, that manufacturers are alive to the demand which has sprung up for domestic electrical appliances of all kinds. While at present the cost of current is so high in most of our towns as to forbid the domestic use of electricity except for lighting, there can be little doubt that the time is near at hand when science will have mastered the problem of converting latent into active energy with the highest conceivable economy; and although coal will probably continue to be the principal element from which such energy is derived, the cost of conversion will be so greatly reduced as to make it profitable for consumers to use it in its improved form. Where water-power on a large scale is available, as at Niagara, Montreal, and many places on both sides of the Atlantic, electrical energy is already supplied at a cost which compares favourably with any other. There were also at the 'Fair' exhibits illustrating the latest developments in electro-medical, electro-dental, and electro-chemical work, and a magnificent display of X-ray apparatus which would gladden the hearts of operators in this weird department of science. The whole subject of electricity is of absorbing interest at the present time, and may be treated to better advantage in another article.

Where there were so many displays of outstanding importance it is not an easy task to make selection for special notice. The French Government had aimed at exhibiting the best that the world produces, and we live in an age of marvels. Notable among the exhibits was the great telescope, complete descriptions of which have already appeared. Nothing, however, seems to have been said concerning the vicissitudes through which the would-be investigator had to pass before enjoying the privilege of examining this wonder of the world at close quarters. The instrument is one hundred and ninety-five feet in length, over five feet in diameter, and in outside appearance is not unlike a huge shooting-gallery tube. It was placed in the Optical Palace, and though occasional glimpses of it might be had from the moment the visitor paid the admission fee of one franc and a half at the door, the actual inspection of the monster appeared to be subordinated to that of an almost endless succession of side-shows through which he had first to pass. These, however, were interesting, and may have

been designed to whet the appetite for the intellectual feast which was the reward of patience. A sufficiently large number of visitors having assembled, they were led from room to room, plunged into Cimmerian darkness, and entertained with ghost-shows, optical lantern views of the thousands of disagreeable creatures contained in a single drop of Seine water (an object-lesson to teetotalers), Röntgen-ray demonstrations, and many other displays, accompanied by short explanatory lectures delivered by ladies in a shrill and rapid monotone. Then followed the Corridor of Mirrors, in which were hung placards requesting the visitor not to grin. It is safe to say that no one, however seriously disposed, who entered this corridor could refrain from joining in the shrieks of laughter of those who saw themselves and their fellow-creatures as reflected in the distorting mirrors which covered the walls on both sides; so the place fairly resounded with merriment. Finally, and as one step from the ridiculous to the sublime, came the great telescope, which the visitor had taken upwards of an hour to reach. Here an extremely lucid and interesting description was delivered by a gentleman wearing long hair; and as the audience passed out they were able to examine and criticise the life-size statue, cast in pure gold, of a favourite American actress, Miss Mary Adams, which stood near the exit door.

Passing to other scenes, in the Palace of the Army and Navy were displayed remarkable collections of weapons of offence and defence, including quick-firing guns of every size and description, and wagons for ammunition and transport completely equipped, which all served to illustrate the highly scientific stage which modern warfare has reached. The extraordinary finish given to all these appliances appeared to the observer as almost superfluous, considering the conditions under which they one and all have to be used.

In the Palais de Costume were to be seen beautiful examples of dresses worn by ladies from the earliest period of French history to the present time, displayed to advantage on exceptionally good wax figures; and this show was largely patronised by the fair sex. In the jewellery department, also very popular with the ladies, there was a collection of precious stones which for variety and brilliancy had never been approached. In connection with this may be mentioned the mining section. The old Catacombs of Paris, beneath the Trocadero Gardens, were used to the utmost advantage for the purpose of illustrating all branches of mining under the nearest possible approach to normal conditions. Here could be seen all the operations of extracting the precious metals, diamonds, and other gems, as well as coal, iron, and all ordinary minerals. The retrospective classification already referred to was here of exceptional interest.



Not far from this were to be found the reproductions of portions of Old Paris as it existed at different periods since the fifteenth century, all very excellent from a historical point of view; but the effect was somewhat marred at night by the incongruity of electric light.

Another attraction was the Mareorama, a sort of moving panorama illustrative of a voyage from Marseilles to Constantinople. The platform on which visitors stood represented the deck of a steamer, the verisimilitude of which was enhanced by a mechanical movement suggestive of seasickness. There was also a so-called great wheel, but it was a very small affair in comparison with that at Earl's Court.

The immense Festival Hall, remarkable for its expanse of roof unsupported by columns, stood on the site of the Machinery Hall of the 1889 Exhibition, and seated no less than twenty thousand persons. The Trocadero is a permanent landmark of the 1878 Exhibition, the central portion forming a fine concert-hall containing an excellent organ, and seated for about five thousand.

Mention must be made of the two Palaces of Fine Arts, erected at a cost of nearly one million sterling, which will remain as permanent memorials of the Exhibition. The larger one will be used for the purposes of the well-known Paris Salon, the smaller as a museum of historical art.

No account of this great show, however unpretending, would be complete without a reference to the commissariat; in fact, both in point of extent and prices there was nothing insignificant about this section. Here, as in Paris generally, the 'Duval' restaurant came to the relief of those whose means did not permit of much indulgence in the matter of eating and drinking. Many of the *bourgeois* and country-folk knew better, however, than to trust themselves to the tender mercies of the Exhibition caterers; they brought string-bags containing heterogeneous selections of eatables, &c., which they disposed of *al fresco*.

The scene within the grounds on an illumination night was indescribable. Every building glowed with light; the fountains were glorious with colour; and, above all, the majestic Eiffel Tower, outlined against the sky with double rows of brilliant incandescent lamps, completed a picture not easily forgotten.

Altogether, the impression left on the mind of a visitor to the Paris Exhibition of 1900 is one of amazement and admiration. Frenchmen may well be proud of their country, which has required but thirty years not only to extricate itself from supreme disaster, but to demonstrate to the entire world that it possesses in the highest degree those resources of intellect, art, and commerce which could alone enable it to reassert and maintain its position among the greatest nations of the earth.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE REFUGEES.

**T**HE next morning I started off for Great Barrow again. I would make another attempt to see what lay between Cicely and myself. I had a bitterly uneasy feeling that it was Kesgrave—he who had a great name, a great position, and great estates to offer. If it were so, there was nothing more to be done; but I was resolute to see where I stood, for the present wretched uncertainty was unbearable.

The country between Whitmead and Great Barrow is, in the main, a rough heath, the farms and meadows lying on the other side. Here and there dotted over the broken, furzy surface are thick clumps of thorn and hazel, with scantier patches of ash and oak. The track is stony along the bottom of one great furrow of the wild, desolate heathland, and here I walked my horse.

Turning a sudden corner, masked by a tall clump of brambles, the beast under me pulled up short just in time to avoid charging into a little forest-pony standing across the track. My thoughts were so far away that for a second I paid no particular heed, merely waiting for the

animal to spring out of the way. Usually they are agile as cats—these small, half-wild creatures; and when it still stood motionless I was forced to pay some attention to it. I glanced at it, and in an instant was fully on the alert. Upon its back was bound a kind of rude saddle, with a rope looped at each end and flung over for stirrups. It was black with sweat, its head hanging, and was trembling in every limb.

'Poor little brute,' thought I; 'why, it's as near foundered as no odds. It can't go a step again.'

I looked round for its rider. On the one hand the thicket was impenetrable; on the other the ferns stood tall and unbroken. I sprang down, twisted the reins round a blackthorn branch, and walked along the line of ferns. I had not spent my life on the heath for nothing, so I soon discovered signs of passage. I followed, guided surely by the displaced fern-fronds, and came to the brink of a slight declivity where the ferns died away and the grass was clean and open. Now strange sounds began to come to my ears, and next I saw a sight which filled me with the purest wonder. A woman was moving down the

slope with a man on her shoulders. The woman was so little that the man's feet dragged on the ground, splaying and sprawling; and all the way they went he was laughing and singing and talking, and now and again waving his arms. Every time he flung his arms out she tottered and swung to and fro, as if she must fall headlong under him; but she paused an instant, pulled herself steady, and went slowly on. Who these people were, and what they were doing on my land, was a puzzle I felt inclined to solve, and I went swiftly after them. The poor soul acting as beast of burden to the tall fellow was now bending to the earth, as if her back was like to crack, and still he continued to sing and gabble and laugh. My blood rose, and I hastened to see what this queer play meant.

I was not six yards away when she looked round. She gave a hollow groan, and her poor remnants of strength slipped from her. Down to earth she fell, her load rolling limply off her shoulders. Yet she was up again like lightning. She crouched on her knees and took the head of the man in her lap, and held him closely to her, bending over him as if to save him and shut off the eyes of the stranger from his face. I walked up to them, and at the first glance the truth darted into my mind. The poor unfortunate wretch stretched along the ground was horribly gaunt. His breeches and stockings fell loose about legs which seemed a pair of sticks inside the clothes; he was waving in the air a hand so thin and bloodless that it seemed as transparent as the horn of a lantern. His face was ghastly pale, his lips were black and cracked, and his eyes were filled with the wild light of delirium. A bandage on his forehead had slipped to one side, showing a great wound—a sabre-cut, as I well knew. All the time he was rattling shrilly on, his voice thin and tired; but the words, an indistinguishable mass of swift, light sounds, poured out without stop or stay.

I looked at the woman. She was at the last stage of exhaustion. Her face was gray-white like that of a corpse. Her breath came in quick gasps. Huge drops of sweat stood on her forehead, then ran together and fell. Her eyes were as the eyes of a deer run down after a long chase and when the huntsman's knife is at its throat. She held the man protectingly, but looked at me in hopeless despair, a terror beyond speech. Both were young.

Suddenly his wild delirium put their position beyond a doubt. His words became coherent.

'Stand to it, boys,' he cried in the ghost of a shout, so great was his weakness. 'Keep your pike-butts well down. Here they come. Never mind. We'll toss them back. God save King Monmouth!'

The thin hand was waved feebly in the air. The woman's face twisted like that of one who weeps; but no tears came.

'Ay, poor souls!' said I. 'Madam, be easy, I beg you.'

Her wild, hunted eyes filmed swiftly over, and the tears gushed. It was now weeks and weeks since the battle, and what an eternity of misery and apprehension she must have suffered! I tapped my boot with my riding-whip and thought for a moment. Then I remembered we stood within two hundred yards of a hut used by the turf-cutters, but at this time of the year deserted.

'Are you making for any particular refuge?' I asked.

'No,' she said in a hopeless voice. 'We but fly.'

'If such be your case,' said I, 'I will find you a shelter—modest indeed, but, I believe, safe.'

I tossed away my whip, stooped, and picked the man up. Poor wretch! I could have lifted him easily with one hand. He had returned to his senseless babbling, and smiled wildly as I raised him. I stepped towards the hut, and the woman moved at my side. I learned that the recent movements of troops had driven them from their hiding-place, and they had come fifteen miles by solitary ways since the previous midnight. The man had been so severely wounded in the battle that for weeks he had lain fevered and delirious. He still remained very weak, and for the past two days they had wanted food. This and the exertion of moving had flung him back to his old disorder. The woman had marched beside the pony I saw, holding him on until the little creature could go no farther. While in this strait she had heard my horse's feet rattle on the stones beyond the turn of the path; then, by a last despairing effort, had managed to get her husband on her shoulders and drag herself into the ferns. In this attempt I had come upon them. They were of the farming class: Robin and Hester Blake.

I entered the hut and laid Robin Blake down on a heap of dried leaves in the corner, then straightened my back and looked to the condition of the place. I saw, to my pleasure, that it was good. The wall had been redaubed and patched up in the spring. It served the convenience of the turf-cutters, who came to this part of the heath every April and May to cut their winter's fuel. The place was far from any house, and to spare the journey home and back this hut was built. Here they spent the intervening night, for two long spring days sufficed for the task of cutting, and so again for the turning. All the turf had been carried home before the harvest; and, as regarded human presence, the heath had already entered upon its long winter sleep.

I took the whip which Hester had picked up and carried for me, and went quickly away. I ran, pounding along in my heavy riding-boots, until I came back to the road. The little pony stood where I had first seen it, my horse sniffing at it with an air of perplexity. I stripped off the

clumsy pack-saddle and tossed it into the ferns. Upon feeling itself free, the tired creature pricked one ear a little and began to look round for grass. I knew it would be all right now, and I sprang into the saddle, untwisted the reins, and turned and galloped back home.

On the terrace before the house I saw the old butler feeding the peacocks. He left off with a look of surprise on seeing me back so soon, and came towards me.

'William,' said I, 'I want you to pack up a large basket with good food and wine, and put in any cordials you have of a nature to benefit a sick man; then make a bundle of my gray roquehure and my blue riding-cloak, and take the whole to the little gate giving on the heath, and wait for me there.'

The old man laid a beseeching hand on my knee.

'Captain!—Master George!' said he, 'let me go; do 'e now. Let me go.'

He knew perfectly well what it meant. Such baskets as I spoke of now were being smuggled to fugitives all over the country.

'No, William,' I replied; 'I'll go myself. Every man must take his own risk to-day.'

First he begged, then argued, next threatened, finally almost stormed at me; but I stood my ground, and at last he retreated to do as I wished. I landed my horse over to a stable-lad, told him to walk him up and down gently, and went into the house. The window of my bedroom commanded the path old William would follow, and within twenty minutes I saw his head moving along behind a tall box-hedge. Then I went out, mounted, and rode round by a longer way, so that we met at the gate. Here I had to undergo another hail of entreaties before he would yield up his burden; but I was flint on the point. John Woodley's head was scarce ever out of my thoughts, and this risk was honestly mine.

I rode back to the Ash Coppice, where the hut stood, and dismounted. Hester Blake's pale, famished face, with great black-ringed eyes, and pretty curling wisps of brown hair on her marble forehead, appeared at the door of the hut, and I gave her the basket. She uttered a little dry sob, and thanked me in moving terms. I begged her to make herself and her husband as comfortable as might be, and said that I would come and see them again. Then I rode away to Cicely.

As I topped the ridge which shelters Great Barrow from the north-easterly blasts, I saw two figures below on the track which comes up to it from the south. They were horsemen, one behind the other. I recognised the foremost rider by sense almost before sight.

'Kesgrave again,' thought I, and touching my nag with the spur, went down on the place with a hand-gallop. I gave my horse to a servant, and went into the house. I was shown into a room, and saw Cicely seated near the window at the

farther end. It was a long room, and what was my surprise and delight to see her come bounding down it like a fawn. The dazzling bloom of her complexion was as radiant as sunlight on a smooth stream; her eyes were shining like great stars.

'Oh George!' she cried, 'why did you not tell me, the very instant we met, that you had left the army? I knew nothing—nothing of it until last night when coming home from Rushmere.'

'Why, Cicely,' said I, 'I had no time to tell you anything. I've had no chance to get in a couple of words.'

'You had a chance then,' she said, with a pretty imperiousness. 'It ought to have been the very first word out of your mouth. The idea—the very idea—of concealing that for an instant!'

'I never thought of it,' I replied, puzzled at the stress she laid on it. 'I was too pleased to see you again to have a mind for anything else.'

A lovely flush mantled her cheeks and brow.

'You ought—you ought,' she repeated.

'But why?' I cried. 'What difference in the world could it make to you, Cicely?'

She shook her head playfully, and smiled with an air of mystery.

'Ah!' said she, 'that you may not know; but a great, a very great difference.'

I put out my hand and captured one of hers. I had to release it upon the instant, for the door creaked upon its hinges. I had, for my part, completely forgotten Kesgrave, close as he was behind me. He was now announced, and came into the room. He greeted Cicely, then turned to me, and I saw an involuntary shade cross his brow. It was my brow, I think, upon which the shade should have been, considering how he had interrupted me. Mistress Plumer now joined us, and the conversation fell upon Rushmere and the previous day's party.

'And you had a number of officers present, I hear,' said Mistress Plumer.

'Yes, madam,' I replied, 'quite a squad of them.'

'An awkward squad,' laughed Kesgrave, taking a pinch of snuff scornfully.

'Were they not pleasant company?' asked the elder lady.

'Why, no; not over and above, madam,' said he. 'They were a trifle too quarrelsome over their wine.'

'With whom did they quarrel, my lord?' she asked.

'Chiefly with that old heart-of-oak, Commodore Cliffe,' he said, laughing; and he proceeded to sketch the scene. He did it lightly and gaily; but the two ladies looked uneasily at me. The Commodore had quarrelled with people before, and I had been dragged in as third man; and when the Earl finished by hinting that there had been a lively scene over the wine, both Cicely and her mother showed some concern.



'All's well that ends well,' I remarked. 'The disputes have been completely settled, and the disputants parted good friends in the end.'

'Indeed?' said Kesgrave. 'Nothing yet in hand?'

'Absolutely nothing,' said I.

He thought he was speaking in a fashion sufficiently guarded; but he was ignorant how well the two ladies understood the Commodore and his ways, and again a shade came over his brow when he saw the manifest relief shown by my old friends. He dismissed the subject, and began to talk easily, delightfully, charmingly, upon other topics. I had no share in it, for he discoursed largely on things to be seen abroad, and I had been no farther than Paris, save for a short trip to Lisbon. However, he spoke so well and justly that I could admire if I could not match his stories.

To Mistress Plumer this discourse was interesting beyond most; for, being, by her delicacy, much shut up, she heard with the more pleasure of things so far away and different from her quiet country life. Her husband had been abroad in his day, and a large cabinet at one end of the room contained many curious things he had collected and brought home with him. Some of those she wished to show my Lord Kesgrave, and he attended her thither.

'Why did you leave the army?' said Cicely to me in a low voice.

'Because I would be neither art nor part in the detestable business that is going forward,' I replied.

Her face shone, and she smiled on me again. It was not long that we were able to chat on our old footing, for the Earl soon edged his way back to us, and the conversation became general. Then the clock ticking in the corner caught my eye, and I remembered that in half-an-hour I ought to be in my business-room, for a number of tenants had pressed for the settlement of the score of odd matters which stand over awaiting the return of the master of an estate. My adventure with the fugitives had greatly cut short my time, and now I felt it. However, there was nothing for it but to make my adieux. As I was doing so Kesgrave said:

'Oh, Mr Ferrars, I am giving a little entertainment at Greycote on Tuesday next. I should be very happy if you would honour me by attending it, supposing you have no other engagement.'

I had none. I suspected Cicely would be there, and I accepted. He named the hour of meeting, and I took my departure. At the door was a man in Kesgrave's livery of white and scarlet, holding a horse. I glanced at him carelessly, then looked closer in surprise. It was Kesgrave's face which was turned towards me; his eyes looked coldly and impudently into mine. Were there two Kesgraves—one within making his bow to the ladies, one without in livery holding his

double's horse? The man before me turned his glance aside, and stared out indifferently over his horse's ears. I marked him more attentively, and saw that he was a bigger man than the Earl, broader, more heavily built, though the likeness in features remained wonderful and surprising beyond ordinary.

My horse was brought, and I rode away, marvelling how the Earl came to have a servant who could easily pass for himself; but I soon slipped away into happy musings upon the delightful change back to the old Cicely. Why had she been so cold as long as she suspected me of being a King's officer? I put it down finally to her sympathies being with the country-folk against James; and though that seemed too slight a reason, yet I could find no better. Let it pass; she now smiled upon me as of old. What mattered aught else?

I entered upon the heath, riding swiftly, and saw a pillar of blue smoke rising in shelter of a holly thicket. Who was here? I felt uneasy for the poor folk I had stowed away in the Ash Coppice. Were the soldiers beating the heath? I cleared the thicket and breathed a sigh of relief. A pot swung from three sticks over the fire, two black tents were set up close at hand, and four figures were seated about the blaze. Only Egyptians; and the Lees, too. Nothing to fear from them.

Jasper Lee sprang to his feet and came rapidly towards me as I rode up to them. He was a tall, wiry old fellow, burned very dark by the sun, and dressed, for an Egyptian, very respectably; with large gold rings in his ears, and an air of prosperity which belied his shabby tents and rough little ponies. He was an old acquaintance of mine, and had made periodical visits to the heath as long as I could remember. He was knowing to a miracle about horses, and had cured a splint in the very animal I was now riding. He came forward, saluted me with a smile, and ran his hand over the place he had doctored.

'I don't think there's much the matter now, Jasper,' said I, drawing up.

'No, Captain,' he replied; 'sound as can be. Is there aught I can do for you?'

'Not that I know of, Jasper,' I answered. 'All the cattle are sound in wind and limb. I've been trying them over this morning.'

He nodded and smiled, and pulled off his hat again; and I rode on, receiving a cheerful greeting from the group around the fire: his wife, a withered old Romany, sucking at a little black pipe; and his children—Ursula, a tall, bright-eyed Romany lass of twenty, and young Jasper.

It is, I know, a strange confession that I was on friendly terms with these people, whom everybody threatened with whipping-posts and stocks, and chased out of a parish as though they brought a pest with them; but the Lees were of a superior order to many of their race, and somewhat privi-



leged. It arose in this manner: Many years before, when Cicely's father was alive, he rode one day to Romsey, and Cicely and I were permitted to ride with him. In the town we came upon a crowd about a whipping-post, with Jasper Lee firmly tied to it. The officer was just rolling up his shirt-sleeves, the heavy whip with its knotted scourges already clenched in his hand, his coat and hat delivered to a bystander. Cicely had begged her father to interfere and save the poor fellow, and Squire Plumer, a good-natured man, made inquiry into the matter. Some linen had been stolen, and, upon search, only the encampment of the Lees could be found in the

neighbourhood. There was no proof that Jasper had been concerned in the theft; but he was a gipsy, and an example must be made; so he was dragged into the market-place and strapped up. Squire Plumer's interposition saved him, and Jasper never forgot it, nor to whom it was due. Whenever their tents were pitched near Great Barrow he would wait about until he had seen Cicely, when he would fill her hands with quaint presents, and his delight was beyond words when Squire Plumer permitted him to break and train ponies for her riding. Cicely and I being great companions, some portion of his regard was extended to me, and so it remained.

## RELICS OF OUR 'WOODEN WALLS.'



THE wholesale employment of such timbers as were left of Nelson's old flagship, the *Toudroyant*, in the making of a certain useful article of furniture, reminds us of the ingenuity which has been exercised, especially in more recent years, in collecting and preserving relics of our 'wooden walls.' There is another instance of a large bulk of historic timber being got together for one special purpose—namely, the *Chesapeake*, at one time the pride of the American navy. Built by the American Government at a cost of sixty thousand pounds, she was captured by the *Shannon* in one of the shortest and most desperate encounters that ever took place at sea, was brought to England, and in a few years was sold for five hundred pounds to a private purchaser, who made a profit of a thousand pounds on his speculation. The ship was broken up, and a large number of her timbers built into a flour-mill in Hampshire. The timbers are to this day deeply stained with the blood of the crew who fell in the fight, who were so numerous that when the prize was taken into Halifax Harbour her decks were like a slaughter-house.

Probably of all our 'wooden walls' the ill-fated *Royal George* has afforded most material for relics; but the owners of these mementos cannot feel secure as to their treasures, for it has been calculated that the timber worked into professedly *bona fide* relics would have been enough to construct two or three vessels of the size of the *Royal George*. There are, however, numerous authentic memorials of the ship. Of these the most celebrated is a billiard-table at Windsor Castle, which is made from oak from the vessel's hull. Lord Charles Beresford possesses a small box made of wood from the *Victory* and the *Centurion*, Anson's flagship in the memorable voyage round the world; and the box contains a pipe which was blown up from Kempenfeldt's flagship. At Chatham Dockyard a portion of the keel of the *Royal George* is preserved, as well as a purser's

candle, which was recovered from the wreck nearly half-a-century after the foundering. Many other curious things have been fashioned out of iron and wood from the wreck: a bolt, for instance, having been transformed into a poker.

It is known that within the last few years the Admiralty have awakened to the fact that sentiment counts for much in connection with the navy, and they have accordingly set about the preservation of relics of our 'wooden walls.' The sister service has for long years more or less systematically collected mementos of home and foreign service, and few regiments are without something to recall signal bravery or devotion on the field of battle. The Admiralty are now striving to preserve such trophies as figureheads of old war-ships, and at Devonport and other national yards some excellent and historic specimens are to be seen. The collection at Devonport, however, is the best, although the fire in 1841 did irreparable damage, many of the examples being destroyed.

One of the most famous of all naval relics was lost to the country through sheer neglect. This was the figurehead of the *Centurion*, a carved lion rampant, sixteen feet high. For many years this relic, which as part of the flagship had been through vicissitudes almost without parallel, occupied a pedestal in the stable-yard of a small inn at Waterbeach; then suddenly it went up in the world, and found a home at Windsor Castle, from whence it was removed on the suggestion of some 'gentleman of taste'; next it was deposited in the Anson Ward at Greenwich Hospital, where it remained till a quarter of a century ago; and then the noble trophy, which had been in existence for considerably over a hundred years, was placed in the playground of the Naval School, where the weather and the scholars made such short work of it that very soon little of the wood was left. Part of it, however, is treasured to-day by Anson's descendants.

Although the *Victory* is still with us, there

are many mementos of her scattered about, for wear and tear, as well as war, have made it needful from time to time to remove her rotting timbers and substitute sound wood for them. Her Majesty possesses the bullet which killed Nelson; and every scrap of wood from the *Victory*, when she has been undergoing repairs, has been secured by relic-hunters and turned into some article by which she can be remembered, and an actual personal connection with the ship maintained; amazing eagerness being shown at all times to secure some personal relic of our greatest admiral. One lady is the proud possessor of a toothpick-case made of a splinter from the quarter-deck of the battle-ship, and another owns a box made from that portion of the deck on which Nelson fell. The Earl of Northesk has a piece of the vessel and a lock of Nelson's hair; while of the *Victory* and other famous war-ships the Royal United Service Institution has some deeply interesting relics. There is in the church at Burnham Thorpe, Nelson's birthplace, where his father was rector, a lectern made from wood of the *Victory*.

Collingwood, who led the lee division at Trafalgar in the *Royal Sovereign*, was a native of Newcastle; and, appropriately enough, that city has a snuff-box made from the vessel's timber, the lid of which contains a lock of Collingwood's hair. Other relics of a similar nature are all that remain of the brave old ship.

Of the *Venerable*, Duncan's flag-ship at Camperdown, we have remembrances in the form of a chair made from her wood. Efforts have been made, with success, to preserve mementos of the *Asia*, which flew Codrington's flag at Navarino; but of this and many other celebrated war-ships only the most fragmentary portions are now in existence.

It is a pity that something on the scale of the sideboard made from the timber of the *San Josef* has not been attempted in connection with every British ship of war of note. The inscription on that piece of furniture tells its own story best: 'The back of this sideboard and the whole of the carving is made from a portion of the original timber of the *San Josef*, given to Lady Berry, widow of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Berry, Bart., K.C.B., by order of the Board of Admiralty, on the breaking up of that ship in 1849. The carving represents the boarding and capture of the Spanish ships *San Nicolas* of eighty guns and the *San Josef* of one hundred and twelve guns, by the Captain of seventy-four guns, bearing the pennant of Commodore Horatio Nelson, on the 14th of February 1797, in the battle off Cape St Vincent. Captain Edward Berry, then serving as a volunteer on board the *Captain*, bore a distinguished part in the action, and was the first man who boarded

the *San Nicolas*. For his conduct on that occasion he was raised to the rank of post captain.' The inscription is useful as a guide, though not as comprehensive as it might have been for such a relic; while the fragment of the prize itself is more commensurate with the subject than are some of the reminders which now exist of Britain's bulwarks of the past.

Of the *Chesapeake's* rival, the *Shannon*, a box was made from her timbers when she was broken up; and there is in existence a small flat circular box of oak made from part of the *Bellerophon*, which conveyed Bonaparte to St Helena.

Perhaps the fact that in the days of sailing-ships we had such a wealth of historic timber created a familiarity which bred contempt; at any rate the condition of affairs made the authorities and the people ignore the probability of such a revival of interest in all things naval as that with which we are now familiar. Spasmodically, efforts certainly have been made to preserve for succeeding generations some actual link between themselves and the means by which their freedom and comfort were assured—such as the construction from one of the planks of timber of the *Golden Hind*, Drake's ship, of a chair which was presented to Oxford University, an event which Cowley commemorated in some verses on the achievement of 'sitting and drinking in the chair made of a relic of Sir Francis Drake's ship.'

Let not the Pope's itself with this compare:

This is the only universal chair;

and these lines have done much to preserve the recollection of the relic in the minds of many Englishmen.

It is never too late to learn or to amend, and we cannot do better than begin at once to preserve suitable and substantial relics, in some thoroughly national manner, of the famous ships-of-war we still have with us. Why not, for example, when the proper time comes—and it cannot be far distant, since modern vessels are so soon obsolete—treasure up the enormous steering-wheel which saved the *Calliope* in Apia Bay on March 15, 1889, when so many other war-ships perished in the hurricane? 'I called on the staff-engineer for every pound of steam he could give us,' says Captain Kane, in modestly describing the brave act, 'and slipped the remaining cable. The engines worked admirably, and little by little we gathered way and went out, flooding the upper deck with green seas which came in over the bows, and would have sunk many a ship. My fear was that she would not steer, and would go on the reef in the passage out.' Such a relic, with the story inscribed upon it of the victory of the *Calliope* over the storm, would go far to quicken the enthusiasm of all ranks in the British Fleet.

## THE FAMILY SKELETON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

**T**HE next day I remained away from the little house in Camden Town; but on the day following I felt I could keep away no longer. I had just made up my mind to start at once, when my man came in to tell me that Sir Lawrence and Beatrice had called to see me. They were shown into my room. Sir Lawrence greeted me with unusual effusion, and Beatrice with more warmth in her manner than had been common to her of late.

'Well, Gerald, Beatrice has settled the matter. She's a smart girl, if ever there was one,' said Sir Lawrence.

'You have the letters?'

'As good as got them. Beatrice, show him the answer to your note.'

I took the letter she handed me, and glanced it over hastily. It was a brief line from Phoebe, stating that the lost letters would be handed over to any one calling for them the next day at any time after three.

'That Phoebe is a good girl after all,' observed Sir Lawrence. 'I am sorry I misjudged her. And you can tell her that I will be as good as my word. She shall have the two hundred pounds I promised her father for herself, and I'll pay their passage back to Australia.'

'I have written to say so,' remarked Beatrice.

'Thank goodness that matter is over!' Sir Lawrence mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. 'If you only knew how it has worried me! What's the matter, Gerald? You don't look happy.'

I awoke from a reverie. My thoughts were with the poor little girl who had been so abruptly told of her father's unscrupulousness.

'Oh yes, I am happy,' I returned. 'I am glad the matter has ended so satisfactorily; but'—

'But what?'

'I am sorry for Phoebe,' I blurted out.

Sir Lawrence gave a short laugh, and I saw Beatrice's eyebrows ascend.

'We must get them back to Australia as soon as possible; I see that. What a fool a young man is where a pretty face is concerned! I suppose she is pretty?'

'Yes,' said I.

Beatrice turned away abruptly. Her father whistled gently to himself.

'There's a boat starts next Saturday,' he said; 'and this is Thursday. They had better go on Saturday. I will see that their passages are booked.'

'I will see to that,' I answered curtly.

He shrugged his shoulders. 'Very well,' he replied.

'And I will call for the letters to-morrow.'

He turned and stared at me for a moment. 'Oh, nonsense,' he began. 'I will send.'

'I will call for the letters to-morrow,' I repeated.

He seemed inclined to object further; but Beatrice—an unexpected ally—came to my aid.

'Certainly. Why shouldn't Gerald call for the letters, if he will be so kind?'

'Oh, if you don't mind'—

'Why should I mind? It is very good of Gerald to suggest it.' She smiled on me with the greatest sweetness. 'And, Gerald, would you like me to call for you? I could get there about a quarter-past three, and wait in the carriage if you are not quite ready. Shall I, dear?'

'Thank you very much,' I replied embarrassedly.

'Then that is settled.' She came and kissed me. 'Good-bye, dear Gerald, till to-morrow.'

When she and her father had gone I sank again into a brown study. Poor little Phoebe! How her gentle heart must be racked! It was with difficulty I restrained myself from going to her; but I decided it was my duty to wait till the following day. I could not realise that so soon so many thousands of miles would be between us. The very thought filled me with an impotent resentment against everybody and everything. I do not think I had a minute's sleep that night.

The next morning I went to the offices of the steamship company and booked the passages. How I passed the remainder of the morning I have only a faint recollection. I imagine I wandered about one of the London parks, dreaming idle dreams and wishing impossibilities, and then making strenuous resolutions to act like a sensible man, and then again to act like a fool. And the whole time Phoebe's face seemed to dance before me, the glad, shy light of welcome in her eyes.

I was at the house before three o'clock. I knocked, and the little 'general' opened the door and scrutinised me with some severity for a few moments.

'What have you been up to now?' she asked.

'Nothing. Why?'

She jerked her thumb in the direction of upstairs.

'There's been a high old row there,' she went on, with evident relish. 'I never seed Miss Phoebe so angry before. And the old man was that upset. I never!'



'When was that?'

'Last Tuesday I took up a letter that came in the morning. And then it began. I heard Miss Phoebe crying, and the old man tried to comfort her; and then she talked to him, and he wouldn't listen. At last she gives up and goes away, and puts on her hat and packs up her box. "Good-bye, father," says she. And then he weeps and begs her not to go. But she tells me to fetch a cab, and she gets into it. And the old man keeps crying all the time. The cab begins to drive off, and she weeps and he weeps, and there was a crowd. And when the cab had got to the corner of the street he rushes after her. I never could have thought he could run so fast. "Come back, Phoebe," he shouted. "You shall have 'em. Don't go away—oh, don't!" And she heard him, and told the cabman to drive back. And then they kiss each other and weeps like anything, and the box is taken upstairs. And I heard your name mentioned. That's why I ask what you've been up to.'

'Please let me see Miss Phoebe at once. It is very important.'

She made way for me to enter.

For some time I waited in the little room which by now was so familiar; but Phoebe did not come. At length I heard the handle of the door turned, and she entered. I noticed her pale, sad face, and the black rings round her eyes. She held a packet of letters in her hand.

'You have come for them?' she asked.

'Yes.'

She laid them on the table and turned as if to go.

'Don't go,' I cried hastily. 'I have much to say to you.'

She stopped. 'What can you have to say?'

'I—I want to say—good-bye,' I faltered.

'Good-bye,' she said quietly.

'Not like that,' I cried.

She stood with lips compressed together, and then came a step closer and held out her hand. 'Good-bye,' she repeated more softly.

I took her hand and stood looking into her face; but her eyes were turned away. I took the tickets from my pocket and laid them on the table.

'I have been instructed to give you these,' I said. 'Sir Lawrence has asked me to say that he will also give you the two hundred pounds he offered to your father for the return of the letters.'

A look of real anger spread over her face—the first I had ever seen there—and then died away. 'I feel humiliated that I must take these tickets,' she said. 'But I must, for my father's sake. Otherwise we could not leave England. But as for the money, is it not almost an insult to offer it?'

I did not answer the question. My eyes were on her face.

'How tired you look! I am afraid it was a shock to you'—

She turned to me sharply. 'Yes,' she cried; 'I have been shocked—shocked.'

'I tried to keep it from you.'

'No doubt you would.' She spoke almost contemptuously. 'If you had any sense of shame'—

'I know I have acted shabbily.'

Sudden tears welled into her eyes. 'You have—disappointed me.'

I had nothing to say. If ever a man felt ashamed it was I at that moment.

A wave of emotion seemed to surge in her. She buried her face in her hands. 'Oh Gerald, Gerald, how could you?' she sobbed. 'How could you? I have been kept awake all night, trying to find some excuse for you. But I cannot. You are poor, I know. Your life is a hard one. But to act as you have done—to help my father to sell the letters he had stolen'—

I started. 'You don't believe that?'

'My father has told me everything.'

For some moments I was so taken aback that I could say nothing. 'Phoebe,' I said at length, 'you are making a mistake. I have acted meanly, but not so meanly as you think. It is true I agreed to accept a quarter of the price obtained for those letters, but it was in order to get them into my hands. I never intended to benefit personally. In fact, when your father handed me what I thought were the letters I took them straight to Sir Lawrence. But they were only copies.'

'Is this true?' she cried breathlessly.

'On my honour.'

She looked at me long and steadily. 'Thank God!' she said simply. A great look of relief flooded her eyes. 'Oh Gerald, can you forgive me? I have been very foolish. I ought not to have doubted you. All night I have prayed'—

'You have prayed for me?' I asked gently.

She flushed. 'I thought my father had tempted you, and you had fallen. It shocked me so! Of course I knew my father—the flush deepened—'sometimes he does not understand that—that some things are wrong; but that you'—

'Phoebe, Phoebe, I have acted meanly enough. I'—

'Hush!' she said. 'After all, you had your duty to your employer. It was your first duty.'

I was silent.

'What day does the boat start?' she asked.

'On Saturday. Is that too soon?'

She clasped her hands. 'No, no! No time could be too soon. How glad I shall be to get away!'

'Your father'—I began.

Her eyes filled with tears. 'I was so cruel to him. When Miss Copeland's letter came I spoke to him, and after a little he told me everything.'



At first I could not believe that you—but there, that is at an end.' She smiled faintly. 'And then I asked him for the letters, and at length he gave them to me.'

'On Saturday,' I said sadly, 'you are going away.'

'Yes.'

'Somehow,' I said despairingly, 'I cannot bear to think of it.'

The crimson rose to her cheeks. 'Perhaps some day you will come to Australia.'

I shook my head. 'I fear not, unless'—

'Unless'—

I took a step nearer.

'Phoebe! dear Phoebe!' What was I going to say?

I heard the sound of a carriage drawing up before the door, and I drew back. Phoebe stood still, the red glowing in her cheeks. She looked towards me timidly.

'You were going to say'—

'Nothing, dear; nothing.' I looked out of the window. Outside in her carriage was Beatrice, regarding her depressing surroundings with an air of half-amused disdain. The coachman, even, had a supercilious look.

'It's Miss Beatrice Copeland!' cried Phoebe, with astonishment. 'Why has she called? It is really very kind'—

But before she had finished her sentence the door opened and the little servant appeared.

'A lady has called for Mr Darlington.'

'Yes, yes. Tell her that I'—

'It's Mr Darlington she wants,' said the girl. 'I told her there was no Mr Darlington here; but'—

'Tell her I will come directly.'

'Are you Mr Darlington?'

'Go away,' I shouted.

The door closed abruptly, and I turned towards Phoebe.

'Phoebe!'

Her face wore a puzzled expression. 'Darlington!' she said. 'Darlington! I thought your name was'—

'I will explain.'

Suddenly she caught hold of the table behind her as if to steady herself.

'I understand!' she said faintly. 'You are Mr Darlington—the Honourable Mr Darlington!'

There was no denial on my face. She turned to the window and looked out. 'She is very beautiful, and she—loves you!'

I moved towards her. 'Phoebe,' I murmured, 'whether she loves me or not does not matter. I love'—

She turned on me sharply. Her face had turned very white.

'You are engaged to Miss Copeland?'

'I know—I know,' I cried impatiently; 'but there is another'—

She held up her hand. 'Please do not

say another word. I never guessed—I never thought'— She was silent for a few moments, and then she turned to me with flashing eyes.

'Oh, how you must have laughed at me for thinking you were poor and friendless, for thinking that my father could tempt you with the offer of a few pounds'— She broke off suddenly, and turned aside to hide her tears. 'How cruel of you to laugh at me!'

'I did not laugh at you,' I said sadly. 'God knows how far I was from laughter!'

She turned towards me again and tried to smile. 'After all,' she said bravely, 'no harm has been done. We are still friends—are we not? And—and—good-bye.'

If it cut me to the heart to see her suffer, how much more did it hurt me to see her pretend, for my sake, she felt no pain!

'I can't go—I won't go. Oh Phoebe! don't send me away.' Perhaps there was a ring of true pain in my voice, for I saw her face soften and her wonderful eyes fill with tears.

'You must go,' she said mournfully.

'No, no!' I cried. 'It is you I love. It is you I want to marry. Phoebe, you shall listen to me.'

A sudden look of anguish came over her face. She half-turned away.

'Don't you see you are torturing me?' she murmured. 'Don't you see how clear my duty is? Nothing you can say can obscure it. It stands out so plainly—so very plainly. Oh Gerald! if you do love me you will leave me at once. Don't tempt me. I am only a woman, and we women are so weak. Say good-bye to me and go.'

'How can you be so cruel?'

'Cruel!' she echoed. 'Yes, I am cruel; but it is not to you.'

'I came nearer to her and tried to take her hands, but she made a little gesture of repulsion.

'Oh, let me think—just for a minute let me think!'

She turned away from me and covered her face with her hands. I saw she was struggling with herself, and I, man-like, stood there waiting to take advantage of her weakness.

At last she roused herself, and I knew instinctively that there was no appeal from her decision. Of her own accord she came to me and laid her hand on my arm.

'Gerald,' she began, quickly and gently, 'you say you love me, and perhaps you think you do—just now; but when I am away your love will vanish—so soon.' She smiled a little wan smile. 'I think you will be ashamed when you find how soon it has gone.'

I uttered some words in angry protest.

'Oh Gerald! I think I know your character. But apart from that, there is the question of honour. Beatrice loves you. She is a woman

just as I am. Do you think I could break her heart?"

She looked up into my face with her calm, clear eyes.

'Think, Gerald, could you bring yourself to hurt her—Beatrice, that beautiful Beatrice'—I turned my head away with a groan—'who loves you?'

I said not a word. I simply raised her hand to my lips.

'Good-bye,' she said.

I kissed her hand again and went out silently.

'What a time you have been!' said Beatrice rather impatiently as I took my seat beside her. 'But, thank goodness! it is all over. Somehow it seemed to keep us apart.' She laid her hand in mine caressingly.

'Yes, dear, it is all over.'

'Give me those horrid letters. Let me take care of them.'

I started quickly. In fact, I had left them behind.

'I have forgotten them,' I began confusedly.

She looked at me curiously, and then cried to the coachman not to drive on.

'I will go back for them,' I cried, and at the very thought of seeing Phoebe again my heart gave a little jump.

But I was not to see Phoebe again. Almost before the words were out of my mouth the bundle of letters fell plump into Beatrice's lap. I looked up quickly just in time to see the flutter of a skirt disappear into the house from the little balcony. A moment later I heard the relentless click of the window-latch.

'Drive on, John,' I said, with a little sigh.

After all, my story ends prosaically. Beatrice and I are married, and I trust no one will suggest we are not happy. And Phoebe. I have never seen her again; but I have heard of her indirectly. Her father died on the outward voyage, and one of her fellow-travellers, a young Melbourne lawyer, helped her greatly in her sad plight. Two years later she married him. Her husband is a rising young fellow, and has already made his mark in the Victorian parliament.

Sometimes I think of her; but I do not suppose she ever thinks of me.

## BARGAIN-SALES AND ADVERTISEMENTS.



ONE of the most striking features of the present day is the almost universal desire of the public—and perhaps especially the female section of the public—to get something that is valuable to them for nothing, or 'for almost nothing,' as the phrase goes; and, owing to this eagerness to acquire, they are ever ready to be duped. There must surely be some queer twist in human nature which makes the world and his wife—especially the wife—enjoy so fully the privilege of being cheated. The child-like faith which induces people to believe that a tradesman can pay his bills and keep himself out of the Bankruptcy Court by means of 'alarming sacrifices' and 'startling reductions' is most amazing; but if we are to judge by the crowds which attend well-advertised sales, people must be largely endowed with the virtues of faith and hope, not unmixed with a desire akin to that of the early bird which vainly hopes to catch the worm before his neighbour is out of his nest.

Let us for a moment consider the matter on the inductive principle of reasoning. Why does a man keep a shop? Presumably for his own ultimate benefit. How is he to arrive at that benefit? Clearly by buying at a price which will enable him to sell again at a profit. That being so, how is it possible that he can make that profit out of selling his goods at an alarming sacrifice? Clearly he cannot, and thus we arrive

at an impasse. One of two things must be wrong: either the shopkeeper does not keep his shop for his own benefit, but in order that he may serve the public by presenting it with money which he has otherwise obtained; or he does expect to make a profit out of his shop, and consequently from his 'sale,' and in that case he does not sell at 'under cost price,' and the goods are not 'positively given away.' In point of fact, bargain-sales are very profitable times to the very people who are making the 'alarming sacrifices.' Nothing pays better than a good compulsory removal sale when the 'goods are being cleared out at enormous reductions, positively bed-rock prices,' and when the shopkeeper is most earnestly entreating his 'friends and customers not to miss this splendid and unique opportunity of providing themselves with first-class articles at the lowest prices ever known for third-class articles of the same kind.' The real fact is, that the benevolent old gentleman has bought in an enormous amount of cheap stuff—such, for the most part, as he is not in the habit of keeping—and tickets cotton satins and shoddy plushes thus: 'Usual price, 2s. 6d.; sale price, 1s. 9d.' The satin sold usually by the firm may be priced at two shillings and sixpence, but the sale satin is not the satin usually sold by the firm, but some got in on purpose; and it never was worth two shillings and sixpence a yard, nor even one shilling and ninepence, but would be dear at one shilling and sixpence. The 'alarming sacrifice' is

not on the part of the shopkeeper, but on the part of the public. Again, the satin may really be of the quality usually sold at two shillings and sixpence; but the customer will find, on examining it carefully, that it is faded or soiled, or of a very ugly colour, or of a pattern which once was fashionable but is so no longer. 'If you make a thing cheap enough some one is sure to buy it because it is a bargain,' was said as an explanation of the astounding fact that about thirty thousand utterly useless and ugly chassé-pôt rifles not old enough to be curiosities, and too old to be of the slightest use, were got rid of in a few days to the public of a provincial town by the enterprising firm who bought them from the French Government. You have only to mark an article with a ticket stating that it is at sale price to make half the people who frequent bargain-sales quite satisfied that it is cheaper than usual, and therefore a bargain to be bought for their own profit at the expense of the salesman. Thus hot-water bottles have been seen in the windows of a large establishment ticketed as being at 'sale prices,' each size being from threepence to fourpence dearer than the price at which they could be bought at all times of the year at the china shop next door.

It is easy to understand that a shopkeeper who deals largely in *nouveautés* should desire, by means of a sale, to get rid at the end of the season of the stock he has not succeeded in selling. Fashions change, and this year's summer hats and bonnets would be quite unsaleable next summer, being then out of fashion. Moreover, in these days of high rents, most of the drapers must clear out one season's stock to make room for the fresh stock for the next. Therefore it is a wise plan to sell off what remains of the summer goods at the end of that season. This is always done in the large London shops; and there is no doubt that genuine bargains may be picked up at these sales; but of course the purchaser must be content to store the things she buys, and she must be content to be always a season behind the fashion. Further, she must examine her purchases with care, for things at the end of the season cannot be as fresh as they are at the beginning, and sometimes a thing which cost 'just next to nothing, my dear; I assure you I got it for less than half-price,' may turn out to be a very expensive purchase indeed, as it may require a considerable expenditure before it can be made wearable.

Thus goods subject to the changes of fashion may be bought at a genuine reduction at sales; but beware of reduced sale prices in under-linen and household linen—things which are sold all the year round. If these things are very much reduced in price, and are really the same articles, you may be sure that the original price was too high, and you should go to a shop where they deal reasonably and honestly all the year round, and do not have 'sales.' For instance, it is very

easy to place a number of night-gowns in a window and ticket them: 'Usual price, 10s. 6d., sale price, 6s. 6d.;' but no sensible person will be taken in by such a device. If the night-gowns really were ten shillings and sixpence they must have been too dear, and even six shillings and sixpence is probably more than their real value. It is impossible that any man could make a genuine reduction on the price of such articles to the amount of four shillings off ten shillings and sixpence, and still be in a solvent position, if his prices were reasonable in the first instance. It is known that the establishments which advertise their sales to the greatest extent, and which make the most startling reductions, add 40 per cent. on an average to their cost prices in the ordinary way of business. Of course it is easy to make substantial reductions on 40 per cent. of profit; for suppose you fix the price of everything you sell at 20 per cent. less than ordinary price—and one often sees advertisements to that effect—you will still have a fair profit (which is quite a respectable allowance); while, if you sell three times as much in a given time, instead of 40 per cent. the amount of profit will be very considerable. Whenever you see advertisements of that sort carefully avoid that shop, for the things are not cheap, and would in all probability be dear at any price. If you want good value for your money—genuine articles warranted to wear and repay you for your outlay—flee far away from the temptation of the shops which indulge in sales, and cleave to those which do a regular, steady-going, all-the-year-round business.

I have already stated that the great passion of the age is the desire to get something for nothing. To get a teapot given away with a pound of tea people will go and buy their tea at a shop two miles distant, to reach which they pay half the price of the teapot in car-fares. If you have hitherto paid one shilling and eightpence for your tea in the grocer's shop, and you now go to buy a pound of tea at the same price in a shop which gives a teapot thrown in, you may rest assured that it is not one shilling and eightpenny tea you will get, but tea less in value in proportion to the cost of the teapot. Why, then, go and buy a teapot with your pound of tea when you could get a much nicer one if you went to a china-shop, and for a smaller expenditure of money, time, and trouble?

Other tradesmen there are who advertise in a similar manner that they will present various valuable gifts to the people who send them correct solutions of most transparent puzzles. It is a foregone conclusion that there is some condition attached to each which will prevent the answerer from getting the present without paying for it; otherwise the advertisers would shortly be passed through the Bankruptcy Courts into the care of the Lunacy Commissioners.



Soaps, patent medicines, chocolates, hair-restorers and depilatories, together with certain meat extracts, are the things most advertised. At the same time, from the purchaser's point of view, it should be remembered that advertisements cost money, and that the price of them must be added to the original value of the article. In America advertising is elevated almost to the level of a fine art, and the French posters are quite artistic productions. There are artists in France who have held exhibitions of their *affiches*, thus seriously treating them as works of art. Large prices have been paid in this country also by manufacturers for pictures by celebrated artists to be used as advertisements, examples of which will readily recur to the mind of the reader. Firms like that of John Wanamaker in America find it remunerative to spend some seventy thousand pounds a year in advertisements, and he employed a man at a salary of one thousand pounds a year to superintend this department. These sums seem large, but I believe they could easily be paralleled in this country. A happy idea for an advertisement may easily mean thousands of additional profit to the firm utilising it, and large prizes are sometimes offered for good and original ideas.

The advertisements in our daily papers reflect the events of the day to a very large extent; therefore a person supplied only with the advertisement columns of the leading daily newspapers would still be not ill-informed of the doings of the world. As to concerts and theatrical performances you would be fully informed, and you would be able to decide as to the relative popularity of the various artistes by their places in the list of performers and the large or small print in which their names appear. You would know when royalties had been visiting the city, because the tradesmen advertise for such a length of time that they 'still have carpets or other goods similar to those supplied to Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of China on her recent visit,' and also by notices that fac-similes of the rain-tight umbrella presented to their Highnesses are to be seen and bought by humbler folk in the shop of the advertiser. Every great disaster is followed by its subscription list, which is duly advertised in the columns of the papers. The death of every great statesman or other public man is followed by meetings to discuss his memorial, which are duly notified to the public. Proposed or important legislation is also advertised in the same way. Thus: 'Mr Candidate Cumming will address the electors in Millfield Church Hall on Thursday, 8th December, on the Workman's Compensation Act.' In another place the proposed college for Khartoum has its claims brought to the notice of 'parties interested.' The relief of Mafeking is announced by an enterprising person who desires the rejoicing public to buy flags of all sorts and sizes from him. The latest scientific inventions

appear either as advertisements from people anxious to supply the public with the new benefits, or as the titles of lectures to be delivered. In Edinburgh the meetings of the Assemblies are heralded by the announcement that 'in consequence of the visit of the Royal High Commissioner, Holyrood will be closed to visitors;' and the presence of the clergymen is further accentuated by the numbers of advertisements regarding clerical collars, clerical hats, clerical ties, clerical coats, theological works, reduced rates of board at the hotels, &c.

The seasons of the year are also marked by the advertisement sheets. In winter furs occupy a leading place, and flannels, blankets, and other articles conducive to warmth. A little earlier there were offers to fill coal-cellars at the commencement of the winter season. Next we are directed to the cheapest and best place for the purchase of Christmas and New Year presents. A little later on we are told that the remaining Christmas toys will now be sold at half-price. Then will come the announcement that 'our milliner has just returned from Paris bringing a choice assortment of spring hats and bonnets.' The same medium will later inform us that spring is past and summer is here, and then we shall be told that the 'increasing dullness of the mornings and evenings makes a visit to Messrs Jones & Robertson's establishment advisable, to secure one of their specially cheap indispensable autumn wraps.' Then will come advertisements regarding children's school frocks, school satchels, schoolbooks, boys' suits, rough knickerbocker suits, football outfits, &c.

In the summer there are also many advertisements intended for the tourist—of lunch-baskets, travelling-cloaks, and travelling-rugs. I need only mention the advertisements imploring families to send their heavy luggage for summer quarters some days in advance, with which harassed railway officials strive to lighten their labours on the 1st of August, to say nothing of the columns upon columns of advertisements of country houses to let, to show the Scotch habit of leaving town in the summer months with all the family and family impedimenta. In England, on the contrary, the papers swarm with advertisements of furnished apartments, and trips to the Continent and seaside resorts.

The conscientiousness of the people shows itself in the advertisements periodically inserted by the Queen's Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer, who acknowledges what is popularly called conscience-money; while the advertisement also inserted by this official intimating that, in default of heirs, the property of Mrs. Jemima Smith has fallen to Her Majesty as *ultima heres* generally excites a feeling of vain sorrow in one's mind.

The advertisements relating to matrimonial aspirations have always a flavour of sham about them. I look askance at them, and have never



felt sufficient confidence in the *bond fide* and 'strictly confidential' aspect of the affair to venture upon answering any of them; besides, photographs are expensive, and I never felt very certain of their being 'promptly returned if the applicant did not suit.' The following advertisement was inserted some years ago: 'MATRIMONY.—Medical student, a linguist, seeks alliance with Christian lady, able to assist him through his course. Address No. 7214, &c. It recalls to my mind an instance of a lady who did marry a medical student and paid his fees while he went through his course; but I do not know whether this advertiser was equally successful. I knew of a case in which a lady answered the usual advertisement for a wife with means, however; and I understand the marriage has turned out highly satisfactory for both parties.

Some years ago a tremendous business was done by a firm who advertised that for, I think, one shilling they would send you Miss Dolly Gentle, with a wardrobe of many articles all contained in a neat travelling-trunk, &c. People were rather unreasonably surprised, when the doll came home, to find that she and all her wardrobe were composed of beautiful paper, and that the handsome travelling-trunk was cardboard!

I once sent two penny stamps to a gentleman who promised to supply a specimen of an article which is in constant domestic use, and which would have such a large sale as would give a handsome income in return for very little exertion. I did not expect much, and was thus saved disappointment when a packet of blacklead done up in green paper was sent, with the intimation that if I would go round from house to house to sell these packets of blacklead a good income could be made, as the price was only twopence, and they could be retailed for fourpence.

A careful observation of advertisements of articles for sale will reveal the fact that the 'Surgeon's daughter who is going to India, and offers a valuable electro-silver tea-tray,' or a gold watch, or a set of sabres, 'at less than half original cost,' is always 'going' but never 'gone.' The lady who has relatives in India, and who has 'just received a box of Persian and Cashmere rugs,' which she is willing to dispose of at ridiculously cheap prices, must have a considerable number of kind relatives, for the boxes appear to arrive with astonishing frequency.

One occasionally sees in the papers advertisements from husbands who decline to be responsible for any debts which their wives may contract; but I had never seen a counterblast from a wife until the other day, when one stated that 'I, Marion Jane Dobson or M'Arthy, never yet contracted any debts in my husband's name, Peter M'Arthy.'

Very simple and guileless advertisements sometimes appear in the agony column; but very often you see 'Rose, &c., remittance short,' followed by a notice of the prices charged. Economical people put in their loving adjurations to 'Meet me at the old place; longing to have you all my own; so sorry you had a cold,' the consonants only being used, as if their economy had triumphed over their love; but a love only worth expressing in consonants does not seem very valuable. It is not a question of cipher, of course, because every one can read the fond love, and kisses, with the greatest ease. Was it a lover who inserted: 'ROSE.—Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed, where thy lovely companions lie scentless and dead?' One wonders; it seems cryptic.

I once saw an advertisement the simplicity of which could hardly be beaten: 'Wanted, a situation for an orphan girl where she can improve.' However, the statement that 'J. S., of C. Terrace, thinks it would be better for both parties if J. C. would keep his promise,' is quite worthy to stand beside it.

#### NEIGHBOURS.

WHEN you live alone, how you hear each sound!  
Should a mouse but scuttle along the ground,  
And a loose board creak: There! was it a mouse?  
Or a ghost's step through the house?

Strange! What fancies come in a crowd,  
When your fire burns fast and your clock ticks loud!  
Outside, there's a sudden lull in the rain,  
And—— Who tapped on the window-pane?

Only a wind-blown jasmine spray;  
I saw it hung loosened yesterday.  
But it's odd—it's odd—how the fancy lingers:  
It seemed like a dead man's fingers!

Dead! Yes, dead. Oh, more than a year;  
And what should a dead man do down here,  
Tapping like that on my window-pane?  
Pshaw! The freak of a foolish brain!

But the wind! the wind! Like a soul bereft  
Of reason, hopelessly lost and left,  
It wails and moans. Ah! years ago  
A voice that I loved moaned so.

Where was that tragic echo caught?  
What ails the night? Or am I distraught?  
Should I bear the sight, if I saw appear——  
There are steps—hark!—drawing near.

Steps indeed. Ah! but voices too:  
'Emily, Fred—this is good of you!  
Quick! come in from the wind and the rain.'  
Thank God! I'm alive again.

ADA BARTRICK BAKER.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### AROUND 'THE FRENCH SHORE.'

By P. T. M'GRATH, St John's, Newfoundland.



FEW months ago the Governor of Newfoundland, Sir Henry M'Callum, took a cruise around 'the French Shore,' partly to familiarise himself with the region, and partly to acquire information for Mr Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, on certain matters in relation to the most recent developments in the Anglo-French dispute.

Probably every Englishman knows there is a 'French Shore Question' in Newfoundland; but very few possess any further knowledge of the subject. The antiquity—if one may use the term—of the dispute is the chief reason of this almost universal ignorance, for the 'French Shore Question' dates back to 1713, and has descended as an heirloom to successive generations since then, until its initial significance has been lost.

The issue between England and France over this coast arises out of the action of the British Crown in conceding to France a right to catch and dry fish on the north-east and western coasts of Newfoundland when the sovereignty of the island was vested in England upon the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. This concession was safeguarded by the proviso, 'It shall not be lawful for the subjects of France to erect any buildings there besides stages made of boards and huts usual and necessary for drying fish, or to resort to the said island beyond the time necessary for fishing and drying fish.' In 1763 French importunity succeeded in obtaining another concession: the transfer of the islands of St Pierre and Miquelon to the French king as a shelter for his fishermen, subject to the proviso that he was not to fortify it; but in 1783, in the Treaty of Versailles, even this latter stipulation was dropped, and the French obtained these islands in full sovereignty, while corrupt Ministers induced the British monarch to subscribe to a declaration by which he bound himself to prevent his subjects from interfering with the French in Newfoundland waters by their competition in the fishing operations there.

Upon this foundation, slim as it is, the French have erected a superstructure of extravagant rights, privileges, and claims which is added to every year, until now a most vexatious situation is created for the colonists, and the arrogance of the French approaches the point of claiming sovereignty over the soil itself.

The stretch of coast-line comprehended in the treaties is eight hundred miles in length, extending north from Cape John, on the east coast, passing round by the Strait of Belle Isle, and south to Cape Ray, the south-western extremity of the island. Upon any part of this water-front to-day a British subject cannot build a residence, a store, or a wharf; he cannot open a mine, erect a mill, or set on foot an industry; he cannot fish if a Frenchman wants his station; he cannot cure lobsters if a Frenchman protests; he cannot sell a pound of bait while a Frenchman is unsupplied. It is the one portion of the British Empire where the rights of the native-born are trampled under foot that the claims of the alien interloper may be acceded to; it is the only place where British war-ships are used to dragoon British subjects, where persecution comes from those who should be protectors.

This treaty coast, taking in as it does the whole western slope of the island, as well as two hundred miles of the eastern front, presents a great variety of physical characteristics, and is essentially a region which abounds in material to interest and instruct the visitor. It may be divided, roughly, into three sections: the north-east coast, located as its name implies; the Straight Shore, its counterpart on the western side; and St George's district, the southern portion of the territory. Sir Henry M'Callum, in his visitation, took this latter division first, and proceeded north along the west coast, rounding Belle Isle in a contrary direction to the treaty outline, and coming down the north-east coast to Cape John, returned to St John's, thus having circumnavigated the island. In the present article we will follow his route,

and treat of the different localities visited, emphasising the particular form of French interference, if not oppression, from which each suffers; and the industries and pursuits of the settlers, with their conditions of existence.

The first sight of 'the French Shore' as one approaches Cape Ray from the sea is certainly not prepossessing. Bleak, forbidding, glacier-scarred hills eighteen hundred feet high form the background, and the sterile slope stretching to the foothills serves but to provide sustenance for the few settlements of fishermen sheltered in the coves which seam the rugged cliffs at intervals. Farming is attempted only on the most primitive scale, and cod and lobsters alike have been almost fished out. The next section—Codroy—forms a most marked contrast, being a beautiful pastoral country, with rich valleys and smiling hillsides, showing their wealth of farm produce and herds of fine cattle, where the fishing-boat has been abandoned for the farmhouse, and where a happy and prosperous people dwell; for here alone, of all the treaty coast, are the settlers undisturbed by the meddlesome advances of the turbulent Frenchmen. The land preserves its gentle contour and fruitful aspect along to St George's Bay, a great inlet striking up through the slope and tapping a region rich in farm, timber, and mineral lands, where beds of coal and iron, asbestos, and gypsum have been located, but cannot be worked because of French prohibitions.

In St George's Bay we are first brought face to face with the iniquity of this French dominance. Herring are renowned as a bait for codfish, and herring the French must have. They could be got in immense quantities on the south coast, where they are nearest the fishing-grounds; but the Colonial Government, as an offset to the bounty given by France to its fishermen, enacted a law prohibiting the sale or export of herring or other bait-fish to the French, who thus found their industry temporarily crippled. They then resolved to take their herring on the treaty coast, though 'fish' in Newfoundland means 'cod' and nothing else; and taking herring in seines for bait was not catching fish and drying it on stages made of wood, as provided by the treaties. Though this contention was strenuously advanced by the colony, the Imperial Government turned a deaf ear to it, and permitted the French to come and supply themselves, though they deliberately destroyed the settlers' nets in so doing. That was in 1889; and the next year, to prevent the matter being ventilated in Parliament, it was arranged between the two Commodores then on the station, French and English, that in consideration of the French refraining from netting herring themselves, the settlers would be compelled by the British cruisers to supply them with these bait-fish at a price not to exceed one dollar a barrel. That arrangement has been continued ever since; each year, as May comes round, and the herring make

their appearance in St George's Bay, a British warship is there to see that the residents comply with the regulations for providing the French with a bait-supply. The fish are so abundant that the French never pay more than from thirty to forty cents a barrel for them; and the exasperating fact is that American, Canadian, and Newfoundland vessels, which visit the bay for bait also, are not permitted to secure an ounce while a Frenchman remains unbaited, even though they are willing to pay from one dollar to two dollars a barrel for them. Armed British cutters have taken the settlers' boats from the side of these vessels and brought them to the Frenchmen, where the herring were taken out and a miserable pittance in coin tossed into the boat in return. Settlers' nets have been robbed of their contents: time and again by the French, have been destroyed or cut adrift by them; and have been put on shore, while the French usurped the location themselves, and nobody intervened.

At St George's Bay one may see the railway pier built by Mr Reid, the contractor, a native of Compar-Angus, Scotland, who installed our railway system, and hear the story of how he did it. His workmen were advancing along towards the water, and the French, knowing he must erect a wharf there to land his rails and other supplies, had a war-ship stationed in the bay to prevent it; but fishery friction was frequent about the neighbouring coast, and she was repeatedly called upon to visit some point and adjust disputes. This continued until her coal got low, and then she had to go to Sydney to refill her bunkers. She was gone but eleven days; but in the meantime Mr Reid had set an army of men to work, rushed the pier with consuming energy, and when the French captain returned he found, to his intense chagrin, that he had been checkmated. Though too cautious to interfere with that structure then, the lesson was not lost on the French authorities, and a mining wharf some twenty miles away, which was partly erected two years ago, had to be pulled down at their demand; and last season a store built on the strand at St George's had to be moved by the British Commodore to satisfy his French *confrère* that it was not a 'sedentary structure.' For twenty years a valuable deposit of coal has been locked up near St George's because the French would not permit a tramway from the pit-mouth to tide-water, and every mining property since discovered along the whole treaty coast suffers from the same embargo. Indeed, the French twenty years ago prevented a railway being built to the west coast because they would not consent to its having a deep-water terminus there; and the railway just completed does not terminate there for that reason, but touches the treaty-coast villages from inland and runs south to Port-aux-Basques, just a mile to the east of Cape Ray, on the undisputed water-front.

North of St George's the first French station is met at Red Island, better noted throughout the



colony as a smuggling depôt than a fishing centre. The houses are of wood, the stores and buildings having only canvas roofs, which are removed every fall when the fishing ends and the French prepare to leave, so that for eight months of the year these roofless, tenantless structures form a picture of desolation intensified by the rugged shores from which they uplift themselves. A sheltered cove, with their schooner at anchor, a wharf of piles with a floor of rounded poles improvised from young trees, a cook-room in which the fishermen eat and sleep, a few huts for the storage of salt and supplies, and the stages or platforms on which the cod are spread to dry—these make up the general aspect of a French fishing location. Closer inspection reveals a score of men with blue blouses and generous pantaloons, huge wooden sabots on their feet, and flaming red caps on their heads, the salt particles glistening on their clothes, and a smell of fish offal poisoning the air as it is given off from them—stalwart but dirty and unkempt men, who form the crew located at this station. If the weather is favourable most of their time is spent on the ledges in the offing where the cod abound, and where the actual fishing is carried on; but if it is stormy they can be seen lounging about in picturesque idleness, apparently as contented as if in their Basque or Biscayan homes instead of on the rock-bound coast of Britain's oldest colony.

Twenty-five years ago the French stations on the eight hundred miles of treaty coast numbered over one hundred and fifty; but they have been gradually abandoned one by one till, to-day, there are only fifteen of these stations left—almost counterparts of each other save in very minor accessories. That decline is the most eloquent testimony that could be imagined of the worthlessness of the French claims; for not only are the French fishermen unhampered by the restrictions to which the colonists are subject, but they are also assisted by a bounty from the French Chamber equal to half the value of the fish they catch; and yet they have been slowly but surely relinquishing their grasp on the territory, unable to make ends meet in the fierce commercial competition of the present day. Every mile of the territory bears evidence of their presence in the past; the nomenclature is largely theirs, the settlements all have a sprinkling of Frenchmen who fell victims to the charms of the English girls, and every harbour has its ruined station which tells of their occupation.

In most of the stations now occupied, the canning of lobsters is carried on concurrently with the capture of codfish. This lobster industry is held by the colonists to be an infringement of the treaties even more so than the netting of herring for bait. It is contended by them that the lobster is not a fish, that canneries are not drying-places, and that the business, not being in existence until twenty years ago, could not have been comprehended in international agreements dating back to the last

century. On these grounds the colonists opposed the erection of the first French cannery ten years ago, whereupon the French retaliated by demanding the removal of the colonial canneries, which had then been in undisturbed operation since early in the seventies. The Imperial Government then, instead of ignoring the French demand, tried to compromise the matter by submitting the lobster question to arbitration, meanwhile recognising only the canneries of both nations then in operation. A diplomatic dispute next ensued, resulting in a deadlock, which continues to this day. The west coast, which the lobsters frequent, is parcelled out among the packers—English and French—whose position was recognised by the arrangement of 1890, and all other packers are regarded as trespassers and accordingly suppressed by the commanders of the war-ships. The poorer fishermen along the coast are therefore obliged to catch lobsters for the packers only, who buy them from these men at a low rate; and if a fisherman tries to better himself by starting a cannery a complaint is made, and the crew of a British war-ship pulls down the shanty in which he is working, confiscates his stock of finished goods, and carries away his boiler and implements. Thus fifty men have a monopoly of the industry along six hundred miles of coast-line, and exclude all the other residents from any remunerative participation in it; and yet some people wonder at the constant complaints of these never-to-be-satisfied Newfoundlanders.

The constant acquiescence of the British officials in their most extravagant demands has made the Frenchmen frequenting the coast believe that they are not amenable to the laws. Smuggling is practised openly, and the Customs officers are abused unless they are numerous enough to overcome opposition. Two years ago a French vessel seized for smuggling carried off the revenue officer placed on board and marooned him on an island some miles away, where he remained several days before being taken off. Quite recently a tide-waiter was overpowered; the French vessel ran to sea, and after making an offing, the crew threw the man into a boat, to make his way to shore as best he could. A more striking example of this state of affairs also occurred recently, when a French fisherman demanded a location occupied by a British family for nearly seventy years, and insisted on the commander of the British war-ships ejecting the rightful owners and placing him in possession—an outrageous demand in which, it is to be regretted, he was successful.

Bay of Islands is the next important locality, the name being self-explanatory. It is the tourist resort of the island, the scenic paradise of British North America. The bay is formed by the outlet of the Humber River, the largest in the island, fed from Glover Lake, sixty-seven miles long. The river, which is navigable for twenty miles from its mouth, flows between beetling cliffs,



clothed with rich verdure and crowned with giant pines and spruces. This part of the island is endowed by nature with such lavish beauties of stream and strand, glen and mountain, dark forest and smiling upland, that it is yearly attracting an increasing number of the wealthy and leisured class of the United States, whose trim yachts swing at anchor among the islands while the owners take their pleasure among the trout and salmon in the rivers, and the grouse and caribon on the moors lying back from the sea. In the outer reaches of this bay the French have three or four stations, where cod and lobster are both handled, and a thriving trade is done with the settlers in smuggled goods—from oil-skins for the men to bonnets for their wives and daughters.

It was at Bay of Islands some years ago that a colonial magistrate distinguished himself by a novel departure from the accepted methods of administering justice. A local smuggler was being tried, and a lawyer from St John's, fishing in the vicinity, was retained to defend him. The judge had but recently been translated to the Bench from the Colonial Legislature, where he had occupied the position of chairman of committees, his most onerous duty being to put the stereotyped formula, 'It is moved and seconded that this vote do pass. Those in favour,' &c. The lawyer was also a member of the legislature; and when, at the close of his address, he said, 'I move that the prisoner be discharged,' his Worship pricked up his ears. 'Have you any seconder for that motion?' he asked the lawyer. 'Oh yes,' replied that worthy, who was somewhat of a wag; and he turned to the prisoner with the hurried order to 'Second that!' 'I second that,' spoke up the prisoner at the bar. Everything being *en règle* to the magistrate in the light of his past experience, he proclaimed the slightly varied formula, 'It is moved and seconded that the prisoner be discharged. Those in favour say "Aye,"' those of the contrary opinion, "Nay." As nobody in court dissented, he concluded, 'The Ayes have it; the prisoner is discharged.' And there the case ended.

The next place of any importance on the treaty coast is Bonne Bay, which resembles in its general features the shore just traversed, and is likewise the location of some French stations. It was the home of Ingram Taylor, an eccentric personage who travelled on snow-shoes last March to St John's Island, one hundred and sixty miles away, in order to bring 'the French Shore Question' to a head by burning down a Frenchman's lobster cannery. However, the only outcome of Taylor's patriotic endeavour was his sentence of three years' imprisonment with hard labour. Bonne Bay marks the beginning of the Straight Shore, the second main division of the territory. It runs about two hundred miles, with but one break—St John's Bay—and with the north-east coast bounds a parallelogram about forty miles wide, forming the northern portion of Newfoundland.

The Straight Shore is but sparsely settled, the coast being an upstanding, forbidding one, with but few openings for fishing-boats, and fewer ledges for the fish to frequent. Lobsters, however, abound, and here are to be found the largest French canneries on the coast. A bleak, desolate region it is, incapable of cultivation, devoid of timber, lacking arable land, and chiefly valuable for the indications of petroleum with which it abounds. Towards the Strait of Belle Isle the settlers add to their otherwise scanty sustenance by the salvage they obtain from the Atlantic liners which run ashore there every season on their way out of the Gulf of St Lawrence. Usually they carry food-stuffs in great quantity, and the nimble coast-folk have no compunction about helping themselves to everything movable, excepting personal effects of passengers and seamen. 'How will your people get on next winter?' said the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese some years ago to Father X., the priest in charge of this locality, who was dining with the bishop and his household. 'Very well, my lord,' replied the *padre*, 'with the help of God and a few wrecks.' Every season brings its 'few wrecks,' and every fisherman's cottage along the shore gives indisputable testimony to the fact in the heterogeneous collection of floatsam and jetsam—as well as articles taken bodily—displayed there. Last summer a liner ran ashore, bound into the Gulf, which had among her cargo some two hundred cases of champagne and three times as many of Apollinaris water. Not a fisherman within miles, when it came to be known that there was champagne aboard, but was drinking Apollinaris with gusto in mistake for the wine, until nature rebelled at the effects of the deception. Then it was voted that champagne was in no way to be compared with Jamaica rum.

Rounding Cape Norman, the most northern point in Newfoundland, the north-east coast—the most desolate, wretched, poverty-stricken section of the treaty shore, or, indeed, of the whole island—is reached. Striking outward into the Atlantic, the ice-laden breezes reach it first, and the south-running ice floes and bergs sweep along its rampart cliffs, denuding them of marine life and making fishing an occupation of ever-present danger. Here is a foreshore where no lobsters can live, so that this phase of the Anglo-French dispute is not met with; it is a foreshore which has been so fished out that only two French stations were opened there last season, and one closed by the middle of August, so poor was the catch. Here is a region reduced by French arrogance and British indifference to a condition of abject poverty.

The residents along this coast are termed 'livyerres' (live heres), to distinguish them from the nomadic fisherfolk who cruise about there each season on their way to Labrador. Some years ago a British officer who did not under-

stand their peculiar pronunciation, reported to the Admiralty that he found most of the settlers were employed by an Irish firm named O'Liviere. It was probably the same officer who described the region as 'a land of rocks and Christmas-trees,' a very apt description, though scarcely as expressive as that of the Yankee tourist who 'guessed the Almighty had made it of left-overs from other parts.'

Misery, squalor, and wretchedness, accentuated by an almost ceaseless struggle with hunger and cold, are the portion of these 'livyeres.' Their little hamlets are perched in the rifts in the almost unbroken hills, and the fierce storms sweep the surf almost to their door-steps; while for seven months of the year their coast is blockaded with ice, and they are cut off from all communication with the outside world. The only industry is cod-fishing, and cod is the sole medium of exchange. The people rarely see money, and barter is the system of trading, a quintal of cod being the unit of value. The needs of the fisher-folk are only supplied by the itinerant trader, his schooner being laden with provisions, clothing, and fishing appliances. Thus have these people lived for generations. They are ignorant, for the means of education are non-existent; the children being content with what satisfied their fathers. The common objects of everyday life are unknown to them; they have neither horses nor cattle; only a few of the older folk who have ventured south have any knowledge of these things. There are no roads, and therefore no vehicles; travel is by boat during the summer, and over the icefloes during the rest of the year. The few letters for the clergy and others who can read are conveyed to the settlements by dog-teams during winter; and, save for the fortnightly visit of the mail-boat during the period of open navigation, a steamer is never seen by the residents. With such marvels as electric telegraphs, telephones, and electric light they are, of course, unfamiliar, and their standard of intelligence is best indicated by stating that it is not unusual to find a Justice of the Peace who cannot write his own name.

The arrival of a ship is a signal for the whole adult population of a hamlet to turn out, the men in their moleskin suits, with yellow cotton oil-skins and tarpaulin hats, which have drooping brims if it be wet; the women in shabby, ragged gowns and fluttering shawls, bareheaded and with but an apology for foot-covering. The children are usually so poorly provided with clothing that they are not in evidence during a visitor's stay. The houses are perched about among the rocks wherever a foothold can be got, regardless of order or other convenience. Each house has its 'stage,' or small wharf, on which the cod are thrown up from the boats to be cleaned and salted. After this the fish are spread on the 'flake' or scaffold to dry. Almost all the handling of

the fish on shore is done by the women and children. The men ply their dangerous calling on the storm-tossed waters outside; and many a tragedy is enacted there when the Storm King rides the waves, and claims victims from these hardy fisherfolk; then the helpless widows and orphans bemoan the sad fatality which deprives them of their protectors and bread-winners. Unremitting toil is demanded to procure a pittance on this coast.

The fishermen are usually supplied by a planter or large dealer with an outfit for the summer's fishing. The catch is turned over to him in payment; and as a proportion of the fishers do badly, he has to charge a high price for his goods and rate the value of the fish turned over to him as low as possible. So it is almost impossible for the 'livyere' to avoid getting into debt. If the season shows but a slight shortage the planter provides his serf with sufficient clothes and food for the ensuing winter; but if it is a failure he throws the fishermen over, and leaves him to the Colonial Government for support. Then the authorities are compelled to send steamer-loads of supplies to the coast, to prevent wholesale starvation.

Three years ago the failure of the fishery was so complete that the destitution extended south beyond Cape John, where the people are in more comfortable circumstances than their more northern neighbours. The imminence of distress was then so great that the Methodist minister of one parish wired the Colonial Cabinet and the press of St John's that if immediate relief were not sent the people would have to take their little money out of the savings-bank—a novel presentation of the case which was only surpassed by the call of his Roman Catholic *confrère* a little farther north, whose laconic message read: 'Send us food, or lumber to make coffins with.' Stern necessity, which knows no law, frequently forces these wretched beings to help themselves to the provisions stored in the holds of the trading-schooners which visit the coast, and then there is a pothier. Complaints are made to the magistrates at St John's, and policemen are despatched by the mail-steamer to the scene; then the demands of 'outraged justice' are satisfied. Our police force is modelled on the Royal Irish Constabulary, and similarly accoutred; and the arrival of a uniformed policeman in any of these harbours, with his shining sword-bayonet at his side, is followed by an exodus of almost the whole population, so terrified are they at this strange apparition, and so great is their fear of the law.

Simple souls they are, guileless and inoffensive, uncomplainingly bearing their heavy burden, and passing from childhood to old age with privation ever pressing heavily on them, yet showing the pleasure of children at any novelty. The politician recently elected as member for the district to the Colonial Legislature owes his triumphant return to his ready wit in taking a phonograph

through the settlements with him on his canvassing tour, and giving an entertainment every night. A wandering photographer, too, who visited the coast last season met a warm welcome everywhere; but his enthusiasm was rather chilled when a stalwart fisherman, who had been examining his collection with interest, proceeded to the cemetery near by and exhumed the body of his infant, which had been buried for five days, in order to 'have its picture taken.'

The fisherfolk put the bread-dough in their beds that the warmth may cause the yeast to 'work;' and their only drink is tea, sweetened with molasses, which they term 'long sweetness,' sugar being unknown to them. Their practice of inveterate tea-drinking has been made the subject of a special report to the Admiralty by the surgeon of one of the war-ships, who attributes the prevalence of dyspepsia, melancholia, and insanity on the coast very largely to this cause. It may be mentioned that there are no medical men on any part of the treaty coast save in St George's district; but the surgeons on the warships are indefatigable in their attention to the people

during the fishing season; for the remainder of the year, however, the people are left to the mercies of old crones and 'skilful men,' with results not difficult to imagine. One of the latter 'practitioners' got himself into sore trouble a few years ago by attempting to perform an important obstetric operation with a large fish-hook.

The population of the whole treaty coast is about fourteen thousand, of whom nearly four thousand reside on the north-east coast, and some three thousand on the Straight Shore; and these people have been reduced to the wretched conditions described by this incubus of French fishing rights; for, in addition to the direct interference of the French on the coast, the settlers are also hampered by the bounties given to stimulate the French overseas fisheries, and so form a nursery for their navy.

Until the French have been removed from the region altogether, and the restrictions on the development of minerals, timber lands, and arable sections are removed, 'the French Shore' must remain a monument to England's neglect of her oldest colony.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER V.—AT GREYCOTE.



WILL now pass on to next Monday afternoon, when the first step on my part was made into the queer tangle of events which followed. About three o'clock I started to provision my young folks in hiding. I took food for a couple of days, since to-morrow I should be away at Greycote.

I went by secret heath-ways to Ashy Coppice, and pushed back the door of my hut. Hester Blake sat near the bed improvised of dry fern and my riding-cloaks, holding her husband's hand. He was asleep. She glanced round as I came in, and smiled. She had known food and sleep herself in the interval since I first saw her, and now looked very different from the wild, hunted, starved, brave little creature who had tottered through the ferns with her husband on her back. As I set the basket down Robin Blake opened his eyes and smiled at me also. He was still very weak, but his delirium had passed, and he knew me well by this time.

'How now?' said I, taking his other hand.

'Doing bravely, squire,' he whispered. 'I feel twice the man I did yesterday. You have been good to us beyond dreaming.'

'Never mind about that,' said I. 'Let us only get you on your legs, and I'll engage to slip you out of the country safe and sound.'

He gave me another grateful look, and I handed over the basket.

'Now, Mistress Blake,' said I, 'here are your stores for a couple of days. I shall not be at home to-morrow, but I don't think you'll starve before Wednesday.'

The invalid gave a little quavering laugh at this fine jest, and Hester Blake hastened to thank me and place the supplies in a rude cupboard which the turf-cutters had made in the hut.

While I sat by Robin and talked with him, she cleared the basket and busied herself about the place, which in some extraordinary fashion, and without any visible aid of furniture or ornament, she had transformed into a neat and home-like little dwelling, trim and clean. I did not stay long, for I had several matters on my hands, so took my basket and left them.

The weather was fine and warm; the hut was dry and snug, and both had declared they never had such easy hearts since Sedgemoor. Robin had nothing to do now but get well as quickly as possible. From the ridge beyond the coppice I glanced back, and was pleased to mark how completely hidden was their retreat. No one who did not know for certain would dream of a hut being there. At this instant a faint sound of dogs giving tongue came down the wind. I pricked my ears and listened; then faint and far I heard a view-halloo.

Sometimes, though very rarely, a party of ridors after a hare would come this way, and I turned, half in a mind to go back and warn the



fugitives to keep close lest a chance eye should espy something. From this point I commanded the whole of Ashy Coppice, and now I perceived a figure among the farther trees. I looked closely, and saw that it was Hester Blake. She held an earthen pitcher left in the hut by the turf-cutters, and was going to the spring I had shown her on the other side of the wood. Up here I heard the view-halloo again, nearer and clearer. Down there she heard nothing, and the hunt was on her side. I tossed my basket into the bushes near at hand and ran back at the top of my speed to warn her. I did not shout, for people might be nearer than I knew. I darted down the hill, up the bank of the coppice, past the hut, and through the trees after her. I found her at the spring, her pitcher just filled. Her large dark eyes stared with terror when I ran up, breathless from my fierce spurt.

'Back to the hut quickly,' I whispered. 'I have heard the sounds of dogs and men hunting.'

She gave a little gasping cry and began to run, fleet as a deer. I ran beside her, listening eagerly, for I knew the heath, and could tell by the cry where the new-comers lay.

The dogs must have been running quietly for a time, since they opened again much nearer.

'Stop,' I said; 'they are coming down the ride through the wood. We shall run into them; we must hide in this bush and let them pass. They will be gone in an instant.'

'Robin, Robin,' she murmured.

'He will be quite safe,' said I; 'they will never dream of turning aside to the hut. They will not see it, and in all probability know nothing of it.'

She said no more, but pressed in among the tall brake to the shelter of a clump of low-hanging firs, and I followed her, for I was unwilling any one should suspect a sign of life in the neighbourhood. I set my face to an opening in the branches and watched the ride. In a moment a flying hare leapt into sight, and close upon its haunches a couple of brace of dogs. Now for the riders! The thud of pounding hoofs became distinct, when, suddenly, just as I expected to see the horsemen sweep down the ride, I heard them at my back. They had been thrown out a little, and were passing us on the side I had not expected to see them. I turned my head apprehensively, for on that flank the cover was by no means so complete. They were already past—Commodore Cliffe, Sir Humphrey Lester, and Mr Pylcher, a neighbour of the Commodore's. Had they seen us? Mr Pylcher, I felt sure, had not, for he was holding himself high in his saddle, and pointing eagerly with his whip to the flying chase. The Commodore and Sir Humphrey had a much more suspicious air; their faces were set so straight and so rigidly non-observing. However, I was safe in their hands. On dashed the party, apparently mindful of nothing but their sport, and I breathed freely

again. They were lost among the trees in an instant, and we ran for the hut.

I left Hester Blake to go in alone, for it would be dangerous to give her husband an inkling of the risk which had been run, and went on to the ridge and fished out my basket. Here I saw the riders far away across the heath, and still galloping madly. Then I turned my face towards home.

Next day I set off for Greycote in a light travelling-carriage with a pair of horses. This was not my usual way of moving about the country, for as a rule I loved a saddle under me; but the truth must be told, and it is that I had made a toilet too fine for horseback and heavy boots. My baggage had arrived from London by the stage-wagon, and I turned over all the finery I possessed to make as brave a show as possible. I had a new suit of plum-coloured velvet embroidered with silver, very rich and handsome, and I wore this, with high-rolled silk stockings, a large, new white peruke, ruffles and cravat of lace, and gold buckles on my shoes. I am not in love with the character of a fop, but I had a fancy to make the best figure I could of it in my rival's house. The roads were good in the fine weather which prevailed, and I arrived at Greycote with my splendour undimmed. Thereat I was satisfied, for it did not matter how crumpled I might get going back.

I entered the house, and found my Lord Kesgrave within the great hall receiving his guests and welcoming them with his splendid air, at once so easy and so graceful. As he came to meet me I saw his deep lustrous eyes fire, and he looked me up and down with more attention than I had yet received from him. We exchanged bows and civilities, and stood talking for a few moments until he was called away to a group of fresh arrivals, and I moved on to greet acquaintances already there. Presently I saw the person I was looking for. In a deep window-seat sat Cicely and the Commodore talking gaily together. I went towards them, and the Commodore looked up and Cicely smiled.

'Here's George,' said the old sailor. 'He's as gay as a picture.'

Cicely smiled again and moved aside a fold of her white gown to make room for me to sit down beside them. She was the picture: youth and beauty at their richest flower.

'There's that confounded Hampton,' growled the Commodore as the squire bustled by. 'As sure as I live, I was inclined to break the peace yesterday. I was riding out to meet Humphrey when I came across him and a couple of constables dragging a poor half-starved wretch to jail, a rebel about as dangerous as a rabbit. I had a good mind to strike in and take the poor fellow out of their hands, but I bethought myself in time.'



'They ought to be satisfied now,' said I; 'jails are filled to overflowing.'

'If they could lay every man-jack of Monmouth's seven thousand by the heels they'd be the better pleased, I believe,' said he. 'By all that I can hear, our host of to-day is bitten a little with the prevailing maggot. His keepers have laid hands on four or five fugitives in different parts of his estate, and seen them safe into Romsey clink.'

'Kesgrave?' said I. 'Why should he trouble to hunt the poor rogues down?'

'Court favour, I suppose,' replied the Commodore. 'It's a wind to which many and many a sail's being trimmed in this affair; and the servants would scarce be so busy in the matter were not the master willing.'

'True,' I remarked.

'For my part,' said Cicely, 'I think there was enough and to spare of punishment at the time of the battle. The King's party won. Why cannot they be satisfied with that? This filling of the jails with all sorts of persons, innocent and guilty, is not punishment: it is revenge, and that of a mean kind, seeing it is taken not on the leaders, but on the poorer sort who are, of themselves, harmless enough.'

The Commodore smiled and snapped his fingers.

'Revenge is the word, of course,' said he; 'such a revenge as will terrify discontented folk into silence.'

At this moment my Lord Kesgrave came up to us, and the conversation halted perforce. He was followed by Major Ryecroft, who had been left in the neighbourhood with a detachment, though all his comrades had marched away. He did not meet me easily and frankly, as one might have expected considering that all scores had been cleared up. He was somewhat stiff and constrained, and after the exchange of a few civilities, hastened to join himself to another group.

'Takes a licking very badly, George,' whispered the Commodore in my ear. 'No sweet blood in him; he'd do you mischief if he could.'

I laughed carelessly, little thinking I was to be pinched shortly between my enemy and my friend as between the upper and the nether millstone.

Just as the Commodore began to whisper, Cicely moved away to speak to an acquaintance, and Kesgrave attended her instantly. She went forward again, and he kept at her side. I had lost my chance for the moment.

'He's a fine figure of a man, too,' remarked my companion, nodding towards the Earl.

'What an odd thing is the striking resemblance his servant bears to him!' I remarked.

'Half-brother,' returned the Commodore, 'wrong side of the blanket. Colin Lorel they call him. His mother was the forester's daughter on this estate. Both of them are the very image of the old Earl, and so come to be like each other. A

queer fancy, though, to entertain him as a body-servant.'

'It is,' I agreed.

I rose now and strolled after the company, who for the most part were going out into the gardens, the day being warm and serene. It was some time before I could place myself beside Cicely again; but at last some late arrivals engaged the Earl, and I promise you I was too close at hand for any one else to forestall me. It was not long ere I managed to draw her away from the group which had been walking together, and we turned into a broad easy path, beside which a close-cut box-hedge ran on both sides. As we went on the hedge grew taller and taller, until I could not see over it; the walk grew narrower, and did not seem to lead anywhere. After a while I became suspicious.

'Do you know what we have done?' I laughingly asked.

'No,' said Cicely. 'These are strangely narrow little walks we have been turning along.'

'We have entered a maze, for a surety.'

'A maze!' she said. 'How can we get out?'

'Let us mark yon lofty trees,' I returned, 'and work in that direction. If that fails, I will scale a hedge and look over the ground.'

We walked on again, laughing at the simple fashion in which we had allowed ourselves to be entrapped.

'Cicely,' said I, 'there is one thing which puzzles me beyond a little. Why did you scold me because as soon as I met you the other day I did not hasten to cry out I was no longer a King's officer? And why did you hold me at arm's-length—at arm's-length, do I say? I felt banished to the other end of the world.'

She laughed softly and said, 'I was in no mood to love the army. I am too foolishly fond of our own people. Nor did you love it either, or you would not have given it up.'

I smiled down at the beautiful face lifted up at my shoulder and replied, 'But that is no answer at all. It ought to be a credit to me to dislike the doings of the army, from your point of view, and yet you punish me for it.'

'But how did I know you were behaving so well?' she said, her large dark eyes full of delicious laughter. 'It comes back to the old point. You ought to have said at once, "Miss Plumer, I no longer serve the King. I am once more a private gentleman, bound to lift a finger or not, just as I please, in this wretched persecution of misled country-folk."'

'Just as if that was likely,' said I. 'I never dreamed of such a thing as beginning to chatter about myself in the first delightful moment of seeing you again. My heart seemed to jump up and say "Cicely," and that was all I knew.'

A lovely rose-flush crept over her face.

'You are excusing yourself more cleverly than ever I knew you to do before,' she said lightly.

'Quite in the latest London fashion, I feel sure. As if you had not seen me plenty of times!'

'Cicely,' said I, 'I have never been so long without seeing you as this last absence, and it seemed years and years since we parted. It was no trial to me to lay down my commission, I assure you. I was heart-glad to drop the wearisome routine of my duties'—

'In London,' she broke in, 'full of fashion and pleasure?'

'The Londoners are welcome to it,' I went on. 'I could have carolled like a bird when I was free to strike away along the great west road towards you, Cicely; for I love you dearly.'

It was out. I had blurted out my secret, and, for an instant, was silent. We had come to a standstill, and she was now looking down and as pale as before she was rosy.

'Yes,' I went on. 'Now, Cicely, you know the truth. When I turned that corner and saw you coming, I felt that I had reached home, for all the way I knew that I was aiming to reach you, and you alone, and that my only hope was that you would not send me away.'

She still said nothing, but let me take her hand.

'Poor George!' she whispered; then, laying her soft, delicate fingers on my big brown hand, and stroking it gently, 'and I was so harsh to you.'

'And you love me a little?' I asked eagerly.

'Oh yes, a little,' she said, with a tiny strained laugh which was half a sob.

'Enough to marry me?' I pressed.

'Yes,' she said.

'Oh,' I cried, 'I have loved you all my life!'

'And I, too,' she whispered.

I threw my arms about her, and turned her pale, lovely face up to mine. Click! click! Heels rattled on the gravel path near at hand, and I released her instantly. Did ever disturber come at so inopportune a moment? We turned swiftly and strolled on, hearing the steps behind approach nearer and nearer.

'Have you discovered that you have entered a maze?' said my Lord Kesgrave just at my shoulder.

'I had begun to suspect it, indeed,' I replied as easily as I could, turning to meet him. Had he seen anything? His face was as white as the cravat at his throat; his great bright eyes had the shine of a polished corselet; his long, slender fingers were coiling and uncoiling about the golden hilt of his sword. What matter? I had as much right, surely, as he to do my best to win my old companion. I had nothing to fear either from his rivalry or his anger now. She loved me. I had the word of the truest girl in the world. My heart was at ease.

'It was planned to entrap people as it snared you,' went on Kesgrave. 'The broad, easy path winds in and about until you are fairly caught. I happened to notice you entering, and promised

myself the pleasure of releasing you, for it is by no means the simplest of tasks to find the way out without the clue. It was but yesterday I learned it myself, studying, for want of better employment, the plan which hangs in the hall.'

The Earl placed himself on the other side of Cicely, and we continued to move forward. Under his guidance the maze was quickly threaded, and we came out on the other side at a point where the gardens were quite empty. The dinner-bell began to ring, and we sauntered back to the house. Here at an open window stood Sir Humphrey and Lady Lester, with Mistress Plumer.

Cicely joined her mother, and I greeted the Lesters, whom I had not seen before. There was an odd touch of distance about Sir Humphrey which puzzled me for an instant, till I remembered how Hester Blake and I had hidden in the thicket yesterday. He had seen us, then! Never mind; I was safe in his hands. I had only to tell him how matters stood, and he would be silent upon what he had seen. The Commodore, too. The queer complexion which I found afterwards this adventure wore in the eyes of my friends never occurred to me for a moment. This I can honestly declare: the whole thing was so simple and straightforward in reality—that is, supposing a man to have a grain of compassion in his nature—that I never thought of the look such an affair would wear to folks who knew nothing of my reasons and the poor fugitives' distress.

A servant brought a message to Kesgrave, and he was called away. As he went, the whole party moved into the room upon which the window opened, the elder people first, Cicely and I behind. She was a little in front of me, and was carrying one hand at her back. I looked longingly at the tiny white palm and the pretty curved fingers with their rosy nails. Then a sudden fancy took me hotly. I slipped a ring from my finger and pressed it into the little hand. The colour came up her neck as her fingers closed over it, and she drew her hand forward. In another instant it came back, this time held like a cup, and pointed towards me. In the hollow, resting on the delicate crumpled skin, lay a tiny gold circlet, set with pearls. I knew it well. It was her favourite ring, warm from her finger, and I lightly drew it from its nest. The exchange was barely effected when a stream of guests flowed in upon us from a door near at hand, and we were parted. I drew aside a little, for I was in no humour to exchange careless gossip, and besides, I had to find a safe place for my precious treasure. In both cases wearing was a thing out of the question. My smallest finger-tip would scarce show itself through the little hoop, for I made a secret trial, though knowing beforehand it was hopeless; and my ring on Cicely's finger would be like that of the bride in the ballad of 'The Wedding.' The verse went through my head as I stood there.

(To be continued.)

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

## EYESIGHT AND WARFARE.

**I**T is a matter of common knowledge that the senses of seeing and hearing are much more acute in uncivilised man than they are in those who are city bred, and whose lives are passed in sedentary pursuits; but no one guessed how our troops in South Africa have been handicapped by their limited range of vision as compared with the Boers until General Buller came home and told us. He says that owing to the conditions under which they lived, the ordinary sight or vision of our enemies was two miles at least farther than the average sight of the Englishman. 'An ordinary Dutchman or Africander can see a man coming towards him two miles before the man approaching can detect him. It has been one of the many reasons why we found a great difficulty in advancing—a greater difficulty, perhaps, than we were given credit for.' The discovery of this unlooked-for deficiency in town-bred men will, of course, lead to some reform in the manner of scouting. It is obvious that men bred in our country districts, or colonials accustomed to rough it in the bush—if available—should alone be chosen to act as scouts. Scouts have often been called 'the eyes of an army,' and the sight of the eyes must necessarily be of the best.

## PREJUDICE AGAINST MOTOR-CARS.

A new industry has generally to fight its way against ignorance and vested rights, and the manufacture of motor-cars has in the past had more than its fair share of opposition. More than half-a-century ago this very industry was nipped in the bud by preventive legislation; and although it is now not illegal to drive a mechanical carriage on the highway without a man bearing a red flag walking in front of it, all kinds of restrictions are threatened against the new vehicles. As the law now stands, the speed of a motor-car in this country is limited to twelve miles an hour; but certain County Councils want to reduce it under certain circumstances to six miles an hour, because a few thoughtless ones have been detected in running their motor-cars at furious speeds. There will always be law-breakers; but the great majority of people are law-abiding, and the drivers of motor-cars may be trusted to act with discretion, just in the same way as we can trust the drivers of horse-drawn carriages not to abuse the privileges which they enjoy. It should also be remembered in framing rules for the management of the new vehicles that it has already been proved beyond dispute that they are far more under control than carriages drawn by animals,

and hence the conditions of safety to pedestrians and others are much improved. It may be mentioned in connection with this matter that in a recent automobile competition in France which was organised to test the amount of liquid fuel consumed, one vehicle holding two persons ran over a rough road a distance of forty-three miles at a cost for fuel of fourteenpence-halfpenny.

## METHYLATED ALCOHOL.

To a great many industries cheap alcohol is a vital necessity, and Governments who levy a duty on spirits have been obliged to recognise this, and have endeavoured to find some method of rendering such spirit unpalatable, while its properties for manufacturing purposes are not impaired. Our own authorities were for a long time content to mix the pure spirit with a certain proportion of methyl alcohol, which most persons would consider a most nauseous compound. But those unfortunates who had acquired the alcohol habit were not so particular, and large quantities of the spirit were sold for 'internal use.' The mixture has now been modified by the addition of mineral oil; but, seeing that paraffin is used by some dipsomaniacs as a beverage, the alteration would seem to be futile. In Germany spirit is rendered horrible to the taste by admixture with bone-oil, and this is said to be effectual in confining its use to manufacturing purposes. In France a committee has been at work upon the same problem, and they have suggested as meeting the requirements of various trades, as well as protecting the Treasury, an addition of one volume of methyl alcohol, one of wool-washers' grease, and one of heavy benzine to ninety-seven volumes of alcohol.

## WEST AUSTRALIA.

Sir Gerard Smith, who for nearly five years acted as Governor of West Australia, recently described to the Royal Colonial Institute some of the features and general prospects of that part of the British Empire. He first recalled the condition of affairs in 1835, by reference to a report by the Agricultural Society of West Australia, in which the stock in existence, counting horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, totalled up to about 5000 head, when the population was only 2000, and the revenue of the colony less than £6000. To-day the live-stock, excluding poultry, numbers 3,000,000, the population 180,000, and the revenue nearly £3,000,000 sterling. Sir Gerard Smith hopes that there is a great future before the agriculturist, the viticulturist, and the horticulturist in this portion of Her Majesty's dominions, while the gold is in such quantities that it cannot be exhausted for centuries to come. On a journey of inspection made with an expert, he



travelled over one thousand miles of gold-bearing strata of undefined width. The mines at present at work have produced gold valued at more than £21,500,000, and of this more than half has been mined during the past two years.

#### OIL-WELLS AT BAKU.

A writer in *Cassier's Magazine* gives an interesting description of the oil industry at Baku, on the Caspian Sea, the towns of which are said to be one mass of derricks and engine-houses, while everything appears to be saturated with petroleum. Borings are continually going on, and oil is found at a depth of between five hundred and one thousand feet. The most successful method of getting the oil from the wells is by means of the bailer, a thirty or forty foot length of pipe eight or ten inches in diameter, with a valve at the bottom. This is lowered into the well, and fills through the valve at the bottom, when it is pulled up clear of the bore by a hoisting-engine, and the oil run out into a reservoir. The time occupied in lowering, raising, and discharging the bailer is only one minute, and the work connected with the operation is entirely done by one man. Other systems have been tried; but this is found to be the safest, avoiding as it does any chance of explosion of gas, which has sometimes been known to wreck all the apparatus attached to a well.

#### ARTIFICIAL SPONGE.

The *Engineer* describes a cheap method of making artificial sponge which is said to be of Continental origin. The manufacture depends upon the fact that zinc chloride when allowed to act upon pure cellulose produces a compound which swells in water and shrinks in drying. A plastic mass is thus formed, and is then, by means of special apparatus, pierced with hundreds of holes, which imitate the canals in a natural sponge. This strange imitation of an animal product is completed by soaking for several hours in dilute alcohol.

#### FLOWERS AND SCENTS.

Much interest was aroused by the lecture recently given upon this subject before the National Amateur Gardeners' Association by Mr Donald McDonald. The trade in aromatic herbs and perfumes is of great antiquity, and at a very remote age was a bond of union between Eastern and Western lands. Wherever the climate is generous enough to give sufficient intensity of odour for profitable extraction, plants are reared for that express purpose. In the south of France thousands of acres are given up to this cultivation, and at one distillery alone half-a-million pounds' weight of orange-blossoms are crushed during a single season. The lecturer stated his belief that it would be to the benefit of the community at large if the raw material for the perfume industry could be more extensively pro-

duced in this country and its colonies, such material consisting mainly of essential oils extracted from flowers, fruits, herbage, wood, and roots of plants. While we could not hope to cultivate orange-blossoms in this country as a commercial enterprise, experience had shown that such plants as lavender, peppermint, and camomile could be produced at a profit. This cultivation might be much extended, and would bring the grower far more return than many of the crops now cultivated.

#### NEW METHOD OF BLEACHING.

In a recent report the United States consul at Coburg calls the attention of his Government to a new method of bleaching cotton and other vegetable fibres which has been introduced by Professor Koechlin, in which the ordinary hypochlorite of lime—familiarly known in this country as chloride of lime—is superseded with advantage by other agents. The goods, by this new method, are passed through a bath of lime, bisulphite of soda, and water; after which they are steamed under pressure, rinsed, and dried. Another mixture recommended is composed of caustic soda, soap, calcined magnesia, peroxide of hydrogen, and water, in which the goods are soaked for six hours, after which they are rinsed and dried. It is said that a much purer white is obtained under the new conditions than was possible with the old process, while at the same time no damage is done to the goods.

#### ALBUMEN MANUFACTURE.

A new industry has been established at Hankow, China, in the production of egg-white or albumen. This white of egg is employed in numerous industries, notably in the preparation and manufacture of leather. The Chinese use all kinds of birds' eggs; but the best quality of albumen is obtained from those of the duck. In the factory the whites of the eggs are separated from the yolks, and exposed to the air in open casks in a well-heated room. Here albumen is allowed to attain a certain degree of fermentation, and is subsequently dried at a much higher temperature, by which treatment it is transformed into dry cakes which can easily be rubbed to pieces. In this form the albumen is packed in cases and sent to Europe. At the present time five firms are engaged in this manufacture at Hankow: three German, one Austrian, and one French; and together they use up no fewer than three hundred thousand eggs daily. It is not stated to what use the yolks are put; but they are mixed with salt in a large reservoir before being sent away from the factory in barrels. We are indebted to the *Chamber of Commerce Journal* for these particulars.

#### PNEUMATIC SIGNALLING.

The London and South-Western Railway Company are about to introduce a great reform in the



method of signalling, by adopting the pneumatic system, which has been in use for some time on certain American lines with the most successful results. At present railway signals in this country are worked by a complicated system of rods and levers, necessitating signal-boxes at frequent intervals along the line. Under the new method all these appliances, boxes and all, will disappear, and will be replaced by far less cumbrous cabins in which the men will work distant signals without the muscular effort at present required. The motive-power will be compressed air contained in an underground pipe, the pressure of which by means of pistons will be made to work signals at any reasonable distance. The action will be quicker, fewer signalmen will be required, the absence of rods will remove pitfalls from the path of shunters, the new apparatus will not be so likely to get out of order as the old, it will work equally well in summer and winter, requiring no adjustment for temperature as at present, and, lastly, will be far cheaper to maintain. Pneumatic power is also likely to come into use for other duties on our railways, again following the lead of our American cousins. For example, luggage-lifts can be worked by air-pressure; and the carriage-cleaner, by aid of the pneumatic blast-pipe, can rout out every speck of dust far more effectually than is possible with a cloth, however diligently it may be applied.

#### ILLUSTRATED PHONOGRAPHY.

Some years ago, when Edison's phonograph first startled the world, and was acknowledged to be the most perfect machine for the reproduction of human speech which had been contrived, the inventor's too sanguine friends were continually prophesying for the instrument wonderful developments. Not only was it to preserve the utterances of celebrated speakers, and hand down in imperishable form the dulcet notes of gifted singers, but in combination with optical apparatus we were to have operatic performances perfectly rendered, the ear and the eye being enchanted at the same time. Unhappily these anticipations were not realised, for it soon became apparent that, wonderful as Edison's phonograph was, it gave but a burlesque reproduction of most of the sounds confided to its care. About five years ago it was not uncommon to see at places of public resort penny-in-the-slot machines which combined the kinesiograph and the phonograph; but the conjunction was not a happy one, and the machines disappeared. A revival of the same idea is seen in the recent attempt in London to throw upon a screen animated pictures of a comic singer, while the phonograph, aided by a huge speaking-trumpet, sang a song, the gestures of the moving figure keeping time with the notes. For the reason already given, such an exhibition can only be of an experimental character while the phonograph remains what it is. There is perhaps no

reason why in the future its articulation should not be much improved.

#### THE PLAGUE.

In the course of a lecture by Dr Calmette, Director of the Pasteur Institute of Lille, it was stated that we need no longer witness the fearful sacrifice of life which took place in the Middle Ages when plague appeared. The progress of hygiene and the knowledge acquired of the nature and treatment of the disease made this impossible. The microbe of bubonic plague is easily discovered; but that form of the pest known as plague pneumonia may possibly be incorrectly diagnosed. A curious instance of this occurred in 1894 at Hong-kong, when two well-known doctors reported the presence of the plague bacillus in certain cases which had occurred with extraordinary frequency among the men of a regiment stationed there. An official commission which was appointed to investigate the matter reported that the doctors were wrong; but in reality the commission was at fault and the doctors were right in their statement. Owing to this error, the plague remained latent, and broke out with its usual severe characteristics four years later. Rats, mice, guinea-pigs, and monkeys are particularly susceptible to the disease; but the larger animals withstand its attacks well, and rarely die from plague. Even the vultures which feed on the bodies of natives, victims of the plague, seem to be immune from its attacks and incapable of spreading the disease.

#### FAULTY PACKING.

Attention has recently been called, in a consular report, to the manner in which British firms handicap themselves by sending goods abroad packed in such frail boxes that the packages frequently burst and the goods are scattered in every direction. Faulty packing, he points out, is a fatal defect, and will do more to spoil a market than anything else. At a time when every one is noting how foreign competition is assailing our trade at every point, manufacturers would do well to take heed of this warning; they are too apt to attribute a loss of custom to hatred of Britain when in reality the cause lies at their own door. A consignee will not willingly deal a second time with an unbusiness-like firm who sends him goods broken by faulty packing, or articles of a size different from those ordered, or machines with parts missing. Such incidents often occur, and are the cause of much inconvenience and loss.

#### A SLAG-CEMENT ROADWAY.

The Tonawanda Iron and Steel Company, New York, have arranged with the local authorities to lay a roadway with slag-cement, which is to be applied in a novel manner. The molten material is to be carried to the spot in iron trucks, and run over the surface of the road as required. It remains to be seen whether this

glassy material will withstand ordinary traffic, and the experiment will, without doubt, be watched with great interest.

#### THE TRUST PROBLEM.

Mr James Burnley has sent the following addition to his articles on 'The Trail of the Trust' in the present issue:

Evidence of prices increased by the operation of trusts is not far to seek. During 1899 the linseed-oil trust raised the price of its product from forty-one cents to fifty cents, the Standard Oil Company advanced the price of petroleum from seven dollars fifty cents to nine dollars ninety cents, the leather trust raised the price of leather from twenty cents to twenty-five and a half cents, the copper trust increased the price of copper from thirteen and a half cents to sixteen

and a half cents, the lead trust advanced pig-lead from three dollars ninety-five cents to four dollars sixty-five cents, and the tin-plate trust raised the quotation for tin-plate from three dollars to five dollars twenty-five cents a box. It was the doubling of the price of ice by the American Ice Company last summer that roused the public indignation, and brought about the disclosures that proved most of the Tammany 'crowd' in New York, the Mayor included, to be involved in what was simply a 'get-rich-quick' conspiracy. The only prices to fall were those of farm products.

Professor Jenks of Cornell University, expert agent of United States Industrial Commission, has just published a work on *The Trust Problem* (McLure, New York) which answers most questions on the subject.

### BLUE PETER.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *God's Prisoner*, *Rising Fortunes*, *Our Lady of Deliverance*, &c.

**H**E was the first man I spoke to in Stonecrop-on-Sea, with the exception of the ticket-collector at the station, of whom I inquired the shortest way to the front, and who directed me wrong. I found the sea at last, and five minutes' contemplation of its high-piled banks of shingle—miles and miles of them—satisfied me that the place was rightly named, and that sand was probably unknown there. However, the air was wonderfully pure and bracing, and the man who condemns a place on five minutes' acquaintance lacks prudence. So I wandered along the shingle and filled myself with ozone, and in spite of its stoniness the place began to grow upon me. Besides, it was high-tide, and there might, after all, be sand enough, when the water went down, to satisfy the demands of my youngsters.

Along the top of the shingly beach stood a row of quaint little wooden houses, some all tarry black, some all dazzling white paint, nothing between—till you looked inside, when all the colours of the rainbow burst upon you, and some besides.

I stood admiring a tiny, Peggotty-looking hutch, composed of an overturned boat which formed the roof, while the sides looked as if the bulwarks had sprouted unnaturally downwards till they reached the ground six feet below. Next to it stood one of the dazzling-white houses, distinguished above its neighbours by a flagstaff rising out of the front gable, and on the flagstaff a Union-jack with a Blue Peter floating above it. In the doorway sat a very fine-looking old sailor-man in a hammock-chair. He caught my eye.

'Mornin', sir,' he said, with a friendly nod. 'Runny little concern—ain't it?'

'Ever heard of David Copperfield?' I asked.

'Bout sick of hearin' his name. That ain't his house, an' you're the sixth that's asked me 'bout him this mornin'.

'I'm sorry. Suppose we consider the question not asked. Will you have a cigar? I want to know if you ever get any sand here?' and I sat down in an adjacent hammock-chair.

'Sand!' he said, with a fine contempt, as he lit up. 'What would we want with sand? If them stones was sand this house wouldn't be here, an' them houses'—nodding across the Parade and strip of common—'wouldn't be there, an' there wouldn't be any Stonecrop. We don't want no sand. 'Ton'y muddies the water, anyway. Gf'e me nice, clean, round stones.'

'A bit of sand is nice for the youngsters to paddle in,' I suggested.

'Let 'em paddle on the stones,' he growled. 'Take no harm with a pair of old shoes on.'

'But they can't dig stones.'

'Iss they can, an' make a heap more noise in a bucket than sand will. Hear that!' as a youngster down below raised pandemonium with a tin bucket and an iron spade. 'Come down to get rooms?' he asked.

'Well, I came to look at the place and see if there was any sand. I don't know that I'll stop yet.'

'Fine air,' he said. 'Ye don't get air like this where ye get sand. Ye can't get everything, you know—not this side heaven, anyways.'

'Yes, the air's all right. If you could just dump me down about a thousand tons of sand along there'—

'Not me. Nasty blowin' stuff; gets in your eyes an' fills up your ears. 'Sides, them waves 'nd scour it all away in a night.—Pete!' he

called to a young man who strolled up just then from a boat he had been varnishing, 'this gentleman wants you dump him down a thousand tons o' sand on the beach.' And the old man gurgled merrily.

'What for?' asked Pete. He was a good-looking young fellow, with the finest red-brown skin I ever saw, and ginger-coloured hair and moustache.

'For the children to paddle in.'

'Well, if th' Council would do it I wouldn't mind,' said Pete.

'An' you a Stonecrop man!' roared the elder. 'I'm s'prised at 'e, Pete. Ye ought t'know better.'

Before Pete could justify himself beyond a humorous wink at me, a very comely young woman carrying a baby came across the Green and over the shingle, and stood before us.

'Aren't you an' Pete coming to dinner, gran'ther? Thought you must ha' forgotten it or gone to sleep again'—

'Not a bit, Moll.—Now'—to me—'there's a boy for 'e. Think a child like that could ha' bin reared on sand? Not much.'

'He certainly looks as if he'd had something better than sand,' I said, with a smile.

'Sand!' said the young mother, looking down on us with womanly contempt. 'What are you talkin' about? Who ever heard tell of rearin' children on sand'—

At which the old boy slapped his leg and laughed heartily.

'Your grandson?' I asked.

'First grandchild, fifteenth descendant,' he answered proudly. 'Fourteen o' my own I've brought up, an' on stones, too!' with an air of triumph.

He got up and locked the door of the little house with an apologetic reference to boys, and I got up also and went into the town for lunch.

The place continued to grow upon me in spite of its lack of sand. There were many other things to interest the children. Numbers of soldiers, bugles blowing all over the place, a pier and a band, donkeys, goats, and that keen salt air which braced one like a tonic. I decided to look out for rooms. There were tickets in heaps of the windows, offering furnished apartments, and it seemed to be only a case of picking and choosing.

As I strolled along the houses on the front for the purpose of finding the least frowsy-looking, I came across my old man again, and he greeted me:

'Well, sir, goin' to stop?'

'Yes, I think I shall.'

'That's right. Found any rooms yet?'

'Not yet; but there seem plenty of them.'

'That's nothin'. You might waste a week goin' round among 'em, an' find none for time ye want.'

'Perhaps you could recommend me to some?'

'Not me. I recommended a gent once to a house what I'd heard well spoke of, and I never heard the last of it. If his dinner weren't to his likin' he told me of it, an' if he couldn't sleep at night he put it down to me. Since that I minds my own business. But if you takes my advice you'll just go to Mr Jinks along there where that cart is. He'll give you a list.'

So I went along to Mr Jinks, and got a list; and as I came out with it in my hand the old man spied me and came hurrying across the common.

'Who's he give you?' he asked; and I showed him the list.

'Yes,' he said, reading it slowly. 'That's all right. Miss Russell—stairs is a bit narrow for some folks, but cookin's all right. Mrs Tame—um!—they do say—well, you can see for yourself. Mrs Jones—she might do; but it's you's going to stop there, not me;' and so on all through the list. He seemed to know the characteristics of every house and its inmates, and had a discriminating word for each. His comments were not ill-natured, but eminently pointed; and there was no house on my list but had its soft spot on which he laid his finger.

When I had trodden the devious path of him who seeks apartments, and loaded my soul with unfulfilled promises to return, with mental reservations in favour of anything that suited me better, I found myself once more alongside 'gran'ther's' little wooden house on the beach, and gladly sat me down in one of his chairs.

'Suited?' he asked.

'Yes; I've taken rooms at Mrs Tame's.'

'Ah, that's all right! Mrs Tame's about the best you had on the list. Nice clean house, an' a very decent woman, an' not bad at the cookin'. You'll be all right there. You take my card, an' if you want any boats, or any fishin', or seawater, or anythin', don't you forget Peter Coombe, sir.'

I promised not to forget, and handed him my pouch, and he filled his pipe from it, and we sat and chatted discursively.

'How did that happen?' I asked, nodding towards the funnel and spars of a steamer which stuck disconsolately out of the water about half a mile from the shore, with a green lightship moored alongside them.

'American liner—got on rocks in spring—salvage people floated her off—bottom came out—now they're blowing her up bit by bit to get rid of her.'

Fourteen days later I was back in Stonecrop with my wife and youngsters, and after tea I took them along the beach to visit old Peter Coombe.

The door of the little wooden house was wide open. Unwonted chaos reigned within, there was



no display of bunting at the mast-head, and the old man was not there.

'Is it Blue Peter you was wantin'?' asked a neighbour. 'You'll find him down by the sea, sir;' and we went on over the ridge and saw the old man standing in the dip where the waves came roaring up the shingle to his feet. He gave no heed to them even when they washed over his shoe-tops.

'Hullo, Peter!' I cried as we came up behind him, where he stood looking intently out over the sea. 'Looking for fish? How are you, and how's Pete and the baby?'

He turned and looked at me, and his look staggered me. The fine old face was pitifully drawn and sunken. His eyes, deep under their bushy eaves, were woefully sad. His sturdy figure was bent and shrunken. He said nothing, but turned again and looked out over the sea.

I saw that something was wrong, that some terrible thing had happened of which I knew nothing. I set the children on a reconnaissance along the shore, and went up the shingle to the little white house, and routed out a chair from the disorder, and sat down in it to wait till the old man should come up.

'What's wrong?' I asked of the neighbour, and he lounged over, with his hands in his trouser-pockets.

'Mean t'say ye 'aven't heard?' he asked.

'No; I've heard nothing. What is it?'

'His boy Pete went out th' other evenin' 'bout a week ago with three strangers t'go to wreck there; and there came a flurry like o' which no one ever seen round this part, an' boat went over, an' they went under, an' so far on'y two of 'em's come ashore, an' Pete wasn't one of 'em. Th' old man's all broke up, an' spends all his time a-watchin' for it. Thinks th' explosions may raise it. It's hard on 'im, fur he set great store on the boy.'

'That's terrible,' I said.

''Tis rough on th' old chap,' said the neighbour, and turned his quid into the other cheek and spat at a distant stone.

It was difficult to obtrude on such a grief as this, yet I could not leave without another word with the old man. He did not come, so at last I went over the shingle to the place where we had left him.

He was still gazing grimly seawards, and I went quietly up to him and slipped my hand through his arm.

'I had not heard, Peter,' I said. 'I am very, very sorry. Such a fine, bright lad he was.'

He just glanced out of the corner of his eye at the feel of my hand, without loosing his gaze from the sea.

'Ay, a fine lad,' he said heavily, 'an' a good lad. I wish he'd come in. I dun't like to think o' 'm tossin' about out there. I'd be easier if he come in.' This disjointedly, as if speaking were a burden almost beyond him.

'And his wife?' I said.

The gloom on his face deepened, but he said nothing.

I sat down on the steep slope of shingle, and presently he sat heavily down beside me. I lit a cigar and tendered him one. He took it, but after a few puffs he threw it away.

'Tain't got no taste,' he said; 'nothen has now.'

Beyond sitting beside him in silence I made no attempt to comfort him. A grief so deep was beyond any man's crude consolation.

Next day when we went to the beach it was evident that something unusual was to the fore. The longshoremen and visitors were in great force, and all gazing seaward. I asked what was happening, and was told that the salvage-men at work on the wreck had for some days past been laying an unusually heavy charge, and that the explosion was momentarily expected.

So we took front seats on the shingle, and glued our eyes to the wreck. Below us, with the surge hissing at his feet, stood old Peter Coombe on his watch, with never a look or thought for the crowds behind him.

There was a sudden buzz all along the line, and a huge tumulus of water spouted up like a fairy fountain, sparkling and flashing in the sunshine. The funnel and one mast of the steamer reeled and fell, and the dull roar of the explosion reached us and went bellowing up the downs behind.

The show was over, and the crowd scattered. A sudden idea took me to view the result of the blast on the spot. With Peter not five yards away, I could not do less than offer him the job. I was glad to do so, for I was sure he had paid no heed to business since his trouble came.

I went down to him and said, 'We want to go out to the wreck, Peter. Will you take us?'

He shook his head, and then changed his mind suddenly, and said, 'Ay, ay, sir; I'll take ye.'

His neighbour took his hands out of his trouser-pockets long enough to assist us down with the boat. I jumped the children in. The neighbour gave us a friendly shove through the surf, and then Peter ran up his lug and we skimmed merrily over the sunlit waves towards the single spar and the ragged points of the steamer's ribs, which just showed above the water.

We could not get as close as I should have liked, because of the dangerous swirl the wreck itself created; but we got close enough to carry away an impression of most forlorn desolation, of bare ribs and gaunt iron girders, warped and twisted with the sagging of the huge iron hulk and the various explosions; and the sunny waves dancing in among them and patting them gently as a tiger pats and plays with its prey. Then we ran down to the green lightship for a few minutes' chat with the divers and salvage-men, and then turned home.

We had run about half the distance, when old



Peter startled us all by jumping up suddenly with an exclamation—the first word he had spoken since we started. He stood straining eagerly ahead and slightly to leeward.

'What is it, Peter?' I asked.

He slacked off the sheet with shaking hands, and turned the boat's nose towards a dark object floating in the water now right ahead. I guessed what it might be, and regretted having brought the children.

'Lie down!' I ordered them; 'and whoever looks up till I tell them to gets no pocket-money this week;' and they were prone in a moment.

Peter, with a face like a grim bronze, slacked off still more, and came round with a sweep and threw the boat up into the wind; and that dark thing in the water came bobbing leisurely down upon us with wind and tide, as if time were no longer a matter of the slightest consequence to it. I held the rudder while he bent over to it, and I heard him groan. I tried my best not to see, for this was one of those dreadful things no man need desire to look upon; but I could not wholly escape it. I saw Peter fumbling with it. He breathed short, and each breath was a smothered groan. I suppose he turned it over to look at the face, and found—well, it had been a week in the water. Then, still bending over the side and holding it with one hand, he pointed with the other to a coil of rope in the bows. I stumbled over the thwarts and gave it to him, and presently he came inboard again with a great sigh and turned the boat towards the shore, and his poor old face was white and sick-looking under its sixty years' tan.

We had been observed from the shore. There were always plenty of glasses at work there, and they saw what we were at. A large crowd was awaiting us, and word had already flown round to old Peter's house that young Pete's body was coming ashore, so exceedingly anxious is human nature to communicate ill tidings even before it is quite sure of its facts.

The first person I saw as I jumped the children out of the boat and bade them run home was young Mrs Pete, with her eyes straining fearfully out of the hollows in her white face.

Rough hands, suddenly endued with gentleness, drew the poor body ashore and laid it tenderly on the wet round stones. They were all crowding round it, when there came a startled shout from the fringe of the crowd, and I saw a blue-clad form springing through it and hurling it right and left. Then came a scream of frantic joy from the core of it, and I pushed through in time to see young Pete hugging his wife so tightly to him that all the life in her seemed squeezed up into her blazing face and eyes. And I saw the old man, dear old Blue Peter, drop heavily on his knees on the wet stones, and heard his fervent 'Praise the Lord!' And these are things I am not going to forget.

It was very simple. When that wild flurry struck them without a moment's warning, young Pete grabbed instinctively for an oar. Then something hit him on the head, and he remembered nothing more till he found himself in a bunk on a French war-ship, which eventually landed him in Brest. Thence, with consular assistance, he had made his way home as rapidly as he could. Why did he not telegraph to his friends to tell them of his safety? Well, simply because he didn't. You or I would have done so the very first thing. Young Pete's one and only idea was to get home at the first possible moment, and he had come as quickly as he could.

Young Pete and his wife were shaking a dozen hands at once, and the old man crunched sturdily up the shingle and went along to his little wooden house, and got out his flags—a whole string of them, with the Blue Peter on top—and ran them up with a jerk, and tied the rope tight round the eleat; and then the three Blue Peters went away home across the Green—young Blue Peter in the middle, with old Blue Peter on one side and young Mrs Blue Peter on the other, holding him tight by the arms as though to make sure that he should never leave them again.

#### THE MOONLIGHT.

How like the moonlight o'er the sea  
Is to your love o'er life for me!

An hour ago the waters lay  
Beneath the twilight, dull and gray;  
Neither in comfort nor distress,  
Calm with an utter listlessness;  
Sick, as it seemed, of ebb and flow,  
Tired of the way they had to go.

But, faint at first, beyond the haze  
The moon appeared with softened gaze,  
And shily o'er the waters shone  
And laid her fingers white thereon,  
Until the weary wilderness  
Was thrilled and throve at her caress;  
And glorified, despite the mist,  
The sea attained to joy, and kissed  
With eager lips the hands of her,  
Telling the very sands of her.

Can you remember, dear, my night?  
Can life and I forget your light?

How like the moonlight o'er the sea  
Is to your love o'er life for me!

J. J. BELL.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE BEST-MAN.

By C. D. LESLIE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

**I**KNEW I was booked for the post directly I heard of the engagement; and although in my own mind I affected to consider my acceptance a sacrifice on the altar of friendship, and to have qualms

whether I should be able to act the rôle with credit, yet I think I would have been hurt if Fred had asked any one else to occupy the position. I was his oldest friend; he had no brothers, no male relations nearer than cousins, and none of them was available. For this reason, when, a week after the engagement had been made public, he came to tell me they had arranged to be married early in May, he added that he wished me to be his best-man. This was in February, that beastly month for which twenty-eight days are quite enough, as the Pirate King very truly says in the *Pirates of Penzance*; but in the ensuing three months an event occurred which raised Fred from the obscure position of a private country gentleman to a man of world-wide importance. Before I come to that, however, I must say something of my friend and his fiancée.

Fred Buxton and I had been at school together; and though our paths in life afterwards diverged, he succeeding to the Buxton estate in Cambridgeshire, while business chained me to London, we still managed to see a good deal of one another. This winter he had been more in town than usual, and going a good deal to social functions; I suspected something, and was therefore not surprised when he confided to me that he had fallen in love with Miss Rose Merrydew.

It was with a clear conscience that I congratulated Fred on his taste, for Miss Merrydew possessed undeniable beauty; she was a brunette, dark-eyed, dark-haired, with an oval face showing not only charm but intelligence. Her good looks, without doubt, she owed to her mother, who came of a Spanish family; for her father—Sir John

Merrydew, a colonial knight, now deceased—was, according to his photographs, remarkably plain. The more I saw of the future Mrs Buxton the more I liked her; and she, on her part, treated me with great cordiality. It was quite a love-match, the couple being devoted to each other; and all went merrily as the coming marriage-bells.

Fred was, I said, only an obscure country gentleman; but that year a huge piece of luck seemed likely to befall him, as rare as unexpected. It appeared possible, even probable, that he would not only wed the lady of his heart, but also win the Derby. He was a keen sportsman, and always had two or three horses in training, and a brood mare or so, for his means did not permit him to speculate largely in that most risky of all speculations, the turf. He had entered a promising yearling for the three-year-old classic race; and Telemachus, the colt in question, after giving an infinity of trouble to train, suddenly developed stamina and speed, and running in the Two Thousand Guineas, won easily. The Derby betting was revolutionised, and Fred's nomination installed favourite; and the owner for a week became the most paragraphed man in England. His delight in the colt's success was unbounded; and as the Derby-day drew nearer, and Telemachus continued well and fit—what with his approaching marriage, and the approaching Derby—Fred was the most excited and expectant man that ever lived.

About a fortnight before the wedding I was dining at Lady Merrydew's. It was a *partie carrée*: the hostess, the lovers, and myself. The approaching marriage was the chief topic of conversation.

'Well, there's one thing settled satisfactorily,' said Fred, 'and that's the locale of the honeymoon.'

'Is it Paris?'

'Paris! We both hate the place. No; my

cousin, old Mrs Crane, has kindly offered me Haldon Hall. She will be in town herself?

'Let me see; that's in Sussex, somewhere near Lewes—isn't it?'

'Exactly; a lovely old-fashioned mansion in the heart of the country.'

May is not invariably a delightful month to be buried in the heart of the country, even for a honeymoon. But that was their affair, not mine; and I held my tongue.

'By the way, King, of course there'll be no trouble about your getting leave for the 4th?'

I earn my living, it should be said, by assisting the War Office to control the destiny of the nation, from ten till four each day.

'I'm taking the first fortnight in May as half my vacation; and after I've seen you married I'm going to Brighton to stay with the Mannings.'

'The same day?'

'The same day.'

'Then we'll travel down together,' said Fred, with a laugh. 'Rose, shall we ask him to share our compartment in the train?'

'But I don't go by your train; you go *vid* Groombridge, and I by the main line.'

'You can come our way,' insisted Fred; and as Miss Merrydew gaily seconded the invitation, the matter was arranged. Their train went at half-past three; instead of taking the quarter-past four train to Brighton, I would travel with them to Belton, the nearest station to Haldon Hall, go on to Lewes, and there change for Brighton.

The 4th of May dawned—the day of the wedding. I believe I shall remember the date evermore as easily as the bride and bridegroom. It is indelibly stamped on my memory. I do not propose to go into details concerning the ceremony, the bride, the bridesmaids, the dresses, the presents, and the guests; that I leave to more competent pens than mine. I refer my readers to the *Morning Post* of the 5th of May for the most complete description of the first item, and the *Queen* and other illustrated weeklies dealing with social functions for the rest. Suffice it to say that, without any untoward circumstances to disturb the harmony of the proceedings, Miss Rose Merrydew was converted into Mrs Buxton; that the subsequent breakfast was largely attended, that certain brief speeches were made; that the bride looked charming, the bridegroom flustered; and that the best-man was busy up to his eyes.

Amid the usual rice and slippers they drove off, smilingly acknowledging these gentle tokens of our affection which prove how far superior our customs are to those of benighted savages. Unobserved, I followed in a swift hansom, and reached Victoria first. I saw that their luggage, which had been sent on earlier, was correctly labelled, bought the tickets, tipped the guard, and had a compartment ready for us.

Fred was still flustered. He thanked me

effusively. The guard looked frankly puzzled as he examined our tickets. They looked like a couple off for their honeymoon; but what the dickens was I doing in that galley? He informed us we were to change at Groombridge, and locked us in.

We were all three still laughing at his surprise when the train started.

'Everything has gone off splendidly—hasn't it, darling?' said Fred for about the fifth time.

Mrs Buxton, to give the bride her new title, looked sweetly pretty in a gray hat and travelling-dress; she bore herself with the serene composure that distinguishes brides from bridegrooms. Why a woman is more composed than a man on these occasions is one of life's mysteries.

'I think it has,' she answered; and added, with a special smile in my direction, 'we must chiefly thank Mr King for that.'

'Dick,' cried my friend; 'Dick, I insist.'

She bowed her head with a pretty gesture of submission. 'Dick,' she repeated, smiling at me, and then at her husband. 'I mustn't disobey your first command; and I hope they will all be as easy to obey.'

'Your wishes shall always be my commands,' cried Fred, raising her hand to his lips. Which promise was just a bit reckless.

'There is but one thing wanting to make it perfect. No, Fred, it was nothing you could have done—or even Dick,' she added, with a third glance at me. 'It was Philip. I wish he could have been present; and he never even telegraphed his good wishes.'

Her only brother was in India, political officer in the Mesulla district, and mother and sister had lately been slightly uneasy about him. Rumours of reported risings among the turbulent Mesulla tribesmen had reached Simla, and consequently London. Captain Merrydew had lately gone from Bundabund to investigate, and no news had since been heard of him; he was cut off from all communication with civilisation, and therefore unable to cable his congratulations to his sister on her wedding-day.

We chatted lightly as the train ran south, recalling the events of the wedding, and comparing notes of the people present. Fred was in the gayest spirits, and invited me to come with them to see the Derby run a fortnight hence. 'Of course we shall be back in town before then,' he added; 'we may not stay at the Hall more than a week.'

Groombridge was reached, and we all alighted; the Brighton train awaited us on the other side of the platform. With the aid of a porter we transferred ourselves and our impedimenta, securing an empty compartment, for passengers were few. The guard came and inquired our destination.

'How long do we wait here?' asked Fred.

'Five minutes, sir.'

'You may walk up and down the platform and smoke a cigarette,' said the bride.

'Thank you, dear. May all your commands be as easy to obey. Won't you come?'

'No; I will stop here.'

'Dick?'

'Why, no. I'm very comfortable here. I will stop also.' I was feeling lazily happy and content, and looking forward to Brighton and the sea. Little though I knew it, some time would elapse ere I again should feel at peace.

As Fred strolled away I cast down the *Globe* I had been idly reading, and turned to address my companion; as I did so a paragraph caught my eye, and I snatched the paper up again.

'Listen. Here's something about your brother; it's a Reuter's telegram from Calcutta: "Quiet in the Mesulla country. Captain Merrydew, who has returned to Bundabund after a tour through the Mesulla country, reports that the rumours of disaffection were much exaggerated, and that perfect quiet now prevails."'

'Oh, let me read it!' She caught eagerly at the paper and perused the paragraph. 'I'm so glad. I've been quite uneasy about Philip, the natives are so treacherous. Had anything happened to him at this time?'

She had moved from her seat next the door, and now sat in the middle of the carriage nearly opposite me, the paper between us. We discussed whether Philip Merrydew had telegraphed his congratulations, and if Lady Merrydew would send the message on at once to Haldon Hall. Engrossed in our conversation, we never heard the door shut. Fred had left it open; but when, aroused by the sensation that the train was moving, I glanced up, the carriage door was closed; we were *tête-à-tête*, and the train running out of the station!

We both uttered an exclamation of surprise, alarm, horror, bewilderment, and sundry other emotions. At least I felt all these, and more. I rushed to the window and put my head out, obtaining an excellent view of the signal-box that hid the station platform from my vision. Had Fred missed the train, or jumped into another compartment at the last moment?

We looked at one another in eloquent silence.

'Where does the train stop next?' queried the lady with the calmness of despair.

I sought the time-table. 'Not till we get to Belton,' I announced, 'and we're twenty miles off.'

'Do you think Fred caught the train?'

I leaned out again. 'No,' I said decidedly; 'if he were in the train he'd put his head out of the window now.'

'Then stop the train,' said Mrs Buxton in resolute tones. 'I can't begin married life by running away from my husband.'

I hesitated, but decided to obey; the train had not yet got up full speed, and the roof of the station was still in sight. I sought the communication-cord and tugged hard, then sat down to wait for the result. The speed did not slacken.

I rose and pulled again; the engine whistled defiantly by way of reply. I sat down again.

'It don't work,' I explained, sadly and ungrammatically.

It was too true; we were now running full speed, forty miles an hour. Bridge Station flashed momentarily upon our vision, and vanished.

'I begin,' said Mrs Buxton, 'to regret I ever married Fred.'

'It is unfortunate,' I agreed, referring not to the marriage but to the *contretemps* that had overtaken us. 'I can't understand how he missed the train. The next—I referred to the time-table—is in two hours. We'll wait for him at Belton Station. Of course I'll keep by you till he comes.'

Mrs Buxton thanked me stiffly, and flung herself back in her seat, plainly full of wrath against Fred. It certainly was a slight to put on a bride, and I was not surprised at her resentment; so I sat silent and stared out of the window. I foresaw nothing beyond two hours waiting at Belton.

'There will be a telegram for you at Belton to say he's coming,' I suggested presently.

'Probably. When are we due, may I ask?'

'In ten minutes; the train does the twenty miles between Groombridge and Belton in half-an-hour.'

The train slackened speed, and finally drew up at Belton, a tiny station with no one but the stationmaster upon the platform.

'Was there to be a carriage to meet you?'

'No; we were going to hire a cab. I forget why. I think the coachman was away to-day for a holiday.'

I called the guard.

'The gentleman who was with us missed the train. Did you notice him as we left Groombridge?'

'Yes, sir; he went into the telegraph office. Yes,' repeated the man, noting our astonishment; 'a man spoke to him, and he ran off there; a minute later the train was signalled to start, and I hadn't time to go after him.'

As a climax to this narrative the train started again, and the guard ran off to his post. We were left alone on the platform. At the other end stood the stationmaster by a pile of boxes—the Buxtons' luggage; mine had gone on to Brighton.

'Haven't you a telegram for King or Mrs Buxton?' I asked.

'No, sir. Do you want a cab?'

'Not yet. This lady's husband has missed the train at Groombridge, and we must wait here for him.'

Poor Mrs Buxton looked pale and haggard, and I hardly knew what to say to comfort her. Whatever had happened? But our private speculations were mercifully ended in a few minutes by the return of the stationmaster with a buff envelope for each of us.



'Bring my wife to Newmarket by first train possible,' I read in amazement; 'praying the terrible news is exaggerated.'

I looked at my companion; she looked puzzled, and her brow was wrinkled as she stared at her missive. Then she glanced at me. 'What does he say to you?'

'That I'm to take you to Newmarket.'

'Newmarket?' Her face cleared at once. 'Oh, it's the horse. I thought Fred had lost his reason. Read that.'

'Dreadfully sorry I had to leave you. Dick will look after you. Join me as soon as you can; I need your sympathy under this awful blow.—FRED.'

'Yes,' I said; 'I see it now. Some accident has happened to the horse. A man at Groombridge told Fred the news; he rushed off to wire for particulars, and so missed the train. Now he's gone to Newmarket, and we are to follow. I doubt if we can reach there to-night; but at least you can get to your mother's.'

An up-train for Tunbridge Wells had stopped and gone on as we waited. It was now half-past five. I sought the stationmaster.

'We want to get back to town.'

'You can't, sir; the last train has just gone. There is a later one put on in June, but it's not running yet.'

I whistled in amazement.

'We must get back.'

'It's not to be done, sir; nor yet to Brighton; the half-past seven train from Tunbridge Wells stops here. You can't leave here by train to-night.'

It was at this point I began to wish I had gone to Brighton by the direct route, and then I blamed myself for such selfishness. If the present

position was annoying and awkward for me, what was it to my companion?

With inward perturbation I broke the news; but she took it better than I feared. Her lip quivered for a moment, and I anticipated tears; then, shaking off this weakness, she said:

'If we can't get to London, or even away from here, what do you propose we should do?'

'I propose to take you to Haldon Hall, and leave you in charge of the housekeeper there.'

'No,' she cried, with a sudden gust of anger; 'I will not go there without Fred. It would be too humiliating. Can't you see that? The bride coming alone; I should be the laughing-stock of the servants. I will not go.'

'But, my dear lady, we must go somewhere; and it would really be better'—

She interrupted. 'I will not go, Mr King. Isn't there an inn near here?'

'There's nothing else for it,' I gloomily remarked. It was annoying she wouldn't go to Haldon Hall, and the responsibility of my chaperonage began to be oppressive. The fact that I was an unsuitable appendage to a young bride struck my companion also.

'Perhaps,' she said hesitatingly, 'I'd better go alone. You see?'

I interrupted now. 'I really can't permit that. I'm responsible for you at present, and Fred would never forgive me for deserting you.'

She agreed, somewhat meekly. Another consultation with the stationmaster elicited the information that there were three inns in Belton, the best being the 'White Hart.' That functionary sent for a cab, the luggage was put in, and a few minutes' drive brought us into the quiet little country town.

## AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. A LITERARY AUDIT.

**S**OME of us are too readily inclined to agree that, in the literary world at all events, the reign of the giants is over, and the millennium of the little is here and at its height. Small men loom largely just now and pass for prodigies because there are none greater among us to prove them dwarfs by comparison. Our gold-supply becoming attenuated, as it were, we are forced to put up with an alloyed currency that gains an adventitious and passing value from our necessities. To change the metaphor again: we are arrived at night-time, and in the matter of light must needs content ourselves with stars and a half-moon or so:

You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light—  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the sun shall rise?

What they will be when the sun rises is not our immediate concern; in the meantime they are all the light that is vouchsafed to us. It is true, one or two great men of the age that is gone do still survive in our midst, like a memory of the splendour that was yesterday; but you cannot make a to-morrow out of yesterday's sunset. The new day has yet to come; and, so far, we scan the horizon in vain for any sure signs of its coming.

This, or something like this, is what we are saying to each other in these times; and such of us as are pessimists are particularly bitter about it, talking and writing as if such a going down of the sun and gathering of the night were an abnormal crisis instead of the natural order of things. The year cannot be always at summer; but the winter is no less transitory. The tide cannot be always at the full; but—

The drooping seaweed hears in night abyssed  
 Far and more far the waves' receding shoeks;  
 Nor doubts, for all the darkness and the mist,  
 That the pale shephordess will keep her trust,  
 And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks.

One has only to read any history of literature to know that this is by no means the first time the dwarfs have cut down the purple to their own size, and perched themselves on the thrones of the giants; but at the coming of the real greatness they have always vanished from those seats before, and you may depend upon it that in due season the real greatness will come again.

Towards the dawn of a new year, doubtless, most men are apt to take stock of themselves and balance up accounts to ascertain whether they are spiritually or materially better off now than they were this time last year. The year itself may have been fairly prosperous; but if its later days are marked by losses and a falling off, one does not augur well for the year that is about to begin. A new century is to a nation very much what a new year is to a man. Looking back, one takes comfort and is satisfied that the pessimist has little or no justification for his gloomy forebodings, since the literary outlook is at least as hopeful and promising on the verge of this twentieth century as it was on the verge of the eighteenth or the nineteenth; and, in both cases, what a glory grew out of their morning dullness!

So far as concerns English literature, perhaps no century has been inaugurated with such magnificence as attended the opening years of the seventeenth; for by the end of 1600 Shakespeare, Jonson, Chapman, Bacon, were famous and giving promise of greater things. The eighteenth century dawned under no such happy auspices.

In 1700-1, when America was a raw British colony and had no place at all in the world of letters, Nahum Tate (who is remembered only as the collaborator with Brady in a metrical version of the Psalms) was England's poet-laureate; Dryden, who had practically finished his work, died before the new century was six months old, and the only 'coming' authors of proved ability were the dramatists Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. Steele's first comedy was just being staged, certainly, and Addison was writing poetical epistles; but neither of them had given any inkling that he had it in him to write those *Tatlers* and *Spectators* that have immortalised them. Defoe was middle-aged and industrious, but he had produced nothing to the end of 1700 that entitled him to rank higher than a score of his contemporaries who have been forgotten; he was known only as a political pamphleteer. *Robinson Crusoe* and the lesser novels that give him his rank among great men did not see the light until after the lapse of another eighteen years. Swift, on the wrong side of thirty, was, like Defoe, merely a political pamphleteer, with

*Gulliver* and all his enduring work still to do. The critic of 1701, being asked who was the first of living poets, would probably have named Matthew Prior, whose star was then in the ascendant; adding, maybe, a regret that his degenerate age had no genius who could adequately fill the vacancy Dryden was leaving. He might have preached his homily, as some are preaching homilies now, on the parlous state of a nation whose literary eminence in the dawning century depended upon a rising generation of writers such as Blackmore, Pomfret, Dennis; for the men of letters who were to make the first half of the eighteenth century glorious had not as yet found their work, or were inarticulate or unborn, and it was not to be expected that the most discerning prophet should be able to detect much of hope in a Young barely out of his teens, a twelve-year-old Pope, or a Thomson still in his cradle.

Nor did our nineteenth century make a much more satisfactory beginning. In 1800-1 America's chief man of letters was Timothy Dwight; Joseph Hopkinson was flashing into fame with his 'Hail, Columbia!' but otherwise it was a day of very small things there. Bryant, John Howard Payne, Fenimore Cooper, and Dana were all under thirteen years of age; Washington Irving was seventeen, and the *Sketch Book* was not to be heard of for another nineteen years. Here in our own country we were no happier, nearly all our great poets and essayists, novelists and dramatists, had passed away, or were old and silent, and the literary world for the most part swarmed with a rabble of pigmies.

The nineteenth century found Henry James Pye wearing the laurel of the laureateship. Cowper had died some months before, leaving Blake our greatest poet and Hayley our most popular, though Rogers ran him close; and Campbell, whose *Pleasures of Hope* appeared in 1799, was fast displacing him. Bowles and Sotheby also ranked with the best poets discoverable at that time; and Bloomfield, in the very first year of the century, was creating a sensation with *The Farmer's Boy*. James Montgomery enjoyed a local reputation as a journalist; but not till he was nearing forty and the century was five years old was he to win recognition as a poet with *The Wanderer of Switzerland*. Crabbe, already past middle-age, had published little so far, and nothing of his greatest. Southey had only *Wat Tyler* to his credit, and Wordsworth and Coleridge, having put forth their joint *Lyrical Ballads*, had retired into eclipse under the shrill contempt and ridicule of the reviewers. Landon's *Gebir* had appeared; but Joanna Baillie's volume of plays far outshone it. Moore had produced nothing but a collection of translations; Lamb had gathered a very slender reputation from his *Rosamond Gray* and some indifferent poetry, and nobody could foresee that twenty-two years later he would be

writing the incomparable *Essays of Elia*. Hazlitt was a young man of no achievement, Carlyle was a schoolboy, and Macaulay in swaddling-clothes. Burns was dead, and Hogg only just suspecting himself to be a poet. Scott, approaching thirty, had yet no place in letters—his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was not to take the world by storm till 1805, and thirteen years were to pass before he wrote the first of his novels.

Fielding and Sterne, and all the great novelists of the eighteenth century, had been many years in their graves, and at the beginning of 1801 their places were occupied by Matthew Gregory Lewis (whose *Monk* was the rage of the hour), Mrs Radcliffe, Samuel Jackson Pratt (author of those once amazingly-popular novels, *Sympathy* and *Humanity*), Miss Fanny Burney, 'Vathek Beckford,' Mrs Inchbald, and William Godwin. Jane Austen was then in her twenty-sixth year; but her first book did not appear before 1811.

On the whole, there was surely less of promise visible to those who watched the coming of the eighteenth or of the nineteenth century than to us who watch the dawn of the twentieth. Yet we are raising the old mechanical jeremiad that has been raised by every age almost since the beginnings of literature:

O, they are fled the light! Those mighty spirits  
Lie raked up with their ashes in their urns,

And not a spark of their eternal fire  
Glow in a present bosom. All's but blaze,  
Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so.

It were invidious, perhaps, to mention names; but, though certainly we have our Pyes and our Hayleys, we have likewise our Blakes and our Campbells, and some one or two of even larger note. It is true we have our Pratts and our 'Monk Lewises', and Mrs Radcliffes in abundance; at the same time, we have our two or three novelists who are not only great in comparison with so much smallness, but are not altogether small even in comparison with the greatest that the world has ever known.

It is not easy to forecast the years. The idols of to-day may find no worshippers to-morrow, and the authentic gods of to-morrow may be passed to-day unknown. The probability is that we are richer than we imagine; that the Fielding, the Milton, the Shakespeare that is to be runs in our playgrounds still unsuspected, as Keats, Shelley, Byron, Carlyle, Macaulay, moved unrecognised among the children of 1801; and that some quite minor scribbler or man of mature years at present devoted to an alien profession may develop, at length, to our and his own astonishment, into the Swift, the Lamb, or the Scott of the twentieth century.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

By JOHN FINNEMORE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE COMMODORE DOES ME AN ILL TURN.

**W**HEN we went in to dinner I was nowhere near Cicely. I had expected as much, for I knew Kesgrave was my rival. I said this to myself, then corrected the speech. Had been my rival; that was the way to put it. The matter was now settled once for all, and I took my partner and my dinner contentedly.

After dinner there was to be a dance; but it did not begin at once. The garden was delightful in the cool of the evening, for the day had been very warm, and in twos and threes and scattered groups the company was dispersed along the smooth paths, and over the close-shaven sward, and beside the splashing fountains. The click of bowls came from the green, and thither I strolled, for the Earl was not now to be dislodged from the side of my mistress. I leaned upon the balustrade which overlooked the green, and watched the game for some time. The Commodore was playing, having deserted the bottle at an hour unusually early for him. Still, he did not entirely neglect his favourite diversion, for presently he called a passing servant, and bade him fetch

wine and glasses, and place them in a little arbour at the end of the green. Here he seated himself, periwig in hand, and mopped his head, and took frequent bumpers in the intervals of the game. After a while he gave over his attempts to play, and devoted himself entirely to the little arbour and the bottle.

Glancing round, he saw me leaning upon the wall, and raising his glass, cried out, 'Ah! ah! Master Sly Dog, I drink to you,' and, with a leer of infinite meaning in my direction, he emptied his glass. As he did so, Lady Lester and Major Ryecroft walked up and stood near him. The Commodore called out again:

'No more of your grave airs, Master Sly Boots. I've run you to earth. Ah, sister! little you know what a rogue your favourite is—your pink of good boys.'

A feeling of lively apprehension sprang up in my mind. The Commodore in his cups would burst out with anything anywhere; and what was he about to say now? He lowered his voice to a thick, flustered tone, and began to laugh and snap his fingers and wink at his listeners. I could not make out what he said; but in a



moment Major Ryecroft looked at me with a malevolent smile, and Lady Lester reddened. My very heart stood still. Here was a rude awakening from the careless golden dreams of a moment back. Major Ryecroft, of all men, to hear the Commodore's tipsy maunderings! My mind ran like fire along the track laid but too plainly for it. The suspicions of this bloodhound—this flogger of women—aroused, his drawing of the cover, the finding of the unfortunate young people, and what then? The jail and the gallows rose before my eyes, a swift and shameful death—I, who had been filled with so serene and sweet a contentment but an instant ago. The earth which hides the bones of dead men seemed to yawn before me, and, at a stride, I had come to the edge of the grave, and saw the pale kingdoms of Death among which my place was now appointed. And Robin Blake and Hester? Had the heroic struggles of that undaunted little woman for her loved partner come but to this end? Ah, the pity of it!

'Now, sister,' growled the Commodore, 'what think ye of Sir Graveairs, your pet, now?'

'I think, Richard,' said Lady Lester severely, 'that you have drunk too much wine, and scarce know what you are saying.'

'Don't believe me—eh?' cried her brother. 'Well, will ye credit Humphrey? He was with me; he knows—ask him.' He stopped speaking, filled out for himself a large glass of wine, took it off heartily, then began to sing an old country ditty:

'I met a fine lass on a sunshiny day,  
And we were both young and handsome, I say.'

He broke off and pointed to me where I stood rooted to the ground, fearing to make matters worse by interference, yet unable to leave the place.

'Look at him,' said the Commodore, 'the big, splendid fellow. Would ye have skim milk in his veins?'

'Richard, I am ashamed of you!' cried Lady Lester.

'Many's the time ye've said that, too,' he replied, nodding at her with drunken gravity; 'yet I am but telling what I saw and what Humphrey saw. A big, strapping, black-eyed wench, too.'

Major Ryecroft chuckled and Lady Lester reddened, more and more angry. For the first time I saw eye to eye with the Commodore, and at the bare idea that the meeting was believed to be one of vulgar intrigue, so great was the revulsion of feeling at seeing them in error, that I laughed aloud. The Commodore continued his song:

'Says I, "Pretty miss, will you give me a kiss?  
Come, be kind; 'tis a thing that you never will miss."'

Lady Lester turned upon me a face of mingled

surprise and sorrow, and at that moment, for my sins, Sir Humphrey came up on my right.

'Here he is!' cried the Commodore, now too warm with wine and his sister's opposition to heed anything. 'Come, brother;' and in a very round and broad fashion he demanded of him a statement of what they had seen, and the opinion they had formed on the matter. Sir Humphrey turned and walked away without answering a word.

'There!' cried the triumphant Commodore; 'what d'ye think now, sister? Humphrey without a word to say, and Master George as dumb as a stoek-fish.'

My overstrained nerves shook me from head to foot, and I laughed again—a harsh, jangled laugh. I was dominated by one idea: the fugitives' escape and mine.

'Hark at him laughing,' said the Commodore in a tone of great enjoyment; 'the shameless young dog!'

An indignant denial leapt to my lips, but did not pass them. Major Ryecroft's presence froze my speech. If it was not what the Commodore suggested, what was this affair? A thing which would point the Major to his prey like a sign-post. What a triumph for him to carry me into Winchester with my feet bound together under the belly of a troop-horse! Nor me alone. Robin and Hester Blake laid their fingers on my lips.

Lady Lester was looking at me with a face of strange concern. Stay; was she looking at me? No. The glance passed me and travelled on, and I turned my head. I drew a deep, trembling breath. At the mouth of a pleached alley leading from the green to the garden stood Cicely and Kesgrave. How much they had heard I knew not; but Cicely's hand was pressed tight to her bosom, her face was as white as her dress. A subtle, mocking smile shone in my Lord Kesgrave's eyes. Even as I turned my head she moved away, and her companion followed her. For my part, I sought Sir Humphrey at once. He was walking alone, luckily, and in a dozen swift words I explained the situation.

'My dear lad,' he murmured in genuine alarm, 'what have you been doing? This is worse and worse. You must by now be a marked man among those in authority, and they will be merciless with you if this comes to light.'

'I know all that, sir,' I replied. 'It went through my mind in a flash when I came upon the unfortunate people; but had you seen the brave little soul, almost at her last gasp, yet dragging her helpless husband along in hopes of a hiding-place, you would have done no less.'

'Tis true that to live safely now one must banish compassion from his nature,' returned my old friend, shaking his head. 'Well, well, this mischief's done, but do you get them off your hands as speedily as possible. I'll go at once



and silence Richard. 'Tis unlucky he has said so much. Who knows what maggot may be working in Major Ryecroft's brain already?'

He departed upon his friendly errand without delay, and I rambled on through the gardens, but not far. My mind was soon made up. I turned and walked swiftly back towards the house. I would seek Cicely, and never leave her side until I had an opportunity of whispering the truth to her. With what fables might not her ear be poisoned?

The sounds of music floated to me as I drew near the windows opening on the lawn. The greater part of the company had gone within, and dancing was now in progress. I entered the first room and found it deserted. I went on, and came to a small chamber lying between the first apartment and the ballroom, and here I paused. This place, too, was empty, but through a half-open door I could see the dancers and the company filling the spacious apartment with a bright, joyous crowd. I searched the various groups through and through with my eye in vain. Suddenly, behind me I heard the silken rustle of draperies. I turned my head and started with delight. It was Cicely herself, advancing to the door at which I stood, and alone.

'Cicely,' said I, and touched the door with my foot, shutting it softly. We were cut off from the rest of the company. She came up to me steadily and swiftly, her tall, slim figure held proudly erect, her lovely face showing not a trace of colour, the soft, deep velvet of her eyes lustrous with unshed tears, the full scarlet of her tender lips a-quiver, wounded pride and maiden dignity in every line of her graceful figure.

'My ring,' said she quickly, and held out her hand.

'Cicely,' said I, 'listen to me for an instant,' and I attempted to take her hand. She avoided me.

'My ring!' she said imperiously; and there was such lofty command in the rigid tone that I mechanically drew out the tiny circle which had been lying between forefinger and thumb all the time. She had made a sudden, swift movement, and I had lost it. Something tinkled at my feet, and she was gone. I looked down, and saw my own ring lying on the polished floor.

I picked it up and retraced my steps to the front of the house. It was clear now that she had heard all. She had heard the coarse insinuation which the Commodore bellowed like a bull. She had seen Sir Humphrey confirm it by his manner. She had heard no reply to it but a laugh. A pretty thing, that! The man who an hour or two before had declared that he had loved her all his life now made no answer to a shameful accusation save by a laugh!

For half-an-hour or more I strolled on the terrace, then sought the ballroom by another entrance. By the mocking and quizzical glances

cast at me I knew the story was on the wing. Indeed, I saw Squire Hampton bustling from group to group, and Major Ryecroft equally busy. Wherever they went women tittered, men laughed aloud, and eyes were turned in my direction. My blood began to rise. The Major slipped in among a group of three or four men, and they began to grin and stare at me. I crossed towards them. They faced me and laughed out loud.

'Gentlemen,' said I, 'this conduct is somewhat searry, to laugh at a man to his face. Will not one of you explain the reason?'

'Faith, Ferrers,' said an old gentleman among them frankly, 'there is a funny story about you going the rounds. To be sure, the story is common enough about other folks, but about you it has the merit of novelty.'

'I thank you, Mr Somers,' said I. 'You are very kind, for you give me the opportunity of saying that it is my intention to soundly cane any gentleman who relates funny stories about me.'

I looked full at the Major, but he affected to be quite unconscious of my meaning; the others cleared their throats and looked at the dancing with great interest. Mr Somers laughed.

'Well,' said he, 'that's fair enough. The story's about you, so you've a right to object. I'm not going to repeat the story. Not that I'm afraid of the caning, for I've known you since you were a little boy. The rest must look after themselves.'

The rest looked after themselves by saying nothing at all; but at this moment Sir Humphrey pulled my sleeve.

'George,' he whispered as he drew me away, 'leave the Major alone, can't you? What matters the story which amuses these fools? Doesn't it make you safer?'

'True, sir,' I grumbled; 'but a more patient man than I might be vexed at their impertinence.'

'Tis you patient fellows whom nothing can hold when once they flare up,' replied my kind old friend. 'Now go and talk to my wife. She wishes to speak to you.'

Lady Lester was seated on a small divan in a window-nook. There was room for one more, and she motioned to me to take the vacant seat. The recess was empty save for ourselves, and we could talk freely.

'What have you been doing, George?' she said. 'Sir Humphrey has told me something. It is very foolish of you.'

For an answer I related the whole story.

'Poor things!' she said when I had finished. 'It is hard—terribly hard—on such poor creatures. But I wish they had fallen into the way of anybody but you.'

I made no reply. My eyes were fixed upon a minnet which was going on before us. Cicely was walking through it with the Earl of Kesgrave for partner. Her lovely colour had returned: her

eyes sparkled like jewels; she smiled radiantly; she stepped like a queen.

'It was unlucky that several of your friends overheard Richard's foolish talk,' said Lady Lester, looking keenly at me. I reddened, for I knew very well what she meant, and she smiled. 'However,' she went on, 'it can easily be put right. You will not mind Mistress Plumer knowing the story, I feel sure. You will be safe in her hands. I will tell her if you wish.'

My fervent thanks brought a smile to her kind, shrewd eyes again, and then a party of her friends came up, and no further private talk was possible.

Presently I found myself at the lower end of the room, leaning against a shelf which projected from the wall and held a row of marble vases. I was alone, and debating within myself whether it were wiser to leave the scene altogether or attempt to gain an interview with Cicely, when Kesgrave came slowly down the room in my direction.

To-night he was superb at every point. Enemy or friend, it must be allowed that he was a splendid figure. He wore a suit of palest, most delicate blue, embroidered with gold, the loops set with diamonds, which caught the flames of the myriad tapers, and shot them back in rich, darting reflections of the most fiery, the most brilliant hues. His own abundant fair hair set off his delicate, haughty features as no periwig could; his tall, handsome figure and lofty mien—everything—marked him off from the crowd; and for once you saw a man whose appearance filled the eye as his title filled the ear.

As he drew near he met me with a full, bright eye bent on mine, an inscrutable look—a look behind which lay his purpose, as a buckler-player lies behind his shield. He came to a stand at my side. I waited for him to open the conversation, but for some moments he spoke not. Then amid a break in the throng we saw Cicely cross the room. 'Twas but for an instant she was in sight, yet the radiance of her beauty dimmed the brilliant crowd for me as when the sun peeps through shining clouds.

'Surely a more exquisite creature never breathed,' murmured the Earl. 'Are you superstitious?'

'I don't know,' I said, wondering at this odd turn.

'I came down here,' he went on, 'marvelling at myself for making the trip. It is true I had not been near the place for many years. Still, it could have jogged along without my oversight as long again, I dare say. Yet I came; but no sooner had my eyes fallen on Miss Plumer than I knew my good genius and no other had drawn me to her feet.'

'H'm,' said I.

'She will be Countess of Kesgrave,' said he quietly, his eye on mine. I smiled equably.

'All my life, Mr Ferrers,' he went on, 'I have had the best of everything, and I have never seen a more beautiful—I have never seen a lady half so beautiful in all my travels. You smile again, and I think I know what is passing through your mind. Yes, I have arrived many and many a time at a place when the best seemed irrevocably promised to another. Yet I have had it. I am not a rival to be lightly reckoned with.'

His brilliant, mocking eyes were bent on mine, but I smiled again.

'My Lord Kesgrave,' said I, 'I have known you as a rival since the first moment I saw you the other day. You believe yourself better equipped against me in the battle for a lady's favour; but in this case the struggle is over. It is true that you are an earl, while I am a simple gentleman; you have half-a-dozen estates, I one; you are richer and handsomer than I; yet your rivalry is useless and galls me not. It did; it does no longer.' He laughed a gay and scornful laugh.

'For a man who has known something of court and camp you place a surprising reliance on a lady's word, Mr Ferrers,' said Kesgrave. 'My own eyes taught me an hour or two back that at the present turn of the game you are several points ahead; but, believe me, I shall be on terms with you long before you regain the favour you have lost.'

To this I had nothing to say; and in a moment he resumed:

'A promise!—pooh! What's a promise where a woman is concerned? I have bought a promised woman over and over again. I have thrown dice for one, bloodied a foil for one. I have always had them.'

'My lord,' said I, 'you will oblige me by not mentioning Miss Plumer in the same breath with ladies who are obtained by money, dice, or the sword. You have graduated in an evil school. You know not the worth of a true promise.'

'Aud, pray, in what school have you graduated?' asked Kesgrave, his face full of satirical amusement. 'Has it ever occurred to you to rub these pious doctrines into yourself? From all I gather, if your divinity is not shining upon you, you find it quite easy to console yourself with a lesser light beneath the next hedge.'

My patience took flight again, and a warm reply rose to my lips. It was checked by the appearance of Lady Lester, who came up, making some remark as she approached on the beauty of the vases near us. Kesgrave bowed and replied, and for some minutes they discussed them until a country-dance began to be formed in which Kesgrave was engaged. He went away in search of his partner, and Lady Lester turned to me.

'You two were quarrelling or about to quarrel,' she said. 'I was watching you, and for all your polite smiles at each other I knew very well where you stood. It isn't safe for you to turn

awkward with any one at present, George. You know that very well. I think you had better go home. The tangle will come out straight enough, never fear. Only, don't be rash.'

'You are right,' I said, 'and you are kindness itself. After all, Kesgrave does a little rebel-catching. If he were willing to do me mischief it would be a handle of a thousand.'

'You're sure he gained no hint?' she asked anxiously.

'Not a word passed on the point,' I replied.

'The match was near the powder, 'tis true; but no more.'

'I wish you were well away from here,' she said; 'I am in the greatest uneasiness.'

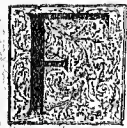
'I promise you I will be wary,' said I; 'I will take offence at nothing.'

'I had rather see you go,' she replied as a group of acquaintances came towards us.

I could not go. I might be foolish to stay, yet I was unable to tear myself from the scene. A chance might arise at any moment to speak to Cicely.

## ANECDOTES OF THE QUAKERS.

By Sir RICHARD TANGYE.



FOR more than two hundred years the Society of Friends has held its General Assembly, or Yearly Meeting, in London, where questions relating to its civil and religious position have been freely discussed, and from whence messages of fraternal greeting have gone forth to its members in the three kingdoms. Occasionally, too, words of warning and of exhortation have been addressed by this representative gathering to monarchs and to parliaments against the abuse of their powers in persecuting the members of this inoffensive and deeply religious body. However, times have changed, so that the members of this once despised and persecuted sect have for generations past exercised an influence on public opinion altogether out of proportion to their numbers. Here is Bishop Westcott's estimate of the character of George Fox, the founder of the Society: 'We may think that many of the details on which George Fox laid stress were trivial; but in spite of every infirmity and disproportion, he was able to shape a character in those who followed him which, for independence, for truthfulness, for vigour, for courage, for purity, is unsurpassed in the records of Christian endeavour.'

The character and the moral influence of the early Friends were well illustrated by the reply one of them made to a man who brutally assaulted him while stooping to tie his shoe. 'Take that for Jesus Christ's sake,' said the fellow, as he threw a heavy stone at the Quaker's head. 'I do take it for His sake,' was the meek reply, made without looking round at his assailant. The next day the man, who was now conscience-stricken, called upon the Friend, expressed his deep contrition, and craved forgiveness; and subsequently he became a devoted member of the Society.

Thirty or forty years ago everybody in London knew when the Friends' Yearly Meeting was in session, for the peculiar dress which was then almost universally worn by the members of the Society made them very conspicuous in the

streets. I remember that *Punch's Almanac* about that time had an entry under May, 'Quakers abound in the City.' Nowadays the City might be crowded with Quakers and nobody would know of their presence; but there are many who deeply regret the disappearance of the picturesque and quaint costume. In discussing this matter with a clergyman, that gentleman told me he strongly objected to the peculiar costume worn by the Friends, for it seemed to make them say 'I am holier than thou.' Curiously enough, this clergyman wore a broad-brimmed hat and a straight collar on his coat; so I ventured to mention the fact, somewhat to his confusion.

Quaker wit, quaint and kindly, although occasionally pungent, doubtless owes somewhat of its point to the circumstance of its coming from such an unexpected quarter. When William Penn was in pecuniary difficulties he found it prudent not to leave his house for a time, his library windows commanding a view of all those who approached. His man-servant was a very plain Friend, but shrewd withal; for before opening the door to a visitor he would scrutinise him through the small grating in the panel. One day a stranger walked briskly up to the door, and, having knocked, inquired if Mr Penn were at home. 'What is thy business, friend?' asked Obadiah, surveying him through the grating. 'Oh, I have called to see Mr Penn.' 'My master hath seen thee, and doth not like thee,' replied the faithful janitor, and the foiled process-server walked away.

Thomas Storey, the Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania, was a Friend, and from an anecdote about him that has come down it is clear he had a 'pretty wit.' On one occasion when the Chief-Justice was walking in a remote part of the colony with William Penn, they were overtaken by a storm, and took shelter in the warehouse of a tobacco-planter. Presently that individual came in, and observing the two gentlemen, demanded in a rough and lordly tone what was their business there; adding, 'I would have you know that I am a Justice of the Peace, and can commit you as trespassers.' To this Storey calmly re-



plied, 'Thou art a Justice of the Peace, art thou? Well, my friend here,' pointing to William Penn, 'makes such things as thou art. He is the Governor of Pennsylvania;' at which, according to the story, the would-be great man was greatly abashed.

An amusing story is told of William Penn which proves that he possessed a fund of quiet humour. Travelling in the country with another Friend, they came to a small inn, where there was only one bed vacant. Being much fatigued, Penn quickly retired; but his companion, a man in a humble position in life, prepared to make himself comfortable in a chair before the fire, not liking to deprive the Governor of Pennsylvania of half his bed. William Penn pressed his companion to get into bed, but without success, the good man observing that he was a great snorer, and would disturb his friend. 'Oh, that's it—is it?' said Penn. 'Now, just thee give me ten minutes' start, and no snoring will wake me.' He had the start; but before the poor Friend could get into bed William was in full cry, snoring like a grampus, and so it was the other man who did not sleep.

When Penn obtained the charter for his new province from Charles II., in payment of a debt owing to his father, Admiral Sir William Penn, the king asked him what he proposed calling it. Penn replied that, as the country was well wooded, he had thought that 'Sylvania' would be an appropriate name, whereupon Charles suggested the prefix 'Penn;' hence the name Pennsylvania; and so, for the first time in the history of the world, the foundation of a nation has been laid on the principle of perfect freedom, both civil and religious. Penn's treatment of the Indians was just and generous; and while the neighbouring provinces were overrun by them, Pennsylvania was never disturbed. Voltaire remarked of the Quaker treaty with the Indians that it was 'the only treaty that was ever concluded without an oath, and the only one that was never broken.' During the seventy years of Quaker rule in Pennsylvania the sole emblem of authority was the constable's staff.

While there was liberty of conscience in Pennsylvania, there was none in the Puritan colony of Massachusetts. At Boston gentle Quaker women were flogged through the streets; and, by the orders of Governor Endicott, one woman Friend and several men were hanged on Boston Common for preaching their 'pestilent doctrines.' The earth had not then received its electric girdle, and communication between England and the New World was very infrequent, so that the king's satraps did what was good in their own sight. At length the turn came. Endicott had banished many of the Friends upon pain of death should they return; and some of them did return, and were promptly hanged. Amongst those who were banished was one Samuel Shattock. Being the

master of his own ship, Shattock was fully determined to return to Boston if he should feel called upon to do so, but resolved that he would first go to London and lay the case before the king. Arrived in London, Shattock consulted the leading members of the Society, who arranged an interview with the king. The spokesman of the deputation, having given an account of the arbitrary doings of Governor Endicott, remarked that 'a vein of innocent blood had been opened in New England,' and claimed the king's protection. 'I will stop that vein,' replied Charles; adding, however, that he had no ship proceeding to America at that time. Hereupon Shattock, who was one of the deputation, ventured to offer his own ship for the purpose. 'Good,' said the Merry Monarch; 'and you shall be my messenger.' The commission having been made out, in due time the condemned Quaker sailed for Boston as the representative of the king. On arriving at Boston, Shattock lost no time in calling upon the Governor, being in no way deterred by the assurances of that official's *entourage* that he would certainly be hanged. Governor Endicott, greatly surprised at the Quaker's daring as he stood before him hat in hand, demanded his business. 'I come with a commission from the king,' said Shattock, handing the Governor the despatch, which he received with bared head. Having read the communication, Endicott turned to the Quaker and said, 'The king's commands shall be obeyed;' and from that time the Quakers were undisturbed.

On the continent of Europe, where the Quaker costume was not known, the appearance of a Friend in the streets has given rise to strange mistakes. The late Joseph Eaton of Bristol, a well-known philanthropist during the first half of last century, was tall and stately-looking—such a man as passers-by would turn to look at twice. While walking down the Montagne de la Cour, in Brussels, on reaching the part where the footpath is very narrow he came face to face with a Roman Catholic procession headed by a bishop in full canonicals. To his amazement, the bishop stepped off the pavement and made a profound reverence to the Friend, and this ceremony was repeated by all the bishop's retinue. Joseph Eaton, taking in the situation, gravely bowed and walked on, being afterwards informed that he was supposed to be a cardinal then on a visit to the city.

It has often been observed that when Quakers leave the Society they usually join the Church of England, attaching themselves, as a rule, to the High Church section of that communion. Some, also, have been known to join the Church of Rome, exemplifying the proverb that 'extremes meet.' Some years since a learned member of the Society became dissatisfied, and left it. Joining the Church of England, he was soon after ordained by the Bishop of Chester, who nominated him to



be the head of a training college in his diocese. Some years later, on being asked how he got on with his Quaker convert, the Bishop replied, 'I wish the Quakers had him back again; he is always wanting to know the "why" of everything, and never tires of prating of the "rights of private judgment."'

In the early days of Quakerism the sect was abominably persecuted for all sorts of imaginary offences, the clergy being the main offenders in this matter. Amongst other offences was non-attendance at the parish church. Down in Gloucestershire there lived a Friend, John Roberts by name, who was often in trouble; but being naturally witty, he occasionally turned the tables upon his clerical tormentors. In those days the Bishop's Court was possessed of real power; and John was often cited to appear before the bishop, by whom he was well known and greatly respected. On one occasion the charge was the neglect of church attendance. 'Now, Mr Roberts,' said the bishop, 'what have you to say why you do not go to church?' 'But I do go,' replied John; 'sometimes I go to the Church, and sometimes, the Church comes to me.' 'How can that be?' inquired the bishop. 'Well,' said the Quaker, 'I take the Church to be the people of God, and not the building in which they meet.' The bishop dismissed him. On another occasion, being in the same court, the bishop asked John Roberts how many children he had. 'I have had seven,' replied John, 'of whom it has pleased the Lord to remove three by death.' 'And have they all been bishoped?'—that is, confirmed. 'No,' said the witty Quaker, 'for most of them were born in Oliver's time, when bishops were out of fashion.' 'At which,' adds the old chronicler, 'the court fell a-laughing.'

The vicar of John's parish, however, could not take things in that easy way, and never could appreciate the humorous side of the Quaker's character. It is stated that on the occasion of a general visitation of his diocese by the worthy bishop, accompanied by a large number of his clergy all on horseback, he observed, on nearing John Roberts's house, the good Friend working in his garden. The bishop, calling to him, bade him 'Good-morning,' and went on to say he had been informed that John brewed good ale. 'Yes,' said the Quaker, 'I do. Wouldst thou like to try it?' The bishop assented, and Roberts brought a pitcher of ale. After drinking, his lordship warmly commended the liquor. Presently the parson of the parish came up; and on John Roberts offering him some of the ale, the reverend gentleman declined, saying, 'It is full of hops and heresy.' 'Indeed!' said John; 'but thy bishop has just pronounced it to be excellent.'

It is only during recent years that Quaker meeting-houses have been made fairly comfortable. At the beginning of the present century few

were artificially warmed or provided with wooden floors. Many years ago a proposal was made to replace the stone floor of a meeting-house in Somersetshire with one of wood, and also to provide a heating-stove; but an ancient Friend strongly objected, saying he could 'remember in the time of the persecution' when Friends were only too glad to meet under a 'brinble' bush if they could meet in peace and security from disturbance. However, modern ideas prevailed.

Some of these old Friends were, quite unconsciously, very amusing. In my schooldays, at that same old Somersetshire meeting-house, one of the members was heard to say to another, 'How art thee to-day, Thomas?' 'Thank thee, not very well. I have a touch of the liver complaint.' 'Oh, never mind the liver, so long as the heart is all right,' was the comforting rejoinder.

Some years since I was travelling in Italy with an elderly Friend who was possessed of a vein of dry humour. On crossing the Grand Place in Genoa we met a clergyman of the Church of England—Canon B.—with whom we were slightly acquainted. The canon had been to Rome, and was on his return. Replying to our inquiry how his health had been since we last met, he said, 'Not very good. I have had a sharp touch of the Roman fever.' On this my dry old Quaker friend remarked, 'Not a very uncommon thing, I think, when English clergymen go to Rome.' The canon smiled and 'went off.'

Some time in the first half of last century there came to England from the Far West an old Quaker preacher, a tall, spare man, with severe features and a somewhat unmelodious voice. He came to visit the English Quaker churches, and in the course of his travels went to Norfolk, where he was to be the guest of an ancient and honourable family of Quaker bankers. On the appointed day Mr G. drove to the station to meet the stranger, desiring to show him due attention and courtesy. It was a wintry day; the 'way was long, the wind was cold,' especially as the host stood on the platform awaiting the incoming train. When it came Friend G. quickly recognised his visitor, and approaching him, said he would take him to the carriage which was waiting; when the visitor remarked, 'I prefer to walk.' 'But it is three miles from here, and the roads are wet and muddy,' protested Mr G., the host. 'I prefer to walk,' said the visitor again. 'And they will be waiting dinner,' Mr G. added; but the visitor's only reply was, 'I prefer to walk.' So poor Mr G., looking down at his thin shoes and thinking of the miry roads, was fain to order his coachman to drive on in advance. On their arrival at the house, dinner was soon announced, and Friend Obadiah was seated at his host's right hand and speedily engaged in satisfying his appetite. Now, when I was in America in 1876 I was informed by a Californian gentleman what were

the indispensable qualifications of a good diner-out—namely, ‘a long arm, a quick eye, and a silent tongue.’ Thanks to the good waiting at the rich Friend’s table, the first two qualifications were not necessary; but, to the great embarrassment of the host and company, the American would only speak in monosyllables. The situation was becoming intolerable; when presently Mr G. said to Obadiah, ‘What dost thou think of the roast beef of Old England?’ Resting his hands on the table, knife and fork pointing to the ceiling, the visitor replied with great deliberation, ‘I’ve tasted better!’ As if by magic the tension vanished, the other guests laughed, and conversation became general, Obadiah being by no means the least interesting of the company.

An old Quaker preacher once administered a well-deserved rebuke to several giddy young women who made some rude remarks respecting his personal appearance. The Friend was engaged on a ‘religious visit’ to Friends in Scandinavia. While crossing from Denmark to Christiania in a steamer which was crowded with holiday people, he sat apart on the deck, being a stranger to all on board. He was a man below the average height, of a very unassuming appearance and manner, and was dressed in a brown suit which had been somewhat damaged by the accidental spilling of coffee over it at breakfast; and presently he became aware of being the subject of the somewhat impertinent talk of a number of young girls standing near, one of whom remarked in his hearing, ‘I wonder if *it* can speak?’ To their surprise and mortification, the quiet Friend promptly replied, ‘Yes; *it* can speak a little in Norsk, *it* can speak in German, *it* can speak in French, and *it* can also speak in English. In which of those languages wouldst thou like to converse?’

Some of the old generation of Friends used very ‘plain’ language; indeed, it was impossible to misunderstand their meaning. At a social gathering of Friends in Bristol early in the century a young lady made herself conspicuous by appearing in a fashionable evening costume. An old Friend from the country, who was not accustomed to seeing ladies in ‘full’ dress, tapped her on the shoulder, and said, ‘Young woman, I would advise thee to *shut up shop!*’

At St Austell, in Cornwall, the Quakers’ Annual Meeting falls in the hay season, and has been held at that time uninterrupted for more than two centuries. By some inscrutable law of nature the hay season is usually wet, and so for generations past the farmers have been warned in rhyme:

Now varmer, now varmer,  
Tak’ care ov your hye;  
For ’tes the Quakkers’ great mittin to-dye.

Once, when the Advice to the Members were being read, it happened that the particular one relating to ‘vain sports’ was read, whereupon a

newly-joined member inquired what ‘vain sports’ were. ‘For example,’ he asked, ‘was kissing mydens [maidens] in the hye [hay] a vain sport?’ He did not think it was.

My father was the only Quaker in his parish, and to that fact his sons were indebted for being ‘called after’ on their way to school:

‘Lord av massy ’pon us;  
Keep the Quakkers from us.’

At one time there was an old Quaker preacher in Cornwall who delivered excellent sermons, but he had a strong, deep voice that was occasionally somewhat trying to persons with delicate nerves. Once, after meeting, a lady spoke to him on the subject; she asked if he could not moderate his voice, for, if he could, she believed his ministry would be more acceptable and more helpful. I do not know what his reply was; but some years after the same lady again spoke to the old man, and this is what she said: ‘Oh Mr ———! I am so glad to hear thee preach again, for during the past few years my deafness has been so great I could hear no minister speak; but to-day I heard thee distinctly, and it was such a comfort!’

I remember my father telling a story of a Quaker and the vicar of his parish. While walking along the road the former was overtaken by the vicar on horseback, who, observing that the Friend did not remove his hat, remarked, ‘Q was a Quaker who bowed not down.’ ‘Thou art mistaken,’ replied the Friend. ‘I do bow down; but not to my fellow-men.’

Quakers are notoriously bad witnesses for lawyers ‘on the other side.’ The late Josiah Hunt of Bristol, a typical Quaker of half-a-century ago, was called as a witness in a case tried before the Recorder. The opposing counsel was an Irishman, who, although possessed of a full-flavoured brogue, was very anxious to be thought an Englishman. Failing to obtain much information from the cautious replies of Mr Hunt, the lawyer became rather angry, and thus addressed the witness: ‘Now, Mr Hunt, be good enough to attend to me, and remember, sir, you are on your oath.’ ‘Excuse me,’ said Mr Hunt, ‘but I am not.’ ‘Your affirmation, then, sir. I believe, Mr Hunt, you are a Quaker?’ The witness, looking straight at the lawyer, replied, ‘And I believe *thou* art an Irishman!’ Every one in court, from the judge to the messenger, knowing the lawyer’s weakness, was greatly amused at the Quaker’s home-thrust; and it is hardly necessary to add that the Quaker was asked no more questions.

Another instance of the nonplussing of a lawyer by a simple Quaker turns upon the difference in meaning (if any) between the words ‘also’ and ‘likewise.’ No satisfactory replies could be obtained from the Friend; and observing that he frequently used these two words, the lawyer desired him to state the difference between them. The Quaker readily responded, saying, as he

pointed to his own counsel, 'My friend there is a lawyer, and thou art *also* a lawyer; but thou art not like *wise*.'

One more story and I will conclude. In a country district where the roads were narrow, notices were posted at both ends of a winding lane requesting drivers of vehicles to shout before entering, there being width for only one at a time. A Quaker driving that way complied with the instructions, but on getting more than half-way through, came face to face with another carriage driven by a fashionably-dressed young

man. The Friend remarked that he had complied with the custom and had entered the lane first, and requested the young man to 'back out'; this, in very insolent terms, he refused to do, peremptorily ordering the Friend to retreat. As neither would move, the young man, lighting his pipe, drew a newspaper from his pocket and began to read, the Quaker merely remarking with great imperturbability, 'Friend, when thou hast finished with that paper I would like to read it.' Without a word the young man backed down, for he had found his match.

## LOOTING A BOER CAMP.

By LEWIS GOLDING.



ALTHOUGH hope deferred maketh the heart grow sick, there were but few—certainly none of the military, either officers or men—who for a moment doubted the ability of Sir Redvers Buller, backed by his splendid army, to relieve us poor besieged individuals in Ladysmith. Consequently, when we were told of the reverses our comrades of the relief-column had met with at Colenso, Spion Kop, and Spearman's, we—to use Sir George White's expressive phrase—merely stiffened our backs and decided to sit tighter than ever, knowing that these cheeks would but serve to make Sir Redvers more determined and more desirous to break the Boer cordon and bring in relief. So when, on the 27th February 1900, the glorious heliographic message from Sir Redvers Buller, stating that he had thoroughly defeated and was pursuing the enemy, was made known to us, every heart in the devoted town jumped with joy. Indeed, after the first ebullitions of intense delight had passed off, and people began to realise that the 'Soldiers of the Queen' had at last been absolutely and entirely successful, strong men as well as weak women silently thanked God from their hearts for His goodness in at length putting an end to their terrible privations.

However, we were not yet relieved; for, although reports from the outlying pickets on Caesar's Camp and Wagon Hill were hourly sent in to headquarters stating that endless lines of Boer transports were to be seen trekking away westward and northward, the enemy was known to be still in force on Bulvan, Lombard's Kop, and other hills around Ladysmith. These positions were evidently held to the last by the Boers to facilitate their friends' retreat and to prevent us from sallying out to intercept and cut them off.

Early the following morning a strong force of the best-conditioned men in the garrison was sent out by Sir George White, with instructions

to seize the railway station and line at Modder Spruit, if possible, and so hamper the enemy in his retreat. This force undoubtedly did excellent work in hastening the headlong flight of the Boers; but, alas! owing to the extremely poor condition of the siege-worn men and horses, no very great effort could be made to turn the retreat of the Boer army into a thorough rout. In fact, during the day the gallant gunners of the field-batteries had the mortification of distinctly seeing three Boer trains, presumably loaded up with 'Long Toms,' 'Silent Sues,' and other heavy ordnance, calmly steam out of the station; but, owing to the attenuated condition of their horses, our men could not get their 15-pounders into range.

All this is now old history, and has many a time been described by pens more dexterous than mine; therefore I will pass on to the description of a scene that has, so far, I think, escaped the notice of lynx-eyed correspondents and the cameras of ubiquitous photographers.

Before proceeding, I must mention that I served throughout the campaign as a trooper in the Natal Mounted Rifles, a colonial corps, and during the famous siege had the honour of being a member of Sir George White's escort; therefore, being well known to every member of the staff, we were all more or less privileged individuals, and had opportunities of hearing the latest *on dit*, and of being in the thick of anything that was doing. Thus when, the same morning, one of our men who had accompanied General Hunter as his orderly in the sortie came back to camp with his horse fairly loaded down with loot which he had secured in a deserted Boer camp, a comrade and I experienced little difficulty in obtaining permission from headquarters to go out after the troops and see what we could pick up in the way of eatables and curios in the forsaken tents of our late besiegers. Hastily we saddled up our war-worn ponies, and after attaching to each saddle a couple of empty grain-sacks, rode off together towards Observation

Hill, the most northerly advanced-post. Here we rested our ponies and questioned the sentries as to whether it would be advisable to keep a sharp look-out for Boer 'snipers'; and on learning that the enemy was much too busy running away to trouble about us, we set out across an intervening plain and headed straight for the Boer Surprise Hill camp, taking no precautions to scout or to hide our approach.

Our way took us over the identical route pursued by the plucky lads of the 2nd Rifle Brigade in their heroic and successful raid on the Boer big gun (4.7-inch howitzer) posted on Surprise Hill. The grass through which we passed was so long and luscious that we found considerable difficulty in urging our poor, half-starved horses onward, as they would persist in halting every few yards to thrust their muzzles into the sweet herbage, paying but scant attention to biting lash and pricking spur. At length, after negotiating without mishap several dongas, the railway line, fences, a stream or two, and a few barbed wire entanglements which had been laid down against surprise by the investing forces, we descried in the distance a large Boer camp snugly concealed from view in a kloof amongst some shady mimosa-bushes. In some excitement we urged our weary animals into a jog-trot—the best pace we could get out of our poor horses—and soon were among the canvas dwellings of the enemy.

Pitched anywhere and everywhere, without regard to system or order, were the cheap calico tents of the burghers. Here, under the overhanging branches of a tree, was a fairly good marquee, probably the property of a commandant or a field cornet; there a plain, home-made, lean-to affair supported by ropes made fast to a couple of stunted bushes; and over the way was discernible a fair-sized wattle-and-daub hut, no doubt reserved for stores and ammunition. Scattered in hopeless confusion all over the untidy, straggling camp were tin pots, blankets, articles of clothing (amongst the latter I was indeed astounded to notice children's shoes, toys, &c., women's hats, skirts, and other odds and ends which I have neither space nor inclination to enumerate), tables, cart-wheels, sofas, beds, rifles, pieces of exploded shells, and many other articles bearing witness to recent occupation.

Early as we were to arrive on the scene, looting Tommy Atkins and the acquisitive Kaffir were before us; for here, there, and everywhere our khaki-clothed comrades, attended by lusty natives, were to be seen eagerly turning over and examining the property lately belonging to our foes. Without loss of time we dismounted; and, hitching the ponies to a tree, we too were soon busily engaged in the hunt for trophies, and also for things eatable. I made a dive into the first convenient tent, and stumbled over a pile of blankets and clothing. Nothing here good to eat; but wait—sniff, sniff—I'm a Dutchman if

that is not the unmistakable aroma of onions! Sure enough, after turning over a few things, I unearthed a sack of prime Spanish onions. Into one of the sacks, which I had taken the precaution of bringing with me, I emptied about half-a-hundred of the delectable vegetables; I would have taken the lot, but I had to consider my horse, as well as to leave room for other stuff. Scattered all over the floor of the tent were hundreds of rounds of Mauser ammunition; and the same condition of things prevailed in every tent I subsequently visited. This fact proves how exceedingly well supplied the Boers evidently were with small-arm ammunition, but, at the same time, shows the incapacity, carelessness, and want of system of the Boer officials responsible for the supply and distribution of stores and ammunition.

When I had thoroughly ransacked the contents of this tent I passed on to the next, which chanced to be a general store and dispensary, containing nothing but eatables and medical stores. I soon had my sack half-full of potatoes, carrots, strips of biltong (sun-dried beef), tins of cocon, half-pound bags of sugar, and rolls of Boer tobacco; but the doctor's stuff I passed over, leaving it for others less healthy and robust.

Just as I was about to leave the tent I was astonished to hear a groan and a blood-curdling gurgle. After diligently hunting around for a moment, I unearthed from beneath some sacks of potatoes and onions a lusty Kaffir, who was evidently *in extremis*. I at once called for assistance, and told a couple of men of the Leicester Regiment who came up that there was a wounded native in the tent. Laughingly they replied that the 'nigger' was all right; for he had entered the tent with them a little while before, and had put away a couple of bottles of the first stuff that had come to hand, evidently hoping that it was gin! 'But,' I protested, 'the poor fellow is bad, and may well have poisoned himself. What are we to do?' 'Arrah, mate!' replied one of the men, obviously an Irishman, 'I've him be. Bedad! it's as hard to kill one of thim varmint as it be to make a Dutchman face the bayonet; and I onst seen a naiger swalley enough jallop to poison fifty white men without it turnin' one of his eyelashes.' Knowing from experience this to be perfectly true, I turned away, quite satisfied that no dire consequence would this time overtake the Kaffir for giving way to his peculiar craving for white man's *muti* (medicine).

By this time I considered that I had secured a sufficiency of food to last me and my friends until the relief-column, which was expected next day, came in. Accordingly, I decided to fill up with any portable curios and articles I could find which would be likely to please my friends at home. With this object in



view, I made for some better-class tents, which I noticed stood apart from the rest of the camp, being probably the residences of Boer officials. In these tents I picked up a couple of dog-eared and thumb-worn Testaments, printed in the *taal*, a Dutch novel or two, three or four of their now famous psalm-books, a rusty Martini-Henry rifle with a cow-hide sling, two or three clips of Mauser cartridges, one of our own unexploded 15-pounder shells (evidently kept by the late owner as a trophy), an old felt sombrero, a home-made bandolier, and (last, but not least) a pair of huge partly-worn *veldschoons*.

As I was engaged in collecting these articles I observed a soldier passing over in contempt all such-like goods, and merely contenting himself with half-emptied tins of jam, broken pieces of biscuits, and stale loaves of bread. I advised him to secure, while he still had the opportunity, a few such curios as I was collecting, as he would find but little trouble afterwards in turning them into coin did he so desire. His answer amused me vastly. 'Is it likely,' he said, 'I'm going to load myself up like a battery-mule with rubbish like that, when I'm fair starvin'?' By —! no; give me stuff I can put me tooth in—bread, meat, anythink to fill up the vacuum that four months' siege 'as left in me inside.' With a laugh and a parting word of advice to the poor lad anent the dangers of gormandising, I passed out, and lifting my weighty bag of onions and Testaments, biltong and psalm-books, on to my back, staggered over to where I had left my horse.

My comrade, I found, was already awaiting me, having filled up his sack from the contents of one tent alone. Emptying half my loot into the other sack which I had brought with me from camp, so as to distribute the weight, I fastened the mouths of both the bags together with a piece of *reim*, and passed one of them across the back of the saddle, thus allowing the sacks to hang down one on each side of the horse.

The poor animal apparently did not at all like the appearance of things, for he turned his head round and sniffed suspiciously at the bags; but I had no idea that he intended to protest at the weight of the load until I sprang into the saddle and turned his head in the direction of home. Then I was disgusted to find that he absolutely refused to budge an inch. Talk to him, threaten him, spur him, do what I would, I was compelled perforce to dismount, and either reduce my load or walk. I decided to adopt the latter alternative, as I was determined not to part with a single onion or one of my cherished curios. My comrade experienced the same difficulty with his mount, so together we tramped off, leading our mutinous and refractory animals.

About half-a-mile from the Boer camp we came across a line of the most perfectly and cunningly

constructed trenches I have ever seen or read of. These had manifestly been thrown up by the enemy's engineers with the object of resisting any attack that we might have been inclined to make on their camp. Instead of being constructed in one long, continuous line, as is, I believe, customary in our service, the Boer trenches—fully six feet deep—were made to contain but four, or at most six, riflemen. Then a space of about one hundred feet was left, and another pit for four or five men was excavated, and so on for several hundred yards. This system, it will be seen at a glance, provided against no greater casualty from any one shell than two or three men at most; whereas in the case of the continuous line of trenches any number of men might be put *hors de combat* by a well-burst projectile. Another peculiarity I noticed about these earthworks was that the loose soil was heaped up in *rear* instead of in *front* of the trenches, thus obviating all possibility of the heads and shoulders of the occupants being observed against the sky-line. In some cases sandbags were stacked up three or four deep in front of these pits and loopholed to allow the marksmen to pick off at their ease any one approaching over the cleared space which these trenches commanded. Altogether, unless entrained (which under the circumstances would have been impossible) by terrific artillery and rifle fire, the position was impregnable; and as I gazed in undisguised admiration at these earthworks I could not help feeling thankful that poor Tommy Atkins had never been called upon to attack them.

After a thorough inspection of the various Boer defences in this direction, we once more set out, and after a weary tramp arrived in due time at our destination.

As we passed the headquarters I stopped and called at Colonel W.'s office, and finding that gallant officer at home, asked him if he would do us the honour of accepting on behalf of the staff-mess a few of our delicacies in the shape of onions, potatoes, and biltong. He laughingly replied that he had almost forgotten the taste of such good things, and that anything we could give him in that line would be most acceptable and a veritable godsend. Willingly we handed over a goodly portion of our eatable loot, and then left with a request that the colonel would, when at mess that evening, inform the general and his brother-officers that they were partaking of Boer onions. He assured us decidedly that he would do so, as every one would eat the good things with an increased gusto when it was ascertained that they had come from Pretoria.

Next day the relief-column came into Ladysmith, and we were once more free men, after being locked up for exactly one hundred and nineteen days.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### FOREIGN COMPETITION: ORGANISATION WANTED.

By GEORGE NOBLE.

**T**HE fruit season of last year was a bad one for English growers. All crops—and particularly those soft fruits which, on account of their perishable nature, cannot be stored—were a drug in the market. The prices realised for damsons and plums, for instance, in numberless cases barely paid expenses. From Worcestershire (the home of the Pershore plum) and from Kent (among the orchards) the cry was the same.

What is the cause? It is not that Mother Earth has been niggardly in giving of her abundance. There was a bountiful harvest; and what is the result? Tons of fruit were left on the ground to rot because it did not pay to market it; the receiving-houses were crowded with English and foreign produce, and the jam-factories full. Quite a glut of apples, for instance, was experienced in Lincolnshire last year. Some who sent supplies to the market were out of pocket after paying the carriage and other expenses.

Nor was this the case with fruit only, but with vegetables also. Acres of scarlet-runner beans were left on the plants, and in some cases the sheep consumed the beans—the most economical method of disposing of a crop which it does not pay to pick. Vegetable-marrows were crushed beneath the ploughshare, and in some cases cauliflowers have not paid cart-hire to the market. Nature has yielded bountifully, and the farmer groans.

Immense quantities of produce arrive from the Continent; and it is rather curious to note the sequence of the earlier foreign seasons. The Custom-House officers at such ports as Dover and Folkestone know them well. Whilst we are yet locked in the grip of winter, salads, beans, peas, and early potatoes begin to arrive from the balmy South; a little later and the consignments consist of immense quantities of flowers, these in turn giving place to the early fruits—cherries, grapes,

pears, and plums. A pause succeeds, which is generally the latter part of our summer and autumn; and then the rotation commences again. Several shiploads of such produce arrive in one night, and are despatched with celerity to the markets. The railway rate for foreign fruit from Dover to London is one shilling and eightpence per ton, whilst English fruit from Dover to London costs twelve shillings and threepence per ton.

Not long ago the writer conversed with a toy-dealer, who also sells all sorts of fancy knick-knacks besides children's playthings. He said that the operation of the Merchandise Marks Act—which requires that all foreign products shall bear the name of the country of origin—had been the cause of a great revelation to him; and he pointed to numerous packages of dolls, clockwork-trains, and other mechanical toys, as well as blotters, inkstands, picture-books, and india-rubber balls, saying that he did not think there were ten classes of goods of British make in his shop.

The ingenuity displayed in the production of penny toys is marvellous, novelties coming out nearly every week. The foreign producers are quite alive to the fact that a child soon tires of a plaything, and wants another; so they keep up a supply of things bright, novel, and ingenious. Moreover, each toy has its season. As the summer approaches, when children delight to be out of doors, the Germans send us musical rollers and jingling cars; and for the long winter evenings they supply novel indoor games and intricate puzzles—amusement for many evenings—at the cost of one penny. Then the United States send lead-pencils, wood blocks, and coloured toy-books; the French, dolls and tin toys, as well as all the more expensive articles of this class.

However much or little the Germans may have sympathised with the Boers, the toy-manufacturers did not fail to profit by the struggle. They dressed dolls in khaki and caricatured Mr Kruger—his top-hat and pipe were exaggerated, and his teeth

extracted. Were these playthings the outcome of British malice and English spite? The answer is on the toy itself: 'Made in Bavaria.'

It may be mentioned that all imported toys are not made complete in one factory. A recent report of an American consul states 'that the process of making dolls is complicated, and that about a dozen factories are exclusively engaged in one district in Germany in making china doll-heads. The dressing of dolls is also an extensive industry, manufacturers employing as many as two hundred to three hundred hands, mostly girls.'

Let us look at the dead poultry in Leadenhall Market. The cry is still the same: the foreigner knows how to do the trade. He has captured the egg-market. French eggs, which of course are only 'fresh,' fetch higher prices than the English 'new-laid.' 'The foreign stuff always arrives in much better condition,' was the explanation. Packing, grading, appearance, reliability, whether in birds or butter, are everything. The foreigners are sending over their produce in better condition in every respect than that of the English; and, further, they are even rapidly improving. A salesman mentioned that the Russians, finding that their poultry was not selling well because of faulty preparation, engaged the services of an English market expert to go to Russia to teach. The result is that Russian fowls now arrive in an improved condition, and prices have risen accordingly. Remark was recently made in the wholesale trade of the excellent quality of the birds which Canada is now sending, and how seriously this latest form of competition is affecting the trade both in English and Irish produce.

A visit to Covent Garden Market would show even the uninitiated why home fruit takes usually only second place. There the English and the foreign produce may be seen side by side: the one unsorted, dull, unattractive, and marketed in a rough-and-ready style; the other carefully graded, packed in neat boxes edged with coloured paper, which gives the fruit a bright and taking appearance. It is, moreover, done up in boxes of convenient size, thus saving unpacking and risk of damage in handling. The retail dealer has only to place such a box in his window direct from market, and the contents will attract customers. The English fruit is marketed in bushel and half-bushel baskets, and becomes badly bruised each time it is transferred. French pears are so specially arranged as to have a tempting appearance when the boxes are opened. To ensure this the receptacle is packed wrong end up; and when the box is filled, the last thing done is to fix the wood for the bottom. Any one who has tried to pack a box of fruit in the ordinary way—that is, by placing the first layer on the bottom—will have recognised the difficulty, in fact the almost impossibility, of getting the top-most layer of fruit level.

As to foreign eggs, these are sorted according to size, so that on opening a case the appearance of the contents is considerably enhanced; and an assurance is thereby also given to the buyer that his purchase is of uniform grade. Moreover, should the buyer require a smaller quantity than a case, it would seem necessary to unpack, count, and repack the number he required. This would occupy an enormous amount of time; and eggs are a fragile commodity. All this, however, is avoided by an ingenious contrivance. The case is constructed with a double division in the centre; and should only a half-case be sold, it is sawn across the middle, between the divisions, which then form the ends of the package; and all this without disturbing a single egg, or, in many cases, without taking the lid off the package, for the foreigner's mark on the outside is generally reliable as to quality. Those who have experienced the rush and confusion at a large central market, where hundreds of tons of perishable 'stuff' have to be rapidly dealt with, can appreciate such a simple convenience.

Appearance also, even at the sacrifice of quality, goes a long way in securing a ready sale. This is regrettable, but nevertheless true. Take, for instance, a certain variety of peach, full and luscious, and of undoubtedly superior flavour, which does not pay the grower so well as a certain other kind that is somewhat highly coloured and of attractive appearance, but of inferior taste. The public will readily buy the fruit with the rosy blush and warm tint, but neglect the dull-looking variety. The same may be said regarding grapes and other produce; and brown-shelled eggs are more saleable than white, and white-legged fowls more in demand than other varieties.

England is a great market, with a vast population crowded together in a small space. The foreigner knows this, and is quick to perceive our tastes and take advantage of our defective methods. He sends experts to study our wants—our colonies do the same—and then supplies what we require. The importer is backed by great organisations, which collect from all parts into a central warehouse, where the produce is sorted and packed under the eyes of experts. Districts of supply are mapped out, depôts are formed, and the produce thus transmitted is regular in quality, in great quantity, and conveyed at a much reduced rate for carriage.

The first step to remedy all this would seem to be that of organisation and combination. In the United States there exists the National Apple-Shippers' Association. This combination makes rules respecting the grading and shipment of apples; one of these, regulating the sort known as 'No. 1 Apples,' reads as follows: 'No. 1 apples shall be at the time of packing practically free from the action of worms, or defacement of

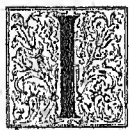
surface, or breaking of skin; shall be hand-picked from the tree, and of bright and normal colour and shapely form.' The Canadians recently despatched an expert to accompany the fruit from the orchard, through the packing-shed, on to the port of shipment, and ultimately to Liverpool. This gentleman wrote a lengthy report to his association, full of valuable suggestions for the improvement of the trade and the methods of consignment. These are only instances of the operations of numerous associations dealing with such products as eggs, poultry, plums, oranges, cheese, frozen meat, grain, timber, &c. A glance at the figures for the last twenty years would

show that the imports are going up by leaps and bounds.

How is it possible for the British farmer, untutored in modern business methods and living perhaps in a remote country district, to compete against such large and capable organisations? He is a mere unit against a big army. His produce may be of the best possible quality, but he can only supply it in uncertain dribblets, whilst they deliver it by the hundred tons. We speak of augmenting our home-grown produce so as to oust the foreigner; but until we first bring into play the potent factors of organisation and combination our efforts will be in vain.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER VII.—THE CONSTABLES.



RAMBLED uneasily out again to the terrace before the house and paced slowly up and down. The night was mild and serene, the air filled richly with the perfume rising from the dewy garden, the silence profound. The harvest moon, to-night at the full, had cleared the darkling belt of eastern forest, and, quenching the stars in her queenly radiance, held alone in fee the blue, velvety spaces of celestial night. Bathed in her lovely light, tall slender fountains tossed aloft three-whitened snow, their murmurous plash, the prattle of their guardian nymphs; garish day had chained the naiads in their basins, but now they had risen to whisper their secrets to each other in the moonlight. The broad white road below ran through dusky woodlands like a path of pearl crossing a field of ebony.

As I gazed upon the beauty of the night I became aware of the distant roll of wheels. I listened, and knew that a coach was approaching from the road. I watched carelessly the turn of the avenue where the silvery path was swallowed among the trees, and presently the vehicle came in sight, rolling sluggishly. I set it down as belonging to some of the guests who were taking an early departure; but when it came near and drew up within a few yards of the spot where I stood in shadow I was not so sure. It was a rude coach, creaking and grumbling as it rolled, and drawn by a pair of clumsy nags, far from matching each other. The driver was a clownish fellow in coarse homespun, and had in no point the dress or appearance of a gentleman's servant. Something plucked at my heart, and I disliked—I knew not why, yet I disliked—the look of this mean equipage drawing up before the splendid mansion. It was wretched enough; but it was not that. I felt in its presence a premonition of something forbidding, malevolent, sinister; as of a thing which had crawled out into the night for

an evil purpose. The door was flung open, and a man stepped down. A second man followed him, and the driver turned on his seat.

'Here we be,' said the driver.

'Ay, ay, at last,' replied the first-come from the vehicle, stretching himself. 'Though there wor' nought else for it. If so be a party ain't at home, ye must follow un in our business.'

'Jacob,' said the second man, 'will there be trouble, d'ye think? 'Tis as queer a job as ever I gied ye a hand in, to take a body from a place like this.'

Jacob finished stretching, and dropped his arms smartly at his side.

'Trouble?' said he. 'Not likely. I've got the warrant safe enough. An' 'twould be treason to lift a finger against us. There's magistrates and such-like within there by the half-dozen, an' they'm bound to see me done right by.'

Warrant! Treason! My conscience with a clap knitted the two words together, and showed me plainly enough what warrant it would be treason to withstand. Whose house was it they had drawn blank, and now pursued the person here? Had the Blakes been discovered? Had I been spied upon? I held myself rigid in the shadow and scarcely breathed.

'It's quiet enough in the front here,' remarked the driver.

'Servants busy in their own quarters, I expect,' replied one of the others, 'an' the grand folks danein' away. Hark at 'em.'

Loud strains of music floated along the terrace, and the man named Jacob pointed to a brilliantly-lighted window at some distance.

'It sounds from there. I'm goin' to peep in,' he said. He trod softly towards the place, and his companion followed him. The driver paid no attention to their movements, and did not attempt to descend. He slouched his hat over his eyes and sat lazily on his box. The light shoes which I wore enabled me to move noiselessly after the



constables; I had seen in their hands the staves tipped with the crown which denoted their office. They were peering eagerly in at the window, which extended to the ground and opened like a door, and now stood slightly ajar to give air to the crowded ballroom. The shadow lay thick along the wall and upon a bordering strip of close, soft grass. I drew near to the ill-omened figures, on whom fell the shine of candles from within.

'That looks gay,' said the second man. 'See, yonder's Squire. Pylcher dancin' wi' a lady in red.'

'D'ye see that fine-lookin' man in blue clothes yonder,' said Jacob, pointing—'him wi' the gold-handled sword? That's the Earl of Kesgrave, an' the party we want's a-talkin' to him.'

'Ay, Jacob Rapson,' cried his companion in a voice of pity, odd to hear from a man of his profession. 'What a thing we've to do!'

'It's got to be done, come what may,' replied Rapson slowly, 'though I like it as little as e'er a job I had in hand.'

It was not I, then. They had marked their prey, and it was not I. I smile now when I think of that easy couple of minutes I spent leaning against the wall and breathing comfortably under the assurance that I need not fly, and that my poor friends were still safe. It was the last of my easy moments for many a day.

The men stepped closer to the window, and I strolled up and stood behind them. Who was it talking to the Earl of Kesgrave? I could not see, for the figure of a dance had just broken up and the upper part of the room was crowded with criss-cross, moving streams of talking, laughing people. I had never seen a London assembly more brilliant; the gay colours, the jewels, the dazzling country complexions, shining out rich and soft in the light of the hundreds of brightly burning tapers.

It would be a strange experience, I thought as I stood there, for the person who was to be fetched from that perfumed atmosphere, from the dainty silken rustle, the light laughter, the very pride of life, to be secured by the rude grip of these clowns, to be packed in yon musty vehicle with them for close companions, and jolt away for Winchester clink. I knew the jail, a foul, stinking hole, where the year before prisoners had been delivered without waiting for trial, since fever had broken out and made a clean sweep of the wretched inhabitants. It was said this fever still hung about the place, and I wished a thousand times I had been able to see who was in conversation with Kesgrave, so that I might have slipped round and given him the word to fly. Fresh faces came to view every moment in the swiftly changing crowd, and now I saw Cicely walking with a young fellow named Lorrimer, whose estate joined mine to the northwards. The colour she had worn in the minut had faded away, she looked somewhat less serene than usual, and I

longed to speak to her and give her a hint of the truth.

'Would that she might approach this way,' I thought. 'Perhaps I could slip to her side and get her to listen for an instant.'

I was so absorbed at sight of her pale, lovely face that for an instant I did not observe that the head-constable was stepping into the room.

'Can it be Lorrimer?' I said to myself. 'The man is going straight up to him.'

But the fellow stopped and turned his head as if speaking to Cicely. The impudence of such a thing was all that came to my mind for a moment, and I stepped forward to interfere. Then a dreadful, chilling fear froze me, and I could not breathe, I could not move; for she went white as death, though the fire of her eyes never paled, and she drew herself up as one who collects every morsel of strength to meet a deadly blow.

Lorrimer was clamorous. 'Nonsense! A mistake! What d'ye mean, man? Away!'

The constable, however, held his ground and drew out a warrant. He pointed his crown-headed staff towards her. I heard his words. 'You are my prisoner,' he said.

Then a great crowd swarmed round them, talking and crying out excitedly, and I rushed up, and for an instant could not make my way through them; but over their heads I saw the Romsey constable, cool-faced, watchful-eyed, and Cicely white and still. I tossed folks right and left and went in. Kesgrave arrived at the same time from the other side.

'What is this?' he cried in deep, ringing tones of passion. 'Off with you at once, or you shall be flung out like a dog.'

The constable gave the Earl a dry, saturnine look; of the true English bull-dog breed, he was not to be cowed by any one.

'I've got my duty to do,' he said, 'an' this young lady must come wi' me. It 'ud be as much as my place is worth—and my neck too, for aught I know—if I lose sight of her from this minute till she be lodged in Winchester Jail.'

'Dare you bandy words with me?' cried Kesgrave. 'Do you know to whom you speak?'

'Very well, my lord,' replied the man. 'But I never heard as your lordship wor' above the law.—Major Ryecroft,' he cried sharply, as he caught sight of the soldier, 'I demand assistance from you, sir. 'Tis a rebellion job, this. The warrant against this young lady is for feedin' an' hidin' rebels. 'Tis no mistake anywhere. We've got the men—three of 'em. She's been seen time an' again carryin' food to 'em.'

A terrible thrill shook every heart. Men groaned; women burst into tears. So young, so beautiful, undone by the kindness of an innocent heart touched at the sight of misery. Had she been accused of the worst crime in the calendar

her future would have looked bright compared with the prospect before her.

Kesgrave had fallen still on this speech, and Major Ryecroft, biting his lip, looked on with bristling interest. Suddenly a shrill scream rang from the farther end of the room. Cicely knew it, turned, and pressed through the crowd which opened before her. She darted towards the couch upon which her mother had fallen, struck down by the news incautiously poured into her ear. Several of the ladies followed her, and the constable looked round uneasily.

'Jacob Rapson,' said Sir Humphrey, coming up with an uneasy face, 'what's this warrant I hear talk about? Let me see it at once.'

'Cert'nly, Sir Humphrey,' said the man, and produced the paper.

The old gentleman read it carefully. He sighed deeply and read it a second time.

'Now, Sir Humphrey,' said Rapson, 'tis a sad business, and I like it no more than anybody else. 'Tis a sad blow to the young lady's mother, of course, an' I'm not one to drag 'em apart without time for good-bye or the like; but I look to be played fair wi'. You're a gentleman an' a magistrate, an' if you give me your word the young lady will be ready in half-an-hour, I'll give ye that half-hour an' wait where ye like. But if ye don't promise, I must take it ye're willin' to smuggle her off, an' then I must stick to her shoulder wherever she may go.'

He stopped and ran his cool, unflinching eye round the breathless circle of us, then marked down Cicely among the flutter of women, and watched her steadily.

'If it was anything else in the world,' said Sir Humphrey, his face as white as his ruffles, 'something could be done, but'—He paused.

'Impossible,' said Major Ryecroft in a low voice, shaking his head. 'It is my duty to support this man. If I gave you a glance at the orders we have received'—He broke off in turn and shrugged his shoulders.

'Well, gentlemen all,' said the constable, 'is it yes or no to what I said? Treat me fair an' I'll treat you fair. I can't say more.'

'Give her the half-hour, Jacob,' said Sir Humphrey slowly. 'It is all that can be done.'

'Very good, Sir Humphrey,' replied Rapson. 'I look to you to surrender the young lady then.'

As he turned aside and paid no more attention, Mrs Plumer was borne from the room, her head supported in Cicely's arms.

The circle broke up, and I seemed to wake from a trance. I was trembling from head to foot, and my heart fluttered oddly as if a hand was pressing it into a corner, as one catches a bird in a cage. I have known ever since that moment what deadly fear means. I got out into the moonlight again, and the night-air seemed bitter chill to my face, heated by the mad rush

of my blood. Cicely to be swept into this dreadful, all-devouring net; the sweet, delicate flower of her youth and beauty to languish in the foul air of a jail! Must she stand in the felon's dock before the vile, debased Jeffreys? I knew the man well, his low manner of life, his contempt for the justice he was supposed to represent, his openly-avowed eagerness to ingratiate himself with the King, who could find no better instrument wherewith to slake his sullen greed of blood.

My eyes fell on the mean carriage and the driver drowsing on his box.

'Come,' thought I, 'something must be done. A truce to gloomy reflection. How? How? How?'

This word seemed to repeat itself in letters of fire before my eyes, as I cudgelled my brains for some plan to save my Cicely. I thought of this, thought of that, half saw my way here or there, perceived a fatal hitch, turned back, tried again, and meantime every pulse which throbbed in my wrists and straining temples seemed to cry out, 'The seconds are flying; the minutes run together and fall. Haste! Haste!'

I looked at my watch and started in surprise. Of the half-hour, twenty minutes had gone. I snapped it to and thrust it back. I drew my sword and glanced along its keen edge, glittering blue in the silvery light. 'I have it,' I whispered aloud.

'Yes,' said a voice at my shoulder; 'there is no other plan.'

I turned, and was face to face with Kesgrave. 'You cannot go on foot,' he went on. 'Perhaps they would drive over you.'

I laughed and waved my hand towards the pair of clumsy nags at the other end of the terrace.

'Tis scarce likely,' said I. 'But how came you to divine my thoughts so surely?'

'Because I see no other way myself,' he answered; 'and the sight of your drawn sword showed me whither your mind had led you. But I come to propose that we join forces. We will intercept the carriage, relieve the constables of their prisoner, and, together, hand the young lady over to her friends. It will be easy for them to hide her until there is a chance of making her peace, and then the field will be open for us once more. Let the doors of Winchester Jail once shut behind her, and she is lost for ever.'

'Tis a black prospect,' said I.

'Ay,' said Kesgrave, 'blacker, perhaps, than you dream. Have you heard aught from Winchester?'

'No,' said I. 'I know Jeffreys is trying there.'

'The man is a fiend,' said Kesgrave slowly. 'It is almost beyond belief. An old lady gave food to two rebels in all innocence, not knowing them to be such. He has sentenced her to be burned to death.'

I repeated his last words in horror. 'Tis some ghastly joke,' I said. 'Never, never in this world can such a monstrous thing be.'

'It is true,' replied the Earl. 'I had a packet from Winchester this afternoon. The hand which sent the news may be relied upon in all confidence.'

I said nothing. The monstrous cruelty and wickedness of this sentence cooled and calmed me. I had been hanging in the wind between an instant attack and leaving the matter for powerful friends to bring influence to bear. A violent attempt miscarrying might rebound cruelly on the prisoner and destroy hopes of a more peaceful settlement. I had swayed backwards and forwards, now leaning one way, and now the other; but this news bent and fixed the mind at a stroke. It justified the most desperate plan, the snatching at the frailest hope. My pulse fell steady upon the instant; my heart beat firmly and resolutely. I knew what must be done, and I rejoiced to see my way so clear.

'What do you propose?' said I.

'Horses, masks, and swords,' replied Kesgrave.

'The first two I must borrow,' was my reply.

'Everything is in train,' he answered.

I started.

'Surely the secret is not general!' I cried.

'There are three of us in it,' returned the Earl—'you, I, and my man Colin Lorel. I dare trust no one else. He is safe as myself. At first I thought of venturing with him alone, but I felt pretty sure your mind would be running that way, and it's better not to clash. We cannot afford to counter each other; and, besides, two might easily be too few. Your constable is a cool, resolute fellow, and carries pistols. I saw his hand slip to his bosom when I stormed at him.'

My Lord Kesgrave made a few steps, then glanced round as if he had been expecting me to follow him.

'Come!' he said. 'Is it wise to stay? Is it not possible that you may make some slip which might ruin everything? I tell you that if the slightest suspicion be aroused, Ryecroft, Hampton, and half-a-dozen more will get to horse at once and accompany the carriage into Romsey, and to-morrow's journey will be in broad daylight. Where are we then? Some of these fellows, in their greed for notice, would hand over their own mothers.'

I knew that he spoke the truth, and followed him at once. We went swiftly round a near angle of the wall, and entered a small private door which opened into a matted passage. The passage ended in a narrow staircase, and Kesgrave bounded up and I after him. A door at the head of the steps led into a large room, where a fire burned on the hearth, and half-a-dozen candles flared on a broad table. Beside the board stood Colin Lorel, a strip of black velvet before

him and a sharp knife in his hand. He was busy cutting out masks, and two already shaped were tossed aside; farther down the table three or four swords were strewn, and a case of pistols stood open. Kesgrave walked swiftly over to a cabinet, and came back with a knot of thin, dark cord. He cut off several short lengths, and I caught up a couple and began to furnish my mask with strings.

'A sword,' said Kesgrave, nodding to the weapons. 'Is that a walking-rapier you wear?'

'No,' I replied; 'as good a bit of steel as ever was forged. I never wear but the one.'

Colin Lorel nicked out the eyes of the third mask, fastened on a couple of strings while I fumbled at one, and drew the case of pistols towards him. A powder-flask lay at his side.

'No pistols,' said I.

'We may be shot at,' replied the man as coolly as if he had been Kesgrave himself, and looking first at me, then at his master.

'You are right, Ferrers,' said the Earl. 'We dare not reply. To direct a sword is in a man's power, but a bullet is other guesswork.'

Colin Lorel pushed the case aside and paid no further attention to the weapons. He went into a room opening from the one in which we stood, and returned with hats, riding-coats, and boots.

I threw aside my periwig and Kesgrave offered a bob, but my own hair was long enough, and I declined. I attempted to get into one of his riding-coats, but it was impossible, and I took a cloak to hide my bravery. Into a pair of boots I managed to squeeze my feet, but it was tight work. Without a periwig it was easy to fit myself with a hat, and I was ready. Kesgrave had been busy with the like preparations, and Colin Lorel had disappeared as soon as he had tossed the clothes on a table.

The Earl lifted his eyebrows and I nodded. There was no need for words. We returned to the matted gallery and opened the door. The clumsy vehicle moved away as we did so. We slipped to the corner, and I strained my eyes eagerly to catch a glimpse of Cicely, and I saw her, and a lady beside her. A score of large tapers had been carried out, and, in the serene air, their steady flames outshone the moon and threw a bright light into the departing coach.

'Lady Lester is going with her,' I whispered.

'Excellent,' murmured Kesgrave. 'A most sensible lady, who will never be able to recollect aught certain about three desperate rogues.'

For several yards, as the carriage moved slowly away, the light fell fully upon Cicely. I watched her pale, sweet face with a throbbing heart. I was as jealous as possible of Kesgrave and his man rendering assistance. I felt that I could have carried her off were her guards ten times as numerous and her strait ten times as desperate.



I know that it was all very foolish, and that a single bullet from Jacob Rapson's pistol might easily have given me my *coup de grâce*, leaving her, were I alone, helpless and hopeless; but who expects sense from a lover?

My Lord Kesgrave touched my shoulder, and I turned my eyes reluctantly from the moving prison and followed him. On this side the shadow lay thick and black, an ample covert. He led the way into a shrubbery, and thence to a grassy alley which ran along the edge of the garden. We passed under the gloom of tall trees and were lost to sight from the house at once, even had any one been watching. Swiftly and silently we sped across the deserted pleasure, and came to a wicket-gate opening on the park. Here we heard a soft whinny and the muffled pawing of horses' feet on grass. Under the first tree sat a tall mounted figure, holding a horse in either hand.

'Up with you,' cried the Earl, and we

scrambled into the saddles. A broad glade, bathed in moonlight, lay before us, and the spurs were clapped home. The spirited steeds needed not this signal for haste. They bounded furiously away, and across the smooth sward we swept like flying shadows of the night.

'With luck,' said Kesgrave, 'we ought to be back with the young lady in less than an hour. We are sure to be missed. What then? I'll take care nothing can be proved; and suspicion will do little against a man of my rank.'

If he was careless of himself, I was doubly so of myself, and everybody was suited. On we flew, Colin Lorel leading the way a little.

'He knows the country,' said Kesgrave. 'Ran about here as a boy. He advises a place called Bracken Bottom.'

'I know something of it, too,' I added; 'and he has hit the very place.'

No more was said. I was in no mood for idle talk, and my Lord Kesgrave kept silent.

## SOME PHASES OF A REFINER'S TRADE.

**T**HE term refiner has long ceased to bear its strictly technical and Scriptural meaning. In a recent bill dealing with stolen property, it is defined as a person who melts precious metals in a second-hand or broken form; but this is a very limited description. In trade circles his functions include dealing in a multiplicity of articles connected and unconnected with the precious metals. Very few refiners of the class referred to actually refine gold and silver. The Rothschilds and Raphaels, and a number of other less widely known houses, are refiners in a technical sense, and their works are properly described as refineries; but the Clerkenwell and Wardour Street 'refiners' carry on a totally different class of business. They are second-hand dealers, buying and selling jewellery, plate, precious stones and gems, antiques and curios, 'patch'-boxes, snuff-boxes, ivories, miniatures, coins, and a hundred and one other articles. Jewellers and other workers in gold and silver and platinum sell all their waste products to them: sweepings, polishings, washings (or washhands, to use the more descriptive term), rags, and so forth. The refiner washes, burns, sieves, grinds, or melts, according to the necessities of each material coming into his hands. Solid metal (such as old jewellery, teeth-plates, silver wares) he buys 'by judgment'—that is, by testing with acid, in doubtful cases using the ancient 'touchstone' (usually a piece of old Wedgewood). In buying other residues an assay may be safer, though even with very rough material a speculative offer will often be made. In larger transactions the customer can see his

metal actually melted, and himself send a sample to a public assayer, upon whose report the refiner bases his price.

To the ordinary observer the contents of these old curiosity shops would seem to have no connection with such notions as are represented by the word 'fashionable.' Yet the vagaries of fashion are mainly responsible for the heterogeneous collection. The rage for antique silver is fairly notorious; perhaps the least accountable feature of the business is the high valuation of old 'apostle' spoons. A great many have been sold in recent years, but in most cases only single specimens are obtainable. In 1898 an Elizabethan spoon dated 1589 was sold by auction in London for £19, and others realised from £11 to £17 each. Mr Butler, a well-known London auctioneer, estimates that a complete set of fourteen would realise little short of a thousand guineas. A set of eight, dated 1527, was sold in 1890 for £252, and two sixes in 1892 for £400. The record price was reached in 1898, when Messrs Sotheby, the London auctioneers, sold a seal-top spoon of the sixteenth century for £30, 10s. This weighed one ounce six pennyweights, and was intrinsically worth a little over three shillings!

The Avery collection of spoons in the United States is probably the finest in existence, including as it does three hundred specimens of all ages. Old Irish potato-rings are also much sought after by collectors; at recent sales they have sold for nearly £5 an ounce.

Although less valuable than antique silver, 'Sheffield plate' is much prized by connoisseurs. This is a combination of copper and silver, a thin sheet of silver being welded upon a



thick piece of copper and then rolled out to the required size for manufacturing. Its value depends largely upon the condition of the surface, as it is a *sine quâ non* amongst collectors that 'Sheffield plate' must remain in its original state. Electroplating, whilst improving the appearance, destroys the patina and gives it a different colour, besides making it difficult to be certain of authenticity. As an example of values it may be mentioned that a set of four fluted, boat-shaped salt-cellars would be worth from £5 to £6; but a pair precisely of the same pattern would not realise more than £2. A similar article in modern silver would cost about half as much.

It is not so much in these leading lines that the dealer finds profit, as 'finds' in antique silver or Sheffield plate are now of comparatively rare occurrence. 'Paste,' formerly stigmatised as a fraud and a delusion, is now elevated to the rank of a fashionable fad—always supposing it is antique. Buckles of quaint design are particularly sought after, the frame being usually made of silver and the catch and pin of steel. Missing 'pastes' are inserted, and possibly the original ones removed and polished before the article is fit for resale. Pairs are proportionately higher-priced than single specimens, a single buckle valued at £1 nearly doubling in value if its fellow is found. Many of these old buckles are really shoe-buckles. 'Patch'-boxes of Chelsea or Battersea enamel show a great divergence in value—from a few shillings to as many pounds. The size, condition of enamel, and quaintness of design are the principal points. Special value is attached to the legends or hieroglyphic in-

scriptions found on many early specimens, coats of arms, and so forth.

One of the more recent hobbies for which the dealer caters is the collection of old picture watch-dials. These are sometimes genuine enamels and occasionally (and not less valued) hand-painted. Scriptural episodes were very commonly selected for treatment by these old dial-painters. The earliest specimens of enamelled dials date from the seventeenth century; but the majority of those to be found in the shops are probably at the most a hundred years old. Very high prices are put upon the small mourning brooches so commonly worn by our grandmothers; those containing a centre-place for hair and a surrounding border of pearls are chiefly in vogue. Two to three guineas is often obtained for good specimens.

The collection of war-medals is, like that of stamps or coins, a subject requiring long experience and wide knowledge; the rare varieties, with or without bars or clasps, simply bewilder the novice. Military officers are usually reckoned to be the most ardent collectors. The instance of an occasional lucky purchase may be cited. A country pawnbroker advanced a few shillings upon a silver war-medal, and in due course, the statutory time-limit having expired, sold it by auction. His reserve price was 4s., but, to his unbounded astonishment, it was finally knocked down for £18! Several firms held standing orders from wealthy collectors to secure certain specimens, of which this was one, without restriction as to price.

These are only a few of the goods dealt in by the second-hand dealer, but serve to illustrate the interesting character of his trade.

## THE BEST-MAN.

### CHAPTER II.

**T**HERE was no difficulty in getting rooms at the 'White Hart.' Visitors were few, and every attention was paid to us. I chatted with the landlady after my companion had retired to her room, incidentally explaining our presence, and leading her to infer that all three of us had intended to go to Brighton, but that Fred missing the train had deranged our plans. I was greatly relieved that she did not identify the Mrs. Buxton in her hotel with the lady who should have been spending her honeymoon at Haldon Hall five miles away. An hour later we sat down to dinner. Whether the bride had been indulging in the luxury of a good cry I do not know; but if so, she had carefully removed all traces of tears, and seemed in fairly good spirits.

'I hope your room is comfortable?' I inquired as we ate our beefsteak: the resources of the

'White Hart' in the way of provisions were limited.

'Thank you, yes. There is an excellent view of the river. How glad I am I haven't a maid with me to gossip and tell the people here I was married to-day! You don't think they suspect it?'

She had changed her dress for a quiet-looking serge, and looked self-possessed and natural. I could not help admiring the pluck with which she bore herself in a difficult position.

'I'm sure they don't.'

'I have been thinking,' the bride pursued, 'that when you telegraph to Fred you might wire also to the housekeeper at Haldon Hall saying Mr and Mrs Buxton will not arrive for a day or two.'

'I will do so.'

'I'm very angry with Fred; but still, I hope nothing serious has happened to Telemachus. I

have written a message for you to send to Fred. By the way, where will he be?

'At his trainer's. Roberts's stable is close by Newmarket. I will send your message with mine. I will tell him we are here because we couldn't get away, and that you do not choose to go to Haldon Hall by yourself; and, finally, that we await instructions.'

Dinner over, Mrs Buxton announced her intention of retiring to her room. She gave me her hand in parting, and made a pretty speech of thanks for all I had done. I went out, sent the telegrams, and bought a few articles which my separation from my portmanteau rendered necessary. I also retired early, anathematising Fred and magnanimously dividing my pity between the deserted bride and the best-man.

'After all,' I soliloquised, 'he must turn up to-morrow;' which saying, had I reflected, was counting my chickens before they were hatched.

The next day broke clear and cloudless; I was up in good time and impatiently awaiting the arrival of the mail and the London papers. The former arrived first. There were two telegrams, one for me and one for Mrs Buxton. I sent the bride's up to her at once, and fell to reading mine. It was lengthy, dated from Roberts's stables the previous night, and evidently written under stress of emotion on receipt of my communication. Fred was very sorry he had missed the train, and thereby put his wife and myself to considerable inconvenience. I gathered that he hoped for our forgiveness, and also that no serious injury had been done to the horse. A few minutes afterwards the papers came in, and I was able to read what had really happened. A fire had broken out in the stable, owing to the real or feigned clumsiness of a stable-boy; the Derby favourite had escaped with a shock to his nervous system, but this had been magnified into a severe burn in sundry telegrams sent to London and elsewhere. Greatly relieved at the tenor of this news, and yet annoyed that Fred had rushed off on what proved to have been a false alarm, I awaited Mrs Buxton's appearance. Presently she appeared, looking the better for her night's rest.

'Telemachus has only had a shock,' I said as I took her hand; 'and I'll be bound it wasn't half so bad as the one we had when we left Groombridge yesterday without Fred. What does he say to you? But the matter of the moment is breakfast: there's fish and ham-and-eggs and omelettes to be had; but I don't think we had better have the latter.'

'Anything,' she answered carelessly; 'I've had a cup of tea. What does Fred say to you?'

I gave her my wire, rang the bell, and ordered breakfast.

'Fred asks me to telegraph to him at his club whether I await him here or not. Of course I do. You say the horse is not hurt?'

We ate our breakfast, both, I think, inwardly

relieved that matters were no worse. Mrs Buxton said it was a shame to keep me longer from Brighton; but I declared I would not leave her till Fred's return, and suggested we should go for a drive. As the day gave every promise of holding fine, we, after sending Fred the wire he asked for, carried the project into effect. When we returned there was an answer from the missing husband that he would be with us by eight o'clock. We had expected him earlier; however, eight was the hour he named, so I ordered dinner for three.

But the time and the meal came without the expected man. The weather had changed, and the hotel fly left for the station in a positive deluge of rain; time passed, but it did not return. The minute-hand crawled round the dial; it was nearly nine, and in my impatience I was about to go and seek the vehicle, when it appeared—empty. There was some block on the line; the train had not arrived, and would not arrive for the present.

I dined hastily and unsatisfactorily on the relics of the feast prepared for Fred; Mrs Buxton dined on a cup of tea. My meal over, I had myself driven to the station and sought the stationmaster. Yes, a train had broken down; yes, it was the train from Tunbridge Wells; no, there was no accident, but the line was blocked for the night at least.

'Where did it happen, and is it possible for my friend to get here to-night?'

'Just leaving Buxted. Get here? Well, it's only fifteen miles off; I dare say he can hire a dog-cart or fly to bring him to Belton.'

With this cold comfort I drove back, the rain still continuing with undiminished vigour, to tell the sorely-tried bride of this new misfortune. I added with confidence more feigned than real that Fred should appear by ten o'clock at latest. 'We may certainly expect him by ten,' I concluded.

'Blessed,' says the proverb, 'are those who don't expect.' We waited, talking intermittently and listening to the rain. We had a fire to cheer us and to welcome Fred; but he came not. At a quarter to twelve Mrs Buxton retired; but, feeling sure Fred must come some time, I sat up till half-past two before I sought my room.

The rain had ceased when I woke next morning. I rang the bell vigorously and called the boots. No, Mr Buxton had not arrived. I dressed hastily and went downstairs. There was neither letter nor telegram for either of us. I almost shrank from meeting Mrs Buxton. What could have happened to Fred?

She looked pale this morning and thoroughly upset. There was trouble in her face, trouble in her eyes. I assumed a jaunty carelessness, which I have no doubt became me as ill as Mr Winkle's in the witness-box.

'I thought,' I said, 'of driving to Buxted to see if I can learn anything there of Fred—that is to say, if no news comes while we are breakfasting.'

There may have been unforeseen difficulties which prevented him leaving last night.'

'Then why has he not written or telegraphed?' not unnaturally inquired Mr Buxton's wife. 'He knew where we were. Unless he has been seriously injured he ought to have been here ages ago. Ham-and-eggs, Mr King? The very sight of food is enough for me, when my husband is dead or gone mad or has forgotten he's married.'

'I've heard troubles are always mitigated by breakfast,' I pleaded. 'Do eat something, and then we'll both go in the dog-cart, unless you would rather stop here?'

But Mrs Buxton declared she would go; anything was preferable to doing nothing. So a little after nine—no news of Fred having arrived, and a private inquiry eliciting the fact that he had not gone to another hotel at Belton and overslept himself—we started for Buxted.

It was a depressing journey, and depressing was the news, or rather the absence of news, that greeted us when we got there. The line had been cleared and the delayed passengers had departed; but Fred could not be traced. Some of the passengers had engaged vehicles, but according to the station staff no stranger resembling Fred had alighted from the train and hired a cab.

At an early point of my inquiries Mrs Buxton had sought the ladies' waiting-room, and thither I repaired to reluctantly confess that Fred seemed to have vanished. Though prepared for bad news, my report extinguished her last flicker of hope, and she broke down, seeking that solace in tears that women find, while I stood helplessly by wishing I could get at Fred to relieve my feelings on him.

I was utterly bewildered at this last blow of impish fate; since telegraphing from London at two o'clock the previous day, Fred had made no sign, and there was no proof he had travelled in the train by which he said he was coming. The only thing I could think of was that for some reason he had gone back to Newmarket—an insult to his wife I was quite sure she would never forgive.

Mrs Buxton pocketed her handkerchief and spoke at last to the purpose. 'I shall go back to my mother,' she said firmly, rising to her feet. 'Whether my husband has gone mad, or forgotten me, or run away, I neither know nor care; but I will wait for him no more. Please find out, Mr King, when is the next train for town, and get me a ticket.'

Certainly this seemed the only step to follow under the circumstances. Lady Merrydew was the best person to take charge of Mrs Buxton till that lady's husband offered a suitable explanation of his conduct; and forthwith I made the necessary inquiries as to trains. It was now noon; a train was due for Groombridge in a quarter of an hour. I bought two tickets and arranged with a porter to have the horse and trap sent back to the 'White

Hart,' Belton. I also wrote a brief note saying I was going to town but would return that night; this I gave orders to have delivered, and returned to report to Mrs Buxton.

She made some feeble protests about the trouble I was putting myself to, and then relapsed into silence. A long quarter of an hour passed, and then came the train; we got in and started on the return journey.

The road ran parallel with the line for over a hundred yards, and as we emerged from the station buildings, the train still running slowly, my eyes fell on a horseman riding at the top of his speed for the station. Apathetically I regarded him, then next moment bounded to my feet and thrust head and shoulders out of the window.

'Fred! Fred!' I roared. 'Hi! We're here! we're here!'

The information was superfluous, but I was too excited to pick my words. Fred it was—Fred in the flesh, and plainly seeking his bride. Moreover, he heard me and gesticulated wildly; we were rapidly passing beyond vocal communication.

'We'll get out at Starfield,' I bellowed through my hands; 'meet us there.'

Then I sat down beaming. 'It's all right,' I said triumphantly.

It was a relief to my mind, and the change in Mrs Buxton was almost magical; her colour came back, and she broke into half-hysterical laughter as we looked at one another.

'It's only three miles to Starfield,' I said, 'and the train stops there. He won't be long after us. Fancy, another minute and we might have missed him!'

It seemed an interminable three miles; but at last Starfield was reached, and we alighted and entered into what I fondly hoped was our last phase of waiting. Nor was I this time disappointed. Mrs Buxton retired to the waiting-room, while I took my stand outside the station, watched the road, and impatiently puffed at a cigarette.

I was only half-way through my second when horse-hoofs echoed on the hard road and Fred again came in view, if not 'bloody with spurring,' at least 'fiery red with haste;' he drew rein as he approached the building, and I hastened towards him.

'Where's my wife?' he inquired, dispensing with further greeting.

'In the waiting-room, and as she has been waiting for you for over forty hours, you'd better go to her at once.'

'Yes,' said Fred slowly; 'I suppose I ought.' He got down with deliberation. 'I say, Dick, old man, what will she say to me?'

'What will you say to her? And however,' I went on, my curiosity getting the better of me, 'have you been able to disappear as you have done since yesterday?'



Either out of politeness or reluctance to meet his wife, Fred forthwith favoured me with an explanation, beginning with missing the train at Groombridge two days before. It seems he was recognised on the platform by a racing-man who had just received information that Telemachus was badly burnt. He showed Fred his wire, and the latter, forgetting everything else for the moment, hurried off to the telegraph-office to ask Roberts if the story was true. Before he could send the message the train went off, and he realised his wife was gone. This was the final straw; what with worry and excitement, he quite lost his head, and determined to go at once to Newmarket. The racing-man had left him; Fred wrote the wires to his wife and myself which we received at Belton Station, and an express for the town then appearing, he jumped in. The fact that, to put it mildly, his conduct was injudicious began to dawn on him when he reached town; but having gone so far, and the evening papers saying Telemachus was badly hurt, Fred stifled his misgivings and took the train to Newmarket. There he found his horse little if any the worse for the fire, and later received our wires. These he promptly answered, and spent a very indifferent night in Mr Roberts's spare room. Next morning he was back in London, but spent so long choosing a bracelet to propitiate his wife that he missed one train (this was how he explained it), and sent the wire we received stating he would be with us by eight o'clock. But his procrastination was fitly punished; on leaving Buxted the engine encountered a trolley that had somehow drifted on the rails, and as a result the line was blocked. Fred in this emergency acted with promptitude; a minute's inspection showing him there was no hope of getting to Belton by train, he wasted no time asking questions, but left the scene of the accident unnoticed in the general bustle, and engaged a dog-cart standing close by to drive him to Belton. Hardly had they started when the rain began, it being now nearly eight o'clock. What

with the rain and the darkness, the driver missed his way; but nearly two hours passed ere he confessed that he didn't know where they were. They had no lights, so the guide-posts were utterly useless to them. Finally, by asking at a cottage, they were put in the right direction; and Fred had good hope of getting to Belton by midnight, when the final misfortune came. The horse came down, hurting itself badly and pitching both men out. Fred was up again uninjured, but the driver lay prostrate with a sprained ankle. There was a moral to this, for the man had deceived Fred by pretending they were on the right road when they were not; but this was no time to point it. Fred had to go for help; and, to cut his tale of woe brief, midnight found him, utterly worn out, at Issing, a little village five miles from Belton. He knocked up the people at the inn, and with some difficulty got a room. He was wet through by this time, but gave strict injunctions to be called at seven, and went to sleep. Dead-beat and exhausted, he slept like a log, and the servant made but a perfunctory attempt to wake him. It was half-past nine when he woke. He said little, having used up all his strong language the night before. He dressed hastily, swallowed some breakfast, and having secured a riding horse, was at Belton by half-past ten. Hearing at the 'White Hart' we were looking for him at Buxted, he set off with the utmost speed after us. The rest we knew, but truly he ran it very close.

'Well,' I said when a brief summary of this narrative had been told to me, 'hadn't you better tell all that to your wife?'

Then I took him firmly by the arm and led him to the door of the waiting-room. 'She'll forgive you,' I said, 'if you ask her nicely.'

And she did.

I went to Brighton by the next train; Mr and Mrs Buxton saw me off; and, as every one knows, Telemachus won the Derby a fortnight later. But if ever I appear officially at a wedding again, it will not be in the rôle of best-man.

## ONE—INDEED, SEVERAL—FOR THE PARSON.

By A VICTIM.



HE pulpit is so privileged an institution, and the parson so apt to speak pointedly under circumstances in which—to use the expressive American phrase—people cannot very well 'sass back,' that a wicked world is disposed to take a mischievous delight in those occasions when his reverence receives a Roland for his Oliver, and sometimes rather more; and really, one may persuade himself, it speaks very highly for the general esteem in which the cloth is held that folk should be half-shocked and half-amused at intentional or accidental plain-

speaking to members of a class who are still supposed, by some, to possess a legitimate monopoly of plain-speaking and pointed rebuke. As one of the privileged class, and one who has occasionally received 'one for myself'—neither altogether undeserved nor unrecognised—I may perhaps be permitted to place on record a few somewhat amusing instances of one, or more, for the parson.

He very occasionally gets it in church, as in the classic case instanced by the late Dean Ramsay, who relates that, on a sultry summer Sunday afternoon, a country congregation felt, and yielded



to, the temptation to drowsiness with a remarkable unanimity. Almost the only person apparently wide awake was the village idiot, who sat in the front of the 'loft' with steady gaze fixed on the minister. Singling him out as an example, the parson sharply rebuked his flock for their sleepiness. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'even the poor afflicted one, Daft Jamie as ye call him, can manage to keep awake.' 'Ay; but, minister,' retorted Jamie, not quite comprehending the situation, but dimly resenting the sudden publicity given to his doings, 'if I hadna been an idiot I wad ha' been sleepin' too.'

In a small church in Yorkshire, well known to the writer, one of the most regular and attentive attendants was a countryman who always closed his eyes to listen to the sermon—it helped him to think, he used to say; and that he really listened no one who undertook to question him about the discourse could doubt. On one occasion when the pulpit was occupied by a youthful cleric from a neighbouring place there came a pause in the sermon. Suspecting what it meant, but not troubling to open his eyes, old John said, 'Tha can ger on wi' thy preachin'. I'm noan asleep.'

Out of church the parson sometimes receives a 'nasty one,' deliberately administered. I regret to say that my own grandfather once, in a moment of angry outspokenness, likened his vicar—in the presence of that worthy—to the guide-post at the cross lanes in the parish; 'for,' said the irate and blunt old man, 'it points people the road, but doesn't travel in it itself.' The astonished vicar was too much taken aback to reply while his censor was within hearing, or he might have made the retort which was made by a Kentish clergyman to a similar charge. 'What!' said he. 'Why, you're never content. Here I tell you what you ought to do on Sunday, and show you what you ought not to do the rest of the week. What more do you want? You're never satisfied.'

Some of the richest and most staggering remarks addressed to his reverence are those which are spoken with every good intention, but which are capable of a double application; as when a somewhat consequential minister belonging to the Methodist body got 'one for himself' from a simple old lady on whom he had called. 'I'm not one of the regular ministers,' he explained. 'I am one whom they call a "supernumerary." But possibly you do not know what that means?' 'Oh yes, I do,' was the reply. 'It means one more than's wanted.'

A jocular remark sometimes has a sting in its tail. 'Ah, Mr. Giles!' said the rector to his churchwarden one winter's day, looking down on him as he occupied a recumbent position, having stepped on a slide made by naughty and inconsiderate boys, 'sinners stand in slippery places.' 'I see they du, sir,' said the bruised and nettled

Giles, looking ruefully but roguishly up at his pastor. 'I see they du, sir; but I'm jiggered if I can.'

I once received an unintentional facer from a dear old deaf member of my congregation. 'I don't come to church as often as I used to,' she said sadly, 'for I be so deaf, and I gets things mixed up so—a bit o' this and a bit o' that. Now you hollers more than most; but, dear me! when I listens to you I do hear so much nonsense.' Seeing my staggered look, she hastened to add, somewhat anxiously, 'You knows what I means—I be so deaf.' I assured her that I understood perfectly; but I thought that perhaps she had hit the mark not so far from the centre after all. When I told my clerical superior at that time what the old lady had said he laughed most unkindly; but soon afterwards I had my revenge on him, by means of another deaf person. Dining out with him one evening, our hostess, who was rather hard of hearing, was expressing her regret that she could not hear his sermons very well. Her husband broke in with a remark, intended as a compliment to both the parson's voice and his wife's auditory powers: 'Ah, my dear!' said he, 'I don't think you miss much.' On the way home it was my turn to laugh.

In my very early clerical days I was at an evening party of the old sort, and we were playing at one of those ridiculous guessing-games then in vogue. The object selected by those who 'stayed in' was the sixteenth hair in the dark cross on the back of Balaam's ass—a Scriptural subject selected out of deference to the clerical element present—and I was the person whose duty it was to reply to the questions put by 'those who had been out.' Through the usual round of vegetable, mineral, and animal kingdoms I had been led by my interrogator, a smart schoolgirl, home for the Christmas holidays. She had settled on the animal kingdom, and ascertained family and species, and had even spotted the particular ass in question. There she stuck. 'I shall have to give it up,' she said despondently. I encouraged her with, 'Oh no, Miss Bessie. Think a little longer. Get a visual image of the beast, and think of his appearance,' &c. Looking straight at me, with blessedly innocent gaze, she sweetly said, 'Oh yes, Mr. Clericus, I can see the donkey quite plainly.' Needless to say, the company immediately put the most pointed construction possible on what may have been a perfectly innocent remark, and behaved with what seemed to me to be disgusting hilarity. The worst of it is, that to this day I can't make out precisely what she did mean; and though she has become my wife's most intimate friend, she will never tell me.

However, the 'unkindest cut of all' among unintentional sayings capable of a satirical application was that of an old pew-opener in a southern county. She was in attendance on the rector, the

churchwardens, and a city architect down with a view to church restoration. Said the architect, poking the woodwork with his cane, 'There's a great deal of dry-rot in these pews, Mr Rector.' Before the latter could reply the old woman cut in with, 'But, law, sir! it ain't nothink to what there is in the pulpit.'

A noteworthy instance of the parson getting the worst of it occurred a few years ago in a northern parish. The rector, who was not over popular, was in the habit of frequently changing his curates; and it was said by the uncharitable that the length of a curate's stay was always determined by his preaching ability—that is to say, if he could preach better than his ecclesiastical superior he was not suffered to remain to eclipse

him for long. One particular member of the subordinate clergy had in a short time made himself very much liked in the parish, and when he received his *mittimus* the parishioners, indignant at his dismissal, subscribed for a handsome testimonial for him. The rector was chagrined, and expressed his vexation to the people's churchwarden. Said he, 'I can't think how it is, Mr Armstrong. My curate has only been in the parish eight months, and they are giving him a testimonial. I have been here thirty-six years, and they never thought of such a thing for me.' The churchwarden eagerly replied, in broad Northumberland, 'Eh, mistor! if ye'd nobbut gang awaay, ye canna tell *what* they'd dae for ye!'

## FACING THE WANG: A MEMORY OF CHINA.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.



WAS a young fool to risk it; but I'm not sure that it is not better to be a young fool than an old chap with more than the average amount of wisdom and gout in both legs. I was very fond of poor Best, too. He had helped me much in Shanghai. I couldn't bear to think of him being in the power of those mad rebels, especially with the fat Wang at the head of them.

Privett, a daring young American, was my pal in the matter. We slipped down to the beastly, stinking river together when dark was beginning to settle upon the mud-flats, and there he helped me to make-up as John Chinaman. I had that advantage. My teacher in Shanghai said I was the smartest Western at Chinese he had ever had; and, upon my word, without conceit, he may have been right instead of a spectacled old stick of duplicity, like most of them. Better still, I had the look of one of them, when I pleased to put it on.

Any one but Privett would have turned serious when the final moment came.

My pigtail was fixed, the fastening under the cap quite a work of art. I was John Chinaman from head to foot. The only downright European things about me were a revolver I could rely upon, loaded, and a phial of poison, small, yet quite large enough for my purpose, and warranted pure.

'Well, old man,' said Privett, chuckling, 'I hope to goodness you'll win the odd trick; but it's big odds against you.'

I told him I was aware of the fact, and that any other fellow would say something more encouraging.

'I'm not another fellow, but myself,' said he. 'Listen to their pop-guns. Don't it shy you off, even at the last moment?'

It almost did. I confess it. Of all mad businesses, this idea of mine of drifting down that typhus-flood of a river, and so into the hotbed of horrors and cruelties the fat Wang had made of Nanlin, was just about the maddest. But I had my young pluck as a stand-by.

'Good-bye,' I said, giving him a quiet smack on the shoulder.

He was a warm-hearted fellow, though such a dare-devil.

'Good-bye, old man, to you,' said he, throwing his arms round me, 'and the Lord pull you through somehow, with or without poor Best.'

We had already settled it that Burgevine was to be left to form his own conjectures about my absence. It would be all the more glorious if I could spring great news on him after being chalked down as a deader.

Then I crawled on to the bit of black raft, and the stench of the river folded me up. Privett pushed me into the current, with one more wish for luck, and away I glided. His face showed pallidly for a few moments, and then I was alone with the dull gleam around me. He was to go back to our cheerful, neck-or-nothing little army, camped two miles from the city's walls, and I meant to find and save Colonel Best, or die in the attempt.

That drift was a short nightmare. I had to lie like a dead man myself, for there were boats in mid-stream with lanterns to them, and it would be odd if I did not bring up against other boats near the city. The 'pop-gun' music continued. Whether it meant massacre or rejoicing I didn't trouble to think. The faint call of a bugle from our camp reached me in the midst of the rebels' row, and I dare say it made me homesick for a moment or two. But the die was cast. I couldn't get back now if I would. All I could do was to paddle, softly as a fish's fin,

with my right hand, to avoid getting carried past the town itself.

I managed that all right.

A sudden blaze of lanterns—red, blue, yellow, and other colours—where the stream turned showed me my landing-place. But, upon my word, it was enough to make me tremble the pigtail off my head to see what I had to get through to come at solid ground. There were hundreds upon hundreds of headless corpses making a ghastly fringe of jetsam on the river's margin where the current had lost its force.

The actual voyage was a mere matter of minutes. It took me a couple of hours to worry with due caution a way through these fresh and old proofs of the fat Wang's ferocity. Towards the end the raft was no good, and I abandoned it. The bodies of the dead were as much support as I wanted for my work.

I was as nearly suffocated as man could be. But I did it, and that was the main thing. I trod water to the darkest end of the litter, and at length lay down to rest and dry a little among a pile of other dead waiting their turn to be pitched in with their comrades. Drums, fifes, and execruting trumpeting were here more to the front than the musketry noise.

Now occurred the oddest part of my stiff little adventure.

You would suppose I had quite enough anxiety on my mind to keep me from sleeping with, at the most, more than one eye. That was so; and yet I dropped off after a time as calmly as if I were bedded in the old home in Perthshire. In all likelihood, too, it was the saving of me, as events turned out.

My awakening was a pretty bad one. A sudden wrench, and I was staring in the face of a slit-eyed rebel, who had my poor departed pigtail in one hand, and didn't know what to make of it. The night had passed, and they were clearing the shore of its corpses. I had to go with the others; but—

Such a clamour ensued. I was no sooner on my legs than half-a-dozen Taipings were at me. To them I burst out in praise of their great Wang, whom I profaned (and myself too, but there was no help with it) with nearly as many celestial titles as he had himself adopted. I entreated them to take me at once to his Sun-bright and Moonbright Radiance, that I might deliver a message that had come to me, dreaming, among the dead whom he had so righteously slain without regard for their ancestors or base-born children.

I had learnt a decent amount of nonsense of that sort from my old teacher, and the Wang's own florid, red-lettered proclamations, on yellow satin, had found their way into Burgevine's army, very much to our amusement.

The main thing was that I behaved as a poor commonplace devil of a believer in the reigning

dynasty could hardly be expected to behave under such circumstances. I didn't beg for my life on my knees, nor did I complacently bow my head for the stroke one of them seemed eager to give me with his hanger.

'Who are you?' I was asked fiercely.

'My magic is for the invincible King—for none but him,' said I, striking an attitude.

Like as not I overdid the attitude, for my questioner smiled an ugly smile. They shuffled some quick words about among them in dialect that baffled me, and off three of them haled me.

This much I learnt: I was to have my wish. The mighty Wang would in all probability like such an impostor to be crimped to death under his own fastidious eyes. I was too good a specimen of impudence to be knocked on the head and drowned like a plain bit of Manchu rubbish. Comforting, was it not?

However, I gathered all my senses together on this walk through the evil slums of Nanlin, and somehow didn't feel as daunted as was to be expected. No, not even when the vermilion and gold palace of the Wang himself was before me, with his fantastic guards outside, in their gowns of crimson silk done over with black dragons.

There was some difficulty with these men. It appeared that the Wang had eaten heavily the night before, got drunk too. They looked at me as if they thought it would be much more sensible to finish me there and then. But I gave them look for look, and in the end they seemed as interested as the others in the painful future that would assuredly soon be measured out to me. It were a pity to balk me of that.

Two of these flamingoes now took charge of me.

At any other time I should have felt and shown extreme curiosity about the rooms we passed through. They were like the packed warehouses of a rich London dealer in second-hand articles. Loot, of course! Scores of clocks in gold and silver, ticking on as placidly as if they were where they ought to be. Mirrors with massive frames of gold and silver, the most lovely josses and Buddhas in ivory and jewels lying in heaps, cases of soap marked 'Brown Windsor,' piles of silk goods, ink-stones of jade and gold, saddles, guns, porcelain vases, silver and ivory chopsticks, and all sorts of things. The marble tables were burdened with them, and they were stacked against the gilded paneling and doors like the odds and ends in a marine store. But a couple of huge bundles of European uniforms were the most significant sight of all. I wondered casually how many bullet-holes and sword-cuts these could muster between them.

The fellows left me in a vestibule, where more guards quite declined to let them bring me a step farther. Here I was eyed with solemn con-



tempt for nearly an hour while I stood and tried in my mind plan after plan of action.

After all, it seemed I couldn't do better than see what my medical training would do for me. That, *plus* the pretence of magic, might do something.

As humbly as I well could without previous practice at humility, I made advances to the Wang's servants in the matter. I was a harmless speck of dust who had received in a dream a commission to worship at the great Wang's shoe-tips, and offer him advice which might help him to live out in comfort the immortality with which Heaven had blessed him for his patriotic heroism. My own life was a nothing. If the Wang chose to pound me in a mortar and use me as a polish for his door-posts, I should feel perfectly contented and happy. All I wanted was the privilege of aiding him ever so little in wiping the floor of China with the foreign devils outside the city, and slicing up the native filth that had joined the foreign army against his sacred omnipotence.

My flowery babble didn't have much effect, but it was tolerated. It did something, though; for just before I was dragged into the presence-chamber one of the guards came close to me, and after inspecting me as if I were an abominable picture, pulled me to a window.

The window commanded an open space between the palace gardens and the building. A number of kites were tethered in the area, and one monster of a yellow dragon, that looked as if it could lift a horse, strained at its cord with notable effort.

I gathered that the day was to be kept holy and playful in memory of one of the Wang's ancestors.

But it was not the kites I was brought to the window to see. Suspended from a veranda that might have been the outside of a stable, on one side of the courtyard, was a basket. I knew the kind. The man pointed at it, shooting the breath through his nostrils in derision. Then, while I stared, he obligingly fetched an English telescope from a table, turned it on the basket, and gave it to me, laughing. It was poor Best's head. His closed eyes were plainly visible through the glass, and even the character done in red ink or blood—I couldn't tell which—on his forehead.

'Magic not wanted for that!' said the man; and that was all he said, leaving me to guess his meaning.

I didn't care a copper-piece what he meant. The sight just filled me with a yearning for the Wang's blood in atonement; and I swore too, to myself, that I'd have it, and stand the consequences without flinching. I felt ten times the man I had been a minute earlier. They were idiots not to have searched me and cleared me of the revolver. As it was, it would be queer if

I couldn't let the Wang have two of the bullets and give myself a third before I was interfered with. How thankful I was that the fiends had not tied my hands as a start!

A movement in the direction of the Wang's bedchamber brought me to myself again. The door was open, and I saw a flutter of skirts and the backs of two of my red guards where they crouched. What was being said I couldn't hear; but a thick, loud voice that was bound to be the 'Heavenly King's' own burst out above the others.

'Bring him in!' it cried. 'Bring him in!'

They volleyed me in, two at each arm, as if prepared for a struggle, and taken by surprise that I didn't resist.

The Wang was in his yellow night-robe, lying on a pile of heavy silk mats on the most gorgeous four-posted bedstead that I ever saw. It was of carved ivory columns, hung with scarlet silk curtains drawn away on one side. The Wang looked as if he had had a gay evening: red-faced, fat, irritable, anything rather than a kingly exemplar of Confucian ethics; but there was intelligence of a keen order in his eyes nevertheless.

'Ho!' he cried when I was dumped down on the floor, where I kow-towed discreetly in spite of the brewed and brewing murder—to call it that—in my mind. 'Ho! ho! A worm wishes to give long life to the dragon? A mud-born drop of river-scum thinks to be of service to the sea! Stand him up. Let me blast him with a lightning look—the lost son of a foolish mother!'

The fat beast's speech was plain enough. I was on my feet and challenging him before they could begin to haul at me. Since he was in this kind of humour, and of such a temperament, there should be no more grovelling on my part. We exchanged lightning looks, the worm and the dragon. The Wang slowly sat up and his cheeks puffed gradually towards his eyes, which sharpened and sharpened. Then a cruel smile crept to his mouth.

'You speak English?' he said, dwelling on the sibilants as if he relished them.

I didn't hesitate more than a second or two.

'Yes,' I replied, 'I can speak English, immortal Majesty.'

'You have something precious to say to me?' said he—this time with no thunder at all in his voice.

'Something more precious and true than the truest wisdom in the sacred books,' said I, feeling now that I had the bridle on the hip. It's astonishing what insight into character one can get from a few words out of a man's mouth. I knew as well as if he had told me that the great Wang was eaten up with suspicions and fears, and that he would give all the golden and silver accumulations in his palace for news that should assure him a victory over old Burgevine outside the city gates, numbers apart. This reminds me



that the fellow's massive crown of solid gold, with great golden studs to it all round, sat on a little eight-sided inlaid table at the foot of the bed. A most uncomfortable treasure to wear! They were singularly simple idiots, some of these Taiping Wangs!

'Speak!' said the fat Wang. 'And speak slow, that I may understand.'

I gave him a proverb in reply, glancing respectfully at the guards.

'Wisdom himself has only two ears, son of Heaven, and the singing bird does better to sing than to quack like a duck, even though it has learnt to quack.'

Your home-fed Oriental dearly loves a proverb, whether or not he can quite see its application. The Wang saw my meaning, however. It was a telling stroke, too. It probably persuaded him that I was more Eastern than Western, though his wit had detected the Western air about me.

He fluttered his hand and away kow-towed the guards; but before the last of them had gone the Wang slid from his mats on the far side and called one of them back.

'Show him what the flies are eating in the palace yard!' he said.

I was touched on the shoulder, led to the window, which was flung open, and yet again poor Best's head was pointed out to me. This time belief was made sure.

'It is the English devil. He came as a spy, and he died the same day!' said the man.

I shielded my eyes with my hands and gazed and gazed; and then it was that just a chance whispered itself to me. There were only two or three coolies in the courtyard, the wind was vigorous, the great kite still tugged at its cord, the distance from the window to the ground was not more than ten feet, and a short sword in a gold scabbard lay on a divan near the window.

'The king's deeds are always good!' I murmured, and once more I put my mouth to the floor of the fat Wang's bedchamber.

'Go!' said he. There was a quiet scraping of slippered feet, and he and I were alone.

It was no time now for palaver of any kind. There was a bolt of silver to the door.

'God's self will excuse me,' I said obsequiously as I slipped the bolt. Then, before the fat Wang could give tongue to his stupefaction at my impudence, I was at him with my revolver. One shot in the forehead—I saw it smash through the bone—and another in the red of his nose; then I darted for the sword, leaped to the yard with it, and was slicing at the rope down by my feet before any one was after me.

The shouts from the palace window urged me on. I saw two red forms trembling on the sill. One of the men near poor Best's head was running towards me. I paused to pot him. Then there was a thud. One of the guards had

taken the leap. But in that same instant the rope was cut, and clutching it high up, I was lifted like a rather heavy feather, and the curved roof of the palace was below me.

It was a Wang's own luck for me that the great dragon kite could lift me as it did; but I soon had my share of new trouble. As may be supposed, in spite of its vast area of silk with bamboo ribbing, the thing didn't sail with complete ease, burdened by my weight. The wind, too, wasn't a steady wind; and—good heavens! what I endured in the thought!—if it should carry me high up, thus hanging, what could I do but drop soon and end the agony of suspense?

It did not rise high, happily; but it moved fast, dangling me above the roofs and low chimneys, jerking this way and that, pitching as if it meant to dive down head-first, and then curveting off again like a terrified horse. But it moved—it moved all the while—and soon I was over the mud-walls of Nanlin, some ten feet only above the top of them.

It made a spurt towards the river, declined the adventure, got caught in a side-blow, and after some sickening gyrations just bolted head over heels into the stream not a hundred yards from the south bank.

I was saved all right.

A short determined battle with that filthy, stinking, corpse-tainted current and I reached the mud, sank knee-deep in it, struggled up, and ran for the gray tents of Burgevine's stout little army as if I had all the devils in Hindoo mythology at my lucky heels.

Poor Best was avenged, and one Wang had gone somewhere else out of that confusing celestial kingdom on earth which we call China.

## LOVE'S BIRD.

### A SONG.

THE Bird of Love hath built his nest  
Within my breast.  
Rocked on my happy heart he lies,  
Nor ever flies;  
But, folding close his golden wings,  
He sings and sings,  
And I ne'er weary of his song  
The whole day long.

And if I waken in the dark,  
Like some glad lark  
Singing his way to heaven, I hear  
His rapture clear;  
Till all my soul within me seems  
To melt in dreams  
Of such ineffable delight,  
I bless the night.

But which is sweeter—night or day—  
I scarce can say,  
Since the Love Bird hath built his nest  
Within my breast.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### SOME EPISODES OF THE AFGHAN WAR OF 1880.



AT the present time, when military affairs occupy the minds of the whole community, it will, perhaps, be interesting to recall one or two little-known and almost forgotten incidents of the campaign in Southern Afghanistan about twenty years ago. Those best known are the defeat of General Burrows at Maiwand, and the march of General (now Lord) Roberts from Kabul to relieve Kandahar, which was besieged by Ayub Khan, and the complete defeat of Ayub's forces by Roberts on 1st September 1880.

The crushing defeat of Burrows' brigade at Kandahar was not a surprise to the garrison at Kandahar. His force consisted of only 2500 men, composed of 500 native cavalry; the 66th Berkshire Regiment, 500 strong; 45 Bombay Sappers and Miners; 1250 Native Infantry taken from the Bombay Grenadiers and the 30th (Jacob's) Rifles; with 'E' Battery of Royal Horse Artillery and a battery of smooth-bore guns captured at Ghorisk, manned partly by men of the 66th Berkshire Regiment.

General Burrows having to operate at a distance of more than forty miles from his base at Kandahar, a large proportion of the force under his command was needed to protect the convoys of ordnance and commissariat stores and baggage. Thus the numbers available to place in line against a powerful and numerous enemy consisted of only about 1200 European and native infantry, supported by the battery of Royal Horse Artillery and the smooth-bore guns, with a small detachment of cavalry on each flank.

In the early morning of the 27th July 1880 Burrows' brigade marched towards Maiwand. The heat was intense, the country barren and waterless; and about 10 A.M. the wearied and parched troops confronted Ayub's army, variously estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 men, of whom about 12,000 were regular troops,

and the remainder Ghazis or irregulars, under a vow to kill infidels, and whose desperate valour is well known to those familiar with war against Mohammedan tribes, whether in the Soudan or in Asia.

Ayub's troops were well handled. His irregular cavalry worked round our flanks, their tactics being excellent; and his artillery of thirty guns was well served, and gradually gained ground till his guns were in position on the front and left flank of our line, which was thus exposed to a cross-fire. Ayub's infantry and the Ghazis advanced gradually on the front and also on the right flank, maintaining a steady fire, preparing for the wild rush of Ghazis, so marked a feature of Oriental warfare. Our troops were on a nearly level plain, with no shelter; but about five hundred yards in front there was a dry nullah, affording admirable cover to hosts of Ghazis preparing for their final rush.

Overmatched by more than ten to one, and exposed to a heavy artillery and rifle fire, our troops behaved with admirable steadiness for four or five hours, repeatedly driving back the enemy, till about half-past two or three o'clock in the afternoon. Many of the British officers of the native regiments had been killed or wounded; and when at this time the artillery—to which natives attach much importance—was withdrawn to replenish ammunition, leaving a large gap in our line, there was a rush of Ghazis, and two companies of native infantry on the left fell back. Very soon after the whole line followed them. Some of the troops, including a considerable number of the 66th Regiment and many officers, made a determined stand in a garden on the right rear, where they held their ground till they were all killed; the others made the best of their way to Kandahar, but many never reached it. At a very early period of the action the enemy had so far turned our flanks that the rear-guard was actively engaged.

Such, briefly told, is the story of the battle of

Maiwand. It was a disastrous defeat; but, considering the numerical superiority of the enemy, the result was not discreditable to the troops. Of the 2500 men engaged, 1130 were either killed or wounded. The survivors reached Kandahar next day, and shortly afterwards that city was invested by Ayub.

It was to relieve the garrison at Kandahar and defeat Ayub that Roberts made his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar; and its fitting termination was the battle on 1st September 1880, when Ayub's army was thoroughly defeated and all his guns captured.

There is, however, one incident of the campaign not generally known, but which deserves honourable mention whenever the martial deeds of our nation are spoken of—namely, the death of Waudby at Dabrai. Major Sidney James Waudby, son of the rector of Stoke-Albany, went to India in 1858, and was soon gazetted to the 19th Bombay Infantry, a regiment with a fine record, and accompanied it to Afghanistan in 1878. He served in that regiment till his death, and for a long time was adjutant. Waudby was well known as a good cricketer, football player, and horseman, and in India was a noted *shikari*. He was robust in frame, with a fair complexion, a full beard, and clear blue eyes; his honest, strong, manly face and perfectly straightforward character gained for him the respect and affection of all those who knew him; and he was acknowledged to be one of the finest soldiers in the Indian army. Soon after the regiment went to Kandahar in March 1880, Major Waudby was offered and accepted the post of Road Commandant between Chaman, on the Kojuk range, and Kandahar. His duties were multifarious, and necessitated his riding along the whole line at frequent intervals, inspecting the posts, seeing that supplies were brought in, getting information about the attitude of the tribes along the line of communication, &c.

Waudby, on taking charge of this appointment, had marched from Kandahar to Chaman, inspecting each post *en route*, and afterwards, on 16th April 1880, made a double-march from Chaman to the small station of Dabrai, where he was to meet some headmen of villages, make some payments, and deal with several complaints which had been made against the headman of a neighbouring village. His escort consisted of a *dustadar* (or sergeant) and three sowars of the 3rd Scinde Horse, and two young sepoy of his own regiment—the 19th Bombay Infantry—Sheikh Elahi Bux and Sonnac Tolnac, whose names deserve to be recorded, for they died with Waudby. The post at Dabrai consisted of a small oblong enclosure perhaps thirty yards long, defended by a wall about four feet high and a shallow dry ditch, with a bourge at the south-west and north-east corners, a gateway, but no gate, in the middle of the northern side, and a row of the usual huts with domed roofs along the wall on the western side.

In the afternoon Waudby received information that an attack was intended by Kakur Pathans, and appears to have determined to hold the place at all hazards. Dabrai is about twenty-six miles from Chaman and fifty miles from Kandahar. Waudby could easily have retired on Chaman, taking with him whatever treasure there was at Dabrai; but that course was not likely to commend itself to him. He was a man of bold and courageous mind, proud of his profession and his regiment, with lofty ideals, and would prefer death to any course he deemed dishonourable. What he thought and all that he did is not known; but it is certain that when he had decided to hold Dabrai against all odds he sent out the Scinde Horse sowars to reconnoitre, barricaded the gateway with grain-bags, and generally made the place as defensible as was practicable. Doubting the fidelity of the Aitchazai guard, whom he had sworn on the Koran to be faithful, he shut them up in one of the huts and the followers in another; and then disposed his little garrison round the walls, and took his position at the gateway.

About 11 P.M., as the moon was setting, the Pathans, several hundreds in number, who had been waiting behind some low hills a mile from Dabrai, came on, and Waudby and his men opened fire on them; but against such odds there was not even a 'forlorn hope.' There could only be one result, and that not long delayed. The assailants swarmed over the low walls, and Waudby and his two faithful sepoy retired to the bourge, where their last stand was made. How long the conflict lasted we do not know; but it continued long enough to enable the three to kill fifteen and wound eighteen of the enemy. No doubt the Pathans tried to rush the bourge; but its defenders never flinched. The troops which arrived at Dabrai on the next day or the day after found the hero Waudby lying dead at the entrance to the bourge, with one of his brave sepoy on each side, and close in front a big Pathan, with twelve others near. From the wounds on the enemy it is believed that many of them were killed by Waudby with his shot-gun. Waudby's bulldog Boxer, with two deep sword-cuts on his back, was found watching the body. The faithful dog recovered from his wounds, but died afterwards during the defence of Kandahar.

Waudby was buried close to the post he had so bravely defended; and when, some months afterwards, the gallant 19th Bombay Native Infantry marched down from Kandahar, they fired three volleys over the grave of the brave officer they had loved and respected.

Four months later, almost to a day, on 16th August 1880, other two officers of the regiment fell gallantly in the fatal sortie from Kandahar against the fortified village of Deh Khoja. To this sortie the regiment sent four European



officers and 250 native officers and men, whose steady conduct under difficult circumstances well maintained the honourable reputation of the regiment. Major R. I. Le Poer Trench and

Lieutenant F. C. Stayner were killed, and fifty of the native soldiers killed or wounded. No more gallant officers ever served their Queen and country than Waudby, Trench, and Stayner.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER VIII.—A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.



WE rode by secret ways through lonely woodlands, sweeping along vast natural avenues which seemed to stretch illimitably before us, their sides fading away into a silvery mist, and leading to wilder and yet wilder sylvan solitudes. We threaded wide, moonlit valleys, flanked by mighty secular oaks; towers of dusky shade shot with silver at the rifts in the foliage on the one hand, rich in mellow colour from ribbed roots to topmost leaf on the other. A thicket of thorns twinkled before us; a faint gray shadow lay upon our path, then melted in the distance, flying faster even than we. So must the deer have fled before Arthur's knights as they rode through the woods of Lyonesse upon some faerie quest.

My spirits began to rise. It was impossible to feel hopeless on such a night, speeding smoothly, swiftly over the velvet of the forest turf, the horse under me carrying my weight like a feather, the fresh mild air full of the forest scents beating strongly and sweetly against my face. Youth and Strength swelled up and declared that life was theirs to shape and make it as they willed; Hope turned her shining face on mine. We could not fail. There was a magic in the night. The white thrill of the moon touched heart and brain. From old pagan windows of the past there blew upon me that divine air which the ancients called 'the breath of the gods.'

The sense of the full, abounding life which haunts every place where man is not, and which we call Nature, was stronger now than under the broad glare of noonday. The forest seemed alive with murmuring presences. One could fancy that dryad whispered to dryad from oak to oak; that secret worshippers offering those old mysterious rites to the Great Mother had slipped aside into the brake, warned by the swift rush of the trampling hoofs, and breathed confidences to each other as we passed. Amid such solitudes of venerable shade must the bacchantes have danced their whirling dance in the shelter of Mount Cithæron; 'Evœ! evœ!' the cry would ring native to the night and to the scene. Amid such thickets lay Pentheus, what time the angry youthful god was luring him to his doom.

On, on we sped, and gradually the trees began to thin and fall away. They dwindled to shrubs and clumps of brushwood, and we were on a heath. A gaunt gallows-tree stood up in

the moonlight, and I broke the silence: 'Shotley Corner.'

We drew rein and sat for a while listening. The night was silent as ever, and we heard nothing save a bittern booming in the wet flats below.

'We're in plenty of time,' said the Earl in a low voice. 'Which way does Bracken Bottom be?'

'This,' said I, turning to the right; and they followed.

A short distance from the gibbet we paused on a crown of descent. The road fell sharply into a dip of the heath, was hidden in a wood for a stretch of two hundred yards, then climbed out and up the farther slope.

'On horseback or on foot—the attack?' said Kesgrave.

'I should say on foot,' I replied. 'If we ambush ourselves in the nearer fringe of the wood they will be climbing a steep hill and cannot make a burst of it.'

'True,' he replied; 'and a man is more his own master on foot.'

We went down to the edge of the trees and dismounted. Colin Lorel took the horses into the wood and fastened them securely. I drew my mask from my pocket and tied it on. Kesgrave did the same. We made final arrangements as to each man's share of the attack, then became silent. The minutes dribbled slowly away, every one seeming a quarter of an hour at least, when at last we heard a distant crunching among the flinty pebbles beyond the ridge. We drew back from the trees, and saw a dark object push against the sky. In an instant the coach began to rattle down the slope; we returned to cover, and drew our swords. The moment was at hand, and my heart began to beat faster and faster. No, no! not an inch nearer to Winchester clink should my love go. I gripped the hilt of my weapon, yet hoped there would be no need to fight; one never knows what may happen in a scuffle, blows and bullets going.

The horses dropped into a walk when the road began to rise, and the noise of their pounding feet and the grinding wheels sounded very loud and near. I peered out, but they were not yet in sight. Kesgrave and his man were on the other side of the road. I could just see them couched in shelter of a holly-bush. I put my head out a second time, and as I did so a most extraordinary hubbub arose in the hollow below. It



was made by the horses drawing the coach. I had been familiar with horses all my life, but never had I heard such noises as these now made. They were screaming horribly—I know no other word for it—screaming shrilly, dreadfully, and, by the sound of their feet, plunging madly. Then arose shouts of men, and next a tremendous crash, followed by confused outcries; and through it all the horses screamed and screamed again. I leapt from my covert and ran down the road. Some accident had happened. The coach had overturned. Where were Cicely and Lady Lester? Kesgrave ran at my side. We were on the turf and made but little noise. We turned the corner and saw a dark heap in shadow below us. In an interval of the uproar we heard a clear, strong voice—a young man's voice—call, 'Right, father!'

'Hallo!' said I; 'I know that voice.'

We heard crashing through the underwood as if people were running away. Deep in the wood sounded a faint, shrill whistle; then *crack! crack!* went two pistol-shots.

We arrived at the spot to see the coach on its side, the driver lying three or four yards away, where he had been pitched from the box; the horses now quiet, but trembling all over. A head appeared at the window of the vehicle. It was Lady Lester. I ran to her, and drew her out bodily and set her on her feet.

'H'm!' said that stout, resolute old lady. 'Mask or no mask, it's George.'

'Where is Cicely?' I cried. 'And are you hurt?'

'I don't know,' she said; 'and I'm not hurt at all.'

'Where are those fellows?' broke in Kesgrave.

'That I can't tell you, my lord,' replied Lady Lester. 'But I fancy chasing the people who have carried off Cicely. I hope they won't catch anybody.'

'Which way have they gone? Listen!' said I.

We listened, but there was no sound to guide us. They had taken to the turf, and the silence was profound.

'How did it all happen?' asked the Earl.

'I know nothing,' she replied, 'except that the horses began to plunge and make a dreadful noise. Before we could open a door or do anything the carriage was turning over, and we were all in confusion. Next I heard Jacob Rapson shout "She's gone!" and out he scrambled, and the other man after him. Then I got to my feet, and you came up.'

'You don't know who stopped the vehicle?'

'I haven't the least idea in the world,' answered Lady Lester. 'But the hand must be friendly, and I'm glad of it. The next thing will be to keep Cicely safely hidden.'

The driver now sat up and began to rub his forehead.

'That fellow's coming to himself,' remarked the Earl.

'Yes; and you must go,' said Lady Lester. 'Off with you before he sees too much.'

'But you,' I said—'what will you do?'

'It isn't half a mile to Shotley,' she replied. 'I shall walk there, and stay at the Rectory until to-morrow.'

Voices now sounded from the wood, and branches clashed together as Jacob Rapson and his follower pushed their way back to the road.

'It is mere folly to stay here,' she whispered.

'You are right,' said I; 'it will be best for you to be alone when they return.'

We trod lightly back into the shadow and slipped behind a thicket opposite the fallen coach. In a short time the two constables stepped out into the open, both growling at the ill-success of the chase.

'This is a bad job for us, my lady,' said Jacob dolefully. 'I don't know what will be said about this.'

'It might have been worse, my man,' said the cool old lady. 'At any rate, nobody's hurt, though that fellow still sits on the ground as if he felt strangely.'

The second constable went to the driver, spoke to him, and pulled him to his feet.

'He knocked his head on a stone,' he reported, 'an' says it's all singin' yet.'

'Well, what's to be done?' said Lady Lester.

'The wheel's broke short off,' replied Rapson, who had been examining the coach. 'We must walk to Romsey.—Sam Pask,' he cried to the driver, who now came forward, 'what have ye to say about all this? How came the horses to turn so in the nick of time for the rogues who robbed us of the prisoner?'

'Twas one of 'em did it, Jacob,' returned the driver. 'Surely 'twas of the devil. I saw a man spring out of a bush like, an' all he did, as I'm a Christen man, was to whisper to they horses. Yes, friends,' continued the driver, lifting his hand, 'he whispered to 'em an' they went stark, staring mad. 'Tis a thing from the pit. Look at 'em now, tremblin' an' droppin' wi' sweat.'

'A strange story as ever I heard,' said Jacob.

'Witchcraft for sure,' murmured his assistant.

'Rapson,' broke in Lady Lester, 'you will come with me now as far as Shotley. The others can see to the horses and follow.'

The constable rubbed his chin and stared at her for a moment, then nodded his head as if he agreed. He gave some orders to his followers, and went away up the hill with Lady Lester.

We turned and moved farther among the trees to work our way round to the horses.

'And the voice?' asked Kesgrave when we were well away from the road. 'I expect you have not been able to remember.' His tone was low and mocking.

'Voice!' said I. 'What voice? Ay, it comes

back to me. A young man shouted "Father!" Who was it?"

'I thought your exclamation was involuntary,' said the Earl, still in the same tone.

'It was,' said I honestly. 'Why shouldn't it be? The voice was odd, ringing, peculiar. I knew it, and I know the sound now; but, for the life of me, I cannot tack a name to it.'

'What an awkward thing you should have let slip you knew it!' went on Kesgrave. 'It must be very galling to think you have opened a breach yourself in a position otherwise perfect.'

'What on earth do you mean?' said I, stopping and gazing at him in sheer astonishment. 'What position do I occupy otherwise than yours?'

'Ay, what indeed?' he said, and his lips curled in scorn.

The moon shone in his face, and through the holes in the black stuff his eyes gleamed large and bright and hard.

'When I looked over the ground from the top of the hill,' he went on, 'my first idea was to form the ambuscade below. You proposed the fringe of the wood half-way up the hill. I agreed. How was I to know your men were posted in the Bottom?'

For the first time I saw what he was driving at.

'And do you,' I cried in utter wonder and amazement—'do you believe I know something of this most mysterious rescue?'

'Ay, I do,' he replied, laughing low and bitterly. 'Most mysterious rescue,' he repeated in faint tones, like an echo, and laughed again. 'Mr Ferrers, Mr Ferrers, I have met many men of your kidney; but you are the prince of them all. I have studied faces in every kingdom of Europe, and never was thrown like this. Half-an-hour ago I would have staked an estate on your honest good-humour and simplicity.'

'What madness possesses you?' I replied angrily. 'Consult your own common-sense for an instant. What opportunity have I enjoyed to set such a thing on foot?'

'None,' said he slowly, waving his riding-glove by the finger-tips. 'None if—a matter which I take leave to doubt—the appearance of the constables were a surprise to you.'

This crowning insult stirred my blood to flame; but, even then, he was quicker than I. Before I could grasp his throat to wring the foul lie out of it he had swung his glove in my face with all his strength, and sprung far back. The heavy gauntlet took me across the lips, and the taste of blood filled my mouth. I held myself still with a mighty effort, and looked at him. He had drawn his sword, and the point was laid towards my breast.

'Yes,' said I, 'there is nothing else for it.'

'And now,' he whispered hotly.

'And now,' I repeated. 'I will not baulk you.'

He tore the mask from his face, and I saw that his features were ghastly white and working with suppressed passion.

'Man! man!' he said in a choked, impatient voice, 'I saw enough to-day to make me willing to cut your throat a score of times over. You were going to kiss her; and she—ah! she was willing.'

'My Lord Kesgrave,' said I, 'will you do me the honour to bear in mind the cause of our quarrel, and leave other matters alone? We are to fight because you, upon a suspicion—utterly groundless, I declare it upon the honour of a gentleman—have seen fit to buffet me in the face.'

'You are a smooth, formal old rogue,' said he. 'Fore God, I hope I'll strike you to more effect in the blood-letting line soon.'

We were now near the spot where the horses had been tethered. Colin Lorel had gone forward to loose them. I glanced round, and saw him coming swiftly, stealthily back. He had heard the angry voice of his master. He stepped into a patch of moonlight, and I marked a naked sword glitter in his hand. The Earl turned his head and saw the gliding figure.

'Go back!' he commanded curtly, and his servant-brother turned like an obedient spaniel. Before us was a patch of smooth turf cropped close by the heath-ponies, level, and ringed about by dark thickets of holly and thorn, holding the moonlight like a bowl. He pointed to it, and I nodded. We stepped forward, and he tossed his sword on the grass and stripped off his riding-coat and the one beneath it. Blue, green, red, vivid shafts and sparkles of lustre flashed out from his diamond-bedecked coat as the jewels caught the moonlight and twinkled like multi-coloured stars. I threw cloak and coat and hat to earth, drew my sword, and faced him.

'My Lord Kesgrave,' said I, 'you will perhaps permit me one condition?'

'And that?' he answered, saluting me with his blade.

'That your man stands somewhere in my sight, say a dozen yards behind you, or where you like, so that I may see him.'

'You do not trust me?' he said.

'I do not trust him,' I replied. 'I will fight you, but I will take no risks. And in the heat of a rally you might lose sight of him also.'

'Mr Ferrers,' said the Earl, 'you prove every moment how wise I am in doubting your apparent simplicity. I admit that you are right. 'Tis a faithful dog, and not over scrupulous. If he saw me hard pressed'—He stopped and shrugged his shoulders.—'Come to heel, sirrah!' he cried; and the man came at once. 'Stand out there in the light, and do not presume to move.' The man took the place pointed out, and stood like a statue.

'Now!' said the Earl. We took position; and, *tiny-clang!* the swords lightly and stealthily grated together. We had not exchanged half-a-dozen passes before I knew that Kesgrave was the best man I had ever met, either in sport or earnest. His attack was like lightning. Twice, thrice I barely turned aside with my utmost skill the twinkling point which seemed to come from every side at once. He advanced upon me; but I drove my heel into the turf and held my guard stubbornly. A quicker player never lived—of that I am sure; time and again I beat him off, but could take no advantage, since a fresh attack instantly engaged my blade. One especial stroke he had, a *botte* which I had never seen employed before—surely a secret purchased at a great price from some famous master, and ever since then mine own especial favourite. The first time he tried it I saved myself by sheer luck and the pommel of my sword; but I had seen it, and watched eagerly for its reappearance. I knew well it was his last effort; and, having beaten it, the game was mine.

After a few seconds of ordinary sword-play, give and take, it came, darting like the head of an adder from its coil. I attempted no parry, but offered at his forearm. With my greater reach, to continue the stroke would have been to rip up his sword-arm from wrist to elbow, and he saw it, and turned like a swallow on the wing, and wound his blade about mine.

'Your man is moving,' said I.

Kesgrave stepped back, and dropped his point, breathing heavily.

'Ay, poor devil!' he returned, making an effort to speak lightly, 'he is disturbed. For the first time in his life he has seen my pretty little *botte de mort* fail. Damn that iron wrist of yours!' This was spoken in a gentle tone of raillery. Then, 'Ha!' he shouted in a great ringing voice, stepped forward with a swift stamp, and lunged full at my heart. The trick was near enough succeeding. I had received ten inches of cold steel without a doubt were it not that I had become roundly suspicious, and was ready for anything. For the first time I let myself go, and parried with the full strength of my wrist. I engaged his darting weapon, held it, pressed it back, and would have plucked it from his grasp but that it snapped short against the hilt. He stood before me disarmed and helpless. Yet he lacked not courage. He made no movement of retreat, held himself erect, smiled calmly, and looked ready to pay to the uttermost the forfeit incurred by the false trick. The point of my sword was within a foot of his breast, and he could read nothing of my face, for I still wore my mask, yet he smiled and made a beckoning gesture with his gay hilt of gold as if to hurry the play one way or another to its end.

'A noble stroke, most noble lord,' said I.

'Oh,' said he, 'you're going to take it that way?'

'You would have no reason to complain if I ran you through where you stand,' I cried.

'Oh, yes, I should,' he replied. 'Strike or jeer, certainly not strike and jeer, or I will take my man's sword and try my luck again.'

'I'll fight you no more,' said I. 'I have heard it is common among Italian bravos to catch a man off his guard. You have learned much in your travels.'

'It was half-involuntary,' he returned, more in a tone of reflection than aught else. 'If I could not reach you with the *botte de mort*, fair-play could carry me no farther. Ay, it was vexation to think of your beating that wonderful, most delicate stroke!'

While Colin Lorel had been uncertain as to his master's fate he had stood like a figure without life. He was a man of experience, who knew that to rush in would be to make the Earl's fall certain. But when he heard us talking he turned towards the horses, as if the affair was over. The Earl slowly moved a step or two, then paused and looked at me. I stepped back, picked up my coat, slipped it on, let the cloak lie, and struck into the bushes. Kesgrave called after me to take a horse, but I made no answer and kept on through the wood.

In a few minutes I was clear of the trees and out on the open heath, where I set my face towards home, some five miles away. I kept a good lookout as I went, but saw no more of my late companions. Where was Cicely, and who had carried her off? This question soon filled my mind to the exclusion of everything else. To-night it was impossible to follow or find out anything. The narrow strip of wood in Bracken Bottom widened out within a couple of hundred yards to a forest of young ash and oak, where search was in vain, as the constables proved. Besides, it were unfair to follow hard on friends who might wish their work to remain a secret; and friends they must be. Yet who could have planned more swiftly and started out more promptly than we? Whose was that voice which I had known, and thus started fire along the train laid by my Lord Kesgrave's jealous temper? I knew it still; I heard its clear call ringing, and I could put no name to it. I waited as one does when a thing seems close at hand, as if it would trip of itself off my tongue, yet it came not.

I struck the road about two miles from home and tramped steadily along it, till a faint noise came to my ears. I stopped and listened. It was the roll of wheels coming up behind, and I stepped into a tall thorn-bush for the vehicle to pass. It drew near, and I saw my own carriage, Richard the coachman driving, and Tom Torr sitting beside him.

'What's this?' said I, coming out of my shelter.

'Why, sir,' replied Tom, 'the word began to go



about yon place that you were nowhere to be found after they took the young lady away; so I slipped round to Richard, and we put in the horses and drove off. It seemed to us that if

they found us gone they'd think you'd started away for your own house.'

I praised their ready wit and faithfulness, stepped into the carriage, and was driven home.

## CHINA OF THE GLOBE-TROTTER.

By E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.



HE China of the average globe-trotter is even more restricted in area than most portions of the world covered by his comprehensive itinerary. As a rule, his knowledge of the Celestial Empire is confined to a hurried visit to Canton from Hong-kong, and a call at Shanghai *en route* to Japan. Only the more leisurely travellers see anything of the now accessible inland cities of Nanking and Hankow; while the enterprising tourist who manages to include in his round-the-world programme a visit to the imperial city of Peking—a city, alas! now of sinister memories to English people—might almost be entitled to take rank as an explorer.

Compared to China, Japan is commonplace and as familiar as Paris, Rome, or Cairo.

In spite of the voluminous literature of Chinese travel, the Celestial Empire, with the exception of the cities mentioned above, still remains one of the least-known portions of the Far East.

In the present article I will attempt to show how a six months' tour to China can be undertaken at comparatively small cost, which will include a short stay at the principal treaty-ports, with an excursion to Canton. Peking would be altogether out of the question, even if, as is unfortunately the case at the time of writing, the capital of the empire were not absolutely closed to foreigners.

As a preliminary, let the intending tourist, like the newly-appointed Foreign Secretary of the time-honoured story, take up his map to 'see where all these confounded places are.' It is presumed that he is at all events aware of the elementary fact in Chinese geography that Hong-kong, like Cape Breton, is an island—a fact which, it is said, so highly amazed that well-meaning but lamentably ignorant king, George III.

However, even the ordinary round-the-world tourist, tied down to the itineraries of the great steamship companies, will be able to see more of Chinese city-life than nine out of ten travellers if he makes Canton his headquarters during the fortnightly interval between steamers. By arrangement made when taking his ticket—we are assuming he travels by the P. and O.—he could without extra charge be booked by the through round-the-world route, and leave the first steamer at Hong-kong, resuming his journey by next steamer.

The passenger will only have a hurried glimpse at Canton, and will find a visit to the interesting Dutch settlement of Macao quite out of the question by the ordinary mail-steamers, whose call at Hong-kong and Singapore is limited to less than twelve hours.

Next to Peking and Hankow, Canton is the most individual and characteristic city in China. It is virtually the capital, not only of the Kwantung province, but of South China. From the tourist's point of view, Hong-kong is but an Oriental Malta; for 'things Chinese' let him take the local steamer for Canton, and spend at least a week there. It is only some six or seven hours' sail.

Space will only permit of an incidental reference to the 'lions' of one of the most picturesque cities in the world. The only possible hotel, however, is in the foreign residential quarter, Shameen, where good accommodation can be had for about four or five dollars a day.

The energetic globe-trotter can have his fill of sight-seeing at Canton, as may be gathered from the following list of 'objects of interest': Floating restaurant (flower-boats), Temple of Honam (one of the finest in China), Bronze Mausoleum, Temple of the Five Hundred Gods, Temple of Jeh, Temple of the Sacred Pigs, Cemetery, Examination Hall; and, in the neighbourhood, Temple of Tehu Shing, Ponting's Gardens, Mandarin Palace, and tea-factories (Foo Shan). Of all these 'lions' perhaps the most interesting are the Temple of Honam, the Examination Hall, the Temple of the Five Hundred Gods, the Cemetery, and the Buddhist Monastery: the latter can be comfortably visited in a couple of days. Many of the statues in the Temple of the Five Hundred have been named somewhat arbitrarily. For instance, the statue of Marco Polo is by some said to be a portrait-statue of St Francis Xavier! The Cemetery is on White Cloud Hill, and is used as the temporary sepulchre of mandarins and other officials. The coffins are supposed to be waiting for a lucky day for transport elsewhere.

Next to the temples known as Yeh's Temple (some in ruins), the most interesting is that known as the City Temple—a startling contrast to a better-known building with this name—which has a remarkable gate of porcelain. A trophy from one of Yeh's temples—a large bell—is to be seen in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.



Perhaps the river, with its huge floating population, is the most characteristic feature from the tourist's point of view in Canton. The flower-boats suggest Henley, with their galleries festooned with flowers in grotesque devices. At night the lights from innumerable chandeliers and Chinese lanterns has a fairyland effect, though there is certainly nothing idyllic about the denizens or patrons of these floating cafés—the night-houses of Canton.

Hong-kong, to the sight-seer, is commonplace—an English garrison-town transported to China; but it serves as a convenient and comfortable headquarters for visits to Canton and Macao. The Macao excursion is easily managed. Steamers run daily to this quaint Portuguese settlement, the forty miles taking three hours only. It is a curious decaying kind of port, offering a startling contrast to the essentially busy and go-ahead English city of Hong-kong. The principal 'lions' are the Cathedral, Senate House, and the garden where Camoens is supposed to have written the famous *Lusiad*.

Though this moribund port is commercially of no importance, it carries on an extensive and lucrative gambling industry. It is, in short, the Monte Carlo of the Far East, and boasts of over a score of *fun-tan* gaming-houses. These hells are all licensed, and pay in the aggregate a tax of some one hundred and seventy thousand dollars a year. The gambling constitutes the chief attraction of Macao to the sporting element among the European residents of Hong-kong, where *fun-tan* is strictly prohibited. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission to these establishments. On entering you find an ill-lighted and ill-ventilated room, some thirty feet by twenty, the sole furniture of which is a table about six feet square and four feet in height, and the high chair of the proprietor, who acts as croupier. Before this gentleman is a pile of copper coins called *cash*, polished almost as bright as new gold; but whether they are the current coinage of 'the Flowery Land' or faked is quite an open question. In the middle of this table is a piece of sheet lead or zinc, about a foot square, divided into four sections. The pile of *cash* is usually a double handful or more of that coin; and at the outset of the game the croupier invites the gamblers, in Chinese, to *faire le jeu*, which the latter do by placing on one or more of the sections their stakes in coin or Chinese bank-notes. Great care is taken that the croupier shall not be able to see the value of such stakes, and this is done by wrapping them up in rice-paper; and as paper-money generally obtains, the

sections gradually get covered more or less with pill-like pellets. It should here be mentioned that the ground floor is frequented by the lower classes of natives (no ladies are allowed), as well as by Europeans, who all have to stand, there being no seats; while the Chinese *haute monde* occupy the upper room, in which an opening is cut in the floor about the same size as the gaming-table, such opening being surrounded by a wooden balustrade, behind which the members of the Chinese aristocracy, mandarins, &c., have the privilege of sitting and joining in the game unperceived by the common herd below. They lower their stakes to the croupier in small baskets attached to a string. The players having staked, the croupier calls, in Chinese, '*Le jeu est fait*,' and covers the pile of *cash* with an inverted brass basin, thereby indicating that no more stakes can be laid. No player or other person save the croupier is allowed to touch the pile of *cash* at any time.

*Fan-tan* is a gambling game pure and simple. Hardly any known form of gambling except perhaps the Italian game of *mora* could be more elementary. Its sole principle is, indeed, comprised in its etymology: *fan*, number of times, and *tan*, to divide. The betting is upon the number of coins that remain of the pile after it has been divided into four equal portions. This is done by rapidly withdrawing with a chopstick four at a time until there remain either one, two, or three *cash*, or nothing. The punters stake on these four chances, and if they win they receive three times their stake, less a very heavy commission to the bank—this commission varying from 10 to 20 per cent.

If the traveller has leisure and wishes to imbibe some of the Chinese atmosphere and local colour, he should make the voyage to Canton or Macao in one of the large passenger-junks which run at frequent intervals. This is also a particularly economical way of travelling.

Shanghai—and to nine out of ten travellers China simply means Hong-kong and Shanghai—is some nine hundred miles from Hong-kong, and is reached by the mail-steamers in about four days. Shanghai is the least Chinese of any city in the Celestial Empire; and though it might be called the Liverpool and Manchester of China combined (being the most important centre of foreign commerce), it ranks politically as a city of the third class only. There is little here to attract the mere globe-trotter, though to the European resident Shanghai is probably the most agreeable place of sojourn in China, with its excellent clubs and facilities for sport of all kinds.



## POOR PETTIMAN.

By ROSALINE MASSON, Author of *The Transgressors*, &c.

## IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



YOU look awfully bored, Pettiman. I'm afraid this sort of thing isn't in your line.'

'Not at all! not at all!' cried the thin little curate, looking up eagerly under his aureole of auburn hair. 'I always hold, you know, that clergymen ought to mix freely in all the pursuits and pleasures of the laity—well, the harmless pleasures, I should of course say.'

'Quite right! And a ball, I suppose, ranks as harmless?'

The curate's pale, wistful eyes strayed round the bright scene. The beautiful old picture-gallery, with its polished floor, was brilliant with many lights and crowded with soft colours and pretty faces and gay groups. In an alcove made by the broad, shallow staircase, one or two musicians sat in the shade, tuning softly. From the walls Vandykes and Lelys, Romneys and Sir Joshuas, watched the scene: beautiful women, full of life and power, whose day was past; men, erect and masterful, in velvet and powder, or in brilliant uniform—men who had fought for bygone causes and been loyal to dead kings, and who had wooed and won those white-robed, taper-fingered women beside them. All the passion and the pride and the grace of the past looked down from the frames on the wall, and on the polished floor beneath the county families were assembled to do honour to the coming of age of Arthur Seymour; and the Reverend Ambrose Pettiman, who had known Seymour at Oxford, and who was now staying at an inn in the neighbourhood, stood and watched the brilliant scene. It was all very well, he felt, in your own rooms at Oxford, with the last Bampton Lectures on your knee, and one or two like-minded spirits smoking your cigarettes, to hold forth on the duty of the clergy in matters of social observance; but now the little curate felt ill at ease among all these young county people, who looked so big and strong, so well nourished and well groomed; who all knew each other so well, and seemed entirely indifferent as to whether their conduct merited clerical approbation or not.

'Shall I introduce you to some one?' asked Arthur Seymour, looking round vaguely.

'Oh, don't trouble about me!' replied the curate. His eyes also wandered. Every one seemed to be talking to some one else. Opposite to them a pretty, dark-eyed girl in primrose satin and red roses was surrounded by four supplicants, and was practising the arts of diplomacy. The music struck up, and one of the four proudly led her out, the other three dis-

persing laughingly, and apparently by no means inconsolable. People began to come in and crowd round the door, and in a moment one or two pairs of dancers were floating past. The curate backed against the wall.

'Don't trouble!' he repeated, inwardly hoping young Seymour would trouble. But Arthur Seymour's attention was already distracted. He moved smilingly toward a girl in white who had just come in leaning on the arm of a gallant elderly man, who piloted her with dignified leisure across the very centre of the floor, and received several bumps in so doing.

'You know my sisters, I think?' called Seymour over his shoulder as he went.

'Yes, I have that pleasure,' replied the curate despondingly. The Misses Seymour were tall, pleasant-faced girls, who talked mostly about horses: they were not likely to pay much attention to the Reverend Ambrose Pettiman.

The waltz was in full swing. The curate watched the various pairs as they revolved past. His last hope, a girl in black by the doorway, with big anxious eyes, was claimed by a young giant, and the anxiety gave place to a reproachful smile; and then she too was whirled away with the rest. The Reverend Ambrose realised that he ought to have got outside—got near the door, where other men were standing. But it was too late now: he could not cross the room. So he flattened himself against the wall, and was fanned and flapped by every passing flounce.

'I wish Emma were here,' he thought. 'She does not dance; but she would have enjoyed the scene and the sense of exhilaration. We might have gone and sat among those palms and ferns, and discussed it together. Emma always takes very proper views. She has once or twice combated my opinion that a clergyman should not estrange himself from worldly pursuits, thereby unfitting himself for contact with worldly natures who require, or who might be benefited by, his help and advice. There may be truth in what Emma has often said. She has pointed out to me that our life, as that of a country clergyman and his wife, will lie in a purely pastoral district, among our poorer friends. I remember she confessed that she had a great vein of worldliness in her nature, which she would be sorry to allow to gain any dominion over her. What strange things she says! Emma worldly! Dear little Emma!'

The waltz was ended. The curate, with regained composure, walked across the room and out at the door. When he moved into the open it could be seen that, in spite of his youth, he

was the proud possessor of an incipient tonsure, round which his auburn hair grew as a veritable halo. He wandered aimlessly through several rooms, where he was regarded coldly by sitting-out dancers, and tried to examine the pictures so as to appear unconcerned. At last he came to a morning-room with a door at either end. This was temporarily deserted, and his attention was caught by a big arm-chair, with pale satin cover and gilded bent legs. It was pushed back behind an azalea-tree in full bloom, standing against a screen painted with cupids twining wreaths round dancing shepherdesses. The curate sat down on the chair, pushed it still farther behind the azalea, and watched the people who passed through the room, in at one door and out at the other, and listened to their disjointed scraps of conversation.

'It is really like being at a theatre,' he thought to himself, with a glow of satisfaction; 'and this azalea smells deliciously.' He leant his auburn head luxuriously back. The evening was beginning to be delightful.

'What made you ask that little black priestikin, Arthur?' a voice in one of the doorways said.

'Oh, the poor little lonely devil, Laura!' young Seymour's voice made answer. 'I found him at the inn—he's there for a week's fishing—and I couldn't do less than ask him. I knew him at Oxford, you see. He's a decent little chap.'

'Yes, I dare say he is; but he's shockingly out of place here to-night. I do wish you'd learn to be discriminate in your hospitality, you ridiculous boy! Anyway, now that he is here, I wish you'd look after him—it spoils my pleasure to see him standing, like a black pepper-corn with a gold stopper, trying to smile.'

'I never saw a pepper-corn with a stopper, neither did I ever observe one smile, my dear girl. I'll send him down to supper soon. I can't introduce him to any one—they all know every one, and don't want strangers thrust upon them. Now, you might give him a dance!'

'Arthur!—I can't stand here talking to you any longer, dear.'

The speakers emerged and walked into the centre of the room—Arthur Seymour, six-foot-one of well-built, fair-headed young Englishman, and his sister, nearly as tall, equally fair-headed, erect, in her white silk dress.

The Reverend Ambrose cowered back in his chair. He felt his face flushing. 'I am glad that Emma was not here beside me,' was his first thought; 'how angry she would be!'

So he had been asked out of good-nature, and was shockingly out of place! He had known it quite well before; but he did not like to hear it said. It occurred to him that he would go back to the inn. He had told the landlord that he would not be back till about three in the morning, and they were not to sit up. He remembered the touch of pride with which he had

said it. He looked at his watch. Why, it was only half-past eleven! He could hardly go back so soon, and yet—one, two, three hours and a half—!

He got up and returned slowly to the picture-gallery. A polka was beginning. He looked at it with uneasy disapproval. He had thought he could dance a polka—'One, two, three, hop!—one, two, three, hop!' he repeated to himself. But these people went so fast!

Suddenly his eye was caught by a very young girl who paused exactly opposite to him and unfurled a feather fan. She had a very soft, childish face and wistful blue eyes. She did not seem to be enjoying herself—the blue eyes looked as if they had very lately shed tears, and were very near to doing so again on the least provocation. She appeared restless, and tapped her little satin toes on the polished floor, and puckered her white forehead, and looked about her like some wild bird longing to escape.

The Reverend Ambrose Pettiman wondered what troubled so young a girl, who ought to have been at her full glory and happiness at a ball. He would like, he felt, to be introduced to her—she looked kind and sweet. Possibly she felt the hollowness, the vanity, that lay beneath all worldly pleasures; and yet she was but a child to have such feelings! The Reverend Ambrose was four-and-twenty. Suddenly the girl's troubled blue eyes looked across at him. The curate blushed and averted his own. Then he furtively glanced again; she was still looking at him, bending forward a little, eagerly, her lips parted. The curate's heart throbbed. Did she know him? She was certainly like Emma—remarkably like! And yet most unlike! The Reverend Ambrose felt much embarrassed—he could not look again, and yet it seemed rude to take no notice; and it would be nice to know some one—to speak to some one.

'Oh, here you are, my dear fellow! I've been looking for you everywhere! I want you to come and take my aunt and give her some coffee.'

The curate drew himself up. He had been prepared to refuse introductions, to go home to the inn. But—his aunt—he could not be rude! And that girl, so young and sweet-faced, evidently unhappy. He must find out—

He followed Arthur Seymour, and soon found himself catering for a little elderly lady, who talked kindly to him about Church matters.

When the Reverend Ambrose brought his charge back again to the picture-gallery Arthur Seymour was standing at the door with the blue-eyed maid who had so discomposed the curate's equilibrium.

'Ah, here he is!' said Seymour. 'Pettiman, Miss Loveday wants to know you; Mr Pettiman, Miss Loveday.'

The curate bowed, blushing. He glanced at Miss Loveday to see if she were troubled by

young Seymour's boyish brusqueness. But Miss Loveday was heeding nothing; she was gazing at him with an eager, anxious look in her blue eyes, and her little child-mouth parted.

'Are you fully ordained?' she asked breathlessly.

'Certainly!' he cried, with some indignation. He had been ordained a fortnight. Then his indignation gave place to surprise.

'A very strange young lady,' he thought to himself—'excitable, inexpressible—after all, a mere child. Not in the very least like Emma, either, on nearer view.'

Miss Loveday recovered herself. 'I beg your pardon!' she murmured, her cheeks turning the colour of a carnation. 'It must seem a strange question—I wasn't thinking! But I take a great interest in the Church! Please take me in to supper.'

Miss Loveday had a very hearty appetite. She ate an astonishingly solid supper.

'Bring that chair and sit down by me, and eat too,' she said. 'No—don't begin with sweets; take some turkey.'

'But I am not very hungry,' replied the curate.

'And take some champagne. There, this bottle is empty; but there is one on the next table.'

'But I am an abstainer!' cried the curate.

'Never mind! You must have a good supper. Forgive me if I seem insisting; but—I am going to ask you to help me.'

'To what?' inquired the curate vaguely, taking up a spoon.

'I am in a difficulty—in trouble. I am—in need of help!'

'As a clergyman'—

'Yes—that is just it! It is as a clergyman'—

'I am' always ready. I shall be most glad if'—exclaimed the curate in great agitation, waving the spoon.

'Thank you! I felt I could trust you!' cried the girl.

The curate bowed and blushed.

'You are a friend of Arthur Seymour's?' she resumed.

'Yes,' owned the curate. His heart stood still. What had Arthur done? Whatever he had done, the curate made up his mind he would stick by his friend. He would say nothing. Not red-hot pinners nor a woman's blue eyes should—

'Are you staying here overnight?'

'No.'

'Are you staying anywhere near, then?' she demanded.

'At the inn.'

'Is it near?'

'About two and a half miles away.'

'Ah! How did you come? Have they a trap or vehicle of any kind?'

'Yes; they have a dog-cart and an old landau that they hire out.'

'Did you come in either?'

'Yes; in the landau.'

'Is it here?'

'Yes; the man said he could put up here.'

'Is it a good fresh horse?'

'I—I really cannot say. I am no judge of such things.'

'Ah well! it does not matter. Now I want you to go down and, without letting any one hear you, tell the man to put his horse in as quickly as possible.'

'But, my dear young lady'—

'But what?'

'May I ask your purpose?'

The girl raised her eyebrows. 'You show a great deal of curiosity,' she said reprovingly; 'but I don't in the least mind telling you. I want to go away.'

'Then, may I not summon your friends?'

'No! That is just what I wish to avoid. I could have done that myself, you know.'

'But—well, I mean, isn't it a little—isn't it a rather unusual proceeding—a little—a little'—

'Well, a little what?' Miss Loveday looked at him coldly. The curate faltered.

'A little unusual,' he murmured.

'To leave a ball early? Not at all!'

'Oh no—not that! But have you not your own carriage? Your friends'—

'Oh, do you object to my borrowing the inn trap?' asked the girl icily.

'Not at all! I am delighted, of course! But—your friends?'

'I am unwilling to disturb the lady in whose charge I came.'

'But—won't she think it odd?'

'I hardly realised, Mr Pettiman, when I asked you to render me a slight service, that you would thereby feel justified in interfering in my private affairs. However, I had better perhaps ask some one else to help me. It was only because you—you are a clergyman that I appealed to you. I see I was wrong. It is these little defaults that estrange people from the Church.'

'I will go and order the trap,' said the curate.

'Thank you!' replied the girl.

She got up and led him through the very morning-room in which he had ensconced himself earlier in the evening. He glanced at the azalea-tree; his chair was just where he had left it. It struck him that he was no longer at the theatre—he was now among the actors on the stage. The girl in front of him turned to see if he was following. When she found him close behind her, her blue eyes beamed at him, her cheeks dimpled. Then she swept on again. She seemed to know the house, for she led the way without hesitation through the other door, through the billiard-room, through a deserted smoking-room, and into a little back passage that seemed, to judge from voices and the clashing of dishes, to lead to the kitchen premises. Here there was



a French window that opened on a few stone steps leading down to the gravel terrace along the side of the house. Miss Loveday helped the curate to undo the fastenings.

'Follow the path to the left,' she told him, 'and it will take you straight to the stables. Just find your man and tell him you want to return. Say to him not to drive up to the door, but to wait for you where the drive from the stables meets the avenue. Then come back to this window and wait outside it for me—I shall want you to walk down the avenue with me.'

'But—oh, please——!'

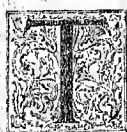
'But I should be *afraid* to walk down a pitch-dark avenue all alone. I want you to protect me from the—the trees and things.'

She looked very pitiful, and she put up a tiny hand, encased in white kid, and swept a curl back from her forehead. The Reverend Ambrose Pettinman stepped out of the window and walked briskly to the stables.

When he returned, ten minutes later, she was waiting for him; a long blue cloak, the colour of her eyes, covering her ball-dress, and a lace scarf over her hair. They began their walk in silence.

## BRITISH CAPITAL IN RUSSIAN INDUSTRIES.

By F. SOMERSET LISTER, Assoc. M.Inst.C.E.



THE industrial progress of Russia has of late years been extremely rapid. During the first half of the nineteenth century Russia remained to a great extent Eastern in character, and the people, mainly agriculturists, were almost entirely dependent on external sources for their supply of manufactured goods. But even in the earlier years it must have been evident to a careful observer that a nation of one hundred millions, whose standard of civilisation, under the ægis of German influence, was rapidly approaching that of Western Europe, could not long remain dormant and unproductive, content only to labour the soil, and with the accruing wealth to purchase and not to produce those commodities which a growing civilisation rendered more and more necessary.

If we inquire into the inception and growth of manufacturing industries in Russia we shall find that the underlying causes were of an inverse character to those which contributed to the development of our industries. An historical comparison of Russia's cotton industry—by far the most important—with that of Lancashire will serve to illustrate this point. Dating from the inventions of Arkwright, Crompton, and Hargreaves, in the later half of the eighteenth century, our modern cotton-machinery is the product of a slow evolutionary process of improvement based on practical experience, gradually reaching its present state of perfection, and enabling Lancashire to become the chief source of the world's supply of cotton goods. The institution of technical schools in Lancashire for the scientific study of the various processes of this and kindred manufactures has been the result and not the cause of this perfection. On the other hand, it may be said that Russia owes her industrial progress to the existence of her fine technical schools, based on the German model, which, year by year, have turned out highly-trained men, whose prospect of success necessarily lay in the development of

their home industries. It was on these men that the peasant-merchants of Moscow—in many cases enormously wealthy, but lacking the education necessary for self-guidance—relied for the investigation of the manufactures of Western Europe, the importance of which was continually demonstrated by the increasing yearly importations of manufactured goods. The cotton industry of Lancashire received their particular attention. A constant stream of engineers visited the mills and workshops of this country annually; and their careful and exhaustive training enabled them to readily assimilate the results of their investigations. Their return was followed by a demand for cotton-machinery, which was eagerly welcomed by British commercial houses in Moscow, through whose agency our machinery manufacturers were introduced to a rapidly-increasing and profitable market.

Many difficulties had to be overcome before this new industry was successfully established, as skilled labour was actually non-existent; with the result that scores of capable English mechanics found remunerative employment in the erection of machinery and the instruction and supervision of the native workmen. Russia, then, has been able to adapt a perfected method of production for the supply of her needs. For this method she is entirely indebted to Lancashire sources; and so important has her industry become that it now ranks second only to that of England.

The woollen, linen, and jute manufactures—which, though of less importance, are still considerable—are equally indebted to Yorkshire, Belfast, and Dundee. In other fields, such as shipbuilding, iron and steel manufactures, and the introduction of mechanical aids to agriculture, English machinery has also played a leading part.

The history of individual effort on the part of Englishmen in Russia is interesting, and a few examples are well worth relating.

The early railways in Russia were all constructed

by English engineers, and the thoroughness of their work received ample recognition. The writer recalls an example which is very instructive. When the Trans-Caucasian Railway was projected, the first and most difficult section was entrusted to English engineers. The route—winding in and out of the southern spurs of the Caucasus, and rising from the seacoast to a considerable elevation—offered many almost insuperable obstacles, which were eventually overcome. On the other hand, the remaining sections of the line, completed some years later under the supervision of Russian engineers, followed a comparatively easy course through level plains. Yet at the present day it is an accepted fact that the earlier section requires the least attention and repair, and remains a monument of solidity and thoroughness in construction.

In the early eighties dressed rice was chiefly imported into Russia from Germany; and, owing to the high prices, it found only a restricted market. An English firm, attracted by the comparatively low price at which rice of good quality could be imported from the extensive rice-growing districts of Mazanderan and Ghilan, in the north of Persia, then erected a rice-dressing mill on the shores of the Caspian, from which the Trans-Caucasian Railway and the great waterway of the Volga gave easy access to the markets of central and southern Russia. The success of this first venture brought about the establishment of a number of other mills, with the result that an important industry was inaugurated, and the reduction in the price of the finished product which consequently followed led to greatly increased consumption.

In the southern Caucasus large tracts of land are covered by the liquorice-plant. A Scotch gentleman who visited the country from Constantinople had his attention drawn to this potential source of wealth, and erected a factory on the spot for the distillation of the liquorice juice. The erection of similar factories quickly followed, so that now a large export trade is carried on in this product, and the peasantry of the district find a remunerative occupation in the gathering and sale of the root to these establishments.

Having thus briefly reviewed certain spheres in which British influence has assisted in the advancement of Russia's industrial progress, we propose to consider in what direction British capital can in the future find an advantageous field of operations, the late introduction of British limited liability companies into mining and industrial enterprise in Russia, the manner in which these companies have received official recognition, and the provision made for their security.

Without distinct official encouragement, foreign capital has of late years been attracted in increasing quantities into industrial and mining development in Russia. As we have already

seen, during the last thirty or forty years our manufacturers have there found a profitable market for their productions; but the formation of British limited liability companies having for their specific object the exploitation of mining territories and the establishment of manufactories is only of recent origin.

In past years many efforts had been made by Englishmen—whose intimacy with the country had revealed to them the immense and virgin fields of industry lying fallow in the dominions of the Czar—to divert thither some of the many streams of home capital for which, since the mid-century, Western Europe, India, and the continent of America had formed a more or less profitable outlet. Their untiring efforts, however, were not rewarded by success. For reasons which we shall briefly consider, financial circles in England, which had not refused their assistance to the unstable states of South America, only met with a shake of the head at all propositions to interest themselves in the development of one of the greatest world-empires. This indifference was undoubtedly a reflection of the distrust with which Russia and Russian methods have generally been regarded by the public opinion of Great Britain, it being practically an article of faith that it would be almost impossible to induce the British investor to subscribe to any Russian enterprise. A cause for this distrust may perhaps be found in the antagonism, resulting from the Crimean war, which—fed by such events as the Russo-Turkish campaign, the repeated occurrence of Balkan troubles (in the settlement of which Pan Slavonic aspirations and English policy were diametrically opposed), the advance of Russia on the north-west frontier of India, and the many incidents arising from the contact of two expanding empires in Asia—assumed in time a traditional character. In considering the reasons of this indifference we must not overlook the influence of the Jewish element in our financial world. Without going into the rights and wrongs of the question, it remains a fact that Russia of all European nations has been the most harsh in her treatment of the Hebrew community. The Jewish restriction laws, which limit the right of domicile and close certain careers to the Jews, were a few years ago enforced with great severity and aroused a widespread feeling of enmity against Russia amongst their co-religionists throughout Europe. It is scarcely a cause for wonder, therefore, that Jewish influence should be cast into the scale against any scheme which would in any way assist in the material development of Russia.

In spite of every obstacle, however, attention has been involuntarily drawn to the many promising fields of enterprise which Russia offers, among which the exploitation of the oil-bearing region of the Caucasus undoubtedly takes premier place.

In 1895 an Armenian merchant of Baku, after several attempts to attract English interest to this region, succeeded, during a visit to London, in disposing of his petroleum wells and refinery to an English syndicate, which amalgamated with this property various oil-bearing territories in Roumania and Galicia, under the name of the European Petroleum Company, Limited. This was the first distinctly British company to interest itself in the oil industry of south-east Russia. The precedent was, however, quickly followed; and succeeding years saw the formation of the Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company, the Schibaef Petroleum Company, the Anglo-Russian Petroleum Company, the Baku Russian Petroleum Company, and various smaller syndicates and companies all established for a similar object, and having a total capital which at the present value exceeds five million pounds.

Interest having been aroused, a few years only have sufficed to attract British capital in large quantities into the exploitation of this, the most prolific oil-belt of the world. It is not improbable that this new phase in its exploitation is still only in its initial stages, that the near future will see it become a more and more attractive field for British enterprise, and that through this agency it will eventually become the chief source of the world's supply. A short reference, therefore, to the history and early exploitation of the oil-bearing plateau of the peninsula of Apsheron, the focus of the oil-region, will perhaps prove of interest.

Jutting far out into the Caspian Sea, the peninsula of Apsheron, one thousand square miles in extent, has long been famed for its vast stores of natural gas; from this arose the association of the Guebrés, or fire-worshippers—whose ancient temple still stands, in bold relief, on the plain of Sabuntchi, a relic of their forgotten past—with the peninsula. In a sheltering bay on the southern base of the peninsula lies Baku, once the seat of a Persian khan, and long the scene of Persian and Russian struggles for pre-eminence on the Caspian. Finally annexed by Russia in 1801, it has in these later days become the centre of the oil industry, and one of the most prosperous towns in the Russian Empire. The natural surface-wells had long been drawn upon by the natives, and a considerable trade was done with northern Persia; according to some authorities, by 1820 the annual output reached about 3000 tons.

It was about this time that the Government, in accordance with precedent, declared the known oil-field as crown lands; and eventually the monopoly of exploitation was conceded to a Russian subject, M. Mirzoeff, in whose hands development made but comparatively slow progress. In 1872, however, this monopoly was done away with, and the field thrown open to all comers. By this time the annual output had slowly increased until it had

reached nearly 25,000 tons, the drilling of the first well having been completed in 1871.

No sooner had this close monopoly disappeared than a fountain, or spouting well, was struck, and its enormous output caused a rush to obtain possession of the lands. Among the foreign arrivals was a certain Swedish element, chief among which was Nobel, to whom the introduction of organised methods of production was due. In 1875 Nobel saw that the introduction of a pipe-line between the wells and the refineries—which occupied a site on the coast to the north of Baku and some seven or eight miles from the wells—would immensely cheapen the cost of production. At that time the only method of transportation was by means of barrels slung from *arbas*, or native carts. So great had the production become that at the period of which I am writing it was not unusual to see a continuous line of carts stretching from wells to refineries and back again. The length of the line could not have been much less than twenty miles! The pipe-line scheme was opposed by the native producers; but so convinced was Nobel of its necessity that he himself undertook the construction at a cost of ten thousand pounds, and the whole of this outlay was more than recovered in one year. The annual production of oil now increased at a very rapid rate, until in 1877, when the excise-duty was abolished, it had reached 240,000 tons. By 1883 it had grown to 800,000 tons; then the opening of the Trans-Caucasian Railway inaugurated a period of greater prosperity, by giving the oil access to the markets of Western Europe, of which up to that time the American producers had had practically a monopoly. In 1896 what we may term the English period commenced, and the annual production so increased that at the present day we may say, in rough figures, that it has reached 10,000,000 tons. It seems not improbable that shortly a further impulse will be given to exploitation by the carrying out of a long-projected scheme: the construction of a pipe-line between the Black Sea and the Caspian. This will considerably reduce the cost of transport, and give Russian oil great assistance in its struggle with American oil for pre-eminence in the markets of Europe. The opposition of the Russian Government to this scheme, owing to a feared loss of revenue for the railway, has fortunately been practically overcome.

The policy adopted in the past by the Government authorities towards these fields was undoubtedly short-sighted. By virtue of the monopoly, American oil was permitted to gain a start of twelve years in the European markets. Nevertheless, owing to its high quality, Russian oil is destined to eventually occupy the first rank. In support of this statement I will quote the opinion of one or two authorities.

M. Sainte Claire-Deville, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of St Petersburg, in



a paper read before that body in 1871 on 'The Physical Properties and the Calorific Value of some Petroleum of the Russian Empire,' establishes clearly their utility as lighting oils and their high calorific value. Mr J. T. Henry, in his work, *The Early and Later History of Petroleum*, published in 1873, in giving figures respecting the volatility, density, and high calorific value of Baku oils, declares that the figures demonstrate that these oils, in comparison with American and European oils, hold 'first rank from the considerable value of their calorific power.' Professor Mendeleieff, whose reputation as a scientist is world-wide, after a visit to Baku in 1882, wrote that 'the potential productiveness of the Baku oil-region is incomparably superior to that of Pennsylvania,' and that 'the petroleum-wells of Baku have no parallel in the world.'

These wells are indeed wonderful in character; the occasional fountains which have been struck have never been equalled on any oilfield in the world. For instance, the historic Droojba fountain, which burst out in 1883, discharged at its highest period from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 gallons a day. Before leaving this subject it will be instructive to observe that not one-tenth of the known oil strata of southern Russia is as yet under exploitation. These strata, starting from the Crimea, run direct across the Caucasus and under the Caspian Sea, terminating perhaps in the hills beyond. The length of this line is nearly one thousand five hundred miles.

The Donetz coalfield is one of the largest in Europe, extending over an area of nearly ten thousand square miles. It is divided into well-marked regions, from which different varieties are produced, varying from splint coal to anthracite. In the eastern portion of this field iron ore in the form of brown hematite occurs abundantly, and well repays exploitation. Despite its importance, until 1899, with one exception, no English company had commenced operations in the district. On the other hand, Belgian and French companies had for many years worked there successfully. The exception referred to is the New Russia Company, Limited, which has been in existence for more than thirty years. Its operations are very large. The first smelting-furnace was erected by Mr John Hughes in 1871; but furnaces have rapidly multiplied, and at the present day the company employs in its iron and steel works and collieries over seven thousand five hundred hands. On its estate a large town has sprung into existence (named Hughesofka, after the founder of the firm), which boasts of a population of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants. This until 1899 was the only English company; then the Russian Collieries Company, Limited, was formed, which took over a partially-developed property, and shows promise of a successful career.

This coalfield, then, offers an advantageous out-

let for British capital. That its future is assured is amply proved by the fact that its development has hitherto not been able to keep pace with the demand caused by the rapid growth of the general industrial energy of the country. In proof of this I quote a Foreign Office Report issued last year on the coal crisis in Russia, which states that it is estimated that the excess of demand over supply in 1900 would reach more than 1,000,000 tons.

The enormous sphere of activity which has been opened by the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway must not be lost sight of. This railway, crossing the central provinces of Siberia and passing southwards through Manchuria, until it reaches the Gulf of Pe-chi-li in the west, has laid bare the rich gold-mining districts of the Russian and Chinese Empires. In the exploitation of this source of wealth, the financial weakness of Russia makes it imperative that the great industrial nations shall assist; and to procure this assistance there are not wanting signs that the Imperial Government will offer special advantages to the pioneers of mining and industrial enterprise. It was only last year that the Cabinet of the Emperor made an important concession of gold-bearing territories in the province of Nertchinsk to an English syndicate.

In the earlier days of the English companies some difficulty was experienced with regard to the tenure of land, owing to the then state of the law, which did not recognise the ownership of mineral lands by foreign companies. These companies, therefore, had no official standing in Russia; their properties were, in fact, registered under the name of some Russian subject—an expedient which might have led to extremely awkward complications, and undoubtedly rendered the hold of the company on its property decidedly insecure. The status of these companies has, however, for a considerable time past received the sympathetic attention of the Russian Ministry of Finance; and under the able direction of M. de Witte, whose recognition of the benefits accruing to Russian industry from the introduction of English capital is well known, suitable modifications of the existing law have been introduced in order to legalise and define their position. A marked change has of late years taken place in the attitude of official circles with regard to the development of the mining and manufacturing industries of Russia by the aid of foreign capital. M. de Witte was probably the first to give practical recognition to the fact that Russia's development, if entirely dependent on her own resources, would advance at a much slower rate than would be possible if European capital were freely invited, and its security provided for. We may therefore rely with some confidence that the future enactments of the Imperial Government will reflect to a considerable extent this later view.



## STRANGE HABIT OF THE RAVEN.



MR GEORGE GORDON, Grimsby, sent the following interesting communication to the *Hull News*:

'Some time ago I made the acquaintance of a very intelligent Hanoverian shipmaster at a Scotch seaport. He invited me to spend Sunday with him. I accepted, and arrived aboard his brig as the church bells were ringing. This led us to talk on religion, when the captain said, "On religious matters the intellects of the majority are clouded with zeal or sectarian prejudice; and though that most wonderful of books, the Bible, is much read, it is not understood. The longer I live, my ideas of the Bible are being enlarged. Pay attention while I relate to you my last experience."

'He went to a shelf and took down an English mission Bible, and read Psalm cxlvii. 9: "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

"Do you understand that?" he said.

'I replied, "Well, I presume it is just an illustration of Divine Providence."

"Yes," said the captain, "it is that, but it is more than that; and the Psalmist knew it, as I shall endeavour to explain."

'He continued: "Some years ago I retired from the sea, and lived at a farm of my own near Pappenburg. Well, I had plenty of leisure, and studying nature was my hobby. I became very much interested in a pair of ravens that nested in an old oak-tree right in front of my house. It was the breeding season, and I watched them closely. One day about the time I expected the young ravens would be hatched, I missed the old ravens from the nest. They did not appear that day. The following day, whilst watching and wondering why they forsook their nest, I saw them come flying from a distance, till they came right above the nest, hovering there a few minutes, and then disappeared again. I at once determined to examine the nest to see what was wrong. Procuring a ladder, I soon was alongside of the nest. I was surprised to find two healthy young ravens, covered with pure white down, in the nest; and what I saw further astonished me more. Round the nest was a thick border created by the excretions from the old ravens, &c., whilst nesting; this was now a living mass of worms, and as the young ravens swayed their heads to and fro, or lay with open mouth by the side of the nest, these worms sometimes crawled and sometimes tumbled into their mouths. I visited the nest daily, and saw this process of feeding going on. The old ravens came every day, hovered over the nest, and flew away again; but never alighted until about nine days after my first visit to the nest. The young ravens were thriving, and were almost black with feathers.

On going out that morning I saw the old ravens come flying to the nest; and after some time they finally alighted, croaking loudly and seemingly feeding their young. From that day they never left the young until they were able to fly. I closely watched them the following season, with a like result. The old ravens forsook their young when hatched (white), and did not return until ten days, when the young were black."

'I have looked up many authorities on the raven, but not one of them mentions this strange habit.

'I have every confidence in the captain's truthfulness; and any one desirous of his address and fuller information can get it on applying to me at No. 6 Pollit Street, Great Grimsby.'

## NERO'S GRAVE.

'Quid Nerone pejus?'—MART., *Epig.* vii. 84.

THROUGH riot of rebellious Rome the rumour swiftly spread:

The last of Caesar's Royal House was numbered with the dead!

The last of the Caesarian line, the worst of all his race,  
Who wallowed in the darkest deeds, who revelled in disgrace.

Nowhere is heard a note of grief, no shadow of regret  
O'er his imperial purple pall is cast; no eye is wet  
With tears; some hail the nows with joy; some lightly smile and say

'Twas fitting that a fiend like him should foully pass away.  
They tell with scorn his infamies, his pride, his passions vile,

And all the deeds that for all time his memory shall defile:

How his the deadly draught by which Britannicus had died,

His that most monstrous name of names on earth—a Matricide;

And his the murderous mind that schemed Octavia to kill,  
And others, great and small, who dared to thwart his wanton will.

They told of brutal callousness when Rome was wrapped in flame,

Of greed and lust that well might make the hardest blush for shame.

Such tales of Nero's evil life each tongue was fain to tell,  
Till over Nero's grave at length the shades of evening fell.

Next morn a wreath of purest flowers lay on that sepulchre;

Not one could guess whose gift it was, none knew who placed it there.

Was it the nurse who long ago had kissed that baby-face,  
So exquisite in early years with childhood's winsome grace?  
Was it some outcast, poor and mean, to whom on some past day

The man had shown a kindness once who now in darkness lay?

None ever knew! But wholly base or bad can any be  
If even on a Nero's grave love's flowery wreath we see?

REV. J. HUDSON, M.A.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### PARLIAMENT'S PRIVATE GHOSTS.

**T**HERE are ghosts and ghosts. Parliament has its own. They are real ghosts, too; or just so real as ghosts can be. Some honourable members given a trifle to superstition would resent any aspersions upon their genuineness, just as they would resent any reflections upon their own good character for being the most common-sense and hard-working body of men who ever assembled to transact business of the first magnitude of importance.

The ghosts of the House of Commons have been born and bred at Westminster; and sometimes—if you were in the smoking-room or the tea-room of the House when the debate was uncommonly dull and the political world generally stagnant, and some honourable member had just come in to one or other of these cheerful apartments from a cold, dark, winter's night outside, mentioning in his first breath how a man he had just passed at the gates had reminded him terribly of poor old Jimmy So-and-so who sat for North-west Blankshire in the seventies, and who was long since gathered to his fathers—why, then, you would quite likely overhear a stirring conversation frequently repeated upon the engrossing subject of what are irreverently termed the 'spooks' of Parliament. Practical, level-headed M.P.'s talk of them at times as if they had known them all their lives. The M.P., you know, when he is at his ease at Westminster, and is not overburdening his thoughts with affairs of State, is quite a different person from the one you saw stumping his constituency in the piping election days of October.

It must be confessed, on a close examination of their history, records, and achievements, that the House of Commons ghosts have a good deal to back themselves up with: first-class credentials, so to speak. Mostly, as is the manner of ghosts, they bode no good, if they bode at all. The most sinister, perhaps, of these wretched spectres is that which is called after Big Ben. There are a dozen people to swear they have seen the Big Ben ghost, and every time it has appeared it has been very

much for the worse. For it is told that on such occasions a member of our own Royal Family has died on the following day; and notable appearances of the spectre are said to have been on the eve of the death of the Prince Consort, the Princess Alice, and the Duke of Clarence. Each of these died on the fourteenth day of the month, so that the ghost chose the notoriously unlucky thirteenth for his visitation. Moreover, he makes it invariably at the witching hour of night; and it is solemnly asserted that the clock, which is certainly not always very consistent, has each time struck thirteen! It is an unattractive ghost. It comes by way of the river, a rotten, old, pair-oared skiff shooting out from the shadow of Westminster Bridge on the Surrey side. The ghost, a deformed old person with all the shadowy attributes of a ghost, does the pulling, or rather he pretends to do so. His oars, indeed, do not move; but by some invisible agency the boat glides noiselessly along in the direction of St Stephen's. The journey is begun at a minute or two short of midnight, and just as Big Ben strikes the first note boat and boatman disappear mysteriously into the Terrace wall!

It is related very circumstantially that on the ghost's appearance on 13th January 1892, the night before the Duke of Clarence died, a river-police boat saw it and hailed it. There was no answer, and so the police gave chase; but the spectre always held the advantage, though the pursuers were hot upon the stern of the phantom ship when the latter melted into the Terrace stones—so hot, indeed, that they went themselves full tilt into the wall and nearly came to grief. A constable on the embankment above declared he saw the whole thing, and gave in his report accordingly. But Scotland Yard wisely left the matter where it was.

There is a remarkable story of a ghost which the second Earl Grey when Prime Minister saw when in the House of Lords on one famous occasion. He declared himself he saw it, and the Earl was a very practical man, and not at all inclined to believe in such things. It was in the

course of his great speech in introducing the Reform Bill to the Upper Chamber. What the portent was one cannot pretend to suggest; but the Earl declared that three times during the delivery of that speech he saw a death's-head fixed right in front of him! It gradually shaped itself from space; for a few moments it was perfectly clear, and then it faded away as it had come. He was very much upset, and it required all his powers of self-command to keep himself from a temporary collapse. An extraordinary supplement to the story is, that about the same time when the Earl was being thus tortured in the Lords, his daughter, Lady Georgina, at home, was under the impression that she saw a vision of just the same sort. It was no case of drawing upon her imagination after she had heard her father's story, for she had actually talked about her own experience before she had heard a single word of her father's.

It is, again, an honoured tradition that the ghost of old Guido Fawkes still haunts Westminster, though its last alleged appearance was on 4th November 1852, when the Commons assembled in their new House for the first time. As it happened, certain incidents transpired on that occasion which gave a seeming reality to the stories of the ghostly visitation. Certainly it was a very appropriate time for a visit of the Fawkes spectre. The matter engaged the attention of the House. It was an attendant, Gleeson by name, who, thoroughly scared, came along with the story that he had seen something uncommonly like Fawkes in the vaults, which had just been searched. The Serjeant-at-Arms was told all about it; and that official attached so much importance to the tale that he ordered the vaults to be thoroughly searched a second time. And so they were; but by this time the spectral Fawkes had presumably achieved his purpose, and had vanished into thinnest air. At all events no trace of him was found, and poor Gleeson was cladded upon his fears.

Mention of the ghost of a conspirator naturally brings one to the story that the ghost of Bellingham now and again visits the new House of Commons, though Bellingham's concern was with the old building. He it was, it will be remembered, who murdered Mr Spencer Perceval, Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the Lobby on 11th May 1812. Several details of the story of this terrible deed are of the 'creepy' order, and one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable features of it is contained in the absolutely authentic account of the very real dream of one Mr John Williams, who lived at Scorier House in Cornwall, and who was the great-grandfather of Sir W. R. Williams. Himself he told the story. The murder, let it again be noted, took place on 11th May. On the night of either the 2nd or 3rd, more than a week in advance, Mr Williams dreamed a dream that he was in the Lobby of the House of Commons,

with which he was perfectly familiar. It was a most realistic and circumstantial dream. There entered a small man dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat. Immediately Mr Williams saw a person dressed in a snuff-coloured coat with yellow metal buttons, whom he had noticed on first entering the Lobby, take a pistol from under his coat and point it at the little man. He fired, the shot entered under the left breast of the person assailed, blood issued forth, the man's face turned pallid, and he fell. The dreamer inquired who the fallen man might be, and was told that it was Mr Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the meantime the man who fired the shot was roughly seized by the bystanders. Thereupon Mr Williams awoke, and told the story of his horrible dream to his wife. Naturally enough she laughed at it, and told him to go to sleep again. He did so, but only to dream precisely the same dream again in all its detail. He told his wife of its recurrence, but received no more sympathy than before. A third time Mr Williams slept, and a third time came back that same dream. It was not to be wondered at that this time he was terribly alarmed and impressed. He told his friends of his extraordinary thrice-repeated dream, and announced his intention of travelling up to London to communicate the purport of it to Mr Perceval himself. They, good people, feeling that he must not be allowed to make a fool of himself, persuaded him not to do so. So he said nothing more about it, but watched the papers. Before he saw the story of the murder there, however, he was apprised of it in another way. A day or two after the tragedy—news travelled slowly then—his second son, who had just returned from Truro, rushed into the room where he was sitting, and exclaimed, 'Father, your dream has come true! Mr Perceval has been shot in the Lobby of the House of Commons! There is an account come from London to Truro, written after the newspapers were printed.' The dream-description of Bellingham coincided with the real one.

One of the Commons' most cherished possessions in the matter of ghosts is the Terrace ghost, as is the name given to it. This wraith is, however, running considerable risk of losing all its ghostly reputation by reason of its neglect of attendance at the House, for it last put in an appearance on a dirty winter's night in 1878, when it was seen by an attendant named Ralph. Poor Ralph was nearly startled out of his wits by it, but believed he saw enough to give a most circumstantial account of what it was like, which tallied with all previous descriptions of the spectre. It is a long, dismal-looking figure, clothed in a dirty-white, shadowy-looking gown, which is, moreover, usually very much the worse for exposure to damp and inclement weather. In vesture and custom it is perhaps the most orthodox ghost of which St Stephen's can boast. It seems to

materialise from space at the western end of the Terrace, having a preference for foggy nights. Then it begins a weird and melancholy march along the promenade, and having arrived at the opposite terminus, comes to a standstill. There is a pause for a moment, the spectre casts a dismal, sorrowful look up at the famous home of British legislature, and then, apparently in a paroxysm of agony, gives utterance to a piercing shriek and forthwith casts itself headlong into the dark waters below. What its particular grievance is, what tragedy of the Commons it perpetuates by its visitations, no one about the House seems to know. Mind you, it is a lady-ghost, and it is not the only one belonging to the Commons.

About forty years ago the 'White Lady' created quite a sensation by the persistency and regularity of her spectral attendances. Regularly every night, for quite a period, she wandered disconsolately from chamber to chamber and from corridor to corridor. After daylight the servants were in continual dread of renewing the unpleasant acquaintance; but towards the finish they almost became used to it. Suddenly, however, her ladyship vanished; decades passed by, and nothing more was seen of her; and it was generally understood that she had said her last good-bye to the Commons.

Quite recently, less than two years ago, a new ghost, also a female, has come to the House; or, rather, it should be said, there is a theory that it is not a new ghost at all, but simply the 'White Lady' returned after a very prolonged holiday. The facts are these, and at least they are distinctly peculiar: The Clerk of the House of Commons is Mr A. J. S. Milman, and he lives with his wife within the precincts of the House. Now, Mrs Milman herself did not see the ghost on the occasion under notice; but it very much concerned her. One night the handle of her bedroom door was curiously and mysteriously turned, and the next moment the door was thrown wide open. This seemed a little strange; but Mrs Milman, having no mind for superstition, simply went to the door and closed it again, thinking very naturally that a sudden draught had something to do with its opening. But, behold! a few minutes later the performance was repeated. Again the handle was quietly turned and the door flung open. This was puzzling. Mrs Milman looked outside; there was no one there; so she rang for the butler, told him of the incident, and asked if there was any explanation. The butler was thunder-struck, and so was Mrs Milman when she heard what he had to say. 'Madam!' he exclaimed in bewildered astonishment, 'I passed you, yourself, not a moment ago, as I was coming through the folding-doors at the bottom of the corridor.' He was quite positive upon the point; and Mrs Milman, who ought to have been the best judge, was absolutely certain that she had not left her room.

Others, too, saw the ghost—the only way of accounting for the affair—the story got into the papers, and a stir was created; but no other explanation than the 'spooky' one could be afforded.

Another ghost, with all the characteristics of a ghost, is the Commons' own 'Radiant Boy.' As far as I can learn, it has no pre-spectral history, no earthly origin; but it has many times been seen, it is said. It is a child-ghost, ten or twelve years of age on a mortal reckoning. Its complexion is of the colourless purity of Chinese white, a halo of silver flame sparkles about its head when it is upon its peregrinations, and all the time its eyes gleam from the sockets like two brilliant electric lamps. It is palpably in agony, for the palms of its hands are stiff and turned downwards, and as it paces along from room to room it gives vent to moans of anguish, and never lifts its gaze from the floor.

However, to return before the finish to ghosts which more particularly concern honourable members, let it be said that there is a ghost of none other than the very much alive and active Mr T. P. O'Connor in existence—if that is the proper word for it. His friend Mr J. G. Swift McNeill has often told him the tale, and is prepared to swear by it. Early in 1897 'T. P.' received a sorrowful message from Ireland, which bade him come to the bedside of a dying parent, and the popular member hastened away. His usual place in the House was on the third bench on the Opposition side below the gangway; and that night, when Mr McNeill looked in that direction, he was quite certain that he saw Mr O'Connor there; and so he was seen, too, in the same place from the Press Gallery. Yet at that time 'T. P.' was for Ireland bound. If Mr McNeill did not know him when he saw him, it is quite certain that no one did; and the only way in which that gentleman can account for the strange circumstances is, that the ghosts of living persons are sometimes seen when those they represent are overburdened with mental trouble.

Again, it is told in detail how the ghost of a certain M.P. actually voted some thirty odd years ago. This gentleman, suffering acutely from a malady, was abroad for his health's sake when there reached him a five-line whip, which, be it said, is an instruction of attendance of the most urgent character possible, and one never issued unless a most critical division is expected—such a division as one upon which the fate of a Government may depend. He replied that he would certainly be in his place to vote, whatever the cost to his health and convenience. The debate closed on the eventful night, and the House divided. At the Division Lobby door the tellers saw the M.P. in question, and his vote was counted. It was discovered the day afterwards that the number of votes recorded by the Division Clerks was one fewer than the number given by these Lobby



tellers, and that in the list of the former this particular name did not appear, as it did in the latter; and, moreover, it was discovered that at the time the division was taken this poor M.P. had breathed his last! All the circumstances were such that, though much was thought, as little was said about the matter as possible.

Such are some of the oft-told creepy stories of the Commons' private ghosts. It will be admitted that in some cases they are considerably more extraordinary than the usual run of spectral tales. They are more hedged by circumstance, and sapient members who smile at them still wish that there wasn't quite so much 'confounded fact.'

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER IX.—SEARCH.



SLEPT but little that night, and was astir before the dawn. The house was quiet as I slipped from a side door into the starlight, for the moon was long since down. I went away on foot through the heath towards Great Barrow. There I expected to get some news of Cicely; and as a gray day broke over the eastern woodland I came upon the hilltop overlooking the house.

I approached very cautiously, for I knew not who might be about. This house above all would lie under suspicion, and might be even now in the hands of the authorities. I advanced until I stood under the garden wall. Here a great lilac-tree afforded cover, and I put a foot into a hole where a brick had fallen out, and swung myself up. As I looked across the flower-beds towards the building, not twenty yards away, a blind in a bedroom was raised and the window flung open. I glanced up and saw Martha, an elderly woman who waited on Mistress Plumer. Tears were streaming down the waiting-woman's face, and she stood for a moment wiping them away with her apron. Footsteps crunched on the gravel-walk, and the old butler came into sight. He looked up and started.

'Well, well?' he cried hastily.

'She's gone, Simon,' sobbed Martha.

The old man's head fell, and he went on with a heavy step. Martha left the window, and I sprang down and hurried to the rear of the house. What new misfortune had happened? I climbed a low wall, crossed to the door, and went into the kitchen. Simon was kindling a fire on the broad hearth, his tears splashing on the stone flags.

'What's the matter, Simon?' I cried.

'My mistress is dead, Master George,' he answered.

'Mistress Plumer dead?'

'Yes,' he said. 'She was brought home in a dreadful state last night, and now she's gone; and nobody in the world can say where my young mistress is either. Lord help us!' groaned the old man; 'this is a house of misfortune.'

'Did Mistress Plumer know about it?' I asked in a low voice.

'Yes, she did,' replied Simon, 'and me and

Martha. It was to Mistress Plumer that the men came to beg, and she and my young lady could not say no to them—their hearts were too tender; but they would let no one be concerned in feeding them except themselves. They were as firm as a rock about it. And now'—He waved a feeble hand to indicate the pitch of distress to which they had fallen, and turned again to his fire.

Suddenly a distant rattle of hoofs rang out on the road. The window of the kitchen was wide open on the side where the highway passed, and we heard the fierce gallop of several riders bearing down on the house. I left the kitchen, trod swiftly along a hard gravel-path which would leave no traces of footsteps, and leaped the wall which bounded the garden. I was now in a little wood; and, knowing every inch of the place, I crept to a point where I could command the road, myself unseen. I had scarce gained it when a posse of constables, with a magistrate at their head, galloped up and drew rein before the gate. I had seen what I expected, and I turned and went swiftly through the wood, aiming to reach the heath above, with intent to strike across the country towards Rushmere. Surely, if she were not here, she had taken refuge with the Lesters.

Half a mile from Rushmere a stout figure on a cob came into view. It was Sir Humphrey himself, who had already received a message from his wife.

'Well, George, where is she?' said the old gentleman.

'I do not know,' I replied; 'I was hoping you knew something.'

We exchanged details, and found that no light had yet been thrown on Cicely's mysterious disappearance. From Sir Humphrey's story, Kesgrave had galloped instantly back, and had reappeared among his guests so soon that, at a time of such excitement and general disturbance, his absence had scarcely been noticed.

As for me, when it was found my carriage and attendants had gone, it was said at once that I had been driven from the scene, vexed by the ridicule cast upon me by the Commodore's tale.

Having told our stories, we parted; Sir Humphrey bent on using what influence he pos-

sessed to smooth affairs, and I to beat up other quarters, friends of the Plumers and places to which Cicely might have been carried for hiding.

The rest of my movements that week from Wednesday morning to Saturday night I will narrate in a few words. I went here, went there, walked, rode, and ran; but of Cicely in the whole length and breadth of that countryside I found no more trace than if the earth had opened and swallowed her. The Lesters and I met at Mistress Plumer's funeral on the Saturday, and we compared notes. We enumerated every place Cicely might be hidden in. All had been drawn blank. We counted up every friend who could have helped her; not a soul knew anything of her.

'There's only one comfort in it,' said Sir Humphrey, sighing in perplexity; 'if we know not where she may be, no more do her enemies.'

This was all the comfort we had; and I found it too little, in that I knew nothing of how she was faring. As I rode back home my heart grew bitterly heavy and despondent. Was it but Tuesday that I had held her in my arms and had almost kissed those sweet lips? It seemed some bright, far-off happy time, between which and now lay a dreary waste of years. The world was different in those days.

That night I tramped my library end for end, hour after hour, until, as fruit of my vigil, I hammered out a thought which fastened on me strongly. Cicely could no longer be in this neighbourhood. Look beyond; throw the net with a wider sweep. Where, then? I knew the connections of Cicely as well as she did. She had but few near ones; the nearest of all was an aunt, Mistress Plumer's sister, living at the village of Kensington, just outside London. Was it not possible that these rescuers of Cicely were as powerful as they were secret, and had carried her clean beyond the reach of these local constables and magistrates; had hurried her swiftly to a great distance, where a hiding-place would be more secure? Suppose that while we pried and peeped down here, Cicely was safely ensconced in some quiet corner of her aunt's great house at Kensington; for Mistress Waller, a widowed lady, was very wealthy. A letter had been written to Mistress Waller by Sir Humphrey, I knew; but that she had not appeared at the funeral caused no surprise, for the missive in all likelihood would not come to hand in time to permit of her arrival by the swiftest travelling. I resolved to go and satisfy myself. Very good. Then I must see to it that I left no loose ends behind.

First, the folks I had in hiding—the Blakes and a couple of others. For on the previous Thursday night, tired with a long day's riding, I was sitting in a chair by the fire in the library, when I caught a glimpse of something white at the window where the curtain had been left

undrawn. It was very late, and all about the place save myself had long been asleep, yet the patch of pallor looked like a face. I took the lamp and crossed to the window. There, outside, on the grass, knelt a pair of wretched fellows, their hands clasped and held up to me in speechless entreaty, their faces white and pinched with hunger.

They were the Thornes, to whom their mother had been carrying the loaf she dropped before Parson Upcher. Worn out with worry and anxiety, the old woman had fallen too ill to minister to them, and none else dared succour them. Driven by starvation, they had come to me. They were nearly of my own age, and, as boys, many an expedition had we made together after nuts and nests and trout. Poor outcast rogues, I opened the window and let them in to the fire. Then I foraged in the pantry and found bread, a large piece of cold beef, and a flagon of ale. It was a sight to see the famished wretches eat. They looked at each other and at me as the good food and drink slipped down their throats—looks as far beyond words as thought is beyond speech. These two, then, were now stowed in the hay above the coach-house. I had half a mind to shift them to some more secret place at once; but I let them lie for that night, and turned my attention to personal arrangements. I sat down and shaped my course to my satisfaction, and then went to bed.

For the first time since these troublous times began I slept soundly, so much relief had my decision to go to London given to my mind.

I was up and about the next morning in good time, and set Tom Torr to work preparing for an early start on the morrow. In the afternoon, when everybody but William Quance, the old butler, had gone to church, I took him with me and started for Ashy Coppice.

We reached the hut, and found Robin Blake walking about bravely, considering the state in which we had come across him ten days before. Since he was first cut down in your disastrous rout he had never known such rest and food as he had found in this little hut; and this, with, above all, the devoted nursing of his heroic little partner, had made another man of him.

'Come,' said I, 'this is fine. On your legs, Robin?'

'I feel like a baby learning to walk, squire,' he returned, smiling; 'but I shall come on apace now, I am sure.'

Both he and Hester looked curiously at old William, and I explained who he was, and that I was about to set out for London, and that William would continue to see they lacked for nothing. We talked over their future plans, supposing Robin should be strong enough to move before I returned. He had been farming a piece of land near Frome; but thither he dared not return, for it was well known in that neighbour-

hood that he had joined Monmouth. He had, however, a brother, a substantial yeoman, near Chichester, in Sussex, and he aimed to set out for his brother's house when he was equal to the journey.

I took leave of them then, and as we went back to the house I told William to see they had a stout cob fitted with saddle and pillion, and some money for their expenses. After dark that evening I shifted my other rebels. I was not willing to leave them on the premises, lest some of my servants should by mischance fall into trouble and come under accusation of hiding them; so I planned to quarter them in a linhay on the other side of the park.

Thither we went after the dusk was deep enough, with a great bag of oatmeal and another of flour. A stream of sweet water ran within a dozen yards of the linhay; and I gave the men free license to snare the game which swarmed about the place. So they were turned abroad to see after themselves, which they could very well do, being a couple of knowing fellows, equal to making a fire in a hole in the hut after dark and cooking all they needed.

Early on Monday morning I put my foot in the stirrup and swung my leg over Roan Robin with great satisfaction. Whether it was I had formed too sure a hope, or whether it was the mere getting of active marching orders, I cannot tell; but I felt glad in my heart that I was starting. To be on the road again, to hear Tom Torr clattering at my heels, was pure delight. It was a fresh, sharp morning, a light silvery mist in the hollows, the road clean and hard, and ringing gaily under the clink of the horse-shoes.

I did not take the direct road towards London. Instead, I turned my back and went away from it, going mile after mile west till I struck a road leading north towards Salisbury. This place we reached about eleven in the morning, and stayed there a couple of hours. When we started again I did not yet turn my face in the direction of London, but trotted at an easy pace on the Bath road till we were well into the Plain. Then I drew my right-hand rein, and away we went at a swift trot for Amesbury.

I felt certain that if inquisitive persons followed my movements—and it was very possible some one might—yet they would not persevere beyond Salisbury. If they did, they must go so many miles through that desolate country to be sure I had not passed that I should get a great start.

It was Kesgrave of whom I thought, not of the authorities. He still remained at Greycote, and I felt pretty sure he would move when I moved, and no sooner. If he still held to his jealous fancy that I knew where Cicely was hidden, then he would hasten to follow on my traces; and I wished to reconnoitre Mistress Waller's house at Kensington without Colin Lorel at my heels.

We reached Amesbury, took the road again, and rode on to Andover. Here we halted, and I saw that the horses were well baited and cared for. I intended to make a long stretch of it that day. The animals were powerful, and very fresh after a good rest. My own mount, Roan Robin, heavy as I was, would prove equal to it, I knew well. Tom's horse, a stouter gray gelding, was inferior in blood, but, carrying a much lighter weight, ought to keep up; and Tom was an excellent horseman.

From Andover we rode northwards, and about two hours after nightfall came into Newbury, and were now on the great western highway from London to Bristol. By taking this route I had completely avoided the long stretches of road upon which my face, from frequent journeying, was familiar, and along which I could be tracked with the utmost ease.

We had now broken the back of our journey, and riding easily the next day, came into London streets as the afternoon was waning. I had a place in my mind where to lodge—a quiet street running out of Covent Garden; and I found, to my satisfaction, that the apartments were empty. Behind the house was excellent stabling, so that all was snug and convenient.

I shifted my riding-dress for another suit while a meal was prepared. When the latter was despatched I penned a note, took a large cloak about me, in which I could muffle myself and be as private as I pleased, and set out for Kensington on foot. I knew quite well where Mistress Waller's house lay, in a quiet by-lane running southwards from the village towards Chelsey.

I arrived before it with a beating heart, and looked anxiously up to the casements as I slowly walked past. Not a light appeared in any room in the front, and the sides were bare of windows. I went on up the lane, and soon a plain field was on the other side of the hedge. A few yards farther on I came to a gate. Over this I sprang, and found, to my satisfaction, that the field ran round the house on three sides. I circled about the premises, and perceived the place to be as lifeless behind as before. I climbed on a wall, and saw a light in a room on the ground-floor much where one would judge the kitchen to be.

'Only servants at home,' thought I. 'Then where is the mistress?'

I gazed up at the great black bulk against the sky, and wondered if Cicely was there. If not, where could she be?

A door clanged, and I peered out eagerly. I heard a man's voice singing the fag-end of a tune; then he broke out into a shrill, merry whistle. His boots clattered on the hard path as he turned the corner of the house and went towards the road. I sprang down from the wall and ran for the gate as fast as my feet could carry me. I laid one hand on it, vaulted over, and stepped



smartly down the lane. As I approached the house I heard a door bang, and the whistler walked away before me, piping his merry note. I stepped out faster still; but before I could catch him up he turned into a small tavern some little distance below.

I stayed a moment to arrange my cloak so as to muffle my face more securely, then followed him. Within, the place was not very brightly lit, though snug and cheerful, with a clear fire burning on the hearth, and near it sat my man with a pot of freshly-drawn ale at his elbow. I called for a pint of wine, and sat down on the other side of the room to drink it. The landlady seemed inclined to talk to me, seeing I was a stranger, so I took some papers from my pocket and pretended to busy myself over them. Upon this she troubled me no further, and for a few moments there was silence while she polished a pewter flagon. There were only the three of us in the place, and when she had the flagon to her liking she put it on a shelf and turned to my companion. He was a tall, stout man, in plain clothes—a coachman, as I thought, though I had nothing but his air to guide me.

'And when will your mistress come back, Henry?' asked the landlady.

'Bless you, my woman,' thought I, 'what lucky chance framed your tongue to that question?'

'I don't know, dame,' replied Henry. 'We have had no news about it.'

'She left no word with the housekeeper, then?' pursued the landlady.

'Not a word,' answered the man. 'Her sister being dead suddenly, you see, away she hastened.'

'What's the name of the place?'

'Great Barrow, somewhere in Hampshire,' said Henry. 'I can't say nearer than that. I don't know that part of the country at all.'

'Tis a long way,' said the landlady.

'Ay, dame, a fair step,' he replied.

She was called away, and I made haste to finish my wine and get out into the dark lane again. Luck had put into my hand all that was to be gleaned here at present, and I strolled up past the house again, thinking matters over.

Mistress Waller had started for Great Barrow, and I had missed her, coming as I did. I still clung to the belief that Mistress Waller was the refuge to whom Cicely had been hurried. There was no other—absolutely no other; and I felt that it must be through her I should reach my love. However, there was nothing to be done now until she returned, for I was not willing to follow her. In some inscrutable fashion it had become fixed in my mind that Cicely was not in the country; that she was about London, either in her aunt's house or safely bestowed elsewhere. I resolved to await Mistress Waller's return, and plead my case to her who knew me well.

(To be continued.)

## THE HOME OF THE WILD ASS.



HOUGH hardly to be accounted beautiful in the common acceptation of the word as applied to scenery, though wholly lacking in verdure or graceful outline of hill and dale, in flowing streams and stately forest-trees, the great salt-marsh known as the Rumm of Cutch has a curious fascination of its own—the outcome of the very weirdness and desolation of its conditions.

Situated in the north of the Indian province of Kathiawar, this saline desert lies rather out of the ordinary track of the Eastern tourist; but none the less on that account is it worthy of a visit from those whose pleasure or love of adventure takes them farther afield. Enclosed on every side except the one where it debouches on the Gulf of Cutch, this Mediterranean amongst salt-marshes stretches for miles—a monotonous, extensive level: in the dry season a sheet of glittering, glaring sand; but when the strong breezes of the monsoon waft the moisture of the ocean to its thirsty surface, a treacherous swamp full of hideous, lurking quicksands for the unwary.

At first sight there is but little sign of life, or of aught that can support or attract life, on its

barren expanse. Here and there its scattered oases bear a few small shrubs, such as the prickly thorn, that afford rough pasturage for camels; and near its borders, where the salt mixes less densely with the sandy soil, some coarse and bitter grasses grow. But even for this unfertile wilderness of salt and sand, nature—the all-adaptable, the resourceful—has found a use.

It is here that the wild ass roams at large as untamable as in the days of the patriarch Job: 'his house the wilderness, the barren land his dwelling.' Sir Henry Layard, who, during his explorations of Nineveh, had opportunities of observing these animals in one of the few parts of the globe where they are still to be found, says of them: 'They equal the gazelle in fleetness, and to match them is a feat that only one or two of the most celebrated mares have been known to accomplish;' and we find almost the same remark made by Xenophon over two thousand years ago.

To get within rifle-range of the wild ass is almost impossible, as the creature is extraordinarily shy, and invariably makes for the centre of the marsh on the approach of man. The only way to procure a specimen is in the spring,



when the young are a few months old. The dam then separates from the herd, and brings her foal to the borders of the Runn adjoining the more fertile land, both for the sake of the better pasturage and to find shelter for her progeny in time of danger. It is then that the Kathiawaris, mounted on the fleetest steeds obtainable, make the attempt to capture one of these rare and beautiful animals. This is done by relays of horsemen placing themselves in convenient spots, and one or two of their number making an open and determined dash at the dam, which, with the maternal self-sacrificing instinct, at once makes off in the opposite direction to that where she has left her little one. The rest of the party then ride swiftly but cautiously to the spot where the chase began. The young one, seeing the enemy galloping after its dam, thinks the coast clear and emerges from the thicket, where it has been sheltered. No sooner is it seen than it is pursued; the huntsmen, joined and aided by their companions, succeed in turning and sometimes in finally riding the foal to a standstill. A cloth is then dexterously thrown over its head, and the timid beast, helpless and bewildered, allows itself to be captured, but not until it has exhausted more than one of its pursuers; for even at this tender age its fleetness is amazing.

The wild ass may almost be said to be the antithesis of the domestic species. The one is high-spirited and untamable, the other the meekest and most submissive of quadrupeds; the one is as remarkable for its speed as the other for its slowness; and while the wild specimen ranks among the most graceful animals of creation, its every movement typical of the untrammelled freedom of the desert over which it loves to roam, and of the unfettered breath of heaven which seems to lend it wings, its subjugated congener is awkward and ungainly.

In colour the *roulan* or wild ass is a creamy white, shading to fawn on the back, with a handsome darker stripe running from wither to tail, and a corresponding marking on each forearm. The head and muzzle are finely moulded,

the ears less long and pointed than those in the tame donkey, the eyes large and prominent and as bright as those of the gazelle, and the legs resemble in length and lightness those of the deer.

Occasionally one of these true children of the desert may be seen in the countries adjoining the Runn in a state of semi-captivity. One which was in the possession of an English officer would come to feed from the hand, but would never allow any one to mount. Whenever such an attempt was made its lowered head and flying heels foretold the fate of the would-be rider.

Wild asses congregate in herds of from sixty to seventy; and it is said by the natives that there is generally but one male in every herd. It is even rare to find a male among the young ones captured.

No prettier sight can be seen than one of these herds careering over the plain, sending up the salt spray like a shower of crystal in their flight. Theirs is the very poetry of motion; but the sight is too transient, their fleetness of foot carrying them out of the range of vision long before the enjoyment that their beauty gives is satiated.

It is also on the Runn of Cutch that the wonderful optical illusion of the mirage is to be seen in perfection, particularly in the cold months of the year. By the natives it is called *seeya kotte*, or castles in the air; an appropriate name when one considers its unsubstantial nature. These sky-pictures are as old as history. They are alluded to in Holy Writ, and mentioned by Greeks and Romans. Suddenly, on the hazy, empty horizon, seemingly within riding distance, are seen castles, forests, and hills, of every variety and form, and as suddenly the whole dissolves into a mass of clouds; to be succeeded, perhaps, by sheets of water fringed with shrubs, only again to fade into thin air. Bathed in the charm that distance lends, nothing can be more entrancing, nothing more beautiful, than these fairy dissolving views; but, alas! they often prove a veritable Tantalus to the parched and weary traveller on the sandy Runn of Cutch.

## POOR PETTIMAN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.



'It is a lovely night,' said the curate presently; 'those trees outlined against the moonlit sky yonder'—

'Have you any money with you?'

'Eh? I beg your pardon?'

'Have you any money with you?'

'Money? Oh yes! No! Three-and-eight-pence.'

The girl sighed impatiently.

'If it is for the driver,' said the Reverend

Ambrose nervously, 'I assure you it is no matter: the man will charge it to me.'

'How can I ever repay you?' exclaimed the girl suddenly.

'Oh, if you would prefer to do so, a note addressed to the inn would'—

The girl flashed him a look of surprise in the moonlight.

'Oh! for the carriage! I beg your pardon—I was not listening! Oh, it was not the carriage I was thinking about!'

The curate felt crushed.

At this moment two lamps were seen, and the outline of the landau. The girl quickened her steps, and her little companion broke into a jog-trot to keep up with her.

The Reverend Ambrose helped Miss Loveday carefully in, guarding her blue cloak from the wheel, and tucked the rug round her.

'Where shall the man drive?' he asked her, not without curiosity.

'Get in!' cried Miss Loveday.

'Get in? I?'

'Yes, you!' she answered, with some irritation.

'Do you think I am going to drive about the country at three in the morning all by myself? Do you know I am only seventeen, and accustomed to be taken the very greatest care of?'

'But—but——'

'I never met a man before who said "but" so often! Are you going to desert me just when you have helped me over half the difficulty?'

The curate still hesitated, and the driver slowly dismounted from the box and stood to hear his orders.

'Don't shut the door—the gentleman is coming too!' said Miss Loveday, holding the edge of the door with her small gloved hand.

The next moment they were driving rapidly down the avenue together. The curate, in his agitation, had not even heard whither his companion had directed the man to drive. He leant back helplessly. They drove in silence for about twenty minutes; then Miss Loveday laughed.

'Up to this moment,' she told him, 'you have been very good, if a trifle too exclamatory. Now you are going to be still more useful.'

The curate groaned.

'I will explain to you for what I have brought you here.'

'I shall be grateful if you will,' said the Reverend Ambrose, with dignified coldness.

Miss Loveday let down the window and looked out. They were driving along a lonely road with moonlit fields on either side.

The curate helped her to shut the window again.

'Well?' he asked when it was done.

The girl leant forward, and laid one hand impulsively on the rug that covered the curate's quaking knees.

'I want you to marry me!' she cried.

'Never!' responded the curate.

'I think, having assented so far, that you have no choice left,' she told him gently.

'The thing is impossible!'

'A license has been procured.'

'You must be mad to suppose——'

'And you will find everything arranged.'

'That you should fancy me capable?——'

'Oh, quite capable, I am sure. I saw that at once.'

'Honour and inclination equally debar'——

The girl began to cry. She brought out a scrap of lace and sobbed into it. The curate felt very large and rough and brutal.

'I should like to tell you something,' he said gently, 'that will make you understand and pardon my seeming harshness. I am engaged to be married.'

'No? Are you really?' The girl looked up with ready interest. 'Just fancy! And you look such a mere boy!'

The curate drew himself up stiffly.

'And yet, a moment ago, you did not hesitate to thrust upon me the responsibility'——

'Oh, that's different! You said you were fully ordained. And if you are engaged yourself, it ought to make you all the kinder about marrying me! Instead of which, you make such a fuss about it, and say such nasty things!'

'But—but——'

'Oh, there you are "butting" again! I tell you the real truth: I'd as soon travel with an old ram! And think of poor Edward waiting at Launceborough to marry me!'

'But you said you wanted me to marry you!' cried the bewildered curate.

'Yes—to Edward!'

'Oh!'

'My cousin, Edward Loveday Adeane.'

'Yes,' said the curate.

'Yes, of course! How could you marry me unless there were some one to marry me to? And how could I be married to Cousin Edward without a clergyman to marry me? You really are a very stupid man. Oh! I beg your pardon. I forgot you are a clergyman! Aunt Jane always insisted on my being respectful to the clergy. I think she was entirely right.'

'Was it Aunt Jane you were with at the ball we have just left?'

'Oh dear no! You don't know Aunt Jane, or you wouldn't ask! Fancy Aunt Jane at a ball! Why, she wouldn't have let me go at all, only that I was staying in the house, and so she couldn't possibly help it; and, besides, she did not know there was to be a ball.'

'Is Aunt Jane your rightful parent and guardian?'

'No, of course not! You really are rather ridiculous! But she brought me up. My father is in India—he is coming home to-morrow—that is, it must be to-day by now, I should think—and that is why I must be married early this morning.'

'I fail to see it as a reason.'

'Ah well! Aunt Jane does not approve of my cousin, Captain Adeane, and she says my father is coming home purposely to prevent our marriage.'

'But surely your cousin does not consent to marry you against your father's wishes, and on the eve of his return? I call it most reprehensible conduct.'

The girl sighed patiently. 'Of course I recognise that, being a clergyman, you are bound to take the right view of everything,' she said, 'so I won't lose my temper with you as I did with poor Edward when he said all that.'

'Oh, he said it too, did he?'

'Yes; but I got cross, and made him feel differently. You see, it is rather horrid of father to take Aunt Jane's part without even asking—isn't it? And I always thought,' she added, her voice beginning to tremble, 'that he would be nice, and different from Aunt Jane. Aunt Jane is awful.'

The curate was at a loss what to say, so he murmured 'Indeed!'

'Wasn't it clever of me to capture you?' cried the girl suddenly, with accents of childish delight. 'Edward will be so surprised! You see, we had planned it all, and he has got the license, and he was to meet me at the ball and carry me off to Launceborough, and it was all beautifully arranged, and then the clergyman, who knows us, and would have done it without any fuss, went and got scarlet-fever! Edward was so annoyed! I got a note from him just while I was dressing. And Edward is at the inn at Launceborough—he did not come to the ball even, he was so upset about it. That was stupid of him—just like a man!—no invention! And besides, it quite spoilt the ball to me! We might at any rate have had the ball! And then suddenly I saw you, in your long coat and your collar, you know, and it seemed providential, and the whole scheme flashed into my mind.'

'My dear young lady, you appear to me to have been singularly ill-advised'—

'I wasn't advised at all.'

'You must permit me to put a few inquiries to you in order to qualify me to get us both out of this most embarrassing situation.'

'I won't answer any of your inquiries unless you promise first to marry me.'

'I won't marry you unless you promise first to answer all my inquiries.'

'Why, that is rather clever,' observed the girl, in a surprised voice.

The carriage began to rattle over stones, and Miss Loveday let down the window and looked out. They were driving through the deserted streets of a little country town.

'Here we are!' she cried. 'And this is the inn! You'd better not show fight,' she added; 'Edward is over six feet, and you are such a little man! He'll be so glad to see you, though,' she added politely.

The carriage drew up, and the agonised curate, peering out through his own dim window, saw that the inn was brilliantly lit up and the door open. There were one or two loungers standing about the door. It was between four and five in the morning.

Miss Loveday sprang out, stood for a moment

in her long blue cloak, with the lights from the inn full upon her, and looked up at the door expectantly. The curate had one wild thought of remaining where he was, of shouting directions from the other window to the driver to drive home; but then he recollected himself. That slight blue figure standing there alone recalled him to a sense of duty. Foolish, giddy, inconsequent child! Could he leave her there at a strange inn, in evening-dress, in the small hours of the morning? And this Cousin Edward! The curate got out, offered her his arm, and led her up to the door of the inn.

'What am I to do, sir?' shouted the driver.

'Put up your horse and come in and get supper,' said a man's voice beside them; and the curate turned to see an erect, soldierly man with gray hair and heavy gray moustache, and a somewhat coffee-coloured face.

'This is my daughter, whom I was expecting,' he said to the sleepy, bowing landlord; and he hurried, both travellers into a little lamplit parlour.

'I shall have a word or two to say to you presently, sir,' he observed to the curate, who quailed beneath his mighty frown; 'but first I want to look at my daughter.'

He turned. His daughter stood in the centre of the dingy little inn parlour, her blue cloak flung back, showing the glimmering white satin ball-dress under it, the lace scarf fallen from her ruffled curls, and her big blue eyes staring half in wonder and half in fear, and her little red baby-mouth quivering.

'Why, little Peg—what a—why, my darling!—I'm your father! Haven't you a word to say to me?'

'Father!' she cried. 'Oh!'—And then she ran to him and was folded in his arms.

The curate turned away and examined a print of the laying of the foundation-stone of Launceborough Town Hall.

'Peg, Peg, how could you treat your father so? When I've been away ten years, and have been looking forward to this day for—Oh Peg, you little monkey! Oh, little girl, how you've grown!'

'Father, father! how could you treat me so? To go and forbid my marrying Edward without even seeing him! And I haven't seen you for ten years; but I've seen Edward every day! We've grown up together. You'll like him, father. You can't help liking him. And Aunt Jane's not—not nice. I thought you would have been on my side. I always thought you would.'

'So I will, Peggie! So I will, my little daughter.'

The curate was retiring discreetly, feeling this to be a purely family scene; but the door creaked, and General Loveday turned suddenly, reached him with a single stride, and held him like a vice by the shoulder.



'No, you don't!' he said.

'My dear sir!' remonstrated the curate.

The General turned him round to the light.

'Well, you might have chosen a bigger man,' he said to his daughter.

'He's fully ordained,' she answered eagerly.

'Ordained?—ordained? Kitty's son ordained? I thought he was in the army!'

'So he is, sir,' said a voice in the doorway, and all three turned to see a tall young man with his eyes fixed on Peggie Loveday.

Peggie turned suddenly shy.

'This is—Cousin Edward, papa,' she murmured diffidently.—'Edward, this is father come back. Isn't he nice?'

Then she sat down, looked from one to the other, and unfurled her feather fan.

The two men measured one another with their eyes.

'Oh, this is much more like the thing,' remarked the General.

'I should like to explain, sir'—began the younger man, and the General stiffened directly.

'Yes, and I shall be very glad to hear any explanation you may have to offer.'

The curate again made a surreptitious attempt to escape, and had actually got the door open, and in another moment would have gained freedom and been out in the dimly-lit passage, had not Peggie Loveday suddenly remarked politely, 'Oh, don't go away, Mr Pettiman, without saying good-bye! Father, you must thank Mr Pettiman for all his kindness to me!'

'Yes, by the way, who is Mr Pettiman, and what is his share in to-night's doings?' asked the General, turning round abruptly.

The Reverend Ambrose held with both hands to the handle of the door, and gazed reproachfully at Peggie.

'My share was decidedly passive,' he said.

'He was an instrument in my hands,' corroborated Peggie.

The General looked from one to the other; then he turned to Captain Adeane, as man to man.

'Tell me your story straight out,' he said shortly.

Captain Adeane raised his chin and squared his shoulders, and looked the General in the eyes.

'Your daughter and I have grown up together,' he began. 'It has always been an understood thing between us. You didn't write often, sir, or you might have learnt; and as to Peggie's letters to you—her aunt, your sister-in-law, used always to read them; so they were written for her, not for you.'

His eyes left the General's face for a moment, and he glanced at Peggie. The two smiled at one another.

'Hum!' muttered the General. 'I might have guessed it. Such awful complete letter-writers

as I used to receive! Such a prim little idiot as I thought I was coming home to! And I come home to *this*!' He waved his hand to the blue-and-white Dresden china figure sitting there.

'Then, sir, suddenly Aunt Jane Spender found out. She had been singularly obtuse. I had always, of course, intended to ask *you*; but I had omitted to ask Aunt Jane Spender. When she found out she informed us that you were coming home on purpose to prevent it, and that you had—other designs in view.'

'A lie,' remarked the General.

'I suggested—but of course Peggie felt—I mean *we*—The young man hesitated and stammered for the first time.

'I fancy it may have been my fault,' put in Peggie, with an air of surprised discovery. 'He *did* want to wait and have it out with you, papa dear; but of course I didn't know how *nice* you were, and I—I dissuaded him.—Papa is particularly pleasant—isn't he, Edward?'

The General looked gratified.

'Yes, I see,' he observed to the young man; 'but even that hardly justified this—this'—

Captain Adeane looked at Peggie for a moment, then he strode across the room and knelt down by her chair, and held a bit of the blue cloak that seemed as if it had a hand beneath it.

'Peg! I should have had to confess to you some time—I have played a horrible trick on you!'

The girl turned very white, and kept her blue eyes fixedly on his face. The General took a step forward, and clenched the fist that hung at his side.

'It was very stupid—very disrespectful,' the young soldier went on. 'The fact is, I was a coward, for you were so angry, and I feared to lose you. You—we—arranged this, you know; but I telegraphed to your father—I saw his ship was signalled—to come on direct to this inn to-night. Then, after I had done this, it occurred to me if I could prevent your coming at all it would be better, so I wrote to tell you: the reverend chap had scarlet-fever.'

'And hadn't he?'

'He's as fit as a fiddle.'

'Then you told a'—

'Yes! And I'd have told a round dozen to save you, Peggie, because I knew it wasn't the straight way to set about it, even if it were a bit of an adventure, dear, and a dash to Aunt Jane! I thought we might give your father a chance first; and, if he were not the right sort, that we still would have time. I wouldn't have given you up for the telling, little playmate! But you had no faith in me, Peggie—and—there's nothing against me for your father to cut up rough about. I'm a very decent chap, and his own sister's son into the bargain.'

'Then you actually wired to father and spoilt



the whole thing!' cried Peggie, pulling her cloak away from him, and standing up, her blue eyes full of wrath. 'It was utterly mean and nasty and horrid of you! I believe you asked Aunt Jane too! I'll *never* forgive you!'

The young man rose too, and stood facing her.

The General gave his prospective son-in-law a great clap on the shoulder. 'So the telegram was from *you*, was it? Carefully-worded dispatch, too! Capital soldier you'll make, sir!—afraid of nothing save this little minx here! And now we are all hungry, and I propose we have supper—or breakfast—I am not sure which it is—and drink your healths. Bless me! there's that little clergyman escaping again! Come here, young man. I don't quite yet feel clear as to you.'

'Why, I brought him here to marry us, papa, as I was *told*'—icily—'that our own family clergyman was suffering from scarlet-fever. I thought *this*'—waving her hand to the collapsed Mr Pettiman—'would be better than none. He didn't *want* to come. I did not tell him till we were driving here. And I took him away so early from the ball, poor young man! And it was his first ball, too!'

'And my last!' muttered the curate. 'Emma was perfectly right!'

The General deliberately put on his eye-glasses and surveyed his daughter.

'Have you always been allowed to have your own way, my dear?' he asked her in a voice of awe and dismay.

'Never! What *can* have made you think of such a thing, papa? Aunt Jane has always brought me up most strictly.'

'Well, I shall be very lenient, and then, perhaps'—

'And so shall I!' exclaimed Captain Adeane.

'You! I'll never forgive *you*, Cousin Edward! Never! With your telegrams and your scarlet-fevers! *Mean!*'

'But *I* will, my dear nephew!' said the General, turning to him. 'You have taken a bride out of the window that you might have had out of the door.—As to *you*, reverend sir— Why, *where's* that curate?'

The Reverend Ambrose Pettiman had made good his escape. It was not until he and Emma had been married for eight years that he told his wife the history of his first ball.

## SOME VARIETIES OF THE DRUG HABIT.

**D**OCTORS and moralists alike strongly condemn the baneful habit of drug-taking, and the publicity of the whole press is given to its censure. Drug-poisoning is thus very properly held up to public execration; and few, indeed, hesitate to censure their fellows suffering from this failing. The man or woman, youth or girl—for there are, alas! many young victims—are all summarily condemned without so much as a thought for the special character of the temptation to which they first succumbed.

There are, of course, unfortunate people who deliberately resort to drugs. They are, perhaps, overwhelmed by some great catastrophe which has wrecked their happiness; and, looking for a reprieve, they find it in morphine. Others have had powerful drugs administered to them during illness, and have acquired such a craving for them that their use is continued when they are convalescent and well, and they increase the dose gradually until at last they become habitual drug-takers. The percentage of such cases is happily small; but they are occasionally heard of. Lately an instance was reported from America. A woman lost her health, her beauty, her happiness, and—after years of misery—her life because she became addicted to morphine, which in the first instance was medically prescribed for her.

The greatest temptation, and the most insidious, the most terrible, and yet the most inconsequent, is that which assails young people who are em-

ployed in the large chemical manufactories, where they have daily to handle such dangerous medicines as opium and morphine, cocaine, chlorodyne, and chloroform. Too often they become habitual drug-takers. The reason is not difficult to ascertain. They have opportunity combined with a very small modicum of knowledge; and nowhere is the danger of a little learning so real as in the principal departments of a chemical factory. The limitations set up by a strict supervision are considerable; but it is not to be expected that these will prove all-sufficient to combat curiosity and opportunity.

In order, for instance, to extract the potent principle from many vegetable substances—such as the leaves, bark, seeds, or roots of plants used in pharmacy—it is necessary to use large quantities of chloroform. The popular idea of chloroform, derived chiefly from novels, is that its smell is sufficient to produce instant insensibility. This is, of course, absolutely erroneous. Chloroform, as a matter of fact, is a heavy, sweet-smelling liquid, somewhat hot and sweet to the taste. Apply a bottle of chloroform to your nose as you would a bottle of salts, and your first feeling is one of a certain exhilaration. Continue the process a little longer, and your head swims under the effects of intoxication; but the effect is not very lasting. Now, it often happens that a person who is daily engaged in using this liquid in bulk accidentally inhales some of the vapour. The peculiar mental exhilaration which is experienced

leads the victim to do by design what he first did by accident. The habit of intentional inhalation is speedily acquired; then follows the irresistible craving for the illicit solace of the drug, and at length, in order to ensure its full enjoyment without interfering with his daily work, the victim becomes a thief. At first he only purloins a small quantity, which in time is increased to a large amount; and night after night, with soaked handkerchief to his face, he sinks into a deep chloroform-induced sleep. The physical and moral misery caused by the habit is untold, and there is an ever-present danger from the fact that chloroform induces vomiting, and vomiting in the case of an unconscious person means choking to death.

Another fruitful source of poisoning is to be found in methylated spirits. In factories where fine chemicals and pharmaceutical preparations are made, many hundreds of gallons of this spirit have to be used in the course of a year. This spirit is far superior, of course, to the article sold

at the oil-shop or retail drug-store; and many of the factory workers so quickly develop a liking for it that it is often necessary to watch them carefully to prevent leakage.

Chloroform and methylated spirits are the principal, but not the only, form in which temptation comes to the employes in chemical factories. Agreeable but insidious drugs have to be used in large quantities, and many who have the handling of them seem quite unable to resist the opportunity of tasting. It was the open boast of one employé known to the writer that he had tasted everything the firm made or stocked; and the practice is probably not an uncommon one.

Many a victim of a drug-poison which is slowly corroding all that is best in him, physically and morally, can trace his deadly habit to that unfortunate day when he began indiscriminate tasting, when he first ate of the tree of knowledge, and lost for ever the paradise of those to whom is still vouchsafed the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### THE PACIFIC CABLE.



**A** GREAT step towards the unity of the British Empire has been taken in the determination to establish an electric cable beneath the waters of the Pacific Ocean, to bring into direct communication Great Britain and Australasia, and to connect the Commonwealth of Australia with the Dominion of Canada. This has been the dream of many a colonial conference, a dream which will be realised in little more than twelve months' time, at an estimated cost of one million seven hundred and ninety-five thousand pounds. At present the cost of telegraphing from Canada to Australia is prohibitive; for it is necessary to send the message first to England, next across Europe to Egypt, then by the Indian Ocean to India, and finally by a devious route to Australia. The new cable will not touch foreign lands; and its length, from Vancouver to Queensland, will be eight thousand nautical miles, a branch cable of five hundred and thirty-seven miles carrying the messages to New Zealand. It is a great scheme, in which imperial defence has been the first consideration; but it will surely lead to enormous commercial advantages.

### HIGHWAYS THROUGH THE AIR.

A number of experimental balloon voyages have convinced the Rev. J. M. Bacon, of Newbury, that a practicable navigation of the air will at no distant date become an accomplished fact. 'For some thousands of years,' he writes, 'men trusted to the wind alone to convey them across

the ocean, and in this way they accomplished great things. The same winds of heaven, rightly used, will eventually convey men with at least equal certainty across the sky where men themselves shall list.' Possibly Mr Bacon may be too sanguine a prophet; but he has proved that wireless telegraphy may be successfully employed as a means of communication with the occupants of a balloon. In a recent ascent from Bradford, the *aërostat* sailed over Wakefield, Barnsley, and other towns to Sheffield, attaining an altitude of about a mile. For nearly an hour the occupants of the car were able to note distinctly all the features of the extensive map spread out below them, and could have given a minute description of its every detail; and all this time they were in communication with their friends at distant Bradford. The experiment is most interesting and valuable, and one which no doubt will be noted for future reference by our military authorities.

### GAUTIER'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* recently gave a most interesting account of the method adopted by Professor Armand Gautier in the treatment of phthisis, said to be a sovereign remedy for that dread disease. The treatment consists in hypodermic injections of a preparation of arsenic, which was discovered in 1842 by the late master-chemist Bunsen, the name of which is cacodylic acid. Arsenic has been used as a remedy for phthisis and other diseases for hundreds of years, but not without harmful results; and Gautier's claim to fame is in the administration of this special preparation, which

is found to be easy of assimilation and absolutely innocuous. At one of the hospitals the new remedy has been put to most searching tests, and has been used with almost unfailing success. 'We have not cured everybody,' says the professor, 'though in my elation and astonishment at the first results of the treatment I fairly thought we should.' In the vast majority of cases the medicine has proved a specific; but there is one form of tuberculosis—phthisis of the larynx—upon which it seems to have no curative effect.

#### OUR FIRST WARSHIP.

Everything to do with the British navy is so interesting that reference to a very early contribution to our first line of defence needs no apology. *Cassier's Magazine* for December contains an illustrated description of the *Great Harry*, built by King Henry VIII. at a cost of fourteen thousand pounds; and we may date the establishment of the Royal Navy from this time. Built in 1515, this ship was no doubt considered a marvel of naval skill. Of one thousand tons burden, it was manned by three hundred and forty-nine soldiers, three hundred and one mariners, and fifty gunners, whose duty it was to serve nineteen brass and a hundred and three iron pieces of ordnance. It would seem that the *Great Harry* was the first British ship to be provided with port-holes, for before her time the guns were placed above deck and on the prow or poop. The name of the ship is believed to have been changed in the reign of Edward VI. to *The Edward*, and in 1552 was reported to be still seaworthy, orders having been given that she should be 'grounded and calked once a year,' to keep her watertight. The ship was accidentally burnt at Woolwich in the following year. It seems a pity that there is no authentic model remaining to us of a vessel which formed part of the very earliest 'wooden walls' of the Empire.

#### COALFIELDS IN RHODESIA.

The reports as to the existence of vast fields of coal some two hundred miles north-west of Bulawayo have been confirmed, according to Reuter's Agency, by experts sent out by the British South Africa Company. Spread over an area of about four hundred square miles, the mineral presents itself in seams varying from five to sixteen feet thick; and as the coal lies within forty feet of the surface, it can be worked by inclines instead of by shafts. After allowing a rebate of 20 per cent. for loss, it is estimated that one thousand five hundred million tons of coal, of better quality than that at present in use in the Transvaal, Natal, and Cape Colony—in some cases being comparable with Welsh coal—will be available for mining. This favourable report is said to have influenced the survey for the projected Cape to Cairo Railway, which will

now be taken through the coalfields which seem to promise so much.

#### THE ROMAN MOSQUITO EXPERIMENT.

It will be remembered that in May last Dr Sambon and Dr Low, acting under the auspices of the Colonial Office, decided to spend the summer in the most malarial part of the Roman Campagna, in order to thoroughly test the theory that malaria is conveyed to human beings by the bite of mosquitoes. To carry out their purpose they lived in a mosquito-proof house, leaving it only in the daytime, when no mosquitoes appear, and mixing freely with the people. The daring experiment was successful, and gave the results which were anticipated. Neither of these gentlemen was attacked by the disease; and they claim that they have 'proved beyond all doubt that, provided he be not bitten by mosquitoes, man may live with perfect safety in the worst possible malarial area.' Another phase of the experiment was to rear young mosquitoes in the Santo Spirito Hospital in Rome; and, after allowing them to bite persons suffering from malaria, to send them to London, where Dr Manson's son and Mr Warren, of the School of Tropical Medicine, allowed themselves to be bitten, and in due time had smart attacks of malaria, the bacilli of the disease being found in their blood. It should be added that the courageous doctors in their mosquito-proof house took no quinine or other safeguard against fever, and slept with their windows open. The possibility of infection through air is thus disproved.

#### HINDU CREMATION.

In the course of a recent lecture at the Camera Club, London, the late Mr Law Bros showed some interesting photographs which illustrated the process of cremation as carried out by the Hindus. The body is laid upon a kind of bier made of bamboo, and faggots are piled on all sides of it before fire is applied. Each body is wrapped by the relatives in a piece of crimson cloth of considerable value, and this cloth becomes the property of the man who conducts the cremation, who, in order that he may not be haunted by the ghost of the deceased, invariably carries away from the cremation a fragment of burnt wood, which is supposed to frighten the spirit away. The lecturer said that he went to India with a strong feeling in favour of cremation as being the right method of disposal of the dead; and, having seen this extremely primitive method of conducting the operation, his views were confirmed.

#### NON-CONDUCTING GLOVES.

The last decades of the nineteenth century have seen a wonderful extension of the applications of electricity, and familiarity with the unseen force has bred that contempt for its



powers among those brought into daily contact with electrical apparatus which was to be expected. As a precaution against accident with 'live' wires, workmen are required by their employers to wear india-rubber gloves, which prevent the current from passing into the hands; but several cases have occurred where workmen have obstinately rejected this provision for their safety, and have paid a heavy penalty for doing so. It would seem, however, that the gloves do not meet all requirements, for a French union of industrial firms for the prevention of accidents to workmen is inviting tenders for an international competition for 'isolating gloves' to be used by workmen engaged in electrical pursuits. These gloves must efficiently protect the hand and forearm, must be non-conducting and not liable to mechanical injury, they must be capable of being worn with ease and comfort, and leave the fingers sufficient freedom to work. We very much doubt if it be possible to fulfil all these conditions.

#### WATER-TORCH.

As every one knows nowadays, a brilliantly-burning gas is evolved when calcium carbide is acted upon by water, and the up-to-date cyclist's lamp is fed with acetylene thus produced. A clever application of the principle is exhibited in what is called 'the marine torch,' an importation from the United States which was recently put to practical test in the Thames at Westminster Bridge. The 'torch' consists of a perforated metal cylinder containing the carbide, and also furnished with a priming of calcium phosphide. When the torch is thrown into water the phosphide is wetted, and the phosphoretted hydrogen which it emits spontaneously ignites. This flame is immediately communicated to the acetylene which is copiously generated from the wet carbide, and a light of dazzling brilliancy is the result. This apparatus, in conjunction with a life-buoy, is likely to be of great service in cases where risk of drowning is incurred.

#### ACETYLENE GAS.

The acetylene gas industry in Germany has, according to a recent report from the British Consul at Stuttgart, made rapid progress, and is described as 'one of the triumphs of scientific industrialism.' There are at the present time more than two hundred thousand acetylene gas jets in use in the country, so that this gas is a serious competitor for rival illuminants. It is assumed that petroleum will suffer most, and Germany has hitherto paid five millions sterling annually to the United States for mineral oil; coal-gas will be superseded to a large extent, especially for the lighting of small towns; but electricity will hold its own. During the past year (1900) the consumption of calcium carbide in Germany is estimated at seventeen hundred tons, superseding as

a lighting agent—if we take the illuminating power as the test—about seven million gallons of petroleum. All this carbide is made in the country, and the consul regards this successful manufacture as a direct outcome of the magnificent system of technical education in vogue there. One of the most successful applications of acetylene is the lighting of railway carriages on the German Government lines.

#### A RAIL-BREAKER.

We have lately heard a great deal of the activity of the Boers in destroying railroads, their methods being of a very rough-and-ready nature. They would doubtless value a rail-breaking machine that is being employed by the St Louis Transportation Company, which is now engaged in converting the Broadway cable into an electric line. The machine takes the form of a travelling truck, at the end of which are two massive uprights, each with a sheave at its top, and each being immediately above the rail to be operated upon. Chains over these sheaves are furnished with grippers which take hold of the rails and tear them from their places, at the same time breaking them into short lengths which can be easily handled. The motive-power employed to do the work is electricity, a drum actuated by an electric motor winding up the hauling-chains. The work is quick and certain, and it has the further advantage of presenting the old iron in a form in which it is worth a dollar more a ton than it would be if the rails were still in thirty-foot lengths.

#### ARTIFICIAL INDIGO.

It will be remembered that two years ago some excitement was caused by the successful production on a large scale of artificial indigo in Germany, and many anticipated that the industry of indigo-planting was doomed. This prognostication has recently been repeated by the managing director of the German indigo-works, who has gone so far as to recommend the Indian Government to take steps to put the land hitherto devoted to the culture of indigo to other uses. A member of the London Indigo Association, writing to the *Times*, states that this unasked advice comes under the designation of 'bluff,' and that the German factory would be very glad if the cultivation of indigo in India were to be given up, for in that case they would have no competition and could rule the market. He further says that the Indians are alive to the danger, and see that their best chance of fighting this artificial enemy is to produce a larger quantity of the dye—if need be at a present loss. He assumes, therefore, that, instead of the German's wish being gratified, 'we are more likely to see the production of indigo increased to a very appreciable extent at a considerably smaller cost.' He raises a doubt whether the German product



will be able to compete with the natural indigo under the new conditions.

#### AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

Three years ago Professor Baldwin Spencer and Mr Gillen penetrated into Central Australia with a view to study the folklore and habits of the native races; and their work, so far as it went, met with conspicuous success. A memorial, signed by many representative scientific men, has been submitted to the Governments of South Australia and Victoria, praying that facilities may be granted for the extension and completion of this important work. The permission having been given and arrangements made, the expedition will start soon after these words appear in print; and should the winter rains make the conditions favourable for travelling, success is assured. An Australian journal, the *Adelaide Advertiser*, referring to this projected expedition, remarks that 'the breath of the white man has scorched out of existence so many aboriginal races and tribes that civilisation may be thankful that there are still untutored savages left to throw light on its own beginnings.'

#### THE FOOD OF PREHISTORIC MAN.

Our attention has recently been called to some curious experiments conducted some time ago by Mr Charters White, M.R.C.S., lately the president of the Royal Odontological Society of Great Britain. Upon examining some skulls dating back from the stone age, he noted that several of the teeth, although quite free from caries, were thickly coated with tartar. It occurred to him that it would be possible by a rough analysis to identify any particles of food that might be embedded in this natural concrete, and so reveal the character of the aliment partaken of by prehistoric man. Dissolving the tartar in weak acid, a residue was left which, under the microscope, was found to consist of corn-husk particles, hairs from the outside of the husks, spiral vessels from vegetables, particles of starch, the point of a fish-tooth, a conglomeration of oval cells probably of fruit, the barblets of down, and portions of wool. In addition to this varied list were some round red bodies, the origin of which defied detection, and many sandy particles, some relating to quartz and some to flint. These mineral fragments were very likely attributable to the rough stones used in grinding the corn, and would account for the erosion of the masticating surfaces, which in many cases was strongly marked. This inquiry into the food of men who lived not less than four thousand years ago is a matter of great archaeological interest.

#### A NEW FORM OF ANCHOR.

The *Scientific American* describes and illustrates a new form of anchor which is known as the Langston Mooring Device. It is intended for

situations where an anchor chain is subjected to unusual strain, as in the case, for example, of a lightship moored where currents are strong and high winds frequent. In such cases what is known as a 'mushroom' anchor has generally been employed; and the Langston device so far resembles the mushroom that it consists of a cast-iron disc with a convex surface. Its size is from ten inches to two feet in diameter, and by means of strong lugs on its upper surface chain tackle is attached by which it can be lowered to the seabottom. It is here that the novel part of the invention comes in. Through a hole in the disc a pipe, carrying a stream of water from a force-pump, acts as a hose in loosening the soil below, so that a deep excavation is made, into which the heavy disc sinks. When a certain depth is attained the pipe is pulled up and the hole above the disc is very quickly filled with soil, when the anchor remains as firm as a rock. The invention is being largely adopted in America, with very gratifying results.

#### THE OWL.

I DWELL apart in the ivy-green  
That mantles the old church tower,  
I and my mate, 'mid the dismal scene  
In our man-forsaken bower.  
We pay no heed to the clock that knells  
The dwindling and growing hour;  
But when twilight reddens the autumn sky  
The desolate fields we scour.  
  
Away by the sleeping village  
That lies on the wooded hill,  
The lonely farms we pillage,  
And the shadowy stackyards still.  
We flit o'er the rippling river,  
Turned gold by the low-hung moon;  
But the night soon goes, and the daylight dawns  
Too soon—oh, alas! too soon.  
  
Then away full speed to our eerie lair  
By the tombs and the dark-leaved yew,  
As the lark's first carol thrills the air  
And the land is bathed in dew:  
To sleep through the glaring sunshine,  
And drowsily blink our eyes,  
Till another long day is dying,  
And the mists begin to rise.

A. W. HOWLETT.

#### \* \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Postical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### A BEGGAR WHO CHOSE.

By MARY STUART BOYD, Author of *Our Stolen Summer*, *The Unique Mrs Spink*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

**I**T was a stormy evening in March. The wind blustered along the deserted country road, and whistled down the chimneys of the little red-tiled cottage through whose window-panes the warm firelight sent a comforting glow.

The inner garniture of the cottage revealed many anomalies. The walls of the kitchen-parlour—the ordinary living-room of a villager's home—was covered with a cheap floral paper, whose many wrinkles testified that it had been hung by unskilled hands. Yet the window was draped with handsome curtains of brocade, and a heavy Axminster rug carpeted the floor; a handsome plush couch occupied the alcove left by the removal of the box-bed; and one or two good etchings looked somewhat incongruous on the ruddily-papered walls. Although the house had been left to take care of itself, its owners' return might be anticipated at any moment, for a tea-table daintily laid with fine china and silver stood in readiness before the fire; and the stormy sunset was still red in the western sky when the approach of wheels announced their arrival. A quick hand turned the key in the door.

'You go in, mother, and sit by the fire, while I see about the luggage,' cried a pleasant voice.

Mrs Erskine, entering with reluctant step, cast a despairing glance around her new home, and sinking into the arm-chair by the hearth, dissolved into inconsequent tears.

While Mrs Erskine sobbed, the sound of a heavy tread, accompanied by a bumping noise, denoted that her trunks were being deposited in the other room. A moment later the cheerful voice said, 'Two shillings—isn't it? Thank you. Good-night, Mr Dobbie.' The front door was

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closed, and Joanna Erskine came into the kitchen-parlour.

Joanna was 'plain-looking and quite thirty, and she has never had a lover,' to quote Mrs Anthony Erskine, whose caustic comments occupied the place of appendix to the lives of these two lonely women who had the ill-luck to be her near relatives. It must be confessed that Joanna could boast no trace of that beauty of feature still apparent in her mother. Still, no woman can be called plain who has fine eyes; and Joanna's were more than fine, they were beautiful. For the rest, she had abundant brown hair of an indefinite shade, and a graceful figure, its slender proportions accentuated by a mourning robe. She looked happy, though fatigued. The arrangement of this tiny home for the reception of her fastidious mother had meant ten days' hard work; but a glance at her tear-stained, despondent parent dispelled her satisfaction.

'Mother! Oh, I am so sorry! I thought you would have been pleased. It was the very best I could do.'

'My dear,' replied Mrs Erskine resignedly, 'don't pay any attention to me. I shall be all right in a moment. But things are so different—it is a shock. If only your poor dear father could see me now!'

As Joanna poured the boiling water into the silver teapot, and poached the eggs in a little enamelled saucepan, she could not restrain a bitter thought of that easy-going, self-indulgent father, whose carelessness, in living merely for the present, had brought his widow and only child near to beggary.

Three months earlier Frederick Erskine, an Edinburgh lawyer, a man of many friends, fond of good company, and reckless of the morrow, had died suddenly, leaving his affairs in confusion.

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FEB. 2, 1901.

Mrs Erskine, who had worshipped her handsome, open-handed husband, was overwhelmed by her bereavement, and declined to make any plans for her own future.

'Selina has the brain of a hen,' declared Mr Anthony Erskine, the younger brother and sole relative of her deceased spouse. Feeling that public opinion required him to feign an interest in his dead brother's affairs, he had made things remarkably unpleasant for the widow and her daughter.

Though Mrs Erskine's reasoning power, which had never been conspicuously robust even in the most favourable circumstances, tottered visibly on the sudden removal of her living prop, Joanna faced the position bravely. Not content with lavishly disbursing his own income, Mr Erskine had speculated freely with his wife's considerable fortune; and shortly before his death a gold-mine, that alluring trap for the sanguine, had engulfed the residue of her patrimony. All that now remained was an annuity of eighty pounds, in which Mrs Erskine's guardian had wisely insisted on investing a portion of her money at the time of her marriage.

'Eighty pounds a year! A mere pittance. Two people could never exist upon that. Out of charity, Selina, Anthony and I have decided to let you board with us. Joanna must look out for a situation at once; but there are so many cleverer girls unable to find employment that I quite despair of her finding anything to do. The expensive mourning that you ordered without waiting to consult Anthony, who was most annoyed when he heard of it, ought with care to save you buying clothes for years,' said Mrs Anthony Erskine with that offensive bluntness which is accounted the prerogative of relationship. 'I'm sure, as I say to Anthony a dozen times a day, I cannot understand the sinful foolishness of a man indulging himself as Frederick did, throwing away money on pictures, and first editions, and all sorts of whims, and leaving his family at the mercy of the world. It's criminal—that's what it is.'

From the first Joanna was resolved that nothing would separate her from her mother. Mrs Erskine was a delicate woman, whose very life was dependent on the little attentions and bodily comforts which she knew better than to expect under the chilly shelter of Anthony Erskine's roof. In the Moray Place establishment the housekeeping was of the meanest. Mrs Anthony never spent a penny she could save, and her niggardly ways received her helpmeet's full approval. The servants' allowances of tea, sugar, and butter were weighed out to them each Saturday. If the supplies failed to last the appointed week, that was none of Mrs Anthony's business; the unlucky servitors had to purchase more or go without. Loaves were counted, the larder kept jealously locked; and every morning Mrs Anthony, candle

in hand, paid a state visit to the coal-cellar to see how the coal had diminished since the previous day.

Though Joanna's determination to devote herself to her mother never faltered, how to live together upon their pittance was a problem that for a space seemed insoluble. The solution came to her only after days passed in wearily toiling up unsavoury stairs in search of cheap town lodgings. The quest merely served to convince her that the rent even of the lowest-priced apartments in a poor locality would absorb much of their income, leaving them but starvation allowance for the necessities of life. With a strong woman to cater for she could have contrived to exist; but Mrs Erskine's appetite required to be tempted, and Joanna knew how her feeble digestion revolted against the uninviting minced beef and chilly blanc-mange of Mrs Anthony's winter menus.

One night, as she lay awake, her troubled thoughts strayed for relief from retrospection of mean streets to memories of quiet country roads. The peaceful, red-roofed villages through which they had sometimes driven while spending summer holidays at St Andrews passed temptingly before her, and she found herself envying the villagers, who, on incomes assuredly less than theirs, were able to live and to rear families in comfort in these small houses. How would a little, rural cottage with a garden—a cottage whose rent would not exceed a few pounds—suit her mother and herself? The idea seemed an inspiration. Before Joanna fell asleep at dawn her fancy had not only found the ideal haven, but had furnished it throughout, and had installed her charge therein.

The scheme, which Joanna revealed at breakfast, encountered but small opposition. Mrs Anthony demurred a little, for she had calculated a clear profit if her plan of receiving her sister-in-law as boarder were adopted. Still, it was a relief to her to find that her trying relatives were not going to annoy her by electing to live in shabby lodgings in Edinburgh, where they were known. In a remote Fifeshire village they would, at least, be out of sight. As for her husband, the bare recollection of how his sister-in-law had placidly allowed her fortune to be squandered annoyed him so greatly that he was glad to be quit of her on any terms.

It was with an exhilarating feeling of adventure that Joanna set out on her errand early next morning; and before her return two days later she had succeeded in finding a suitable house. It was not the ideal dwelling of her dreams. The outer walls were not wreathed with roses and eleanatis, the rooms did not possess picturesque window seats and cosy corners, and the garden was weedy and neglected. Yet the interior was dry, and had convenient cupboards, and it needed but

a little local labour to make all look fresh and neat.

So it was in triumph that, on this blustering March evening, Joanna brought her mother from the station; and, though her spirits fell a trifle at the sight of Mrs Erskine's despondency, she looked hopefully forward to the future, knowing that her mother's moods never lasted long. Under the reviving influence of a good cup of tea—'The first drinkable tea I've had since I went to your uncle's,' Mrs Erskine remarked parenthetically; 'and this is the first time I've felt comfortably warm: gas-fires never really heat a room, do they?'—she became quite cheerful and spoke sanguinely of Pittendrevie, and speculated on what friends they would be likely to make there. When Joanna tucked her up for the night in the well-aired little bedroom, Mrs Erskine's brain was still busy with conjectures as to the neighbouring county families, and how soon they would call.

Throughout the weeks that followed, Joanna needed all her stock of strength and endurance. The first look at her surroundings, which Mrs Erskine took from the bedroom window on the morning after her arrival at Pittendrevie, was sufficient to send her back to the refuge of her bed, where she lay bewailing her widowhood, and lamenting the cruelty of the Spartan child who had brought her to die in such a place.

Realising that much of her mother's unreason arose from bodily weakness, Joanna strove to be patient; though with an exacting mother to nurse, and the ethics of household drudgery to learn, she had almost more upon her slender shoulders than they were able to bear. Having been accustomed to depend on the ministrations of experienced servants, she at first performed the smallest tasks awkwardly. Soon, however, she acquired skill, and began to take a pride in her work. For cookery she had a natural gift, and speedily she was able to concoct little dainties to tempt her mother's capricious appetite.

For a space the problem of living within their narrow income weighed heavily upon Joanna's mind; but a little experience disclosed the marvellous simplicity and economy of house-keeping where there is no servants' hall to provide for.

The sole emporium at Pittendrevie was a small grocery store; but the village was well supplied with fruit, meat, and bread by passing vans. Milk and butter were plentiful; and, from the eastward seaport, carts with fish frequently reached Pittendrevie. Still, Mrs Erskine's feeble constitution demanded sustaining nourishment. She had ceased to drink wine; but a small 'pick-me-up' of whisky-and-soda at noon and at night proved a necessity. With the aid of a gasogene Joanna manufactured the soda-water,

and thus lessened the cost of the beverage, though the price of the occasional bottle of spirits was a heavy tax upon their small income. Like all invalids, Mrs Erskine was fastidious and fanciful regarding food. Her tea had to be of the finest, her sugar the purest procurable. She ate little, but the cost of the bit of grilled steak, the sweetbread, the mutton outlet, or the chicken that to her were indispensable often caused Joanna to wrinkle her brow over the housekeeping-book which she secretly kept, and to grieve at her inability to keep their weekly expenditure for food and washing within the sovereign to which she had limited herself. Out of the remaining thirty pounds, rent, taxes, clothes, church collections, and the little etceteras of mere existence had to be defrayed; and it was Joanna's keenest desire to be able to lay aside a portion of the sum against possible sickness.

To her delight, Joanna discovered that the watering-place two miles distant possessed a good circulating library, whose terms were so moderate to annual subscribers that by a payment of a few shillings a plentiful supply of novels was secured to her fiction-loving mother for a whole year.

As usual in great reverses, the first few months were the worst. By early June, when the mossy old apple-tree whose giant branches embraced the south gable of the cottage was a mass of rose-white blossom, Mrs Erskine had so far resigned herself to the situation as to enjoy sitting in the sunshine with a novel in her lap, delighting in the fragrance of the atmosphere, and talking to Joanna, who, with all the energy of a novice at gardening, pottered among the flower-borders. Already staked was the hedge of sweetpeas designed to screen the grass plot which served as lawn from inquisitive eyes whose owners might have business in the blacksmith's yard; and long rows of potatoes, and short rows of peas, spinach, beetroot, carrot, turnip, and lettuce, showed lustily above the rich brown earth.

Under the reviving influences of pure air and plenty of sunshine, Mrs Erskine's mind soon recovered its healthy tone, and her body its strength. She had soon ceased to expect the neighbouring county families to call; but she found much solace in the respect accorded her by the village folk, who were quick to recognise a social superior in the languid lady whose helpless ways and handsome raiment agreed so ill with her humble dwelling.

The garden proved both a pleasure and a profit. It supplied gentle exercise for Mrs Erskine, who confessed that she enjoyed shelling peas or picking green gooseberries from the straggling unpruned bushes, and who made a point of cutting and arranging the flowers to decorate their little cottage.

'God made the first garden, and some of His



peace has rested on all gardens since.' As the interest of the two lonely women began to centre about their flower-borders and strawberry-beds, the ever-present sense of loss gradually faded from their minds, and pleasant content began to reign therein. Mrs Erskine had never craved aught from life save infinite leisure and a complete absence of responsibility. So the lazy torpescence of the summer days at the little cottage suited her admirably; and as Joanna's sole desires were to see her mother well and happy, and to feel that she was successfully financing their little income, she also was satisfied.

It is only in a great town that one can be either dull or friendless. The Erskines soon began to take a kindly interest in the inmates of the double handful of red-roofed houses that was Pittendrevie. Even the blacksmith's yard, which only a low wooden fence separated from their garden, speedily became a source of diversion.

The blacksmith, Walter Leven, whom fate had destined to be the hero of Joanna's only romance and a thorn in the flesh to her relatives, deserves a paragraph to himself. He was a fine, strapping fellow, with an amazingly sweet baritone voice. Early in their stay at Pittendrevie Joanna dubbed him 'the harmonious blacksmith,' from hearing the tuneful song that accompanied the beat of his hammer. 'Just fancy how much worse it would have been if the blacksmith had had no ear for music,' she said once when Mrs Erskine grumbled at the proximity of the forge. Leven was a skilled workman. Farmers from far and near sought his aid when their machinery went out of order; and often the yard was bright with gaily-painted agricultural implements awaiting repair. His home close by the forge was a neat two-story house wherein a tidy old woman attended to his comfort.

One chilly May afternoon, while Mrs Erskine was taking her customary nap, Joanna, her head protected from the east wind by a warm hood, was busily grubbing among the neglected strawberry-beds that had been allowed to run into mass, hoping by removing the most aggressive weeds to encourage the old plants to yield some fruit. She was bending over the thick leaves, wholly engrossed in her work, when a man's voice broke huskily upon her ear.

'D'ye like cabbages?' it said.

Looking up not a little startled, Joanna saw their neighbour standing on the farther side of the low wooden fence near which she was working. As an earnest that his question had not been prompted by idle curiosity he held out a mammoth cabbage.

'Cabbage? Oh, yes, we do. Thank you very much,' she said, dropping the trowel and rising quickly to her feet. 'Very good of you. Such a beautiful cabbage, too,' she went on disjunctedly, feeling a little relieved to see that the donor's

awkwardness exceeded her own, for his sun-tanned face glowed ruddily, and polite speech faltered on his tongue.

'Near fifteen pound weight. Daniel's Defiance. Don't mention it. It's just naething at all,' he managed to jerk out, then beat a hasty retreat, leaving Joanna holding the monstrous vegetable, like some Gargantuan bouquet, in her astonished grasp.

'Very kind indeed of Leven,' serenely remarked Mrs Erskine, who accepted all tributes as homage, never suspecting that they might be offered by those esteeming themselves her equals. 'Shows quite a proper spirit. He seems a most respectable man.' The good lady showed her appreciation of his action by employing the smith when the lock of the front door got jammed a few weeks later. It was a trifling job, which his apprentice might have successfully tackled, but one for which Mr Leven chose to neglect half-a-dozen intricate commissions to execute personally.

It was about this time that the stock of old iron which had offended Mrs Erskine's sense of the beautiful by resting against the dividing fence was summarily removed to the farther side of the yard, and the ground previously occupied thereby carefully dug; and going out early one sunny June morning to enjoy the fragrance of the dew-laden bean blossoms, Joanna discovered the blacksmith on his knees busily planting the prepared border with geraniums, asters, and ten-week stocks. To procure the plants he had paid a special visit to the earl's gardener on the previous night.

On the Sunday following, Joanna, seated alone in a stiff-backed pew in the sparsely-peopled parish kirk, thought she recognised something familiar in the sunburnt neck set upon a pair of broad shoulders of a worshipper seated before her. She smiled secretly as, through the disguise of Sunday starch and broadcloth, she discovered her generous neighbour. When the singing began the rich music of his voice proved his identity. 'Now, why can't he speak as he sings?' she wondered, recalling the husky utterances that accompanied his gift of a cabbage.

Walking slowly homewards across the meadow-path, Joanna became conscious that heavy steps kept time with hers, and glancing round, she saw that Mr Leven was merely a pace behind. Ordinary civility made her wish him a pleasant 'Good-morning' as she drew to one side expecting him to pass on. But, to her mingled annoyance and amusement, she found the young man solemnly walking beside her.

Urged thereto by a desire not to appear standoffish, Joanna plunged rashly into conversation. She spoke about the sermon, which Mr Leven, nervously clearing his throat, admitted was 'well expounded'; of the crops, which her companion thought were 'lookin' grand'; and mentioned the weather, which Mr Leven considered 'keepin' up

wonderful.' These subjects thus abruptly disposed of, Joanna's topics ran short. After walking the remainder of the way in an embarrassed silence, they parted at the cottage gate with a constrained

'Good-bye,' but not before Joanna had made the discovery that set in the smith's sunburnt face were a pair of the pleasantest blue eyes she had ever seen.

## OUR GOLD-SUPPLY.



FROM the earliest ages the search for the precious metals, and more especially gold, has engrossed the attention of civilised nations in all parts of the world. Gold-mines have been worked in Africa at a time so remote that the very origin of the ancient workings which still exist remain a mystery; although, as is well known, the Ophir of King Solomon has been identified with Sofala, on the east coast of Africa, and the fact that abandoned mines of extreme antiquity have been discovered in the hinterland of that seaport (formerly much more prosperous than it now is) gives some colour to the supposition.

The Greeks obtained a great part of their gold-supply from Asia Minor, and the Romans from Spain, though in neither of these countries are gold-mines now worked to any extent. At a later date gold-mines were worked in Hungary, in South America, and in Russia, which latter country produced the greater part of the world's supply during the years which preceded the discovery of the precious metal in California in 1848. Very soon afterwards rich deposits of gold were discovered in Australia and New Zealand. The result of these almost simultaneous discoveries was to give a great impetus to the production of gold, as may be seen from the figures for the whole world's production, which increased from £5,846,752 in 1846 to £18,654,522 in 1850, and £23,850,000 in 1860, after the Australian mines had helped to swell the total.

At the latter figure production remained almost stationary for a period of thirty years, the mean annual production showing little change up to the year 1890, when the world's total production amounted to £24,260,000. This date may be said to mark the commencement of a new stage in the development of the gold-mining industry, due mainly to two factors—namely, the discovery of rich fields in South Africa and Western Australia, which now commenced to make their influence felt in the world's production; and the introduction of improved methods of mining, notably the cyanide process, which will be described hereafter.

As has been said, for the thirty years ending in 1890 the total production of gold had remained practically stationary; but since that year the annual increase has been most marked and steady in nearly all parts of the world which yield the precious metal, as the following figures—the total

production for the years stated—will show: in 1890, £24,260,000; 1892, £29,900,000; 1894, £36,765,000; 1895, £41,000,000; 1896, £45,000,000; 1897, £51,000,000; 1898, £59,857,000.

Both in Witwatersrand and in Western Australia the increase has been most marked since the year 1890, every year in each of these fields showing an increase over the preceding one, excepting of course the decrease caused in the Transvaal by the war. In the year 1899 the production of the Transvaal amounted to 4,069,166 oz., and that of Western Australia to 1,648,876 oz., or a total of 5,718,042 oz., equal in value to about £23,000,000. Thus it may be seen that these two fields, which prior to 1890 had scarcely made their influence felt, have so far increased in nine years that their united production about equals that of the whole world in 1890; and this yield would have been much greater had it not been interrupted by the Transvaal war.

Reference has been made to the improved methods of mining which have helped to increase the yield of gold in all parts of the world. Of these, one of the most important is the so-called cyanide process, in which the 'tailings' or refuse of the mines are treated with cyanide of potassium, and so made to yield a much larger percentage of gold than was formerly the case.

The ordinary process of gold-mining—that is, quartz, as opposed to alluvial mining—may briefly be described as follows: The gold is usually found embedded in quartz in the form of small particles distributed throughout the rock, which is crushed by powerful machinery and reduced to powder. To accomplish this result, the quartz rock or ore, after being brought up from the mine, is passed through the 'batteries,' each battery being composed of five 'stamps' or powerful iron beaters, which rise and fall continually with a hammer-like motion, pounding the hard rock into powder. This powdered quartz is then passed over a table covered with quicksilver, over which a stream of water is continually passing. The particles of gold contained in the quartz are caught and retained by the quicksilver, which allows the rest of the dross to pass over it. The quicksilver, becoming saturated with gold-dust, forms a kind of stiff amalgam, which is placed in a crucible and retorted to separate the gold from the quicksilver; but the dross (known as the 'tailings'), which has already passed over the mercury tables, still contains a large percentage of gold which it had previously been

found impossible to extract. This is now treated with cyanide of potassium, by a new process, which makes it yield the remaining gold, and thus causes an immense saving. It is now found practicable to work the dross of old or abandoned mines and extract profitably from them a large amount of gold, while at the same time low-grade ores, which formerly had been reckoned unprofitable to work, can now be successfully treated and made to yield large dividends to their owners.

The demand for gold is large and increasing. Not only is it largely used in the arts, but it is becoming more and more apparent that, notwithstanding the great fluctuations in the annual yield, it forms the most stable basis of currency that has yet been discovered, and many countries which formerly had other standards have abandoned them in favour of gold. In some of the countries of South America, such as Argentina and Brazil, the currency may be said to have no basis at all, consisting of depreciated paper-money, which cannot be exchanged for gold at its nominal value, and becomes further depreciated with each new issue of notes. All these countries would gladly return to a gold basis if such a course were practicable; but this is a problem by no means easy to solve, although Argentina is at present seeking to accomplish this end by a measure of partial repudiation—that is, by redeeming the notes at their current instead of their nominal value.

The population of nearly all civilised countries is increasing, while their wealth increases in a still greater ratio; even as a medium of currency, therefore, the demand for gold is likely to increase in the near future.

It must be remembered that the annual loss of gold is very great. The amount of gold currency lost annually by wear and tear alone is considerable; McCulloch estimates it at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the total amount in circulation, or £7,500,000 for gold and silver combined. On this basis, it may be calculated that the annual loss which actually takes place in gold alone by wear and tear is about £4,000,000. Gold is lost in many other ways: vast quantities are hoarded (especially in foreign countries), and a large proportion of this is subsequently lost, as shown by the quantity of treasure-trove which comes to the surface every year, though it probably represents but a small part of that which has been concealed; and every ship which founders at sea takes a certain amount of gold with it, which may amount anywhere from a few pounds to millions if it happens to be laden with the precious metal. The amount of gold required annually in the arts is estimated at £16,000,000; and as this calculation was made a few years ago, when the annual production was about £24,000,000, it follows that the amount used in this way is about double that which is used as currency.

The remarkable increase in the world's gold production in the last ten years has given ground for much speculation of what will be the result if the same ratio of increase is maintained for a number of years to come. As gold is the standard of value in most civilised countries, any great increase in the production must necessarily have important results. If by some unexpected discovery, such as that of the philosopher's stone, gold were to become as common as pebbles, it would naturally have no more value; and although such a result is scarcely to be anticipated, yet everything points to a great increase in the amount of gold throughout the world at no distant date. In 1898 the yield of gold was about two and a half times that of the annual mean for the thirty years ending in 1900. If this merely represented the fluctuation of a single year it would be nothing extraordinary; but for many years previously the yield of gold had been increasing steadily, and the increase still continues at an equal ratio. If gold becomes so plentiful, it is argued that its value, or purchasing-power, must decrease; in other words, there will be a general increase of prices throughout the world, and living will become dearer. It is evident that no such rise has as yet taken place; the yield of gold has already increased 250 per cent., but there has been little, if any, apparent rise in prices, except such as can be explained by other causes. It must be remembered that it is not the increased yield that we are to consider, but the increased supply or stock of gold throughout the world, which is a very different matter.

The amount of the annual yield of gold throughout the world has been calculated at 2 per cent. of the amount of gold in use or circulation. This calculation was made before the recent abnormal rise in production; but nevertheless, if we double it, and take the present annual production as equal to 4 per cent. of the stock of gold in existence, it results that twenty-five years must elapse before the existing supply is doubled, even if no allowance is made for loss by wear and tear and other causes. It must be remembered, however, that population is also increasing, and the gold-using countries may be said to double their population every fifty years, which means that the demand for gold must be doubled, or more than doubled, in that time.

It must also be taken into account that one of the main factors which has increased the gold-supply is cheapened production; but production has also been cheapened in almost every other branch of trade or industry. The English farmer has been driven to distraction by cheap wheat, produced on an immense scale with the most improved machinery on the large farms of the West, against which he cannot compete. In nearly all branches of manufacture labour-saving machinery has been introduced and is being continually



improved, so that one man can do the work done formerly by twenty. Goods can consequently be turned out cheaper; they can also be exported at a cheaper rate, freights having been reduced and expenses decreased by improved machinery, so that a ton of coal does several times the amount of work it did formerly. The same thing has taken place in nearly every department of human industry.

It will therefore be seen that there is no immediate cause for alarm if the supply of gold continues to increase for some years to come. It must also be remembered that if gold should fall in value, the mere fact of such a fall would tend to discourage gold-mining by making it less profitable, and would so tend to restrict the output of the precious metal. These deductions are borne out by the fact that there was no general rise

in prices in Europe between the years 1650 and 1803, although the output of gold had trebled during that period.

It would be hard indeed on the small annuitant if he were to see his income of one hundred pounds or fifty pounds reduced to one-half or less by the decrease in the purchasing-power of gold. Any general rise in values would not affect the man who lived on his salary or who derived his income from real estate or other tangible property, for he would participate in the general rise; but it would be far otherwise with the annuitant who received a fixed and invariable sum of gold every year. We think, however, that the foregoing remarks will reassure the doubtful, and that there is no need as yet for the small investor to sell his Consols and invest in railway stock.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

By JOHN FINNEMORE.

### CHAPTER X.—MY LORD VISCOUNT DAMEREL.



ON the Tuesday of the second week after my arrival in London, as the evening of a dull day shut down early, I was seated in a very gloomy humour at the window of Old Man's Coffee-house, in the Tilt Yard at Whitehall. I had heard nothing of Cicely yet. I had kept a close watch at Kensington, but to no purpose. Mistress Waller had not yet returned, and the place seemed silent and deserted, save only one or two servants in charge. On the previous day I had received a letter from Sir Humphrey, and learned from it that the mystery of Cicely's disappearance was as deep as ever. This was puzzling and unsettling to me. Of a surety, then, Mistress Waller knew nothing of Cicely's hiding-place, for, if she did, Sir Humphrey would have gleaned a hint.

What to do I knew not. The tangle was utterly beyond my skill in unravelling. Where was she? My brains were beating, beating, morn and night for some solution of this puzzle of puzzles. Why had no word been given to her nearest friends? Was it possible that the hands that took her from the constable were unfriendly? At this supposition I winced. But who could they be? I knew no one in the world who would be likely to hold an evil thought against her. The very hounds of the law disliked the task of laying hands on her gentle beauty—her only crime a tender heart.

From the window where I sat I could see into Whitehall, and now a splendid chariot rolled down the way, and I saw Kesgrave within it. He had been in London more than a week, and for two days Colin Lorel had dogged my footsteps. Then

he had disappeared. I had smiled bitterly at the watch my rival set upon me, so needless was it, and had taken no more notice of the matter. Bitter were my thoughts and feelings as I looked out into the gathering darkness. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick indeed. I had not enough spirit left in me to make up my mind whether to stay in London or return to the country. I tossed the question to and fro uneasily, unwilling to start, unwilling to stay.

A hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I looked up. It was Major Temple, an old brother-officer and friend. He sat down by me, and we began to talk of indifferent matters. A carriage rolled up outside, and a man stepped out and entered the coffee-house.

'Damerel coming to life with the candles,' said my friend. I nodded, but said nothing; for the new-comer had walked in at a door near at hand, turned towards us, and stood almost at my elbow, looking about the place. He was the Viscount Damerel; and though my Lord Damerel came into my life but twice, yet it was in so striking a fashion, and calculated on each occasion to do so dreadful a mischief, that I must describe him particularly.

Viscount Damerel was a big, clumsy man, about forty-five years old. He was richly dressed, yet looking like a hog in armour; but of these points you recked little when your gaze fell upon his face, for there his other imperfections were swallowed up. His eyes were small and fierce, his look lowering, his jaw so square and underhung that the loose, flabby flesh swung like the dewlaps of a mastiff. His thick, baggy lips seemed too large for his mouth, and fell loosely open



about it, showing a tongue half-lolling out as if that also were too ill-proportioned to keep its proper place. Four or five great carbuncles studded his harsh, seamed features and added to its repulsive ugliness.

His way of life was almost as strange as his appearance. He was a sworn foe of daylight, and took his pleasures by night. By day he slept, or spent his time in rooms fitted up to shut out the light; and his associates stepped out of the sun through double folding-doors into the light of candles to visit him. He rarely came abroad before dusk save in the summer, when forced to it by the long days; and then he took his revenge by cursing the season and longing for winter.

My friend moved his chair a little, and my Lord Damerel looked round.

'Major Temple, Mr Ferrers,' said he in a thick, hisping voice, and made us a very polite bow, for his manners were as fine as his face was ugly.

We returned his civilities, and for a few moments chatted together on the gossip of the day—that is to say, he and the Major did so. I had nothing to say, for I had paid no heed to the tide of rumour and chatter that sets in full flood through every coffee-house.

'By the way, Major,' said the Viscount in a pause of the conversation, 'you remember Chilcoot's story about that gypsy girl?'

'Yes, quite well,' replied Temple.

'I've seen her.'

'Indeed, when?'

'Yesterday,' said Damerel. 'Gad! I was so fired by his description that I went out yesterday morning to Epping Forest—rode, sir, through the infernal sunshine. And I was lucky enough to get a peep at her.'

'And?'—said the Major as he paused.

'Oh,' rejoined the nobleman, 'for once Chilcoot was not the liar he usually is.'

His tone was careless; but some memory seemed exciting him, for his eyes gleamed evilly and his loose lips worked.

'Did you hear her sing?' asked my friend.

'No,' said the other. 'I made no offer of speaking to them. She had a companion with her, a girl about her own age. By the way, he went on, 'you and Mr Ferrers would do me a great favour if you would sup with me to-night. Will you come in about nine, say, and we'll make a night of it? Two or three more are coming.'

I joined my friend in acceptance of the invitation, for I was utterly tired of my own company and solitary musing.

'Have you ever been at one of his suppers?' said Temple after my Lord Damerel had moved away.

'Never,' said I.

'They are worth attending, just to see the

pitch of luxury a wealthy epicure can reach,' replied the Major. 'I'm willing to go—I confess it—as often as he'll ask me. We don't get such wine at the mess, or, begad! anywhere else in London.'

'What was that about some girl?' I asked.

'An odd thing,' replied Temple. 'I was taking a hand at basset the other night at the "Cocoa-Tree," and Damerel was looking on, when Chilcoot came in. Do you know him?'

'No,' said I.

'A foolish, vapouring, boasting fellow,' pursued my companion; 'and he was full to the brim of some gypsy wench he had seen in a dingle at Epping Forest. He said he was riding back to London, and stopped to take a glass of ale at an inn on a by-road, when a small band of these strolling rogues came by. Behind them he heard some one singing. The air was sad; but the sweetness of the singer's voice stirred his curiosity, and he leaned to the window near which he was sitting. A pair of gypsy wenches were following the caravan, and one of them was of such beauty, according to his description, that we have nothing at Court to compare with it.'

'Is he a person easily inflamed?' said I.

'He is so,' replied my friend, 'eternally running after somebody or other.'

'Ay, ay,' I went on. 'Shakespeare has touched him off:

'The lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.'

'True,' said Temple. 'But 'tis another thing with Damerel. He, by some means, has caught a glimpse of her, and I can tell you that his contemptuous approval of Chilcoot's rhapsody stamps it as true at all points. Nothing would better suit Damerel's savage, cynic temper than to find the girl a common piece, and to make bitter jests on Chilcoot, whom he dislikes beyond common.'

'I've heard he is that sort of man,' said I carelessly, for the matter had no interest for me. I had put the first question in a curiosity so idle and little attentive that really I did not deserve the story at all. Major Temple now crossed the room to speak to an acquaintance, and I continued to stare idly into the street, where the carriage-lamps began to flame as coaches and chariots drove past, carrying great people to a ball at the palace.

At about half-past eight Major Temple came to my lodgings, whither I had returned after leaving 'Old Man's,' and we went together to my Lord Damerel's house. The latter stands in Piccadilly, and is one of the last buildings you pass when you leave London behind, and set out along the lonely road which runs through Knightsbridge and on to Kensington. The night was fine and dry, and we went westward on foot. When we arrived we found the company was to be a small

one, three others being present besides the host. Two were men who held appointments about the Court—Sir Rupert Yorke and Mr Trenchett; and the third, Colonel Avice, commanded a foot regiment.

'Everybody knows everybody else, I think,' said the Viscount, with his thick lisp; 'no need for introductions.'

We greeted each other, and after half-an-hour spent in careless conversation supper was served. The luxury of everything was to the full as surprising as my friend had hinted. I had sat down to some fine feasts in my time, or thought I had; but the finest I had ever known was mere bread and cheese and porter on an alehouse bench compared to Viscount Damerel's supper. The room was lit with hanging lamps of solid gold, which gave out a delicious perfume as they burned. Beneath their soft, shaded light was laid out a table decorated with the utmost splendour, the plate and appointments no less valuable for their exquisite workmanship than the costliness of the metal in which they were fashioned. Half-a-dozen chairs were placed about the table, and behind each chair a tall fellow in rich livery stood like a statue. The meal ran as smoothly as perfect service could compass. Many of the delicacies were unknown to me, and some upon which I ventured very unpalatable. The markets of Europe had been ransacked to furnish forth the especial dainties of every country, and the profusion was unbounded. Course came upon course, each in succession planned to stimulate the jaded appetite, and the only moderate eaters were my host and myself. He drank much more plentifully than he ate, and the glass in his hand seemed ever full, ever empty.

The supper was over about eleven, and then we went to an adjoining room, where card-tables were set out. Lord Damerel and I sat down to a hand at piquet; the rest played basset at a large table. For an hour or more the cards were shuffled, dealt, and played quietly, every man intent on his game. The room in which we sat looked out to the front of the house, and the night was so warm that a window had been opened. Occasionally the click of the heels of a passer-by rang on the cobble-stones without, or a coach rolled along; but there was little movement in Piccadilly after nightfall, and for the most part the street was silent. As a rule I play a fair hand at piquet, but on that occasion all my skill had deserted me; and, though I won now and again, I was a good deal to the bad when a watchman came beneath the window calling in a deep, hoarse voice, 'Past twelve o'clock, and a fine night.'

Viscount Damerel was shuffling the pack for a fresh deal, and as the cards were cut the watchman repeated his cry, now from some

distance, and coming back faintly. Then the silence without became profound once more.

We were in the middle of the same game when a fresh sound floated into the room. It was a distant rattle of feet as of men hurrying along the causeway. It came nearer and nearer, a confused clatter of swift, heavy steps, and my partner lifted his head as if to listen, his wine-flushed face and fierce eyes turned to the window. In another instant the new-comers paused below, and a swift knocking on the door was heard.

'What now?' said Colonel Avice as the basset-players looked up from their game. 'Is your house a refuge from the watch, Damerel?'

The Viscount made no reply, but turned his head from the window and fixed his eyes expectantly on the door. The latter opened, and a man stepped in. My Lord Damerel sprang from his seat and went to meet him. A few words were exchanged between them, and Damerel laughed a dreadful, wolfish laugh. He looked round to us, his dark face wrinkled into a grin, and clapped the fellow on the shoulder. The new-comer was an under-sized man, with a down-looking air. When he lifted his head under his patron's approving pat, rascal was writ upon his face in characters unmistakable. His face was squat and broad, and his mouth was less a mouth than a great flat slit cut nearly from ear to ear; as it widened to grotesqueness he looked wickedness itself.

'Was ever such a cunning dog known as this rogue of mine?' chuckled Damerel. 'Now, Trenchett, you heard Chilcoat's tale, and laughed at him to his face. 'Tis a pity he isn't here now. 'Twould be a triumph to him to see you bow your knee to sovereign beauty. Though, poor devil, considering the oaths I heard him swear that he would follow up the caravan and woo for himself, 'tis better for him to be away, for his chagrin would be unspeakable.'

'Do you mean you've got the wench here?' cried Mr Trenchett in amazement.

'I do,' said the Viscount, grinning like a satyr. 'This rascal has made a swoop and carried her off for me like a hawk snapping up a partridge. Come and see for yourselves.'

He marched out of the room, and the other three trooped after him with outcries of wonder and loud laughter. Temple followed them slowly, looking towards me. I got up and joined him, and we went out to the gallery. We advanced to the rail and looked over. In the middle of the broad hall below stood a large sedan-chair closely shut up. Panels of wood were fitted over the windows, and secured by cords over the top. It was a portable prison. Four men stood about it and wiped their brows. They had been relieving each other, two and two, at the poles, and had come fast. On the lowest stair stood Damerel; a little above him his guests. As we looked upon

them the Viscount made a gesture to a servant, and the man advanced to open the chair. He worked in complete silence, every eye fixed on the tiny prison to see what it would yield up. The man unfastened two or three knots, and the top of the chair was now loose. To burst a cord of which the knot was difficult to untie, he forced up the lid, pushing at it with one hand while he seized the frame with the other to get a purchase. He had no sooner raised it three or four inches than a knife flashed at his hand from within. With a scream of pain the fellow leaped back, the blood spurting in a crimson jet over his rich livery and dropping on the marble pavement.

Lord Damerel beat his hands together with a great laugh. 'A little spitfire,' he cried; 'tis better, and better.'

He leaped forward, caught the writhing man by the shoulder, seized his hand, and roughly examined the wound, heedless of the pain he caused. 'Right through the thick of the thumb and across the hand, clean to the bone,' he reported to his friends. — 'Go and get it tied up, you rogue, or, egad! you'll bleed to death.'

'Blister me!' cried Mr Trenellett as the white-faced footman hurried off, 'if I were you, Damerel, I'd turn the contents of yon chair into the street, to go where she listed. The sight of yon great, bloody wound bids a man to be careful.'

'Pooh, Trenellett!' replied the other, 'such spirit is beyond price. Who would value the lion's skin if you could kill him like a cat? I wonder which it was. For you must know, the paragon had a companion with her, and so inseparable were they, and did so cling together, that my fellows were foreordained to bring the two.'

'This is an odd business,' whispered my friend in my ear as we looked down upon the strange scene.

'By Heaven, Temple!' said I, 'tis going too far. What right has Damerel to drag women into his house? Neither of us can allow him an honest purpose.'

'As to that,' returned Temple, 'they are mere vagabonds and gypsies. His purpose, I'll warrant, can do them little mischief. He'll line their pockets with gold-pieces.'

'Then why you desperate stroke?' said I.

'To heighten the play,' said Temple. 'Be sure before it was given there was peering through a crack to be certain it was a mere serving-man.'

'I scarce think that,' I returned. 'Temple, do you know aught of the gypsies?'

'My dear Ferrers,' murmured the Major, 'what a question! As if I should know aught of gypsies, save that the men are utter thieves and vagabonds, and I suppose the women are to match.'

'True, as to many of them,' I returned; 'but I assure you, from my knowledge of them, that

often the women are as honest as any to be found.'

'Surely,' said my friend, 'this does not portend that you are going to strike in and rescue these distressed damsels of the ditch.'

I made no answer, for I was watching the movements below.

In obedience to an order of the Viscount, a cord had been flung over the partially loosened lid, and it was again secured. Then he gave another command, and the chair was raised again and borne up the broad stairs. It was carried past us, as we leaned against the gallery rail, so close that we could have put out our hands and touched the polished, gilded wood; so close that I plainly heard a deep, muffled sob from within. Little, little did I dream that my lost love and I were within arm's-length of each other; that my sweet Cicely was shut up there. There was nothing—absolutely nothing—to give me the faintest suspicion that such a thing might be possible; but it was so, as I was to be certain before that night was out. But the sob I had caught had fixed my resolution and settled me in my purpose. Thank Heaven! oh, thank Heaven that it did!

'Let us go,' said Temple, linking his arm in mine; 'for if we stop much longer you will be quarrelling with your host.'

'Did you hear that sob?' I asked.

'Oh, sobbing and whining, of course,' he replied carelessly. 'Are they not the things *par excellence* when a *coup* of this nature is carried out?'

'He must let them go,' said I.

Temple shrugged his shoulders. 'Ask the wolf to bring the lamb back? Ask the weasel not to kill the young rabbit whose blood it is sucking?' said he.

'It were shame upon our manhood,' I returned, 'if we leave these poor creatures to his mercy.'

'Heroics, dear lad,' returned my friend, striving to turn me from my purpose by jesting; 'and upon a subject unworthy of them. Do you suppose Damerel has kidnapped two princesses of the blood?'

'He has done worse,' said I, 'for he has laid violent hands on people who cannot punish him if he really wrongs them.'

'And that's true,' agreed Temple. 'A pair of gypsy wenches, whatever they might suffer at his hands, must go in vain for redress. He is of great family, a staunch man of the old religion, and in consequence prime favourite at Court. But, pray, what will you do? Lug out and cut his throat?'

'Not unless I am forced,' said I.

'If you are forced, Damerel will be a mere child in your hands. And besides that, I don't think his metal rings genuine. He'd sooner run a mile than fight a minute, I believe. But come, think better of it. If you drive into him, the



others will back him, I know, for they are mere led-fellows of his, every one of them, and then I must back you. Just think of the endless jokes that will be cut upon us. Faith! they'll laugh at us everywhere. There will be pasquinades by the dozen. "The Gypsy Knights; or, The

King's Own to the Rescue." Let us go to your lodgings and cool down over a bottle of claret, or do you come down to my quarters.' And he drew me by the arm.

'I cannot,' said I, 'for the life of me I cannot go. Hark! they are laughing. What is afoot?'

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HILLS OF HOME.

By EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON, Author of *Stevenson's Edinburgh Life*.



HERE are two of us the Shirra might have patted on the head,' wrote Robert Louis Stevenson to his brother craftsman who granted to us the gift to see with Jess's penetrating sight through 'the window in Thrums.' Because the writer who deemed himself worthy of Sir Walter Scott's commendation was born and bred in the same town as that Master of Romance, it so happens, within the last fifteen years, in all the books written about noteworthy places and people connected with Scotland's capital, there is a new interest added; and we who live at the beginning of this century may congratulate ourselves on having fallen heirs to fresh ground, over which is cast the enchantment of association with R. L. S. The days he remembered as 'so ink-black, so golden-bright,' spent in the city of his birth and its surroundings, left their mark upon him; for he acknowledges, speaking of the 'Metropolis of the Winds,' our Virgil's 'gray metropolis,' 'no place so brands a man.' Unquestionably some of his best work bears witness how, even after years of absence, his 'imagination continually inhabited the cold old huddle of hills from whence he came.'

It is easy to trace from his books and from his letters what retreats round about high-seated Dunedin, where he spent the first twenty-five years of his life, were most attractive to him. The Calton was one Hill of Home he was more intimate with than are most Edinburghers. He held the outlook from its monumental summit was the most advantageous point from which to view his precipitous city. This coign of vantage embraced the lofty profile of the rock-based Castle, the central Hill of Home overtopping every tower and spire; while Holyrood lay slumbering at his feet, with Leonine Arthur's Seat for a background. But the Calton was within sight and sound of traffic and turmoil; and R. L. S.'s gypsy inclinations led him to love less frequented localities. 'After lunch,' he writes in 1875, 'my father and I went down to the coast and walked a little way along the shore between Granton and Cramond. This has always been with me a very favourite walk. The Frith closes gradually together before you; the coast runs in a series of most beautifully moulded bays; hill after hill,

wooded and softly outlined, trends away in front till the two shores join together.'

Stevenson did not forget that afternoon spent with his father; for in 1894, when he was writing *St Ives*, he made that dare-devil soldier of France, who had boldly returned to the shadow of his late be-castled prison, go by that self-same route to the snugly ensconced village of Cramond, which lies in a tree-laden ravine at the Almond's mouth. When we approach it from inland, and pass the last of its red-tiled cottages on the river's bank, it is with a start of surprise we find ourselves, as Stevenson describes, 'looking forth over a great flat of quicksand, to where a little islet stands planted in the sea.'

Queensferry, too, five miles beyond the hidden hamlet of Cramond, was oftentimes visited by R. L. S. He delighted in the old-world method, still extant in his time, of journeying thither in the stage-coach which carried the mails from Edinburgh to Dunfermline. Queensferry represented to him the Waverley Station of previous centuries, the starting-point from whence he enviously watched the trains depart to the sunnier south. The ancient burgh by the ferry over the Forth's broad estuary—named after Malcolm Canmore's second wife, Margaret (Edgar Atheling's sister)—was not only on the road for Fife and the land of mountains beyond, but at its doors there incessantly frets and babbles the greater highway, the sea; and from the thickly-hedged inn-garden, on the slope of the brae, wayfarers contemplated the ships flying the Blue Peter, impatient to weigh anchor and to steer for far-distant—mayhap tropic—climes, or, like good Sir Patrick Spens, to set forth, never to return, to 'Norroway o'er the faem.' It was at the Hawes Inn that Scott's learned hero of *The Antiquary*, while he waited for the 'tide of ebb and the evening breeze' to enable him to cross, regaled himself in the sanded parlour on the appetising bill of fare of 'caller haddies,' mutton-chops, and cranberry-tarts. The Hawes Inn has been immortalised in two romances, for Stevenson made his hero in *Kidnapped* first smell there the salt of the sea, and started him on his unpremeditated voyage in the *Covenant* which threw that rather stolid youth David Balfour into the enlivening company of Alan Breck.

Prompted by our affection for the heroes of



*Kidnapped*, when we sail up Loch Linnhe and pass Lismore and Appin, we take the keenest interest in the birch-fringed road that skirts the water's edge, trying to identify the exact hillside up which David, the horrified spectator of the murder of Colin Roy, fled when he feared the arm of the law wanted to encircle him. We survey the opposite shore, where barren mountains, with their straight brows furrowed into frowns, look threateningly over to the more genial shore opposite, and marvel how a homestead has the audacity to squeeze itself in between the lapping tide and these forbidding, precipitous bluffs. We know the catechist Henderland dwelt there, for he entertained the hungry David, and sped him by boat across the loch when he wished to become a parting guest, landing him beyond green Appin, on which the sun seems to love to glint, making it shine out, in sparkling contrast with the dark waters and heathery knolls, like a huge emerald. After their danger-fraught journey through the 'land of brown heath and shaggy wood,' David and Alan appropriately end their adventurous partnership in that bend of Corstorphine Hill known as 'Rest and Be Thankful.' As they discussed plans for the future, before them, 'springing gallant from the shallows of her smoke,' lay Auld Reekie such as it was when Prince Charlie came sailing over the seas from Skye—an Auld Reekie pressed between protective walls and the Nor' Loeh, with her satellite hills around furzy and uncultivated. The town has grown even since R. L. S.—a slim youth, his brown eyes 'radiant with vivacity'—used to admiringly gaze upon this panorama, for the straight lines of streets now stretch from the farther range of hills to the sea, the Pentlands forming a green background to the miles of solemn gray houses.

Though the meagre daylight of winter was failing, the road back to the city was brightly illuminated for R. L. S. by the memory of those who had shone as literary luminaries when the century was young. The road skirts Ravelston, whose garden Scott immortalised as that of Tully-veolan in *Waverley*. Bordering Ravelston is Craigerook, seeking a harbourage under the lee of Corstorphine's well-wooded ridge. There Lord Jeffrey had dwelt, and there his fellow-senator in the College of Justice, Lord Cockburn, used to visit him to play a return-match at bowls, or compare his legal and literary contemporary's lawns and gardens, so well fenced by their thick shrubberies, with his at Bonnie Bonally. Carlyle, immersed in thought, had often trodden that road to low-lying Craigerook when he first set up house in Comely Bank; and the new star in the firmament—reflecting on those who had been masters of his chosen tool, the pen, before his day—paused on his homeward way to watch from the Dean Bridge for the sudden flash from out of the gathering darkness of Inchkeith's beacon, one of his father's guiding-lights for seamen. R. L. S., with his wide range of

sight, noted every inch of ground around him, and pictured what it had been a century ago. After twenty years he recalled the scene, and placed Catriona's Edinburgh residence on the slopes leading to the valley of the Water of Leith, a mile or two above the spot where David Balfour of Shaws met once more his Jacobite ally, Alan Breck Stewart.

The central figures in *Kidnapped* travelled through the heart of the Highlands; but Stevenson located his last two heroes nearer home, among those hills of sheep of which he soothingly dreamed when a sick child. In his earlier essays and the *Garden of Verses* there are refreshing glimpses, revealing how and where he played when he was enjoying to the full his never-to-be-forgotten golden age of childhood. There was one spot near Edinburgh on which he lavished a full measure of praise in prose and verse. His Elysium was the garden in which he spent idyllic days, the garden that lay around his grandfather's (the Rev. Lewis Balfour) home at Colinton. He drew so pleasing a sketch of the old manse that many journey out to Colinton, now within easy reach of Edinburgh, solely to see the child's paradise of R. L. S. in its nest-like hollow, encircled by the mill-laden, dirty Water of Leith, which he said, despite its unsavoury flood, made such music in his memory. Nowadays that deep dip in the valley, overhung with trees, is rimmed round by new-fangled villas; but the church, the manse, the garden, the dell where spunkies were reputed to dance, are little altered since R. L. S., a delicate, excitable, only child, averred his mother's whilom home was his ideal Areadia. When a very little lad he had a discussion thereon with his mother, who early taught him by precept and example to be happy with his lot wherever that happened to be east. His opinion was that the manse was the nicest place in all the wide, wide world. She argued that that was impossible, for their home at the foot of one of Edinburgh's house-laden hills, being their very own home, must therefore be the most desirable abode on earth.

In one of his last letters he states that from his mother he had inherited 'a hard hopeful strain,' and this endowment of looking always on the bright side of things enabled him to bear with an invincible gaiety his frail health. Early in life he began to enjoy his goodly heritage of sweet content. His father severely criticised the tawdry make of a toy sword given to his small Louis in Crimean times, when war-fever was rampant in every nursery. 'I tell you,' replied the proud owner, examining his gewgaw weapon anew, 'the sword is of gold and the sheath of silver, and the boy who has it is very well off and quite contented.' The child of five who thus turned tin into gold not only gilded his own way through life, but by reason of this blessed gift of sanguine cheerfulness—the value of which he realised, for he prayed at Vailima that he might continue to 'be eager to

be happy'—he has bequeathed to us in his works rays of this brightness, and made the sun to shine on the paths of men. Places which were but names on a map or commonplace landmarks on the landscape have grown dear to many, and are reckoned worthy of making a pilgrimage to because they were the homes and haunts of the appreciated author who lies buried on a hill-top in far Samoa.

Swanston—which, when R. L. S. was facing the coiled perplexities of youth, became his holiday-house—is in danger of sharing a like fate with Colinton, and becoming a suburb of Edinburgh. However, it can still boast of its isolated quietude, for it determinedly turns its back on the advancing city. Tramways now come perilously near, creeping up nigh to Fairmilehead, where once upon a time an accommodating gauger gave musical warning of his approach when on duty-bound by playing on his flute 'Over the Hills and Far Away.' 'The spot is breezy and agreeable both in name and aspect, and rustically scented,' R. L. S. tells us in *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh*, recounting the pleasures which reward the wayfarer for climbing the lengthy ascent up to Fairmilehead; one being that from the brae-head the 'bouquet of trees' which faces Swanston on the sunny frontage of a hill may first be seen. The cunningly secreted situation of the cottage Stevenson in a verse from *Underwoods* exactly explains:

Frae nerly nippin' eas'lan' breeze  
Weel happit in your gairden trees,  
A bonny bit;  
Atween the muckle Pentlands' knees  
Secure ye sit.

Among the initial portraits that the young artist at Swanston etched for us were those of John Todd the shepherd and Robert Young the gardener, who lived at the cottages grouped round the old grange of the monks of Whitekirk. The gardener, we are told, was a man of peace, and was sore distressed at two Stevensonian guests having, as was their wont, a wordy war over the best position for a seat among the gillyflowers and roses. Fearing the disputants would from somewhat abusive wit proceed to blows, he, with almost tearful entreaty, pled, 'Eh! but, gentlemen, I wad ha'e nae words about it.'

R. L. S.'s old familiars, to whom the 'true word of welcome had been spoken in the door,' one day, after resting among Robert Young's well-tended flowers, fell to discussing in what brief space of time a man could reach the base of the scarred brow of Caerketton and return. One undertook to do it in a specified limit of minutes. The others scoffed at him as a vain boaster, and finally egged him on to try, betting against his success. They lazily basked, watching 'the gardener at his toil,' listening to the 'infinitely melancholy piping of hill birds,' the bleat of the sheep, and the shrill whistle of the clear winds

blowing from the uplands; for Swanston, though within a few miles of Princes Street, hears, along with the Castle bugle, many purely pastoral and moorland sounds. The idlers enjoyed themselves till they saw they would have their pockets emptied, for the stalwart racer was returning. They hastened to call in the help of that terrible man, John Todd. He craftily sent his four-footed fellow-shepherds to intercept the swift mountaineer. The dogs barred his descent with gleaming teeth, more dangerous to circumvent than stationary barbed-wire fences, and their hostility and mobility compelled him to make a long detour. He arrived flustered and angry, loudly jeered at for being late by the men who fought over the best site for the garden seat. They were all embryo lawyers, and argued their case; but their young host, after fluently defending the cause of the majority, suddenly pled in favour of the able-bodied climber of the rough hills of pasture, and finally, as Lord Swanston, ascended the bench and arbitrated in favour of his unjustly baited friend. Stevenson always had in him a keen sense of justice as well as a sympathetic leaning towards the under-dog in the fight. In 1886, we learn from his letters, he had 'taken deeply to heart what he thought was the guilty remissness of Government action in the matter of the Soudan garrisons and of Gordon; and he had not been less disturbed at the failure hitherto of successive administrations to assert the reign of law in Ireland.' He wanted, with quixotic zeal and bravery, to go and live, or more likely be murdered, on a derelict farm which agrarian oppression and vengeance had wrecked, placing the widow and daughters of their victim, and any one who was bold enough to assist them, under a deadly boycott.

Swanston, that gargoyled cottage where St Ives found sanctuary, was a great factor in R. L. S.'s education. Mr Sidney Colvin, speaking of it, says 'its scenery and associations sank deeply into the young man's spirit, and vitally affected his after-thoughts and his art.' The fruits of his solitary meditations and his wandering among these pastoral Pentlands we can trace from his earliest to his latest work. It was there he drank in the tale of the shepherd under the thorn, or climbed to topmost Allermuir to gaze over the wine-red moors. 'Like Alan,' he wrote, 'I weary for the heather.' He yearningly remembered when far away from home how,

On the heathy Pentlands is the curlew flying free,  
And the broom is blowing bonnie in the North  
Countrie.

In the identical kirk in which Archie Weir first saw young Kirsty, R. L. S., we know, there also heard a Mr Torrance preach, for one Sunday, he records in a letter, he walked over from Swanston to 'that beautiful church my *petit poème en prose* was about;' and in the same month and to the same correspondent he mentions conversing with

a guest at his father's table who told him 'all about the South Sea Islands till,' he confesses, 'I was sick with desire to go there.' This talk with one who had seen these climate-favoured places made the tune associated with the gauger of Fairmilehead ring in his head. It whetted his ambition to buckle on his pack and be off with willing foot 'over the hills and far away.' He did not forget worshipping in that 'little cruciform place,' as readers of *Weir of Hermiston* know, nor did he wipe from the tablets of his memory that New Zealand guest's suggestion that he should sail 'ayont the muckle sea,' and see 'these beautiful places green for ever.' But

the gaudiness of the tropics could not banish the dark, the true, the tender North from his mind. 'My youth lies buried about here under every heather bush,' Scott remarked to St Ives, pointing to the bare but historic Border hills through which Stevenson's escaping hero was journeying with the drovers when they encountered the great-hearted, great-headed Shirra. The Pentlands were where R. L. S.'s spring-time memories lay, not buried; for though he saw them again only as the scenery of dreams, from the vividness with which he recalled them in his last unfinished tales, we feel his wish was granted to him 'to behold you again in dying, Hills of Home.'

## SEDAN.

By Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN ADYE, R.A.

**T**HE battle of Sedan brought to a conclusion the first phase of a most remarkable campaign; and, quite apart from political and dynastic results, it is noteworthy as the final event of a series of military movements almost unparalleled in history for their unbroken success for one side, their swift achievement, and the magnitude of their consequences.

When in July 1870 war broke out between France and Prussia there were few military men who did not predict a victory for the former; there were none who foretold the complete defeat that six weeks was to bring upon what was then regarded as the foremost military nation of the world.

On 4th August the first encounter, although of no great importance, saw Prussia the victor; two days later the simultaneous actions of Spicheren and Wörth drove the French forces headlong to the rear; by the middle of the month the position at Metz was critical; a few days later Bazaine with an army was shut up in that town, from which he was only to issue a prisoner of war; and now half of the German forces was pressing on in the direction of Paris.

Then occurred one of those movements by which a great master of the art of war—such as the Great Napoleon—may retrieve a perilous situation; but in this case it was foredoomed to failure. MacMahon, in command at Châlons of forces partly driven from Wörth, partly freshly accumulated from the rear, was impelled—not, it is understood, completely of his own will—to march in a north-easterly direction, with the hope of relieving Metz. The Germans, advancing due west, were at once deflected northwards upon his flank; and the two forces proceeded—the one along the arc, the other on the chord, of a circle. Had the French army been superior in marching powers, in organisation, in numbers, and in

generalship, it might have succeeded in marching round its adversary by the longer path of the arc; but it was deficient in all these things.

The French army was outmanœuvred and outmanœuvred at every point; and, finally, more and more deflected from its direction on Metz, at the end of August it was far from that securely invested place, its exposed right flank assailed by superior forces, and its left and rear resting on the neutral frontier of Belgium. MacMahon's army was, in fact, caught in a trap: it could neither go on to Metz nor back to Paris; nor could it retreat northwards, for Belgium barred the way. There was but one course open: to stand and fight. That course was adopted, and the battle of Sedan, fought on 1st September, was the result.

The old fortress of Sedan stands on the banks of the Meuse; and the river, flowing through it in a north-west direction, soon afterwards makes a remarkable loop and returns southward until once more opposite the town, then it runs off to the west. Above Sedan—that is, to the south-east—is the village of Bazeilles, at a point where the Givonne, a small stream coming from the north, enters the larger river. The Meuse and the Givonne together thus form a kind of reversed S, with the town of Sedan about the centre of the figure.

Between the two streams is a rugged, undulating upland—whose highest point is marked by a Calvary, the Calvaire d'Illy—partly clothed with woods, which were beautiful with autumnal tints on that September day. It was on this high ground, and between the Meuse and the Givonne, in one of the loops of the S, that the French army stood to fight. The issues from the position were most difficult, as—except to the north—they were all across one or the other stream, and therefore of the nature of defiles easily commanded by an enemy. MacMahon, however—torn by distracting counsels, advised from Paris now to do this, now that, and gradually realising the hopelessness of



his position—could not make up his mind what course to pursue; but Moltke saw that his opportunity had come, and decided to strike home.

The French forces consisted of four army corps and three cavalry divisions. The 12th Corps—that of Lebrun—stood in position along the lower part of the Givonne, holding Bazeilles and facing east and south-east. On its left, higher up along the same stream, was Ducrot with the 1st Corps; the 5th under De Wimpffen held Sedan, and supported the 7th Corps, commanded by Donay, which faced north-west across the open ground between the two streams. The cavalry were in its rear. Thus stood the French when the morning of the 1st of September broke, revealing a thick white mist filling the valley of the Meuse and lying low along the river-banks.

Von Moltke, anxious to prevent the French from retiring westward, had ordered the Crown-Prince to move during the night so as to fall upon Bazeilles at daybreak with the Bavarians, while the Saxons, as soon as they could arrive, were to attack the line of the Givonne. Thus seriously engaged to the east, any backward movement to the west would be impossible, or at all events would be too late to avoid the turning movement of the other German corps.

It was 4 A.M. when the leading Bavarian troops alarmed the French in Bazeilles and caused the trumpet-sound that rang out shrill and clear through the damp atmosphere. So unexpected was their arrival, and so little precaution had the French taken, that the outlying buildings were at once captured and the main street of the village entered. Then commenced a most sanguinary encounter among the narrow streets and byways of this little place; the church, the market-place, the park of Monvillers, were all in turn the scene of a succession of most desperate and almost hand-to-hand conflicts, in which both sides bore themselves with honour. Indeed, the defence of Bazeilles was the most successful incident of the day for the French, who repeatedly drove the Bavarians from the village, but could never wholly eject them from two storehouses abutting on the main street.

Presently the Saxons on the Bavarian right, and then the Guards on their right, came into action along the line of the Givonne, where ran a belt of cottages, gardens, and factories forming the villages of La Moncelle, Daigny, Haybès, and Givonne. The German artillery, well placed on the high ground rising to the east of the stream, did great execution over the heads of its infantry, and surprised the French with the accuracy and long range of its fire. Lebrun, commanding the French 12th Corps here, was standing with his staff on an eminence near La Moncelle. 'The shells,' he says, 'cut off one branch after another from the tree at the foot of which I stood holding my horse;' and in a few moments one of his officers was killed, two were mortally wounded, and two

men bearing his flag were knocked over. MacMahon, hearing of the fierce engagement that was proceeding in this direction, had ridden out from Sedan to near Bazeilles, and finding the defence there was good, passed on up the Givonne. There, while watching the opposite bank, he was struck by a shell not far from Lebrun, and was obliged to resign the command to Ducrot, who, when the news reached him some time later, ordered a retreat to the westward.

De Wimpffen, who had only just arrived from Paris, had, however, brought with him an order from Palikao, the War Minister, authorising him to assume command of the army should anything befall MacMahon. De Wimpffen was an obstinate man, of determined will and with a firm confidence in himself. He believed he could show his brother-generals how a French army should be commanded; and, armed with the Minister's authority, he assumed command, and counter-ordered the retreat. By doing this he played into Von Moltke's hand, who desired nothing better than that the French should stand until he could completely encompass them—a design which required some time yet to accomplish.

The French resistance along the Givonne had been so successful that at one time they pushed troops across the stream and caused the Germans to give way a little; but, being unsupported, these forces had to fall back, and the arrival of the Guards on the extreme Prussian right and the development of strong lines of German batteries presently caused the French 1st Division to fall back from the stream to the higher ground about the Calvaire d'Iilly. Now the capture of La Moncelle and the crossing of the river by the Saxons to the north of Bazeilles at last caused the abandonment of that shot-riddled village, which, soon after the retirement of the French about 11 A.M., burst forth in flames that blocked the way of the advancing Prussians, who had to open a path for themselves outside the burning village.

Although the Bavarian and Saxon loss was extremely heavy, and many hours had been spent in gaining but a few yards of ground, the fighting along the Givonne had accomplished the purpose Von Moltke had in view, by detaining the French troops until his other corps could march right round the great loop of the river and emerge to the north-west of the French position, thus intercepting their retreat. The corps that accomplished this movement were the 5th and the 11th, followed by the Würtemberg Division; and so bad a look-out did the French keep in this direction that they were unaware of their enemy's advance until his leading troops debouched close to St Menges, at the extremity of the loop of the Meuse.

A line of Prussian batteries was promptly in action not far from Iilly; and it was here that three regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique and two squadrons of Lancers, led by General de Gallifet,



a former French Minister of War, most gallantly delivered a fine but ineffective charge. Nothing could live under the fire of the Prussian gunners and skirmishers, and the gallant effort of the French horse melted away like foam upon a rocky shore.

Gradually the advancing waves of Prussian troops spread farther northwards, encompassing the French position and overwhelming it with an *avalanche de fer* from no less than one hundred and forty-four guns that by eleven o'clock had come into position above Illy, and crossed their fire with the guns of the Guard artillery from the east. Advanced parties, pushing eastward, soon joined hands with a squadron of the Hussars of the Guard, capturing a number of flying Frenchmen, and completing the circle round the doomed army.

Desperate counter-attacks by the French resulted in temporary retirements of the German forces on various parts of the ground; but the French could accomplish little in face of the overwhelming numbers of their assailants, for now the 4th Prussian corps was coming up in reserve and the Württembergers stood between Mezières and Sedan on the west. Both banks of the Givonne were in German hands; so was Balan, a small village nearer to Sedan than Bazeilles; and soon after one o'clock no fewer than four hundred and twenty-six German guns were hailing shells into the French army, which stood in close formations within a space measuring less than two miles in breadth or depth. Out of this terrible cauldron of defeated troops, about this time, rode the French cavalry in a heroic endeavour to turn the fortunes of the day and retrieve the honour of France. General Margueritte, called by some 'the star of his arm,' was struck in the face by a bullet while riding out to reconnoitre the ground before he charged. He now handed over the cavalry command to De Gallifet, who for the second time on that tremendous day led the flower of French cavalry against the enemy, and for the space of half-an-hour charged the German ranks again and again on the hillsides north of Sedan. But the courage of the gallant horsemen was all in vain. The *arme blanche* was unequally matched against the breechloading rifle held in steady hands; and no effort of the French cavalry could withstand the slowly tightening grasp of that fiery circle.

De Wimpffen, obstinate and determined to the last, remained true to his principle not to retreat westwards, but rather to dash forward to the east. Placing himself at the head of such men as he could collect, he led an attack on Balan, and succeeded in almost wresting that village from the Bavarians; but he could not advance farther, and was forced to fall back just as the white flag, betokening the submission of his army, slowly unfurled itself upon the ramparts of Sedan. By degrees the firing ceased, save in the remoter parts

of the battlefield, and silence fell upon the two opposing armies.

A little south of the point at which the Meuse, after describing its great loop, finally turns westward, is an eminence commanding a fairly extensive view of the surrounding country; and here it was that the King of Prussia, with Moltke, Roon, and Bismarck, stood during the later part of this eventful day. To this hill General Reille turned when riding out from the Torcy Gate of Sedan; he came bearing this letter from his master, the Emperor of France:

'MY BROTHER,—Not having been able to die amidst my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in your Majesty's hands.—I am, your Majesty's Brother,  
'NAPOLEON.'

Negotiations, somewhat protracted and at times apparently doomed to failure, succeeded this step on the part of the Emperor; but into them we need not enter. For us the battle of Sedan, that ended a dynasty, transformed Europe, and effected the greatest political change since Waterloo—thus briefly and inadequately told—ends with the scene upon this little unobtrusive mound: the soldier-like King, the wary Bismarck, the war-worn Moltke—the trio that made the great German Empire—standing to receive from a bare-headed French General the letter that marked the close of the career of the last Napoleon and the overwhelming defeat of an army, the descendant of those immortal legions the first and greatest of Napoleons had led to so astounding a series of undying victories.

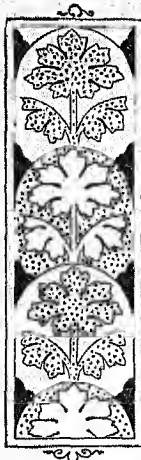
#### A GLINT OF GOLD.

UNMINDFUL of the wintry cold,  
The snowdrops peep above the mould,  
And show an inner glint of gold  
To eyes that care to see.  
The violets sleep till winds of March  
Have swept the clouds from heaven's blue arch;  
The thrush will sing upon the larch  
Before they smile at me.

But these fair children of the snow—  
A slender, swaying, glistening row,  
With all their silver bells ablow—  
Swing lightly o'er the rime.  
Hush! though the world looks dark and drear,  
It only needs a listening ear  
To catch the music—faint, yet clear—  
Of their prophetic chime:

Which says, 'Though gloom the earth enshrouds,  
And fierce winds drive the heavy clouds,  
And seagulls landward fly in crowds  
On tempest-beaten wing,  
The sky will not be always gray;  
But you, please God! shall wake some day  
To feel the sun again, and say,  
With laughing lips, "Tis Spring."'

E. MATHERSON.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### BEHIND THE SCENES IN A LARGE HOTEL.

**F**EW of the visitors to one of our large hotels can realise the elaborate system pursued by heads of departments in the working of their staff, consisting, as may frequently be the case, of an establishment of one hundred and twenty servants, male and female. Having recently passed nearly five months behind the scenes, I believe a few facts which that experience brought under my notice may interest my readers.

To begin with, I do not think many of the habitués and casual visitors know what an amount of trouble they give by leaving their property behind them. As a rule, this lost property passes through the hands of at least four different persons before reaching its owner again. The chambermaid's duty is to search the rooms within an hour after the visitors' departure; but the hotel maid, being a very average woman, rarely does this up to time. Should she happen to find any article of value, she immediately wraps it up, labels it with the number of the room and the date on which it was left, and takes it to the housekeeper's room, where it is left until the manager receives a letter or wire claiming it. He then sends a page or porter to the housekeeper, and a search is made amongst the hundreds of packages left in her room. If the article mentioned, the number of the room, and the date agree to the letter, the parcel is taken to the office and despatched to the owner, at the expense of the hotel unless stamps have been enclosed for postage. Should the visitor leave an address at the office, the property found is, of course, forwarded at once.

About twenty per cent. of the articles left in bedrooms are unclaimed, and lie in the housekeeper's room for weeks, after which they are removed to the left-property room, where they are kept from eighteen months to two years. At the end of that period a jumble sale takes place for the benefit of the staff. Suits of pyjamas, shirts, collars, ties, and articles of every description, from

a silk hat to a razor, go for a mere song. I was present at one of these sales, when collars went for a penny, silk sleeping-suits for one shilling, shirts for sixpence—all bearing the names of well-known London West End tradesmen—and they had been washed and done up at the expense of the hotel. This sale realised over fourteen pounds.

The luggage-room is another interesting apartment in a large hotel. Some visitors are in the habit of living right royally as long as they dare, with no intention of eventually paying their bills. These persons, as a rule, bring heavy luggage, because others who stay over one night with only a hand-bag are under observation, as the former class know. The maids have orders to inform the office, after twenty-four hours, if any visitor without luggage still retains his room. About those having large or heavy luggage, of course, nothing can be said; and thus hotels are often imposed upon by seemingly well-to-do people, who simply walk off, leaving their boxes in the rooms.

At the hotel in which I was employed some of these abandoned trunks had been in the box-room for two or three years unclaimed. Boxes and trunks are not at once opened, as in some cases, after as much as eighteen months' delay, payment of the hotel bill has been sent, with a request that the luggage found in such-and-such a room upon a certain date should be sent on to a given address. The luggage-room, which resembles in some respects the plate-room of a bank, is a very dusty place, as in many cases the trunks, boxes, Gladstone bags, hat-boxes, bags, &c. have been left unclaimed for years. I am not sure of the limit of time given before this unclaimed property is disposed of; but I saw the dust of three years on one lot of luggage, and it was not removed in my time.

I was much struck with the habits of kleptomania common to some of the presumably rich visitors, who engaged expensive suites of rooms and even paid their bills! After the departure of these guests the bed would be found minus the

satin or silk coverlet, while towels and pillow-slips were also very often removed. On one occasion a gentleman engaged a double room for one night only, and the following morning the maid, knowing of his departure, made up the bed with fresh linen for the next occupant. However, the visitor had evidently returned to his room after breakfast, deliberately taken the slips off the pillows, and packed them with his luggage; for on entering the room shortly after I found the bed made up, but no slips. I happened to know that the maid had certainly put fresh ones on when she made up the bed. What that gentleman could want with these two pillow-slips is difficult to understand. Of course, candles, matches, and soap (supplied gratis) are commonly removed, and even the sheets on the beds are not spared. Once a large double sheet was cut into pieces, the visitor evidently requiring sufficient linen for a petticoat or lining to a skirt, judging from the shape of the pieces left. The hotel sheet was no doubt the nearest thing available, so it was taken to save time and trouble; and the pieces left were found carefully rolled up and thrown into a cupboard outside the room, which was only used by the maids, and strictly private. Needless to say, before the remains of the sheet were found the visitors had departed, leaving no address.

It may be thought that the chambermaids are to blame for the disappearance of many things; but this is hardly possible, as the maids' rooms are inspected daily by the housekeeper, and servants are not allowed to take parcels out of the building unless the housekeeper knows the contents and signs a pass for maid and parcel; the pass being given by the maid to the hall porter at the back entrance before she is allowed to leave. Should she attempt to go out without a pass, she is either sent back to the housekeeper or the porter opens the parcel and takes a note of the contents. These rules make it almost impossible for the maids to remove property from the hotel; and there are certainly no places in their rooms for hiding anything.

The daily giving out of stores in this hotel was an interesting feature in the management. Economy is the order of the day as far as possible. For example, soap and candles when well used are regularly returned to the store, to be afterwards disposed of before fresh supplies are given out. Then, to avoid any risk of supplies becoming exhausted, the housekeeper records daily what articles are getting low and will be required at the end of the week. She writes out her orders, which are given to the head-housekeeper, and through her to the manager for his authority and signature. As may be supposed, a housekeeper must never let any article kept in stock get low, in case an extra demand is made upon it. According to the season, there are great differences in the demands made on the store of an hotel; three or four dozen boxes of matches will be

used daily in the full season, where one or two dozen would do at other times. When matches are ordered, they come in packing-cases direct from the manufacturers in what is termed the 'explosive train,' run from London once a fortnight; therefore the housekeeper must keep her stock well in hand, in case the order sent, having just missed the train, is delayed for a fortnight. Common bar soap is another very necessary item, and has to be ordered a considerable time before it is required, as the bars must be cut up into pieces and allowed to dry before use. The ends of soap brought back to the store are disposed of to Turkish baths and hairdressers, and the candle-ends go to the hotel engine-room. The used boxes of matches removed from the rooms are distributed among the maids for their own use when fresh boxes are placed in the bedrooms.

A few items in the laundry-list will give my readers a fair idea of the scale on which my particular hotel was run. During the season the number of serviettes washed each day ranged from ten to twelve thousand; sheets and pillow-slips from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pairs a day.

Each department is conducted absolutely on its own account; and although I was some months in the hotel, I saw nothing of the kitchens (where a staff of fifty servants was kept), engine-rooms, bars, or halls for the male staff. The feeding of the staff is quite distinct from that of the visitors, and the men and women have separate dining-halls. The chambermaids' dinners were at twelve noon and one o'clock, and it was the second-housekeeper's duty to see to dinner and note the time, as delay in serving dinner made a difference in the day's work. The dinners consisted of meat (always fresh roast beef or mutton), vegetables, Irish stew, pork, calves' heads, &c., bread and cheese, and a pudding and sweets on Friday; also beer or lemonade. The only remains from the *table d'hôte* used in the staff halls were at supper, at eight o'clock, when there were cold chicken and ham, pressed beef and galantine, and such things, that had been cut into. All broken loaves of bread and cut pieces left on dishes, not wanted, are kept separate from the pieces on the plates, and are called for and removed by those helping in charitable institutions. The housekeepers dine in their private room, and have *table d'hôte* meals.

The hotel maid is in some respects a different being from the domestic servant in our own homes. She works a great deal harder, and her one day out is equal to two or three in any other case. She has to report herself at 6 A.M. to the housekeeper in her sitting-room, ten minutes' grace being allowed, and after that she is late on duty. She looks after from ten to fourteen rooms, according to size and position, and these have to be kept in readiness for letting. Should a room be only occupied for a day or two, the maid has



to 'do it out;' and it is a common thing for her to 'do out' two or three rooms a day, as well as attending on her other rooms in use. She has two hours off every day and three hours on Sunday, an evening from five to ten once a week, and holidays once a year according to her length of stay in the hotel. She receives a good wage, with caps and aprons; and a chambermaid clever at her work can make a small income in 'tips.' Some have owned up to making between eighty and ninety pounds a year. A staff maid is kept, who has charge of the chambermaids'

rooms, so they do nothing to their own apartments.

The details I have given here apply to one of the large and palatial hotels owned by a well-known company in London and the large provincial towns and health resorts. Great credit is due to the wonderful management and order carried on in the working of such a large staff, and few of the visitors who live in wealth and luxury ever think of the hands and brains working together unceasingly day and night for their special comfort and safety.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER XL.—A STRANGE COIL IS PARTLY UNRAVELLED.



HE chair had been carried through a door at the farther end of the gallery, and I walked swiftly thither, my comrade at my shoulder persuading and scoffing as he came; but I pressed on. The door opened

to a short passage some six feet long, at the end of which a second door led to a large, brilliantly-lighted room. Within the room stood the Viscount and his three friends, together with his rascally pander fellow and the two men who had carried the chair. The latter was turned on its side and its doors torn off. I glanced round for its occupants. They had fled to the lower end of the room, where there was a small alcove. One of them stood within it; the other was in the mouth, facing us. Both were dressed in coarse russet clothes, and had their faces hidden behind the shawls which such people are accustomed to wrap about their heads.

'Driven them out of cover,' roared Damerel in high delight, his seamed face glowing like a furnace. 'See 'em turn at bay. By Jove! this is sport. Egad! I've never advanced on the point of a knife to make love before. After this the best will seem tame.' He glanced over his shoulder. 'Ah, Ferrers, Temple!' he went on, 'pray come forward. Here's sport to be enjoyed.'

Two sharp cries rang from the muffled figures.

'They're frightened of you,' laughed the Viscount. 'It must be you, Ferrers, they're screaming at; you're big enough to eat them. Now, they've been facing us as quietly as possible.'

It was I, indeed, at sight of whom they cried out. I was to divine afterwards that the cries were of wonder, not fear. Viscount Damerel made a gesture, and his servants trooped out, carrying the chair with them.

'Hallo!' said Colonel Avise; 'the knife has disappeared. The pretty creatures are coming to reason.'

'Faith! they know how to play their game,'

returned Damerel. 'The time has come to unveil them.'

He moved forward, a smile of triumph on his gross lips, and Temple clutched my arm. I shook my friend off and stepped out between the Viscount and the figures huddled in the alcove.

'Surely, my Lord Damerel,' said I, 'you will not detain these girls against their will?'

He turned upon me haughtily.

'And pray, Mr Ferrers,' said he in his lisp, which thickened instantly with his anger, 'do you suppose their will is to interfere with mine?'

'I do,' said I. 'If they wish to depart I know of no law which could properly detain them.'

'Law,' he sneered. 'Devil a law passes current in this house save my fancy.'

'Mr Ferrers has something of law still to learn,' smoothly purred Mr Trenchett. 'I have worn the long robe myself, and I can tell you that Egyptians are nothing beholden to the law. It is good law to hang an Egyptian up by the neck after reaching the age of fourteen, simply because the poor wretch belongs to that outcast tribe.'

'You hear?' chuckled Lord Damerel, his great dewlaps flapping about his jaws in his derisive laughter. 'Have you anything further to argue in your sucking wisdom? Stand aside, sir,' he concluded, 'or'—He laid his hand on his sword. He could have made no ending to suit me better. I am no great hand at talking; and, to be sure, I felt that talking was useless. I drew at once.

'What quarrelsome rogue have we here?' cried the Viscount, 'to draw on a man in his own house. What manners are these?'

The Major was right in his hints. The man was a coward. My Lord Damerel was loud, was blustering, looked as fierce as a bear in a pit; but he did not draw the sword whose hilt he held. His loose, baggy lips twitched; he went all colours.

'Nay,' said Temple, 'Mr Ferrers is the least quarrelsome person in the world. I never knew him affront a man in my life. You should not have laid your hand upon your sword.'



'Oh!' he cried. 'And there are two of you?' 'Certainly,' said Temple. 'If more than one man attempts my friend there are two of us at once. Though, indeed, there is not his match in this company, taking us by twos.'

'Curse my blood!' roared the Viscount, foaming at the mouth in the furious rage to which this opposition instantly lashed him, heated as he was with wine. 'These are companions indeed for a pleasant evening. Is a man to be browbeaten like this under his own roof?' He turned, walked swiftly to the door, pulled out a silver call, and blew shrilly upon it.

At the same instant I heard a scream behind me. I spun on my heel, and saw that Sir Rupert Yorke had crept to the alcove under cover of some hangings, and was now trying to tear the shawl from the muffled face of one of the girls. I went there in a couple of bounds. He saw me coming, loosed the shawl, and sprang to face me. My sword was in my right hand, but he did not attempt to draw. Instead, he put up his fists and struck out for my eyes. I dodged his blow, stepping quickly to one side, and returned his buffet with my left hand, catching him fairly along the jaw. Oddly enough, I did not clench my fist, and so it was a stiff box he received, for I put out all my strength. He rolled pell-mell before it, and struck his head against a table. He got up, staggered to the middle of the room, then fell again, the blood gushing from his ears and mouth. I stepped into the entrance of the alcove to cover the prisoners, and looked eagerly about the place to see if any other egress than yonder door existed. There was none. Not so much as a window broke the smooth run of the walls. It was one of the Viscount's famous rooms, where day was lived by candlelight. It was richly furnished and decorated, as became a nest of slothful ease; but yonder door in possession of the enemy, and it became a prison, a veritable *oubliette*. Something stirred beside me, and I felt a gentle touch. One of the young women had come forward and was standing at my side, her hand on my left arm, lightly clinging. She still remained closely muffled.

'Never fear, my girl,' said I. 'We'll stand them off somehow.'

She made no reply, but stayed close to me, still silent. And it was Cicely—my Cicely—who stood there, and I knew her not, and she gave no sign.

The shrill whistle had been answered by the ugly little man, the kidnapper, and he fled away again. This I had seen from the corner of my eye, for one must keep a bright lookout in awkward corners. Now a great clatter of feet rang on the stairs, and in an instant the doorway was filled with a crowd of serving-men, every one carrying a sword.

'Stand there!' shouted their master, and he turned towards the room once more.—'What's this?' he cried as he came forward.

Mr Trenchett and the Colonel were kneeling beside Sir Rupert Yorke stretched out on the floor.

'He struck Yorke,' said Trenchett. 'I never saw such a blow in my life. He has the strength of ten. Yorke's sped. See how his jaw hangs upon his breast. 'Tis a sure sign.'

Lord Damerel dropped on one knee also and began to pull the unconscious man about as carelessly as he had examined the footman's wound.

'Dead!' said he. 'I think not. As for the jaw, 'tis broken; that's why it hangs. Listen!' and he seized Sir Rupert's chin and grated the broken edges of the bone together to prove that the jaw hung free. He made a sign, and two men came forward and carried the knight from the room. Then the Viscount turned towards me.

'Mighty pretty,' he said, observing the girl with her hand on my arm. 'Valour defending Beauty, for I swear 'tis the lovely one who clings to him. I know her by her height. Only this time Valour is a crazy fool, who little knows what it is to beard me here with my band of cut-throat rogues at hand. Come in, you gutter-bloods,' he growled, and his retainers obeyed at once. They formed behind him, and a row of stouter and more villainous-looking knaves I had never seen.

'Picked men,' went on Lord Damerel, looking at me, and waving his sword to them with a bow of mock courtesy. 'Picked for what qualities I need scarce explain; but they are all men of their hands, and will do aught I bid them.'

At this instant there broke out below a furious rapping at the door. Faint and hollow it rang into the room, along the gallery and the narrow passage, but plainly to be heard, and the beating on the panels was hurried and incessant.

'Let no one open!' roared the Viscount. 'Run, shout, tell Roger to keep the door fast.'

A man darted out, but was back in an instant.

'They are in,' he cried.

'Who?' screamed his master.

'Two men.'

The boots of the new-comers clattered on the stairs and pounded along the gallery.

'The fellow ran back here,' cried a voice I knew; 'perhaps this is the place.'

The steps grew nearer, and in strode the Earl of Kesgrave, followed by Colin Lorel. The Earl's swift, bright eye swept round the room, and then he came towards me, followed by his man. He stopped midway between the parties and looked about again, a hard, dangerous smile on his beautiful face. He looked warm, as if he had been hurrying; Colin Lorel was dropping sweat at every pore.

'Mr Ferrers,' said he, 'you are a most extraordinary man for turning up at unexpected moments; and your present air of naïve surprise

is nothing less than genius pure and simple. I perceive the line you are taking, and it is very good. King Cophetua looking after the beggar-maid for himself, as one may say. It is very safe, and does you credit.'

He had drawn a few deep respirations to regain his lost breath, and was now speaking easily, gaily, his old self. I could make nothing of his speech, and, indeed, was not trying. The only thing for me to fathom was whether he came as enemy or friend. He could be powerful in either capacity I knew well, and I watched him and kept my sword-point ready.

Up to this point my Lord Damerel had been speechless with surprise and wrath. Now he burst out with a roar like an angry bull.

'What make you here, my Lord Kesgrave?' he said. 'I knew not that our acquaintance stood on such footing as to warrant your bursting into my house.'

Kesgrave's delicate face flushed brighter still. 'On this errand,' he answered in a low, cool voice, 'I would burst into the King's!— He stopped abruptly, and smiled as if he were half in joke. He was going too far, giving too much importance to the thing, as I saw afterwards.

'King's palace—eh?' said Damerel, finishing Kesgrave's sentence. 'Why, what a coil have we here about two sluts from a ditch? But, split me if you shall cozen me out of my catch! Ye shall all be bundled out of doors, and that upon the instant.'

Kesgrave laughed a little, gay laugh.

'One does not so easily bundle out the best swordsman in England,' he said, pointing to me. 'And Mr Ferrers shall be backed up as stoutly as ever man was, be sure of that.'

'Ay, ay,' cried Colin Lorel, who revered no man, not even the master to whom he was so doggedly faithful, and said his say wherever he might be. He held a long cut-and-thrust sword in his hand, and looked as alert and resolute a fellow as ever stepped. His face was flushed with hurry and excitement, and the resemblance he bore to the Earl was more marvellous than ever. The oddity of this circumstance drew all eyes upon them.

'Stand back and clear a way for us to leave your house, Damerel,' said the Earl, 'and we go in peace. Bar our way, and you must take the consequences.'

By this time the Viscount's fury scarcely left him master of himself. His horrid face worked into the most wicked shapes that the countenance of man ever wore. His hot, evil eyes burned foully upon the slender figure standing within the shelter of my shoulder, her hand still resting lightly on my arm. I felt her trembling from head to foot, and I turned and patted her shoulder to comfort her. It seems to me to this day incredible that I should not have known my Cicely. But I did not. I did but think her

some poor lass, helpless and friendless, and exposed to the likelihood of foul wrong. I know I ought to have been enlightened by Kesgrave's appearance; but it is one thing to put two and two together afterwards when the coast is clear, and you have your mind free to think over matters, and another when the best part of a dozen men are sidling up and down in front of you, and an ugly rush may come at any minute.

All of a sudden it came. Damerel yelled some furious orders, and they darted down the long, wide room upon us. Temple had been for some time at my elbow, and Kesgrave and his man bounded swiftly into line. We took sword-space and formed a complete guard across the mouth of the alcove. For two or three minutes the *mêlée* was as thick and hot as ever close fighting can be. They were ten to our four; but more often than not they cluttered each other and attacked us rather with a confused medley of blows than with calculated skill.

This was a dangerous fashion to tackle practised swordsmen, and our weapons glanced and flew into the crowd to come back crimsoned four, five, six inches deep. The Major and I contented ourselves with passes through the arm or shoulder of our opponents, aiming rather to disable and drive off the enemy than to inflict serious injury; but Kesgrave and his man were to the full as savage as our assailants. Both aimed full at the body and pinked their men as clean as a whistle.

Colin Lorel was next me, a fine swordsman, to whom the clumsy bravoes Damerel had hurled against us were mere objects for him to display his skill upon. The first burst of the struggle was short and severe. Then our foes drew back a little, and there was time to breathe and see how matters ran. Major Temple had a cut across the back of the hand. Colin Lorel's doublet was stained with blood on the left shoulder. Kesgrave had a slight wound in the neck. I alone was untouched. Before us lay three of Damerel's men writhing in their blood, and a couple more, severely wounded, had dragged themselves to a couch near the wall. The Viscount, Mr Trenchett, and Colonel Avise, with two men, were still untouched, and faced us resolutely; Damerel with a face patched of red and white.

'At them!' cried Kesgrave, and rushed full upon them, followed by his man. The generalship was sound, and we hastened to support him. I found myself opposed by Damerel and one of his men, a little, nimble fellow, who ducked and ran in under my weapon as his master engaged me. The man dropped on his knee and shortened his sword to strike me under the ribs; but I leapt back and cut him across the face. He dropped his sword and elapped his hands to the cheek I had severed, then sprang up and stumbled blindly away, the blood spurting hideously from between his fingers.

Now I stood face to face with the Viscount;

and if ever I saw a man in a fright, my Lord Damerel was that man. His great tongue lolled out, his loose lips puckered about it, and great drops of sweat hopped from his forehead and rolled down his cheeks. However, he made a desperate best of it, thrusting and guarding, and keeping himself a whole skin, for I did but put aside his blundering *bottes*, without offering any *riposte*. With the tail of my eye I saw Kesgrave whip Mr Trenchett's rapier out of his hand, and then the Earl turned towards us. For an instant he looked on, then cried out:

'Come, Ferrers, you are but playing with the rogue. 'Tis below fair that the clumsy carrion should escape scot-free from a broil he has set on foot himself;' and with that Kesgrave stepped forward and drove his rapier through Damerel's shoulder, as the latter leaned forward for a thrust. With a dreadful scream the wounded man pitched heavily to the floor, and the Earl laughed aloud.

Before I could speak Kesgrave glanced over his shoulder and uttered a great oath of surprise. He slipped his bloody sword into the sheath and darted from the room, Colin Lorel running instantly on his heels.

I looked round and saw that the alcove was empty. The Egyptians were gone. The second part of the skirmish had been fought out at one side of the room, leaving a clear track from the alcove to the door, and they had seized the opportunity to escape. 'A good thing too,' thought I. 'I hope they have got clear of the house.'

'Come, Temple,' I said aloud; 'there is no reason to stay longer. The girls have taken their chance to free themselves.'

He followed from the room, no one willing to stay us, and we went along the gallery. The hall was silent and deserted, the great door flung back, the light of the lamps striking out into the dark, quiet street. We heard a faint noise of running feet in the distance. Why Kesgrave and his man were pursuing the girls I could not fathom. I thought it was very unlikely he would ever come up with them, since the night was dark and the fields close at hand, with many turns of lanes and footpaths. Then I dismissed the matter from my mind.

Temple and I left the house at once and walked eastwards.

'How grateful and cool is the night air!' cried my friend. 'Upon my soul, that little burst has warmed me beyond belief.'

'Did I not see you bleeding?' I asked. 'You are a true, staunch old friend, Temple. Against your judgment you backed me up and saw me through.'

'Nothing,' he replied; 'a scratch on the hand. Not worth wrapping a kerchief about. Does not this strike you as a very odd business? What in the world could have brought my Lord Kesgrave into it, and so furious, too?'

'It is odd,' said I. 'In the flurry of affairs I

have not had time to remark it. Can he be a pretender to this young lady who has fired all who catch a glimpse of her?'

'It must be so,' returned Temple. 'I cannot see aught else for it.'

'Well,' I went on, 'I trust they will get safely back to their friends, and keep out of the way of trepanners for the future.'

We turned into the Haymarket, and presently came below the windows of a tavern. The sash of one was flung open to the mild night air, and a loud clatter of mirth and jollity rang out into the street.

'Tis a club meeting,' said my friend. 'Come in. I can introduce you. I am a member.'

'No,' said I. 'I will go back to my lodgings. But do you join your friends by all means.'

He demurred a little, but in the end we parted, and I walked briskly home. I went up to my bedroom at once and began to prepare for rest. I threw off my coat and waistcoat, and something tinkled on the floor. I lifted the candle from the table to see what had fallen, and the light shone on a little ring. I picked it up, and for a second I could not breathe; my heart refused to beat. It was Cicely's ring—the ring she had given me in token of troth, the ring she had taken back. It must have fallen from my pocket. Who had placed it there?

As I blindly wondered something slipped into my mind, brought there by what subtle process who can say? The name I had been searching for ever since that night in Bracken Bottom, the name of him who cried, 'Right, father,' came unbidden to the tip of my tongue. Young Jasper Lee. So it was. The gypsy Lees. I saw it all, and knew everything. The Lees had rescued Cicely, and she was with them. It was the haunting, bewitching loveliness of her dear face which had set these libertine rogues buzzing about her. Cicely herself had been delivered into the hands of the vile Damerel, and at the thought my blood boiled and I trembled from head to foot. Be sure it was something higher than mere coincidence which set me between my love and the vile debauchee that night. It was she who had stood at my shoulder and dropped the ring into my pocket.

Then Kesgrave? He knew of her condition too. He knew what that shabby garb, close-folded, hid. That was certain. That explained all—all. My brain burned. I sprang to my feet and tramped my room end for end for a while. Then I began to strip off the fine clothes I had worn during the evening. I replaced them by simpler garments, and wrapped myself close in a large, loose, plain coat above all. Under it I buckled on my sword, and went out into the night once more.

Sleep was impossible. I must be doing something. To think that Cicely was, must be, somewhere close at hand spurred me fiercely to instant search. Whither had she fled from yonder house? I strode swiftly westwards till my feet rang along



Piccadilly again, and on the other side of the way I stopped opposite Damerel's house. A faint light burned in the hall; every other window was dark and silent.

An hour or two before Cicely herself had trod the stones of this street. It seemed incredible to me. Did Kesgrave know where to follow her? My heart sank at the thought of that. But I plucked up my courage again. Time enough for sighing when the game was utterly lost. Epping

Forest was the place for me to draw, for it was certain the Lees must be camped thereabout.

I pondered over my bearings for a couple of minutes, and thought out a route. Then away I marched to the north-east, feeling every now and then to be sure that my precious little talisman, the tiny ring of pearls, was safe. Cicely would never have given it back to my keeping if she had not become persuaded of her mistake, I knew; and to be certain of that was a great relief.

## WHY ENGLAND IS BEATEN.

BY AN AMERICAN ENGINEER.



I AM an American mechanical engineer of twenty years' experience, and have managed some of the largest railway equipment factories in the States. Naturally, I am interested in the question of American competition in fields erstwhile monopolised by British contractors. Most of my countrymen are; and if the British public are not, all I can say is that it is time for them to be.

For the greater part of last year I was sojourning in England, and had exceptional opportunities of comparing British methods with their rivals; and the conclusions I have arrived at may come as a shock to the host of writers who have hitherto expressed themselves on the subject. It has become a truism that British industrial supremacy is seriously threatened by America. Since the contract for the Atbara Bridge went across the water, the fact is no longer disputed. It is emphasised by a message from South Africa within the past few weeks announcing the fact that Americans have secured a large order for engines for the newly-acquired territories.

### SOME OF THE REASONS ADVANCED.

What is the secret of this gradual encroachment on British preserves? There is no lack of conjecture. I have before me a sheaf of articles by English writers, giving various reasons for the phenomenon. Most of them show a superficial knowledge of the subject; certainly none touch the real cause. It is admitted that the main factor is the enormous disparity in the time required by the American and British contractors for the completion of the contract. British contractors wanted seven months to build the Atbara Bridge; Americans did it in seven weeks.

Here are a few of the reasons advanced by British writers: antiquated tools, tyranny of trades unions in England, greater efficiency of the American mechanic, the vast scale upon which American industry is carried on, absence of red-tape in their systems, and the questionable business methods adopted by pushful Uncle Sam.

Take the question of tools. I am sorry to be

egotistic; but there seems no help for it. I have recently had occasion to purchase tools to the value of about fifteen thousand pounds for the production of a commodity not hitherto produced in England; and out of that sum more than half went into British pockets for British-made tools. Due weight cannot be given to this statement unless it be borne in mind that the commodity itself is an American product, and the tools for its production have been largely developed in the States. I go a step farther: I could have purchased quite half of the remainder here had it not been for the question of time in delivery. It is a fact that you can find almost all of the most modern machine tools in England. Besides, if this is really a prime reason, why on earth don't British manufacturers set their tool-house in order? The point is too puerile to require further treatment.

### THE TRADES UNION NUISANCE.

Consider the trades unions point. Now, trades unions are every bit as much in evidence in the States as they are here; indeed, their rules are far more stringent in some respects. A few years ago they were quite a factor in the production of wealth in America. All this has been changed. How? Well, by a great struggle. 'Capital versus Labour?' you ask. No. Capital versus Humbug. The American mechanic has not suffered by the combat. He receives to-day more than twice as much for a day's work as his English prototype, and, what is perhaps more important, he is credited with marketable intelligence. But how did the employers beat the trades unions? By the minute division of labour where trades unionists were concerned. The employers split trades up into infinitesimal parts which could be performed by unskilled workmen. Result: emancipation. If British trades unions restrict the output, British employers have their remedy.

### THE RARITY OF AMERICAN WORKMEN.

It has been said that American workmen perform their labour in an almost 'ferocious' manner. Let me say at once that we are not careful to



answer in this matter. So far as rapidity goes, we admit the impeachment. What is the cause of the American workman's greater facility in production? Here it is in a nutshell: payment by results. Where self-interest and ambition are aroused, there shall earnest endeavour usurp perfunctory performance.

A word on American workmen as a class. Over there labour is recruited from the most ignorant classes of all nationalities. Since our shores were made the dumping-ground for all the unemployed in the world, American workmen have owed their existence to this class. From this conglomerate mass of raw material the finished article is evolved. Now, the British workman is the most intelligent on earth. Who can doubt that, provided British industry was organised on correct lines, he would be even more effective than his cousin?

Red-tape is scarce in America; so are elaborate systems of book-keeping which prove that their users possess the best of all methods in the best of all factories.

As to the vastness of the scale upon which American industry is carried on, it must be remembered that those industries which loom so largely on the Transatlantic horizon to-day are the product of evolution. What is the secret of their marvellous growth? I am coming to that presently.

#### THE REAL CAUSE.

I contend that the reasons given above are but the symptoms of a deep-rooted disorder. The real trouble lies in the organisation and management of British industries. British boards of directors take too much upon themselves. They appoint a managing director to carry on the business, but reserve to themselves the right to be consulted upon all material points, and even upon mere points of detail connected with the business. The managing director, having no authority, has no responsibility. He has to consult the board upon questions of management which these gentlemen have neither the time nor the knowledge to deal with. How can men who are members of from one to thirty other companies be expected to prove successful in the handling of any particular concern?

The managing director—with the assistance of his board—selects his subordinates, who possess as much responsibility and authority as himself. Consequently the management is a hydra-headed monstrosity, absolutely useless for purposes of locomotion. All it can do is sprawl around in one place, and not know at any time whether it is progressing or *vice versa*. No one has any discretionary or initiatory powers; no one is responsible for anything. All, from the lowest to the highest, push back responsibility to the board, where it finally rests. No one can be hanged for

anything. All blunders are blamed to the 'system,' even as Lord Salisbury charged the 'Constitution' with the chaos in the defensive machinery of this country some short time ago. The employes degenerate into salary-drawing, time-serving, easy-going fellows, who are content to put their time in, and let things take their course—which is anything but business. American industry is organised upon a far different basis—upon the basis of autocracy. The board of directors very wisely select a competent man to conduct their enterprise, and give him absolute power and authority. They neither know nor seek to know any of the details connected with the management. All they ask for is results. This leaves one head charged with the responsibility of conducting the enterprise aright.

The managing director selects his superintendent, whom he charges with full responsibility and authority in connection with his duties. The superintendent selects his heads of departments, who are in turn given requisite authority and responsibility concerning their respective departments, and so on right down the line. In other words, the American manufacturer enlists in the production of his commodities all the brain-power in the establishment. Every man in the factory is encouraged to do his level best, not only in the acquirement of greater dexterity, but also in initiating and inventing better methods for the attainment of the best results. The result of every man's labour is taken into account and rewarded.

In conclusion, I may be permitted a word on American business men. The American manager has success in manufacturing at a profit as his first business in life. Like your greatest military organiser, Lord Kitchener, he subordinates everything in life to success. It is his ideal; his proud ambition is to beat his rivals. He loves the sport, and prides himself on his ability to succeed in his vocation. This attitude needs no defence from me. It is the only rational view of the matter.

Can it be said that his English prototype looks at the matter from the same point of view? Can it be disputed, seriously, that the latter regards 'business' as a necessary evil, and only a means to an end—the end itself being a social position? I trow not.

If British industries are to be managed economically enough to meet American competition, a radical change will have to be made. British manufacturers will have to employ a competent manager to be responsible for their concerns, they will have to see that he gives his whole time to his work, and they will have to make him feel that success in manufacturing at a profit is quite as creditable as leading a regiment of soldiers in time of war.

## A BEGGAR WHO CHOSE.

## IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.



WISH I knew where to get a clucking hen,' said Joanna one Saturday afternoon as they sat at tea on the little square of grass that Mrs Erskine dignified by the name of lawn. 'Our hens lay well, but they won't sit. I know it's very late to bring out chickens; but they would be so nice for you to eat in spring, mother.'

The sweet-peas had grown into a hedge, blocking out the forge and the blacksmith's new flower-border, where he was working unseen by the ladies.

Joanna was just pouring cream into her mother's second cup of tea when a harsh screeching and flapping of wings broke the holiday peace of the yard. The sound approached nearer, and the tall figure of the blacksmith overtopped the fragrant screen.

'If ye would like a good clockin' hen,' he said, extending a frenzied bunch of feathers which he grasped firmly by the feet, 'here's one to ye.'

His intention was excellent, but for the moment Joanna felt disconcerted. She was not a coward; but it requires more than normal courage to enable a town-bred girl to seize the fluttering mass of infuriated vitality that constitutes an angry clucking hen.

Mrs Erskine came to the rescue. 'Perhaps you will kindly put it in the henhouse yourself, Mr Leven. My daughter is afraid of hurting the hen, I think.'

Stepping easily across the low paling, Leven strode down the garden path, and under the guidance of Joanna deposited his burden in the old fowl-house. On the way back they spoke of gardening; and Joanna discovered that, given a subject wherewith he was conversant, the smith could talk easily and well. Pausing by the little thicket of straggling currant-bushes, he took out his pocket-knife, and cutting a branch, gave her a clear and practical lesson in preparing slips, whereby in time she would grow sturdy young bushes to replace the old ones.

'Mother, don't you think—that perhaps we ought to have asked Mr Leven to take a cup of tea this afternoon?' Joanna said hesitatingly, after they had gone indoors.

'My dear, I'm surprised at you! I never heard such nonsense in my life,' retorted the astonished matron, the list pleatings of her widow's cap stiffening with horror. Yet in her secret heart Joanna knew that the idea was not so ridiculous as Mrs Erskine imagined.

One Saturday afternoon in late autumn Joanna had walked to Beachness to change her mother's

books at the library. Mrs Erskine sat in an arm-chair by the parlour-kitchen hearth, her neatly-slipped feet on the fender, nodding over a book. A knock at the door aroused her from the comfortable nap into which she had fallen, and after hastily adjusting her cap at the mirror she opened to the smith.

'Are ye in, Mistress Erskine?' queried the young man gravely, as he addressed her bodily presence. 'I've taken the liberty to call with my bit account,' he added, hurriedly tendering her a scrap of paper.

'For mending the lock? I was beginning to think you had forgotten all about it, Mr Leven. I'll pay you now.' Mrs Erskine was turning to fetch her purse when something in the imposing nature of her visitor's aspect—he was attired in his Sunday array of broadcloth and fine linen, and his tall hat was within a few years of the prevailing fashion—suggested that he intended this as a ceremonious visit, and had brought the account to cover the awkwardness he felt. In Pittendrevie guests were so rare that the good lady was glad of the diversion caused by his appearance; so, begging Mr Leven to enter and take a seat, she found her purse and paid the bill, which proved to be for the purely nominal sum of sixpence.

In her own house, whether it was Edinburgh mansion or Pittendrevie cottage, Mrs Erskine's manner as hostess was always charming. By a few gracious remarks she succeeded in setting the smith altogether at his ease; and he found himself wondering where he had gathered the false notion that a lady so pleasant-spoken could be proud and 'stuck-up.'

'Workin' with a pen doesna come sae natural to me as workin' with a hammer,' he remarked, laboriously scrawling his signature to the receipt.

'If your business increases as it has been doing all summer, Mr Leven, you will soon require to keep a secretary,' responded Mrs Erskine affably.

Here was the opportunity for which the smith had longed. Encouraged by this smiling urbanity from one of whom he stood in awe, he made haste to take advantage of the opening afforded by her words.

'That's just it; but I was thinkin' maybe a wife,' he said, then paused amazed at his own temerity. But Mrs Erskine was already nodding approbation from her chair. 'Yes, indeed, Mr Leven, a wife would certainly be much better. I've often wondered—I'm sure I've said several times to my daughter, "I wonder Mr Leven, with that comfortable house and everything ready, does not get married." I'm certain plenty of

the girls about would be proud to come to live at the forge.'

Mrs Erskine's desire to speak agreeably to the visitor, who sat so uneasily on the edge of the plush couch, nervously twirling his hat, had led her into paths she wot not of. Ladies of Mrs Erskine's mental calibre see matters only from their own point of view, and that is a restricted one. In her philosophy the idea that the handsome young blacksmith, who was the admiration of all the marriageable damsels in the parish, should esteem himself fit consort for her daughter was yet undreamt; and her very unconsciousness of his possible aspirations filled her words on this delicate subject with encouragement.

'I was thinkin' that an educated wife—one that could keep my accounts, for I've enough ado without daidlin' among pens an' ink—would suit me fine. I'm not badly off,' he continued, leaning forward and speaking confidentially. 'I could give her a servant lass to do the work, an' I'd furnish the house to her own taste forby.'

Mrs Erskine was delighted, as is every true woman, at being made the recipient of a man's love-confidences.

'That's very nice and generous of you, Mr Leven. The bride you choose will be a lucky girl,' she responded suavely, with the view of encouraging further confessions.—'How amused Joanna will be when I tell her this!' she thought.

'I wouldna always work that hard. There's a model of an invention that I've just finished; it's a kind of safety-cage for miners. It's going to the Mining Exhibition in London; an' I was thinkin' that we might take a bit trip south an' see it there.'

'Very nice indeed. There is nothing so enjoyable as travel; it widens one's views of life so greatly,' acquiesced Mrs Erskine; and thereafter she became slightly garrulous on the subject of her own small Continental experiences, and the benefit she felt assured she had derived from them.

'An' I was plannin', went on the smith, delighted beyond measure that the course of his avowal was running with such unexpected smoothness—with regard to yourself, Mrs Erskine—you must not think I'd forgotten you'—

'Me!' interrupted the unconscious dame in smiling astonishment. 'Why take me into account?'

'I was thinkin' it would be maist convenient for all parties if you were to stop on here, an' have a bit lassie to do your turns. Livin' next door wouldna be like losin' her, an' ye could be out an' in each other's houses the whole day.'

The appalling drift of her visitor's insinuations had at last pierced the wall of gentility that her imagined superiority had raised round the good lady. She was wounded in her most vulnerable part, and the sole weapon that lay to her hand was a feeble sarcasm.

'I'm sure it's extremely kind of you to interest yourself in my affairs and in those of my daughter,' she began haughtily, chin in air. 'But I think you fail to realise that we are quite able to make all our arrangements independent of your aid or advice. Indeed,' she added, dropping irony and giving way to the wrath that consumed her, 'I think your coming here on such an errand the most consummate piece of impudence I— I ever heard. Though, since the death of my dear husband, my daughter and myself have been reduced to living in this place in this way, I never dreamt that we had sunk so low that a working-man would feel justified in proposing marriage to my daughter.' Conscious that her words but feebly expressed her resentment, the irate mother paused.

The unwitting offender had risen to his feet, and stood downcast, his honest heart sorely wounded by the bitter onslaught of the little woman before him.

'I knew, of course, that she was far ower good for the like of me,' he confessed in all humility; 'but I did not mean to put an affront on her, or on you either, Mrs Erskine; don't think that. I wasna intendin' any affront; an' ye'll never hear me even myself to Miss Erskine again.'

He moved towards the door as he spoke. With the last words a quick step sounded on the path outside, and the person who was the bone of contention, opening the front door, burst in upon them.

'I've got Besant's new book, mother, and one of— Why, Mr Leven!' she broke off as she caught sight of the stranger, and saw from the constrained silence of both that an interview of an untoward nature was in progress.

'I was just goin'. Good-day to ye,' said the smith, and went out into the gloaming.

'Why, mother, what's the matter with Vulcan?' asked Joanna. 'When I came in you and he looked exactly as though you had been quarrelling, and now he has gone off like that. What did he call about?'

'You won't believe it, Joanna. I can scarcely credit it myself,' said Mrs Erskine solemnly; 'but that man came here to-day to ask you to marry him.'

'Mother!'

'You may well think it incredible. I never heard anything more grossly insulting, and I told him so plainly. To imagine that you, my daughter and an Erskine, would stoop to marry a common village blacksmith! My dear, it's enough to make your poor father turn in his grave.'

Pittendrevie is not prolific in sensation, and the subject of the aspiring blacksmith's extraordinary pretensions kept Mrs Erskine supplied with food for exhaustive comment for many days. The week following the ignominious dismissal of



the suitor was wet; and, shut up alone in the cottage with her mother, Joanna had to listen to reiterated accounts of the scene in which the lady had proved the vanquisher.

'I never heard such gross impertinence in my life—a common blacksmith!' was the chorus to which Joanna perforce busied herself about her household tasks. Openly, she offered no opposition to her mother's opinion, though in her secret heart she knew that the highest compliment any man can pay a woman is to ask her to become his wife. Besides, no woman who is not an arrant flirt can think unkindly of a man whose solitary transgression has lain in loving her; and Joanna was thirty—quite thirty, as Mrs Anthony Erskine would have told you, and Walter Leven was the first man who had honoured her by the offer of his hand. With secret scorn she recalled a certain Renton Dawson, who in their days of prosperity had paid her marked attentions, and whose constant visits had been succeeded by a formal card-leaving when the confused state of her father's affairs became known.

It would merely have been inflicting needless suffering had she ruthlessly opened her mother's eyes to the fact that it was simply in her own biased opinion that the smith's offer would be adjudged aught save an advantage. They were poor folks, living among poor folks in a community wherein the blacksmith was an important person and a man of substance. Joanna, who was able to take a clear view of the situation, realised that, residing as she did in a tiny cottage, working about the house and garden like any other village housewife, she had no reason to exalt herself above her fellows. But nothing would have induced her mother to believe that, because adverse circumstances had made it expedient for them to live quietly in Pittendrevie, any one would venture to insult them by ranking them with their surroundings. Mrs Erskine drew a fast line and a foolish between what she considered gentlefolk and common people; and, until the rude shock of the smith's proposal, it had not occurred to her that any of the inhabitants of the little village would fail to regard her as on a plane altogether higher than their own. On the other hand, it was quite beyond the good lady's comprehension that obtuse persons endowed with a greater store of worldly goods might consider her inferior to themselves.

The promise that Leven had given to Mrs Erskine was rigorously kept. Throughout the winter and spring Joanna saw little of him. His steps were confined to the farther side of the yard; and one November day, as she picked the dry seed-pods from the brown and shrivelled sweet-pea hedge, Joanna's heart gave a little throb of pain, for she saw that the flower-border which the smith had spent so much of his scant leisure in laying out lay weedy and neglected. About

the middle of December she accompanied her mother to Ayrshire to pass a few weeks with an old friend; and on their return it gave Joanna a further pang to find that the old iron, for the past few months so carefully restricted to the corner behind the forge, had begun to reassert its right to its former position.

The music of the blacksmith's voice, too, was missing from Joanna's life. It had been pleasant to be awakened to the sound of some sweet Scottish melody, 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose' or 'The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond,' sung in his rich, full baritone to the accompaniment of hammer on anvil. The smithy was busier than ever. A second man had been added to the staff, and the work went on early and late; but no sound of melody fell gratefully on her ear.

Joanna's attendance at church, which had been spasmodic at first, now became regular. Though she did not confess it even to herself, it was the prospect of hearing the smith's voice in the psalms and paraphrases that had power to draw her thither in the most inclement weather. Leven kept his promise to Mrs Erskine, and scrupulously avoided Joanna. On Sundays he watched until she had set out to walk the 'kirkward mile'—for the shorter meadow-path was impossible in winter—then followed at a distance. During service he occupied a seat near the door, and delaying until Joanna had left the church, followed slowly far in her wake.

One pleasant April day the smith had a guest, a lively young female, dressed in what Pittendrevie deemed the latest mode, who treated her host with effusive affection. Joanna, who had been working in the garden when she arrived, made a discreet retreat into the house; but she could not help peeping from behind the curtains of her little bedroom, which looked towards the forge, to watch the doings of this visitor, who ran out of and into the forge and house as though the place belonged to her.

On the following Sabbath there was a keen east wind, accompanied by rain. Repenting of early lenience, April seemed bent on giving a specimen of the worst of the many bad types of Scottish weather. Yet it would have taken a combination more vile even than east wind and rain to keep Joanna away from the service which unconsciously to herself had grown to be the bright spot of her week; so, leaving her mother seated by a cosy fire reading *Good Words*, she set out for the parish church.

The usually scant congregation had dwindled away to a handful, and above the perfunctory sound of voices the smith's tuneful note rang out melodiously. Service over, Joanna was putting up her damp umbrella in the porch, when she became aware that her despised suitor was waiting outside with the evident intention of intercepting her as she left the church. Just as he



stepped forward to greet her the burly figure of the farmer of Balburnie Mains came between them.

'I was lookin' for ye, Wattie. I was wantin' a word wi' ye about this new American machine that they exhibited at the Agricultural Show in Edinbro'. They're tellin' me that it'— But a blast of rain-laden wind had blown Joanna beyond hearing.

At gloaming the rain ceased, and Joanna, feeling restless, wrapped a shawl over her head and went into the garden to snatch a breath of fresh air and to gather the eggs from the fowl-house. Obviously the smith had been watching for her appearance, for when she turned to come back, carrying two milk-white eggs and the first daffodil of the year, she found him advancing to meet her. There was evident intention in his manner. Apart from that, separated as they were by only a yard-high paling, it would have been absurd not to exchange greetings.

'Good-day,' said the smith awkwardly. Few rejected lovers are graceful in the presence of the being to whom they have aspired.

'B-beautiful weather,' responded Joanna, feeling foolishly flustered.

Mr Leven was nothing if not accurate. 'Well, maybe not beautiful, but seasonable; that's what it is, real seasonable.' But it was not to discuss weather that he had delivered himself bareheaded to the nipping air. After a moment's pause, during which Joanna tried in vain to think of some neutral subject of conversation, he managed to blurt out the information that burdened his mind.

'You would maybe notice a friend of mine here the other day, a young lassie with trimmin's an' things on her hat? Well, that wasna a visitor at all. It was just my half-sister from Dundee.'

'She—she looked very nice,' responded Joanna tremulously; but the smith's mission was accomplished, and with an abrupt 'Good-night' he was already retracing his steps, leaving Joanna in a conflict of emotions: half-inclined to laugh at her rejected suitor's desire to remove from her thoughts any possible doubt as to his fidelity, and more than half-inclined to cry with gladness because the unacknowledged dread that had lurked in her heart all day had vanished with his words.

## SOME BRIGANDS OF ASIATIC TURKEY.

By H. VALENTINE GEERE.

**I**N Turkey so many tales are told of brigands and highwaymen, and their doings, that all travellers in the land of the Sultan must have heard more than enough of them.

Undoubtedly the misgovernment prevalent in too many of the provinces of that troubled land, and the resulting unsettled state of entire districts, too often creates the opportunity that makes the thief. Moreover, the sparsely settled state of the country, and the absence of railway communication and even of good roads throughout the greater portion of its area, certainly favour the existence of bands of robbers.

Asia Minor is especially rich in stories of brigands; for the mountainous country lends itself very readily to the operations of the outlaws, and until late years they flourished in a truly remarkable manner. Now, although they appear to be less numerous, many bands doubtless still exist. They have not drawn the attention of the Western world to themselves by any startling act lately; but nobody with a knowledge of the country would be surprised to hear of fresh outbreaks.

The men enrolled in these bands have joined for various reasons. Sometimes an individual will turn highwayman apparently from love of adventure; but often a number of reckless or oppressed men, either chafing under real or fancied grievances against the Government or outlawed

for offences or alleged offences, draw together under the leadership of some bold spirit and start operations on a large scale. Then, for a while, the neighbourhood of their activity becomes a source of anxiety to the local authorities, and a place to be shunned if possible by all travellers. The terror the outlaws inspire depends mainly on the character of the leader. Villages within their sphere of action are forced to pay blackmail; the officials charged with the maintenance of order and administration of justice are frequently compelled to sit idly by while their provinces are pillaged openly; and the police are often either in league with the band or too weak to offer any effectual resistance. So matters go from bad to worse, until some deed too atrocious to be passed over by even the most inept or careless official cries aloud for vigorous measures. Then the military are called out and the nest of hornets is forcibly dispersed.

A case of this kind occurred about fifteen years ago in the province of Aidin, where two bands had joined forces and carried out a most daring enterprise. They attacked a Government Custom-House, overpowering the guard and officers; and having boarded a steamer that called at the port on the night of their raid, they carried away many of her passengers captive, with the intention of holding them to ransom. Such a stroke could not be allowed to pass unnoticed, and imperative

orders were issued from the headquarters for the immediate pursuit and apprehension of the bandits; but, despite the energy with which it was prosecuted, the pursuit proved futile. The band managed constantly to elude the military; and at length, by dint of threats of reprisals upon their prisoners for any losses sustained, they succeeded in negotiating a very advantageous bargain. Not only was this arrangement made; but the Government, finding itself unable to disperse the band by force, decided to try other measures, and offered free pardon for the past to all its members on condition that they laid down their arms and took service in the force of *zaptiehs*, or military police. At first the brigands fought shy of the offer, no doubt fearing a trap; but when they were informed that arrangements would be made to form them into a distinct corps, led by their own chiefs and always quartered in the same district, they accepted. The extraordinary compact was ratified, and the ex-brigands were duly installed in an out-of-the-way station as guardians of the Sultan's peace.

For some time the arrangement worked satisfactorily; but at length charges of outrageous abuse of their position were brought against the new police, and their punishment was decided upon at Smyrna. Past experience having taught that force would be unavailing for their capture, guile was resorted to. The chiefs were informed that their admirable conduct had so commended itself to the Governor that he desired to give them rewards and promotion, and they were invited to go to Smyrna for the purpose. Probably they had never heard the story of the spider and the fly, for they fell into the trap immediately, and hurried to the city with their followers. There they were promptly disarmed and massacred in cold blood.

Organised brigandage is now extremely rare; but many readers will remember that only a few years ago an Englishman was attacked by brigands not far from Smyrna; and so recently as July 1899 there were strange rumours of impudent robbery in the streets, and even of houses in the city broken into and looted in broad daylight during the panic caused by the reported outbreak of plague. These robberies were supposed to be the work of banditti from the hills, who had seized the opportunity afforded by the confusion of the moment; but it is possible that the felonies may have been merely the handiwork of the lower classes of the city, who saw a chance of turning the prevailing panic to their own advantage.

One of the most daring ruffians who ever plied his criminal trade in Turkey was an Armenian, who achieved notoriety by waylaying a French vice-consul in the neighbourhood of Aleppo, robbing him of a large sum, and stripping him nearly to the skin. The robber was not brought to book, despite the energetic representations of

the French agent; and it was popularly believed that the Armenian was in the good graces of certain high officials at Aleppo. As a rule, however, Europeans are less liable to molestation by the banditti than natives, for it is well understood that any affront offered to a *firenghi* will almost certainly result in a lively stirring up of the sluggish machinery of the law by the 'accursed foreigners' consul or embassy; whereas the only means the native has of obtaining redress is by such exorbitant bribery of the officials of the district that generally it pays him better to suffer his loss quietly than throw good money after bad.

If Asia Minor is now less frequented by highway robbers than it was formerly, other parts of Asiatic Turkey are by no means free from them. Until quite lately there were in the vilayet of Bagdad two notorious outlaws, working on independent lines, who rendered the whole district unsafe except for large parties of well-armed travellers. The bandits' favourite theatre of operations was the road between Bagdad and Hillah, which is much frequented by merchants and by thousands of pilgrims who annually visit the shrines at Kerbelah and Nedjef. At these two sacred cities are the shrines of Hussein and Ali, two famous saints of the Shiah branch of Mohammedans, both being reputed enormously wealthy. As their wealth consists chiefly of offerings by pious-minded pilgrims, who generally convey the gifts personally in caravans, it will be readily understood that this route offers a fine field for enterprising adventurers untroubled by religious scruples about robbing *hadjis*.

The country is flat as a billiard-table, but its marshes afford excellent hiding-places; and the settled Arabs who inhabit it, being inveterately hostile to the Turkish Government, are usually very ready to offer asylum to all outlaws, and armed assistance also if necessary. The first of the individuals referred to, Ahmet Bey, as he was called, had formerly held the rank of captain in the Sultan's army at Bagdad; but having committed some crime—murder, according to common report—he had been compelled to flee from the city. As was only natural under the circumstances, the hand of law and order as administered in those parts being against him, he retaliated by turning robber, and being of a bold and dashing character, acquired a reputation for himself in a very short time. Meanwhile powerful influence had been brought to bear in his favour in high quarters, and he was pardoned and reinstated. It was said he was descended from the Hamadan tribe of Kurds, who for many years lived on the borders of Turkey and Persia, and harassed travellers of both countries. Be that as it may, he certainly had hot blood in him, and after his experience of the delights of an outlaw's life, found it impossible to settle down satisfactorily to the tame routine of barracks. He therefore

once more took to the road, and this time managed to carry off several army rifles with him. Now, of all things, a rifle is the most highly esteemed by the Arabs of those parts, who generally possess nothing better than antiquated shot-guns. By distributing the stolen weapons judiciously he made a number of friends, and became quite a hero amongst the lawless tribes of the neighbourhood.

A minor sheik named Shaheen, head of one of the smaller branches of the five divisions of El Hamza Arabs, received him first, and seems to have been his chief ally, despite the fact that the chiefs of the two most important divisions of the tribe had given written pledges to the Government to seize Ahmet and hand him over to the authorities if ever he came into their territories. The Governor of Bagdad offered a reward of two hundred liras for his arrest, and proclaimed that any soldier or *zaptieh* who caught him should immediately be made a captain; but Ahmet appeared to possess a charm against capture, and defied all attempts to seize him. Of course it was necessary that his protectors and allies should be kept constantly in good humour; so he robbed caravans innumerable, treating the unhappy pilgrims and merchants in a brutal manner, and killed any straggling soldiers or *zaptiehs* he could waylay under favourable conditions for the sake of their rifles, which were treasures always greatly coveted.

The Indian and Persian pilgrims were especially favoured with Ahmet's attentions, and many a rich haul he made from their luckless caravans of goods painfully brought from afar for offerings at one or other of the shrines. Shaheen once showed to a European traveller a magnificent inlaid casket of Indian workmanship that was evidently intended to keep jewels in, which he was anxious to sell at a ridiculously low price; but, receiving a hint as to how it had been obtained, and fearing a trap, the traveller refused it. No doubt its contents had been appropriated by the robber himself, and the empty casket, as being a potentially damaging piece of evidence, had been presented, along with other trifles, to the sheik with whom he stayed after his *coup*.

At length, in an evil moment, Ahmet determined to attack the 'castle' of a liquorice-dealer at Koot-el-Amarah, a small town on the Tigris below Bagdad. This merchant was a Christian; and no doubt Ahmet calculated that if it were necessary for him to take violent measures to secure the gold that was the object of his enterprise, the fact would tell rather in his own favour under the circumstances. The town of Koot stands on the left bank of the river, and the premises of the liquorice-merchant on the right bank, with only a few straw huts and storehouses near them. The building itself was a crude mud shanty, and Ahmet's plan was to cut a way through the wall, overpower the merchant, and secure the booty; and he intended to

carry out the raid single-handed. Somehow he bungled the business and got to close quarters with the merchant, who proved a courageous man; and the end of the matter was that Ahmet had to beat a retreat, badly wounded by a stab from a *kanjur* (a curved native dagger). He managed to make his escape before the alarm was spread, and set off for his sanctuary at the best pace his wound would permit.

In the meantime the liquorice-merchant had offered a sharp-witted Arab sixty liras if he would follow up the robber and shoot him. The man undertook the deed, and set out immediately; and knowing perfectly well, as every one did, that the robber would make direct for Shaheen's camp, he managed to get ahead of Ahmet, and lay concealed on the borders of a small marsh, ready to fire. Very soon Ahmet approached, all-unsuspicious of the lurking danger; and when he was near enough to make aim certain, the hidden Arab fired, killing him instantaneously.

A curious point in the history is that, although this deed was done almost within sight of his asylum, and in the midst of the people who had befriended him, not one of them offered to avenge the fellow's death. Rather did every one hasten to disclaim all connection with him, and to express delight at his demise; and those who had been on the most intimate and friendly terms with the dead man in his lifetime were the loudest in expressions of relief that he was no longer a power for evil.

The Arab cut off the head of his victim as evidence of the truth of his story, and carried it to Diwaniyeh, where he handed it over to the Governor and claimed the reward. Two days later a *zaptieh* carrying something tied up in a handkerchief boarded the British steamer *Khabifah*, which plies between Busreh and Bagdad. Something attracted the attention of the captain, and he asked the *zaptieh* what he carried so carefully in the bundle. Thereupon the *zaptieh* untied the handkerchief and revealed to the astonished captain the head of the once-dreaded robber, and said he was taking it to the *wali* of Bagdad by order of the *mudir* of Diwaniyeh.

Such a miserable end to a career that had in its way been renowned would be truly pitiful but for the fact that Ahmet never showed pity to any one—man, woman, or child. There was about him none of that chivalry sometimes found in adventurers of his class, and he seemed even to delight in cruelty for its own sake. For instance, whenever he captured any women he used always to take them out into the desert, and there leave them without any food or water and with no guide, to find their way back to some place of safety if they could; if they could not, to die a slow and terrible death.

Very different in his treatment of prisoners was Suleiman, whose operations covered the same



ground as those of Ahmet, and extended farther in all directions. He is still alive, or was until quite recently, but has given up his old ways and taken to a settled life under the protection and patronage of officialdom. By birth a Kurd, he took to a wild life as naturally as men of his race always do. He is a man of medium height and rather pleasing appearance, about thirty-five years old, intensely brave and daring, and greatly admired and feared all over Mesopotamia. Like our own Robin Hood, it is reported that he robbed only the rich and was extremely generous to the poor. He certainly has a great deal of latent good feeling in him, as an incident recounted below will prove; but he stuck at nothing to attain any end he had in view. One of his most daring exploits took place on the Euphrates. A high military official was travelling by water from Hillah to some point below Diwaniyeh, where he was to take up a Government appointment. With him went his harem, a posse of male and female servants, and an escort of about a dozen *zaptiehs* armed with rifles. Such a party, with all its baggage, necessitated the employment of quite a flotilla of *sefinahs*, or sailing-boats, and would be sure of immunity from all attack in the ordinary way. Suleiman, however, hardly ever acted in the ordinary way. Learning from some of the servants that the official was taking a large sum of money with him, not to mention a quantity of valuable jewellery belonging to his womenfolk, he decided on attacking the party. His reputation was sufficient to secure him several followers from the Arabs of the neighbourhood; and, choosing a good place for the attack, he laid an ambush for the official and his party.

It is necessary to explain that, as a rule, boats going down the river, if there is not a favourable wind, either drift or are propelled by means of long poles, punt-wise; but if there is need of haste they are towed by the crews, as seems to have been the case in this instance. Suleiman and his handful of followers managed to stop the flotilla, although the men of the party numbered about thirty, including the boatmen; and a sharp fight ensued, which resulted in the complete success of the marauders. Several of the *zaptiehs* were shot, the *sefinahs* were scuttled and sunk, and the head of the party was badly wounded. Suleiman captured all the gold and took the whole of the jewels of the ladies of the harem. It is pleasant to record, however, that no indignities were put upon the women. Suleiman and his band got clear away.

After this event a price was set upon the robber's head by the Government; but he went about quite openly and did exactly as he pleased notwithstanding. When the whim seized him he would go into Diwaniyeh, accompanied by a dozen or so armed men, and sit and smoke in the coffee-house in full view of the en-

raged Governor, who was most anxious to seize him, but quite powerless to do so with the force of *zaptiehs* at his disposal. Again, whenever he needed money he would ride into Hillah, his features concealed by muffing them in his head-dress in the style practised by all Arabs anxious to avoid recognition. He would wait until nightfall, then betake himself to the house of one or other of the officials (usually, by bitter irony, the *kadi*, or judge) and demand any sum he required; and he invariably got it. According to common report, he also worked the same system in Bagdad successfully on more than one occasion; and although this seems almost incredible, it is possible that there is some truth in the story.

It has been said that Suleiman was not by any means without good feeling; and the following incident is cited in proof of the statement. At one time Shoket Bey, then Governor of Koot-el-Amarah, effected his capture, when he was taken into Bagdad for trial; but he made his escape the same night, most probably by bribery, and was soon actively engaged in his old practices again. Then the Governor quaked in his shoes, for he dreaded some bold stroke of vengeance from such a daring and successful man. Nor were his fears groundless; for Suleiman, thirsting for revenge, one night broke into Shoket's house and found the way to his bedchamber, intending to kill him. The Governor was sleeping heavily, in happy ignorance of the danger threatening him; but when Suleiman approached the bed, with knife ready for the fatal blow, he saw Shoket's wife sleeping peacefully by his side. The sight striking some chord of gentle feeling within him, he relented, and spared his enemy's life. However, he secured a sum of ten liras that lay in a cupboard in the room; and he afterwards managed to get the revolver from under the Governor's pillow without waking him. Finally he took his departure without discovery. Next day he sent a message to Shoket Bey telling what he had done, and saying: 'Why did you report me and get me taken prisoner to Bagdad? Last night I had it in my power to kill you; but when I saw you sleeping peacefully by your wife, God stayed my hand. Now, here I am; if you want me, come and take me yourself, man to man.' As proof of his assertion he sent back the revolver he had taken; and the Governor was deeply impressed on finding how narrow had been his escape.

Shoket Bey, since then promoted to Hillah, has, from motives either of policy or gratitude, obtained a free pardon for Suleiman, and given him a Government post at a good salary. So it seems likely that part of the country will now be free from further depredations by Suleiman.

One of the last instances of his daring and dash must be recorded. On 31st December 1899 he rode into a small village, accompanied by only one Arab, and making straight for the



guard-house, alighted and entered. In the building were six *zaptiehs* (Government policemen, be it remembered, whose duty it clearly was to arrest him), each armed with a rifle; but not one of them dared to seize the redoubtable robber. He announced that he desired to see a certain official there, and sat down to await his coming, while the *zaptiehs* tumbled over each other in their anxiety to get coffee for their visitor and show him honour. When the official arrived and greeted him, Suleiman remarked casually that Ramadan, the month of fasting, was close upon them, and that he wanted money; adding that a lira would be sufficient. He meant to say that during the holy month he would not be able to follow his calling with much profit; and his request was doubtless made moderate because he knew his man's means, and had also an inkling that Shoket Bey was at the time exerting himself to procure his pardon.

The official paid up promptly, and offered his

'guest' all the hospitality in his power. In the meantime the corporal of *zaptiehs* busied himself in feeding the great robber's horse with the corn intended for his own bread, out of his own best coat. All the men of the village had by this time heard of the visit; and they crowded round the guard-house to the number of about two hundred, many of them armed. Yet no one attempted to offer violence to this man with a price upon his head, but rather vied in making him comfortable. When at last he took his departure, at midnight, it was amidst acclamations and songs of praise composed in his honour, and sung by the imited voices of the village. Truly the situation seems as if it were extracted from a romance of the Middle Ages or culled from one of Mr Gilbert's whimsical operas; but it is absolutely true in every particular, and if space permitted many more similar instances of sheer audacity on the part of this extraordinary man could be cited.

## A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

By KATE ASHLEY.



ON reading the interesting *Life of Turner* by Hamerton, the idea occurred that, as several comparatively trivial anecdotes of the great landscape-painter were deemed to deserve a place in that book, a very characteristic reminiscence often related by the writer's father, the late Alfred Ashley (author of *The Art of Etching*, a work well known about forty years ago), might be worth recording. As told to the writer, the story was somewhat as follows:

'I was apprenticed when a lad to a well-known historical line-engraver, Mr J. B. Allen. Amongst other important works of art which came into his hands for reproduction was one of Turner's. On proofs being taken, Mr Allen was far from being satisfied with the figures in it, remarking that, although faithfully copied, they were obscure, one of them looking as though the head were under the arm. As it was not permissible for any one but the artist to make an alteration, I was commissioned to go to Mr Turner's studio in Queen Anne Street with the proof and explain the difficulty. Upon arriving at the studio I was kept waiting in the hall whilst a servant went to ascertain whether the artist would see me. I remember being much interested, while waiting, in the gambols of a black cat and kittens, and of thinking what an effective group they made on the white staircase.

'Presently I was shown into the studio, where Turner was leaning over a picture, at work in an old dressing-gown and slippers. I delivered

my message: "Mr Allen's compliments, and he will be much obliged if Mr Turner will kindly touch the figures in the proof, as they are obscure, and one looks as though it has its head under its arm." Turner did not even look round, but growled, "Very well; put its head under its arm." As it was evident that no further instructions were forthcoming, I departed, taking the proof with me. As I walked along Queen Anne Street, whistling as I went, I heard some one behind me calling, "Hi, boy! hi!" I took no notice at first, not thinking that I was the person intended, and the call was repeated. Then I heard the *flip-flop, flip-flop*, of down-at-heel slippers; and turning round, I beheld Turner, hatless and in dressing-gown and slippers, running after me. He motioned with his arm, and said abruptly, "Come back." Of course I obeyed, and on reaching the studio he took the proof from me and made the suggested alteration; with the result that, whatever its attitude may be in the original picture, in the print the figure in question did not appear with "its head under its arm," thus showing that Mr Turner was not by any means insensible to the value of public opinion.'

My father died some years ago; but I have so often heard this little anecdote that I can guarantee its accuracy; and those who knew the great painter will no doubt recognise in it his well-known characteristics. The point on which I am not clear is, which of the artist's pictures does this refer to? I fancy it was 'Dido and Æneas leaving Carthage.'



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE BIG SNOW.

By HALLIDAY ROGERS, Author of *Meggotsbrae*.



THE snow seldom lies long on the Island except in the deep clefts and ravines among the hills. Lachlan Donuil, the schoolmaster, gave the credit for this arrangement of Nature to the Gulf Stream; but half-heartedly, for there was nobody to dispute the point. Even Angus M'Tavish, who brought the letters across the Sound on the Wednesdays, and lived half his life on the Island, and half on another island, without a capital letter, would not be drawn into an argument on the subject. It was disappointing in a man on whose friendship Lachlan had learned to count. Never before had he failed with a gratifying opposition.

'It will not be two days that the road will be blocked, Angus M'Tavish,' he said as he stood by the gap in the dike, where already the outlines of the loose stones were lost beneath the curves of the snowdrift. 'And you will give the minister-lad his letter. It is not the way on this Island to keep another man's letters in your pouch.'

'You have no right to say such a word to me, Lachlan Donuil,' retorted Angus hotly. 'I keep no man's letters. But the morn will be the lad's wedding-day, and'—

'Can you tell me when the snow lay on this Island for two whole days, so that a brave lad could not win through it to his wedding?' demanded Lachlan, with dignified displeasure. 'I have told you the reason of it many times, and I have shown you the map on my wall. Is it the Atlantic Ocean that is to be blocked with your bit half-peck of snow, that the Island is to be left without a wash of tempered water? You may fail in your letter-carrying, Angus M'Tavish; but the works of Nature are not like you. It is as a man of science that I tell you the road will not be blocked the morn.'

There was no reply. The flutter of snowflakes which had danced between them at first had

thickened to an opaque screen and hidden them from each other.

'Do you hear me, Angus M'Tavish?' cried Lachlan, taking a few steps towards the spot where his friend had stood. It vexed him to be left without an answer; but Angus had vanished in the silence of the snow.

Lachlan trudged home, his massive outlines picked out with white, his steaming breath melting the snowflakes on his beard. He set upon the table his rickety globe and the paper-covered part of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* which contains 'Gulf Stream,' and spent the day in study and research.

Angus M'Tavish plunged across the corner of the moor towards the manse. Yesterday's snowfall lay untrodden; but he would not go round by the road. He took the nearest way, for his heart was hot with indignation.

'That I would keep back a man's letters!' he muttered wrathfully. 'Will Lachlan Donuil take every man for a rascal that has no heed for his Gulf Stream and his nonsense? Yet it is a pity for the lad, and the morn his wedding-day. For a Ross is aye a leal friend, and he will go.'

A cheery voice hailed him from the manse door.

'Man, Angus, this is terrible weather. Come in to the fire with your news.'

Angus stamped upon the doorstep and shook the snow from the folds of his plaid.

'It is very kind you are, Mr Ross,' he said; 'but I am not for a house where a bride will be coming the morn. And the new carpet from Glasgow, too.'

'Never mind the carpet, Angus; or, rather, come in and tell me what you think of it.'

Angus was gratified, and stepped in gingerly—embarrassed, not by shyness, an evil unknown to the male Islander, but by the burden of his message. It seemed a cruel thing to give this letter to a lad in such high spirits, so blithe and

pleasant, and whose wedding-day was the morrow. But he had been wounded to the quick. His pride smarted keenly. He would give the minister his letter on the instant; but Lachlan was less his friend from that day.

Ian read his letter with a flush and a glow. 'Angus,' he cried, 'you know whom this is from?'

'I'm thinking it will be from young Dugald Campbell,' replied Angus. 'He will be home from the wars with his wound, and will be wearying to see you.'

'But did he give you the letter himself, Angus? He wants me to go at once. Did he know about—to-morrow?'

'I have not seen him at all, Mr Ross. It was the wee laddie that came down to the boat with the letter to bring with the post-letters from the land, and he said his faither was blithe to see the lad again; but his mother will be greeting for fear he had come home to his death. He will be gey ill, Mr Ross, with his wound.'

'I will go now,' said Ian, calculating miles and hours, 'and get there in the afternoon. It will be heavy walking; but the snow will not last much longer.'

'Well,' said Angus, 'it is a brave man you are, whatever. Dugald Campbell, I have great fear, is about to die; but the morn is your wedding-day. If the snow does not stop, the road will be blocked this night, and what will Miss Shiela say?'

Ian stiffened with the Island pride.

'Will Dugald Campbell, my oldest friend, come home from the war with a wound, and send me a letter, and I not go because it snows? What would you think of your minister, Angus M'Tavish?'

Angus was satisfied. He would not have been so otherwise. But he knew better than Ian himself the danger of the snow.

Shiela's father was not satisfied, however, when Ian tapped at the window in passing to explain his errand. The old minister, too, was an Islander, and his sensitive pride detected a suggestion of disrespect to his daughter in this willingness to run risks. He opened the window a grudging two inches and spoke with much dignity through the aperture.

'I have a great admiration for your courage, Mr Ross,' he said. 'It is a fine thing to be so brave that you will risk your wedding to pleasure the son of a poor fisherman. It will not please me to have a man not care for his duty to his friends.'

Shiela entered the room in the midst of her father's ceremonious sentences.

'It is like Pyramus and Thisbe you are,' she cried gaily. 'Open the window wider, father, and Ian will jump in.'

'Ian Ross will have other engagements to-day,' said Mr M'Donald frigidly.

Shiela glanced at her father and came forward to the window.

'Where are you for, Ian?' she asked.

He gave her Dugald's letter.

'What do you think?' he asked.

'That you will go,' she said, 'and stay all night, and come back by daylight in the morning. You will not try to come back to-night, Ian.'

'And if he is not able to come in the morning we shall have no wedding,' said Mr M'Donald in high wrath. 'Och! it is only his wedding. It can wait.'

'Ay, father, as you say, it can wait. Ian will not be the better husband for being a false friend,' said Shiela simply.—'But you will not be late for your wedding, Ian Ross?' she added.

He laughed a laugh that melted the old man's frosty displeasure.

'Well, Ian Ross, I will keep my promise, and it is at two o'clock to-morrow that I will marry you two, and not at any other hour whatever.'

'Very well,' said Ian, looking at Shiela. 'Good-bye till to-morrow at two.'

The Island is close on five miles long from Uig Head in the north where Campbell had his croft to the cliffs in the south beyond the clachan. In breadth it is a mere strip, piled up heavily on the west with tumbled hills, which fling great rocks and precipices out into the Atlantic. Between the hills and the low-lying eastern shore there is only a stretch of peat-moor sinking into bogs about the hill-foots and outlined by the road which runs by the sea.

The snow was thicker than ever, and at the one or two places where the level shore suddenly throws up a bluff and runs out in a rocky headland to the Sound, leaving the road to take its own direct way through deep-cut gullies, Ian found himself struggling through drifts already three or four feet deep. He could see nothing, blinded by the swirling snow. It might as well have been midnight—only the darkness was white. Yet he enjoyed it. The adventure had a romantic flavour which suited him. To cross the Island in the blinding storm to grasp the hand of a friend sore wounded from the war, and then to fight his way back through snow and wind to Shiela and his wedding—that was a man's work, and his heart exulted in it.

After all, he could keep the road, and that was enough, for it ended, as he knew well, right in Dugald Campbell's kailyard. When he struck his foot against the seaward dike he knew he was at his journey's end. A shout brought Mrs Campbell to the window with ejaculations of astonishment, and Campbell himself to the door, admitting a drive of snow and wind along with Ian's white-clad form. The collic leapt upon him in a tumultuous welcome; while Campbell put his



shoulder to the door to force it shut, so fiercely did the gust from the sea beat upon it.

Ian stepped into the cosy kitchen, odorous of peat-reek, and in the box-bed beyond the fireplace he saw a skinny, weather-tanned face and a pair of eyes alight with welcome. He took in his healthy grasp the three skeleton fingers that were all the returned warrior had brought home.

'Ian Ross,' said the wraith, 'it is glad I am to see you again.'

'And I am glad to see you also, Dugald Campbell.'

A pause, and then the flood of talk broke out, half in Gaelic, half in English, with a fire and a tenderness and an ease of outspoken love never heard south of the Highland line.

All the evening and a great part of the night the talk went on. All the evening and all the night the snow kept falling, and the gusts from the sea beat upon the house. Ian woke on his wedding morning to find the window banked half-way up with snow, and nothing visible above but a swirl of gray atoms. Dugald came in from a reconnaissance just as Ian was buckling his leggings, and reported that the road was impassable—was, in fact, obliterated. The shore was swept bare, but the rocky bluffs barred the way. The nearest of them, known as the Craig Dhu, is on its northern side a mere precipice unscalable in the best of weather by any but the most skilful.

Ian spoke of sailing; but Campbell's boat was moored at the Uichullas, and M'Tavish had taken his to the clachan-end. There was nothing for it but the moor; and with a stout heart Ian faced it. Let him but avoid the bogs and he was safe. The snow, too, might slacken at any moment, and then there would be no danger to fear, only the trifling fatigue of five miles' heavy walking.

The going was easy at first, for the wind had swept the north end of the Island fairly clear, and for the moment the snow was falling softly. He could even feel the turf beneath his feet now and then; and he strode on merrily, laughing at the anxiety of his setting out and planning to reach home in time to make a broad and easy pathway from his manse to M'Donald's. Neil M'Tavish and the rest of the bairns would keep it clear till the wedding was over, and Shiela need not so much as soil her shoes in her home-going. The thought of it kept his brain busy, and he did not observe that the wind was rising again and the dance of the snowflakes getting madder. A sudden dash of cold upon his bent neck roused him; he looked up, and felt himself grow giddy at the sight. They rushed past him from behind, and whirled about before his face, and dazzled and confused him. He had no idea where he was; scarcely could he see the next step, so thick was the driving snow. He drew his plaid more closely about him, and guided him-

self by the wind. It blew from the north, with just a point of east; and he lay back against it, striding on with half-closed eyes. He had a dim sense that he must feel the bite of it on his left ear and not his right. For the rest he was an automaton.

Suddenly he was startled into intelligence by the crunch of shingle beneath his feet. The snow was only a couple of inches deep; and as he glanced at the sole of his boot he saw that the clinging patches of white were tinged with yellow. He was on the seashore. A few steps farther, and a gray tongue of water stole from beneath the opaque swirl and licked his feet. He woke to a sense of the noise of tumbling breakers. It was a sound always in the Islander's ears. Those who had heard it for a lifetime would have been as if deaf without it; but it varied in tone, and if he had been alert he would have observed, even through the shrieking of the wind, that it was nearer than it ought to be.

Well, there was no harm done. He must be well on his way after all these hours of trudging, past all the headlands, with a clear stretch of beach between him and the clachan. It was easier walking on the shore, and he could not miss the way with that wavy line of seaweed at his feet. Now and then a quick rush of surge would push the line an inch higher up the strand; and he remembered that it was full-tide to-day at two o'clock. Two o'clock! He had been getting dreamy again; but surely something was to happen at two o'clock. He walked many steps before he could remember.

'You will not be late for your wedding, Ian Ross?' a voice said in his ear, and a fresh access of strength came to him at the sound of it. Be late for his wedding? No, he would not.

It was easy walking, and he sang aloud as he went. He leapt aside with a laugh when the water made sudden rushes at his feet. He could not hear his own singing; but he was tempted to it by the boom of the breakers and the scream of the wind in his ears. Sometimes he caught a note faintly, as if from far away. His blood was brisk in his veins again. He was getting near home.

He flung up his head joyously, and his singing stopped upon an unfinished semiquaver. The flying screen of snow no longer danced in an interminable grayness between him and the sky. It was white all through—pure white—and behind it loomed blackness. It was the Craig Dhu.

His foot struck a boulder and he stumbled. A wave ran in haste, and splashed upon the boulder and wet him. The chill struck deep and the blitheness died out of his eyes. He shivered as he turned his back to the wind and lifted the folds of his plaid to look at his watch. It had stopped at half-past ten. He sat down on the boulder with the snow fluttering round his shoulders, the sea creeping up about his feet and

the Black Crag towering overhead, two hundred feet of sheer cliff. Half-past ten, and how much more he knew not! And his wedding was at two.

'You will not be late for your wedding, Ian Ross?' said the voice in his ear again. It struck him like a whip. He started up, and a huge hurry took possession of him. He ran inland, stumbling over boulders, and staggering in the drifts piled up at the foot of the cliff. The stopping of his watch had unnerved him more than the bewilderment of the snow. If only he knew the time! Perhaps it was two o'clock now, and she was looking from the window in her wedding finery, with a shadow of disappointment in her eyes: 'Surely it is not late for his wedding that Ian will be.'

When had he ever known the Craig Dhu to reach so far out? He laboured more and more in his running, for as he left the shore the drifts grew deeper. The wind caught him on the side now, and whipped his cheek, and drove the snow into his ear. He heard uncanny sounds. The snowflakes tickled and tormented him, and he grew angry. They were demons sent to sting him into fury, to dance before him, and entangle him, and hinder him when all his heart was hot with haste. The persistence of the thing was maddening; the very lightness of it was an offence. If he could have fought his foe and throttled it, and flung it behind him as he ran, it might have satisfied him. Impotently he dashed away a flake that settled on his arm, and while he did it another fluttered lightly into its place. Outside he heard the sounds of the sea and the wind. Close around him there was only the silence and the softness and the ceaseless whirl.

All at once his brain reeled; he flung out his arms with a cry, and suddenly his feet went from him, and he plunged deep in a soft wreath of snow. The flakes paused not an instant, but fluttered down upon him as he lay. Half-an-hour and they would fill the grave. He lay still, and let them do it. They were so soft, so frail, so white, so light-hearted, and so merciless. These are the things that conquer a man.

'My lass,' the old minister was saying, 'I doubt it will not be the day there will be a wedding. You will not be wanting your lad to cross the moor this day. But he is a good lad, Ian, and when he comes you will take him. Put away your gown, my lass, until another day.'

But she put nothing away.

'You will be ready to marry us at two, father,' she said. 'It is not late for his wedding that Ian will be.'

Lachlan Donuil was on the wharf earnestly looking for a slackening of the storm. It was a sore day for all the Island, for delayed weddings are of ill omen, and Miss Shiela and her minister-

lad were dear to them. Lachlan was bitter, too, on his own account, for he was discredited as a man of science. He had trusted in the Gulf Stream, and it had played him false. He stood mournfully upon the wharf.

Somebody jostled him in the white darkness.

'What about your Gulf Stream now?' said Angus M'Tavish, and slouched past him to the wharf-end. His heart, too, was bitter that day, for he loved the lad, yet he had given him the letter and encouraged him to go. Therefore he taunted Lachlan about the Gulf Stream.

Lachlan went back to his house and read (in a simplified edition) Livy's account of Hannibal's crossing the Alps. Angus dropped into his boat, and some shaggy silent thing tumbled in after him. He rowed out alone into the Sound. Angus and his boat were one soul together—a kind of centaur of the sea.

How he found his way and kept himself afloat nobody ever knew or asked; but he had moored his boat by the southern, and accessible, side of the Black Crag, and was making his way along the cliff-top just when Ian was plunging in a frenzy two hundred feet below. The whole Island might have been between them for all they could see or hear of each other. On that day the sweep of an arm enclosed a solitude.

Angus understood the snow, for he had faced it in his youth among the inland hills; and he had thought things all out as he lay awake through the long night: the start in the morning from Campbell's shielding, the walk across the moor before the gale, the instinctive cast to the left accentuated by the need of taking a point from the direction of the wind, the stumble on to the shore somewhere north of the Black Crag, the effort to reach the moor again, and then the heavy snowdrift in the gully. Then he went to look for the lad. He saw nothing, but clambered among the rocks to where the mass sank in broken boulders towards the road.

'That way, lad, that way,' he said to the dog as he climbed carefully downwards. He had his wits about him, and did not slip. It was not his wedding-day, and his watch had not stopped; but his blood gave a leap when he heard the dog barking and whining not half-a-dozen yards away. Three bounds and he was there.

The snowflakes had not had their half-hour, and Ian was scarcely covered. He heard the dog barking and Angus shouting in his ear, yet he would not be moved. He felt so warm and comfortable and drowsy. There is no covering so downy as snow, no bed where sleep comes so sweetly.

'Mr Ross,' cried Angus in despair, 'you must rescue yourself.'

Ian heard, but took no notice.

The dog barked in his ear and worried his plaid with his teeth. Ian felt the cold air about him, and cowered into his nest like a schoolboy

refusing to be roused in the morning. Angus was struggling neck-deep in the drift himself, but by a chance plunge he secured a foothold on a hidden boulder. He stood still a moment considering. Unconsciously he spoke his thoughts aloud:

'It is late for your wedding you will be, Ian Ross.'

Ian heard the words afar off. They entered slowly into his brain and rested there. He heard them lingeringly. Gradually their tone changed, and they began to have a meaning. It was Shiela speaking! With a sudden cry of misery he flung himself to his feet, struggling blindly with the snow. Angus seized his plaid, his hand, his collar, and dragged him up beside him. Ian leant upon him trembling.

Angus had his flask of cordial ready, and poured the spirit into his mouth.

'Ay, you will be a great teetotaler,' he muttered under his breath; 'but I am not asking your leave.' Aloud he added: 'You will be a good fighter, Mr. Ross. Think ye you can win the cliff-top?'

The unaccustomed spirit set Ian's pulses flying. The eagerness was upon him again. He could climb anywhere now. They flung themselves upon the smooth face of the snow, already only softly indented where Angus had broken into it in his descent. Ian's grave was already a rounded cradle. Without pause and without impatience the snowflakes were covering up their failure. Half-an-hour after, the drift lay smooth and white. There might have been a dead man at

its heart. Just so smooth and white would it have lain even then.

There was a triumphant look about the corners of Angus's mouth as they reached the boat moored on the lee side of the Craig Dhu.

'You will take the oars, Ian Ross,' he said, 'and you will row for your life.'

Ian had the strength of ten just then, and Angus knew better than to let him sit idle. He took the tiller himself. That was not a post for a frenzied man.

Ian dared not ask the time; he dared not think of Shiela. He spoke not a word; he lifted not an eye. He set his teeth tight and rowed.

Angus too was silent and intent. This contest with the waters was his keenest joy.

It was only a little way, but it took them two hours. Not till they reached the clachan wharf and staggered across to the road did Angus look at his watch.

'Ian Ross,' he said sharply, 'can ye run?'

They ran up the road together. Ian's head and heart were throbbing, but there was a smile gathering about his lips. They ran to the M'Donalds' door; they ran through the passage; they ran into the study, where Shiela stood waiting in her wedding-gown. Then Ian checked himself, and as Angus slipped from him his drenched plaid, he stepped with dignity to his place on M'Donald's right.

The clock on the chimney-piece struck two.

'I am not late for my wedding, Shiela M'Donald,' he said.

## PARADOXES IN HEAT AND COLD.



RUTH is proverbially paradoxical; but nowhere, perhaps, does paradox more abound than in the science of heat. In those thrilling accounts of whale-fishery and shipwreck in Arctic regions, so dear to the childish mind, occurred perhaps our first introduction to the paradoxical relations of heat and cold; for we used to read there how the shipwrecked and ice-bound mariners dared not touch the *intensely cold* iron nails with unprotected hands for fear of *burning* their fingers. In other words, we learned that intense *cold* produces a similar sensation and effect to intense *heat*.

Then, as we grew more familiar with the subject, fresh paradoxes were sprung upon us. Thus, in our student days we learned how water can be boiled by cooling it. Boil some water in a glass vessel, we were told, not quite full. Cork it while boiling, and remove it to a cool place. It has ceased boiling, and the upper part of the vessel is filled with water-vapour. Now

take a sponge full of ice-cold water, and apply it to the outside of the glass vessel. The water inside will begin to boil. The explanation is, that the application of the cold has condensed the water-vapour, and thus lowered the pressure on the water; and as the temperature at which water boils is lower when the pressure is less, it recommences ebullition.

Then there is the familiar three-basin trick, in one of which the water feels hot and cold at the same time. Arrange three basins of water, one nearly as hot as the hand can bear it, the second ice-cold, and the third lukewarm. Keep one hand in the first and another in the second for a short time. Then take both out and plunge them into the third. The water in it will feel quite cold to the hand which has been in hot water, and hot to the one which has been in the cold.

Next there is the so-called spheroidal state, or caloric paradox. If a drop of water be placed on a red-hot metal plate it does not boil, but evaporates slowly and quietly, as if under the



most gentle heat. As it passes away into vapour it rolls about on the plate, but never comes into actual contact with it, being kept from it by a thin layer of vapour. This intervening vapour is supposed to keep it from rapid boiling. By means of this curious property M. Boutigny was able to freeze water on a white-hot platinum capsule. He poured some liquid sulphurous acid on the hot platinum, and as it evaporated slowly, in the spheroidal state, some water was poured into it and instantly frozen. But this paradox has been carried still further, and a drop of liquid in the spheroidal state on a red-hot plate has been made to freeze mercury, which usually requires the cold of the Arctic regions to reduce it to the solid state. This was accomplished by Mr Faraday, who, by pouring some ether and solid carbon dioxide on to a red-hot platinum capsule, formed a spheroidal mass which evaporated very slowly and froze some mercury brought into contact with it.

Professor Dewar's experiments in liquefying air have furnished some fresh and interesting paradoxes. He has shown us, for example, how snow can be produced by burning hydrogen. We know that if a jet of hydrogen be burned in air water-vapour is produced. If, however, it is burned under liquid oxygen, the intense cold of the latter reduces it to the condition of snow. Thus we have snow produced by burning; and if graphite or diamond be properly ignited, and allowed to burn on the surface of the liquid oxygen, the product is snow-white, solid carbonic acid gas. We have the further paradox of boiling air being used as a cooling agent of enormous power. Professor Dewar has so used it in liquefying hydrogen; and in boiling hydrogen we have the most powerful cooling agent known.

Another interesting paradox in the subject of heat has been brought to light by a Dr Reinitzer of Prague. It is perhaps more interesting and wonderful to the student of science, who is in a position to appreciate better its departure from the normal than the general reader. This is the phenomenon of two melting-points. The general rule, of course, is that every solid which melts on the application of heat does so at one definite and fixed temperature—its melting-point. Ice, for example, becomes water at 32 degrees Fahrenheit; and crystals in melting lose their properties as crystals. But Dr Reinitzer found that a certain substance, known to chemists under the name of benzoate of cholesteryl, and quite unknown by any name whatever to any one else, had two distinct melting-points: at 145 degrees it melts to a dull liquid, retaining the optical properties of the crystal, and at the higher temperature of 178 degrees to a clear liquid, losing these optical properties. Another substance, azoxyphenol, equally unknown 'to the general,' melts

at 134 degrees to a liquid retaining the shape and properties of the crystal, and at 165 degrees becomes an ordinary liquid. The remarkable point, of course, is that while most crystalline bodies lose their shape and optical properties when they begin to melt, these retain them, though liquid, till their second and higher melting-point is reached. At their first melting-point they are known under the paradoxical title of 'liquid crystals.'

Passing from the experiments of the laboratory to the phenomena of nature, we find that paradoxes are not wanting. Iceland, for example, is a paradoxical land—it might almost as justly have been called Fireland, for there frost and fire are strangely mingled. The lofty mountains, towering skywards, are clad with snow-fields and glaciers, yet at the same time send forth fire and steam and molten rock. At times the eruption, bursting forth suddenly, melts the ice and snow on the mountain-sides, and great floods rush down into the valleys. On the cooled surface of the lava-flow ice and snow accumulate, and then perhaps a new flow of lava covers up the ice without melting it. The ice is thus shut up as in a great natural ice-house, and may be so preserved for thousands of years. Dr Geikie mentions a case in which a layer of ice occurs between two beds of lava in a geological section. The antiquity of such a bed of ice is to be measured in thousands and tens of thousands of years. On a smaller scale is the famous Eis-hohle, a natural ice-house, not far from Casselburg in the Eifel. There on the hottest day in summer ice is to be found. This ice is famous, and was always served at the table of the Elector of Cologne. And if in northern Iceland we have a paradoxical approximation of heat and cold, it is not otherwise in the far south; for in the Antarctic regions Mount Erebus sends forth its fiery torrents, and the hot stream which rushes aloft falls as snow on the leeward side of the mountain.

In New Zealand, again, glaciers come down and deposit their loads of stone and mud in the midst of a subtropical vegetation; and on some of the glacier ice of Mount St Elias forests are growing. Gravel and sand have been deposited on the ice, and on this trees have taken root and grown. Thus we have the paradox of a forest growing on the ice. The well-known 'Jardin' of the Alps, again, is a little island-rock in the midst of a huge glacier, and is covered in summer-time with grass and gay flowers. The Peary relief-party, when exploring Greenland, came across what they have called a fossil glacier. They were ascending, as they thought, a lofty mountain peak, the greater part of which was covered with a thick growth of bright-green moss, with intervals of large spreads of loose stones. As they climbed they were made aware—by falling through the covering of moss—that

they were traversing a great mass of ice! In other parts, as in Escholtz Bay, on the eastern side of Behring Strait, the sea-cliffs are of ice topped by their layer of soil, with grass and other plants growing on the surface. Cliffs of ice and river-mud occur in northern Siberia near the mouths of the great rivers. It was in such a cliff at the mouth of the Lena that the frozen body of an extinct animal—the mammoth—was found. Buried there for thousands of years, the flesh was yet fresh enough to be devoured by dogs, wolves, and bears when it fell out of the cliff. The skeleton and parts of the skin are now preserved in the museum of St Petersburg.

The freezing of water is another paradox, none the less interesting because it is common and well known. Most substances obey the general law of contracting with cold and expanding with heat, and water conforms by growing denser until a temperature of 4 degrees centigrade is reached. Then, in the act of freezing, it suddenly expands and grows lighter. As a result, when a lake cools down the cooler water *sinks* until the temperature of greatest density is reached; but on freezing it becomes lighter, and so remains on the top. If it were not for this paradoxical exception to the usual law of cooling, a lake would speedily become a solid mass of ice, and life in it would be no longer possible. Beneath the protecting coat of ice, fish and other creatures live comfortably till the return of warmth. In one sheet of water in

Finland—Lake Enare, which teems with fish—the water is ice-covered for ten months of the year.

Perhaps the most notable of all natural paradoxes in heat and cold is one which occurs in Greenland. The short warm summer in this country, with its bright flowers and abundant animal life, following its long, dark, and bitter winter, is in itself something of a paradox. But there are stranger anomalies than this. Sometimes in the very middle of winter—perhaps in January and February—a warm wind will blow down from the snow-clad mountains, melting the ice and snow and producing extensive thaws. This may continue for several days. It is similar to the well-known Föhn wind in Switzerland, which comes down from the snow-covered Alps, melting the snow on an extensive scale. In the north-west of the United States a similar wind is known as the Chinook. But the warm wind of Greenland causes stranger contrasts than either of these. In the most northern settlements of that country these winds have been known to raise the temperature from its dismal position deep below zero to 42 degrees Fahrenheit; and it is recorded that for eight days together, during the long Arctic night in November and December 1875, it was warmer at Jakobshaven (latitude 69 degrees 20 minutes) than in northern Italy; while for part of the time Upernivik, though in continuous winter darkness, was warmer than the south of France!

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER XII.—I GET MARCHING ORDERS MYSELF.



**F** my expedition to Epping I will give few details, for it led to nothing. I came up to the Forest as day was breaking, and hired a countryman, whom I saw at work plashing a hedge, to guide me. He proved a good, honest fellow, well acquainted with every gypsy lair in the Forest—for it seems they have regular camping-places there; and upon promise of a guinea—at which his eyes shone, for the money seemed a little fortune to him—he led me very faithfully to every likely spot. He made inquiries, too, of all sorts of people, and towards midday brought me word from a little cottage that a party consisting of two men and three women had been seen very early that morning making great speed down a lane which passed the house and led towards London.

By this time we had drawn every cover blank, and my guide professed himself unable to point out any other lurking-place of the people whom we sought. I believed him, and thought for a moment; then I decided to return to London, and have an eye kept on Kesgrave's movements.

It was certain he had known something of Cicely, and might know something now. I had fixed, also, on the man to watch him. Jan Torr was in London; he had coolly stopped me in the street two days before, and begged of me, and received something before I had known him, so cleverly was he disguised. He would be the very fellow to employ.

It was now many hours since the party spoken of had passed; and, even were they the people I sought, to track them was impossible. A gypsy knows the country as scarce any other man knows it, and leaves no more trail than an otter in a river. My guide led me to the nearest main road for London, and I took leave of him, and stepped out at a round pace.

I had scarce gone half a mile when an empty carriage returning to town rattled up behind me. I stopped it, struck a bargain with the driver, and—the cattle being good—was carried back to the City to an inn where the carriage stood. From this place I walked straight to my lodgings, and had scarce entered the door when Tom Torr, my man, who was on the watch for me, thrust

a letter into my hand and begged me to read it at once. The honest fellow was as white as if he had seen a ghost; and, to my surprise, I saw a lad from Whitmead standing a little farther down the passage. He was in my service—Jim Quance, the grandson of William Quance, my old butler.

I glanced at the superscription of the letter, and saw that it was in the old man's handwriting. I broke the seal and read:

'HONoured SIR,—I write to inform you that a dreadful accident has happened. The Thorne lads became careless, and did not keep close enough in hiding, and have been taken. It was thought that they had been stowed there by Jasper Tibbatts, whose farm lies next thereby. But he, to save himself, declared they had been placed so by you; for this the Thornes had told him. And now warrants are out to seize you. It is known you are in London, and there are folk already on the road to take you. This will be brought you by Jim. I shall mount him on a good horse, and start him for Andover, whereby I trust you will receive this in good time. Fly, fly, my dear master, and save yourself. Look not for mercy. Here is nothing but folks hanged, their bodies torn in pieces, and set up at every turn. The other nest is now empty. The birds are flown, and are, I believe, safe. Fly at once. I have spoken with Sir Humphrey, and he says you have bitter enemies.—Your faithful servant,

'WILLIAM QUANCE.'

I gave a cry of vexation as I found how matters stood. Here was I hot upon the trail of Cicely, and yet must fly to save my own neck. I knew well that if I were taken my death was certain. The bloody tales which poured up from the west made that as sure as mortal thing could be. Well, first of all, how much time had I?

'Now, Jim,' said I, 'when did you start?'

'Last night, sir,' he replied, 'just after dark.'

I stared at him in surprise. He had lost no time on his errand.

'Well done, Jim!' said I, and patted his shoulder. 'Good indeed. Then I am in no immediate danger. But how did you compass it?'

I looked at him closer, and saw that he was trembling. The light in the passage was poor, and I drew him into the parlour where I sat. He was a lean, hard, wiry lad, but his face was gray with fatigue and exhaustion. I filled out a glass of wine, and he drank it. I called to Tom to bring food, and asked why he had not been attended to before. I was told that he had come in but the very instant I arrived. I wanted him to rest and eat before he told his story; but the wine had revived him, and he would tell all he knew upon the instant. His story was this: that the post carrying the warrant for my apprehension started out about an hour before he did; so much he had learned from a gentleman, a friend

of mine, anxious for my escape, and who, meeting him upon the road, had suspected his errand and bidden him ride, ride. The post had taken the usual road through Winchester. He, well mounted, a light weight, and an excellent horseman, had ridden for Andover, and then through Basingstoke. He had left Whitmead about half-past seven in the evening, and by three the next morning had travelled sixty miles without changing horse. This brought him to a farmhouse near Wokingham, where old William Quance had friends, and Jim carried a letter from his grandfather to them. Here he left his horse, and staying only to snatch a morsel of meat and drink, had pushed northwards on a borrowed horse up to the west road. On reaching the main highway he had ridden post, hiring at every stage, and sending the cattle along full tilt. In this fashion he had made the journey at wonderful speed, and for a certainty had outridden the folks on the Winchester road by many an hour.

I thanked and rewarded him for the great service he had rendered me, then set myself to a careful conning of the case in which I stood.

I was resolved not to leave London, and in a short time I had beaten out a plan I considered worth trying. I would send Tom Torr abroad in my place, with Jim in attendance on him; and I would stay behind to search for Cicely. I gave some directions to Tom, changed my clothes for a better suit, and went out instantly.

I visited several shops where I was well known, bought several things suitable for a journey, and ordered them to be sent home at once, as I departed for abroad that same day. I met two or three friends, and made my adieux to them. I went into Old Man's Coffee-house in the Tilt Yard, where I was well known, and announced my intention to a knot of acquaintances, listening gravely to a boy who was reading aloud a newsletter to them. The news the boy was piping out—namely, that such a number of rebels had been hanged, quartered, and the fragments of their carcasses dipped in boiling pitch and exposed in this place, and such a number again in another place—quickened my steps, and I returned towards my lodgings. Jim had made such speed that I knew that the post with the warrants could not be in London before late evening, and like enough the next morning; but, for all that, my head seemed to sit uneasily on my shoulders, and I was quite willing to push matters along more sharply still.

As I approached the door a ragged, miserable-looking object shuffled up from the other side, touched the brim of his broken hat, and met my eye with a merry smile. It was Jan Torr, of whom I had sent his brother in search before I departed to air the news of my leaving London.

'Jan,' said I, glancing round to be sure no one could overhear me, 'where do you live?'



He told me. I knew the street—a narrow lane running by the Fleet ditch.

'Ay, ay,' said I. 'Now you must be on the watch just beyond Temple Bar to-night as soon as it grows dark, and wait until I come to you. I look to your cunning to provide me with such disguise as will enable me to lurk about London with safety.'

Jan rubbed his hands, grinned, and nodded. 'Never fear, Master George,' said he, 'you could put yourself in no better hands;' and, having received a few more instructions, he limped away, his limp being in character, for he had no blemish on him.

I went into the house, and found Tom Torr packing my mails. He glanced up without stopping his busy fingers, and whispered, 'There's a ship to serve your turn to a wonder, sir—a Dutch brig bound for Rotterdam. She sails with the tide to-night at seven from a wharf below the Tower; and, thank God! there's a fair west wind. She'll be out of the Thames long before there's thought of searching this place for you.'

'Good, Tom,' said I. 'Go on with your packing and listen to me.'

I unfolded my plan, and told him what I wished him to do. He was a keen fellow, and I was quite confident he could carry out the part I assigned to him.

At six o'clock that evening I left my lodgings with Tom in attendance upon me. Jim Quance had already been sent away, and was waiting to join us on the road. My landlord bowed me politely from the door, assuring me again and again that my horses should be well cared for till my return; for I had bidden him keep them, as I should hire abroad. A porter had been despatched an hour since with the baggage to the ship. The evening was dull and drizzling, and I wore my roquelaure. Tom also was muffled in a long gray cloak; and I fancy the landlord would have been more than a little surprised could he have peeped beneath it, for Tom was decked out in my handsomest travelling-suit of scarlet, laced with silver. Luckily, he was a big, broad-shouldered fellow; and though he lacked an inch or so both ways of me, yet the clothes did but hang easily upon him, and would never lay him open to suspicion of wearing another man's dress.

I walked at first riverwards as if intending to take boat, but after clearing the neighbourhood of my lodging, went east by the Strand and Fleet Street. At Temple Bar Jim joined us, and walked with Tom. Fifty yards farther a desolate scarecrow, sopped with rain, his miserable rags fluttering in the chill evening breeze, drew across our path and went up a side street. It was Jan, and we followed him at once. Two or three turns through close, filthy alleys landed us in a blind court, and Jan turned on us with a grin. I glanced round, saw that we were safe from observation—indeed, it was almost dark among

the tall blank walls which surrounded us—and stripped off my laced roquelaure. I handed it to Tom, received from him his gray cloak, and we exchanged hats. He was now equipped *cap-à-pie*, and away he went, with Jim at his heels for his servant, to play the gentleman in my stead.

'Fine times these with Tom, Master George,' chuckled the vagrant. 'But come, we'll steal away to my earth, and put you in a safer case if you wish to walk London streets and not look yourself.'

We left the place only to cross the road and plunge into a narrow opening between two houses opposite, and he led me by alleys and courts, and by dirty, winding lanes, to the very heart of the haunts of rascaldom. Here, in a street of tall, old houses, where the kennel stunk vilely and no light was to be seen, he turned in at an open door and began to ascend a common stair. I followed him, with the cloak wrapped close about me and my face muffled; but there seemed no one about, and we quickly reached his room. As soon as I was inside he clapped the door to, shot a bolt, and straightened himself up.

'Here we are, Captain,' he said. 'Now, what's to do?'

'I have concluded, Jan,' said I, 'to dress as a porter and carry a knot. Pray assist me to the clothes.'

'Nothing easier, sir,' replied Jan; 'and a good disguise, too. I will go about it at once.'

He took a piece of string and measured me here and there in a dexterous fashion, then went away, well furnished with money, to make his purchases. I drew the bolt behind him and sat down by a small fire of sea-coal, which burned cheerfully in one corner of the huge rusty grate, and looked about me. The house had once been a residence of high degree, for the room in which I sat was of ample proportions, and the ceiling quaintly moulded with figures of forest animals, wreaths, and festoons, and the window tall and wide. But the hollows of the mouldings were filled with dust and filth, the panes broken and stuffed with rags, the floor uneven and shaky as though the beams were rotten.

In a few minutes I heard Jan tap on the door in the fashion upon which we had agreed, and I admitted him. He produced a bundle of clothes, and I looked at them. I tried on the coat first of all; but it was, as I had suspected, too narrow across the shoulders.

'I'll go fetch another,' said he, and away he went. While he was gone I tried on the other things he had brought, and found I could get into them well enough. Upon his return I was clad in a coarse, woollen shirt, a shag waistcoat, a pair of stout canvas breeches, worsted stockings, and rude, clumsy shoes tied with strong cord.

'Ay, the difference!' cried Jan as he walked in. 'Tis true, Captain, that fine feathers make fine birds. Why, your honour's three parts on

the way of being unbeknown now. Trust me for finishing the job in style. Try this, Master George.'

He handed me a rough, frieze coat intended to be worn in stormy weather above the usual walking-coat, and this cased me easily.

'Now for my share of the play,' said Jan, laughing.

He begged me to sit down again on the block of wood which was the only seat in the place, and drew out a small packet from some corner of his clothes. This he unrolled and took from it a pair of little sharp scissors. I had laid my periwig aside, and my own hair beneath was fairly short. With a few snips he hacked it into clumsy tails and snags, towzled it, so that it looked as if it had never known a comb, then stepped back to survey me with a critical eye. I followed his movements by means of a looking-glass, a piece of a broken mirror, which he had borrowed at the old-clothes dealer's, and which he had put into my hand.

He gave a nod of satisfaction, shuffled his parcel again, and produced a hare's-foot and two or three knots of rag. These, upon being unscrewed, proved to contain certain powders of different colours; and dipping his brush into them, he

proceeded to paint with much skill a great, livid bruise down the right side of my face. It was done wonderfully. When he had finished it, it would have been hard to persuade any one that I had not received a dreadful blow on the cheek, the swelling of which had gone down and the colours come out in all their glory. Next he produced a broad-leaved hat, one flap of which was broken and hung artfully down on the left side.

'Put that on, Master George,' said the triumphant artist, flourishing his hare's-foot; 'and tell me, now, do you know yourself?'

'Indeed I do not, Jan,' I replied, staring with wonder at the figure I cut in the glass. 'You are a magician.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' he replied, doing up his little packets carefully. 'Had I not this magic at command there's many a whipping-post I should have cuddled before now. Many's the time I've gone through a village one man and come back in the afternoon looking another, and talked innocently with the people who were searching for my morning likeness. Now, go where you will, you'll ne'er be known.'

I thanked him and offered him money. But this he obstinately refused to take.

## ROMANCES CONNECTED WITH SONG.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.



WRITERS of songs—that is to say, of the words of songs—have a hard fate. No one ever thinks of them, or, for that matter, of their words either. The one subject of attention is the singer; or, if a thought is bestowed in another direction, it is the composer of the music who is the object of it. We look our programmes and find that 'The Lost Chord' is attributed to Sir Arthur Sullivan, and as for poor Adelaide Procter, she might as well have never written a line. We discuss the origin of 'Home, Sweet Home,' but it is the melody alone with which our discussion is concerned; what care we for John Howard Payne and his painful experiences? We have 'My Pretty Jane' sung to us, and we at once recall—if we are old enough—Mr Sims Reeves, who by his fine renderings of this song has made his own the immortality which should have been shared by the poet and the composer. And so we might go on. What we miss by this exclusiveness of interest only those who have looked into the origin and history of some of our popular songs can tell. Let us take one or two cases by way of illustration.

Supposing we look first at the above-mentioned 'Home, Sweet Home.' There is a fine irony about the authorship of this song which puts a meaning on 'no place like home' very different

from that which is generally accepted. John Howard Payne was all his life a wanderer. He began his career at seventeen as the original 'Boy Hamlet,' and from that time till his death in Tunis he had no home better than a boarding-house, and knew no sweet more wholesome than the bitter-sweet of unsettled bachelorhood. At one time he occupied, as he tells us, a comfortable room that had long been untenanted and unfurnished, with only a bed and a stove, an old washstand, and two chairs each of a different sort. At another time he was fleeing from his country and his creditors. Yet he never lost heart. He could even make fun of his difficulties and distresses in a parody of his famous song:

The postman never raps but a dunning note to bring;  
Each single knock's a bailiff, and a writ comes with  
each ring.

I dare not go home now, but some day I mean to call  
To see if all those duns are still sitting in the hall.

Home! home! I won't go home;

Oh no! however humble, there's no place like my home.

But if Payne had his difficulties, he had his little love-episode too; otherwise we should never have had 'Home, Sweet Home.' Just ten years ago a paragraph was going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that a certain Miss Mary Harden, of Athens, U.S.A., had died, and

that the original manuscript of the celebrated song had been buried with her. This Miss Harden, who was in her seventy-ninth year, was the daughter of a General Harden, of Savannah. When she was still quite young her father was appointed commissioner to treat with the Cherokee Indians; and Payne, who was one of his assistants, met the lady and conceived a passionate attachment for her. Unfortunately, he had no home, 'sweet' or otherwise, to offer her, and the young love-dream was never realised. It was a pity for Payne, as the lady's subsequent history showed. On the death of her father it was found that his affairs were greatly embarrassed, and much of his property lost. She at once set to work to earn her living, and so well had she prospered that at her death she left an estate worth five thousand pounds; and now her remains rest at Athens, with that romantic memento beside her—the manuscript 'interlined with loving expressions which she did not wish to be made public.'

And 'My Pretty Jane'—what of her? She is generally supposed, when any thought is given to her at all, to be purely a fiction of the poet's brain, a creature of imagination all compact. But Jane was a very real personality. When Edward Fitzball was a youth he often took his morning walk in one of the picturesque walled lanes of Burwell, an interesting village with a fine old church about eleven miles from Cambridge. Near one of these lanes 'a farmer did dwell' who had a daughter named Jane. She was a very pretty girl, and the arch manner in which she used to nod to young Fitzball quite carried his heart away. One morning he felt himself to be very hardly smitten, and sitting down in one of his father's fields (for the elder Fitzball was a farmer too) just at the time when 'the bloom is on the rye,' he wrote 'My Pretty Jane.' He says the composition took him exactly ten minutes: that is what inspiration does! Of course it was not likely that he would place much value on an effort that had given him so little trouble, and as a matter of fact 'My Pretty Jane' lay for many years unheeded among other juvenile efforts of the author. By-and-by Fitzball went to London, and was engaged to write songs for Vauxhall Gardens. He thought of 'My Pretty Jane,' and gave the manuscript to Sir Henry Bishop to be set to music. Sir Henry made the music, but thought so little of it that he threw the song into the waste-paper basket. Fitzball, calling one day upon Bishop when the latter was out, found the song, which he handed to the manager of Vauxhall, and it was sung at the Gardens that very night. It ran the whole season, and was the leading encore song for many a day. The 'pretty Jane' who was its heroine, it is said to have to add, died of consumption in the height of her youth and beauty. It is said that Fitzball painted a portrait of her which is now in the possession of his descendants. Such is the

romance connected with a song which is as popular to-day as it was when first heard, more than half-a-century ago. As Fitzball himself says, the unaffected simplicity of the words may give some idea of how little difficulty there sometimes is in pleasing the public—if one always knew the way to accomplish it.

Another real personality that is seldom suspected is associated with the old song of 'Robin Adair.' The hero, in fact, bore that name. When we first hear of him, about a hundred and fifty years ago, he was an impulsive young Irishman studying for the medical profession in Dublin. As medical students sometimes will, he got into a scrape and had to leave the city. He meant to go to London, but on arriving at Holyhead he found that his purse would not pay for the journey by coach, and so he set off on foot. He had not gone far when he came upon an overturned carriage, the owner of which proved to be a well-known lady of fashion. She had received some slight injury, and our medical student proceeded to exercise his art in having her set right. Presently the journey was resumed, Adair having a place in the carriage—for London happened to be the lady's destination as well as Adair's. Arrived in the Metropolis, Adair found himself in possession of a cheque for a hundred guineas and an invitation to visit his fellow-traveller as often as he pleased. With the money thus placed at his disposal he completed his medical studies, and soon acquired an excellent practice.

One night he was at a dance given by his old benefactress, when he met Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. On both sides it was a case of love at first sight, but its course was naturally far from smooth. On the part of the lady's family, the idea of such a *mésalliance* was not to be thought of, and every means was taken to disillusionise her. She was sent abroad, and fell ill. She came home, and Bath was tried. It was all to no purpose:

What's this dull town to me?

Robin's not near.

At last the union was reluctantly consented to; and in the *Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence* those who are interested may to-day read the following chronicle of the event: 'February 22, 1758, Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Hon. the Lady Caroline Keppel.' Shortly after the marriage Adair was made Inspector-General of Military Hospitals; and later on, the king having taken a fancy to him, he was appointed Royal Surgeon-Surgeon and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Adair lived until 1790; but Lady Caroline died many years before, in giving birth to her third child. The son of the union, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855. This, then, is the romance of 'Robin Adair,' written by the disconsolate Lady Caroline when her relatives were



ineffectually endeavouring to subdue her passion by a course of treatment at the 'dull town' of Bath.

The story reminds us of a later incident of the same kind. Lord Arthur Hill's wooing was romantic enough to have one of its episodes embalmed in song. The lady who is now his wife acted at one time in the capacity of companion to his mother. Thinking that a marriage with her would be against his interests, she suddenly disappeared, and it was only with difficulty that he could discover her whereabouts and induce her to reconsider her determination. It is this episode which Lady Hill has commemorated in the song 'In the Gloaming,' which at one period was as much in vogue as 'Grandfather's Clock' or 'Nancy Lee' herself.

And speaking of Bath, that town, dull as Mrs Robin Adair declared it to be, seems to have been famed for its romance in the matter of songs. The well-known lyric of Haynes Bayly, 'Oh no! we never mention her,' is associated with it in rather an interesting way. When Bayly was a student at Oxford he received one day a letter from a young lady at Bath with whom he had some slight acquaintance. The lady's brother, a fellow-student of Bayly, was unwell, and she feared he might be suffering from incipient consumption, which had carried off several members of his family. He had not sent satisfactory accounts of himself; and his sister was now taking the liberty of addressing Mr Bayly to entreat him to tell her his candid opinion of the young man's case. The young man's case proved hopeless; Bayly nursed him like a brother, sat constantly with him, and was with him when he died. Returning to Bath, the poet was overwhelmed by the bereaved family with thanks for his attention, and became a constant visitor at their house. Naturally the sister had to be solaced, and, as 'pity is akin to love,' it was not long before the poet proposed. Unfortunately, like Howard Payne, he had no means for setting up a home of his own, and the result was that the lovers gradually drifted apart. By-and-by the lady gave her hand to a more prosperous suitor. This preyed upon Bayly's spirits so much that his father sent him off on a tour through Scotland to get rid of his melancholy. The cure proved effectual, but not before Bayly had eased his aching heart by writing 'Oh no! we never mention her.' Poor fellow! he died not long after, though certainly not of his disappointment.

The heroine of 'Sally in our Alley' would not

seem to have been a very promising subject for a song which has recently been revived with marked success. The song, which was from the pen of the equally brilliant and unfortunate Henry Carey, was written as the outcome of a day's merrymaking. While wandering one day in the outskirts of London, Carey's attention was attracted by a young working-man and his sweetheart. The young fellow was evidently determined to make the best of his holiday. He took the girl to the various sights in the vicinity, treated her to a boat-ride, then to a turn on the merry-go-round; after which he escorted her to a cheap lunch-house and gave her a treat of bacon and onions, cakes and ale. During the whole course of their outing the two were followed by Carey, who was greatly delighted with the ardent simplicity of the courtship. Returning home, when the activity of the young people proved too much for his endurance, he wrote the famous song, which he shortly afterwards published, as no publisher could be induced to touch it. It was greeted at first with a storm of ridicule. All London roared with laughter at the idea of a man making a song on such a subject. It was pronounced low, coarse, and vulgar, and Carey was denominated the 'Alley Poet.' He was, in fact, thrown into despair, and vowed that he would write no more. He did not keep his vow. Nor was there any need of his doing so, for he lived to see his song make its way into the best society, and had the satisfaction of knowing that it had been sung at a Court concert.

One of Mr Milton Wellings' most successful songs, 'Some Day,' was written under circumstances perhaps more painful than romantic. His wife was out yachting with some friends, and it was rumoured that the vessel had met with an accident at sea. Being naturally most anxious to ascertain the truth of this report, he at once telegraphed to Cowes, Isle of Wight, whither he knew his wife had gone, but received no reply. He telegraphed again, but still no reply. Eventually it became too late to telegraph any more that day, and Mr Wellings sat up all night, in the utmost agony of mind, awaiting the reply which never came. During this time of terrible suspense he by chance picked up the words of 'Some Day,' which had been lying on his table for weeks, and he was so struck by the line 'Or are you dead, or do you live?' that the melody forced itself through his mind at once, and the song which everybody has heard sprang into existence.



## A BEGGAR WHO CHOSE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

**T**HE second summer at Pittendrevie passed uneventfully. Mrs Anthony Erskine invited herself for a week when she wished an inexpensive change of air, and passed the greater part of her visit, which took place during wet weather, in expatiating on her ability to manage so much more economically in her relatives' circumstances than they succeeded in doing, and in arguing that a third of their income at least ought to be saved, living as they did.

The Mining Exhibition opened at Earl's Court, and in July Leven went to London for a week, leaving his forge in the care of his right-hand man. 'And you might have been going with him, as he planned, Joanna,' said Mrs Erskine scornfully as they watched him, portmanteau in hand, walking towards the station. But Joanna was silent. Later they learnt that his invention had gained a medal, and that the patent for the safety-cage was to be worked by a noted firm of engineers, and was likely to be remunerative. This made no outward difference in the blacksmith. He wrought at his trade as diligently as ever.

Joanna was happy in her mother's improved health and increased interest in her surroundings, where she had begun to be regarded as a Lady Bountiful. In a poor agricultural village like Pittendrevie a little charity goes a long way; and Mrs Erskine, though unconsciously an autocrat to her dutiful daughter, was a sympathetic listener to tales of woe, and had a soothing presence in times of trouble. She had the sense of patronage, and to be able to bestow alms was her keenest pleasure.

The summer proved remarkably damp and cold. Early autumn saw the potatoes rotting in their rows, the corn sprouting in the stooks. To a rural district a bad harvest brings a hungry winter; this one brought worse. October found influenza busy in the cottages, and one of the three cases that proved fatal was that of Mrs Erskine.

On the first day of November—a day, as it chanced, of blue sky and vivid sunshine—Joanna stood at the door of the empty cottage gazing dry-eyed across the meadows to the higher land crowned by the weather-beaten church, where a little group of black-garbed mourners was clustered about a new-made grave. Her soul was filled with resentment as, looking round the small dwelling that she had tried so hard to make a pleasant home for her widowed mother, she puzzled vainly, as many a heart-sore creature puzzles, at the seemingly wanton cruelty of fate.

She knew that most women who had been reared in comparative affluence would have repined and grumbled at the prospect of a life spent in the petty toil of household life in a lonely village; but Joanna had craved nothing better. She had been content to minister to her mother, and to feel that she was of use in her little sphere.

There had been a refreshing sense of peace in their circumscribed lives. When they closed the green-painted door upon themselves they shut out the world. When they locked it behind them as they went out walking, they did so with a satisfactory assurance that on their return all would be as they had left it. They had no exhausting social routine of entertaining and being entertained, to wear away their strength and harass their energies. There were no exacting servants to study. Their income, though slender, was subject to no fluctuations, so they were free from all anxiety on that point. Living this peaceful, unemotional existence, her delicate mother might naturally have been expected to live for many years. The district was notoriously healthy. Several of the older inhabitants of Pittendrevie who had long passed fourscore were still placidly enjoying the weekly dole supplied by a beneficent Parochial Board. Yes; assuredly Providence, of whom Joanna had craved nothing save to be ignored, had elected to play a harsh part in thus violently wrenching away her anchor, and casting her adrift, rudderless, upon the sea of life.

'I suppose you are aware that your mother's sole income, being an annuity, dies with her, and that you have now nothing at all, except the furniture of the house?' remarked Mr Anthony Erskine as he drank the tea Joanna had ready for him on his return from the funeral. 'You must depend on your own exertions. What do you think of doing?'

'I don't know. I haven't had time to think,' Joanna answered drearily.

'Tut, nonsense! You've had since Friday. How long do you need? You can't live on here; of course you know that. We have decided that in the meantime you can come to us; and if you act nicely to your aunt and make yourself useful, I don't see why your stay should not be a permanent one. Georgina gave me a note to you.' From an inner pocket he extracted a letter written in Mrs Anthony Erskine's angular hand on black-bordered paper. It ran:

'MY DEAR JOANNA,—Knowing that the sudden loss of your unfortunate mother has left you quite penniless, your uncle and I have resolved to offer you a home with us. You will be treated in all respects like one of the family; and I

trust you will see the advisability of making yourself useful. If you are willing to undertake little duties such as any daughter would gladly perform, I am sure we should get along nicely; and you would have the advantage of a comfortable and refined home with your own relations, which would be immeasurably superior to the only alternative, which is that of taking a situation among strangers; and for that, as you know, you have none of the special qualifications necessary.'

Joanna sat silent, the letter in her hand. She did not love the Anthony Erskines, yet she felt ashamed that their disinterested offer had no power to rouse her gratitude.

'Well, have you nothing to say in reply to your aunt's suggestion?' Mr Erskine's voice broke harshly upon her reverie. 'I consider it exceedingly kind of her to be willing to, in a measure, adopt you. You must remember you are related to my side of the house, not to hers, and any woman of less wide views would have objected to receiving her husband's niece into the family circle.'

'The idea is so sudden,' faltered Joanna. 'I know she means kindly; but I have not had time to get accustomed to the proposal.'

'Well, we can't discuss it now. I have little more than time to get to the station before the train is due, though I suppose it is certain to be half-an-hour late, as usual. I had great difficulty in leaving town at all to-day, and had to postpone three important engagements to get away. This was the most inconvenient day possible,' he said ungraciously, getting into his overcoat.

'Poor mother! Even the time she has chosen to die is a fault,' thought Joanna bitterly. Aloud she only said, 'I shall write to Aunt Georgina as soon as I can decide.'

It was with a heavy step and a yet weightier heart that, after her uncle had gone, Joanna, taking in her hand the few lingering garden blossoms, set off to visit her mother's grave. Desiring solitude, she crossed the meadow-path heedless of soaking boots, and entering by the churchyard gate, sought the quiet slope where lay the new-made grave. Joanna had desired her mother's remains to be laid beside those of her dead husband; but Anthony Erskine had fiercely combated this plan, and his argument—the unnecessary cost such a procedure would involve—proved the only one Joanna did not possess weapons to meet. So the quiet corner in the shadow of the ancient church was chosen; and Joanna felt that perhaps it was as well that her mother should rest in the little village where she had passed those placid months and where the people were learning to love her.

Sunset red was glittering on the latticed panes of the old gray church as Joanna neared the mound whose covering of turf showed those painfully

raw seams and joins which only the healing hand of time could obliterate. Nearing it, Joanna paused in astonishment. On the grave lay a magnificent cross of golden-brown ivy, a great cluster of white chrysanthemums in the centre being its sole decoration. There was nothing to reveal by whose kindness this token of regret had been laid on the dead woman's grave; but Joanna's thoughts instantly decided that it had been her uncle's. He must have brought the cross from Edinburgh, and delicacy of feeling had prevented him from showing it to her. The knowledge of the tender action drove the harsh feeling from her heart, and she reproached herself for past injustice to her uncle and aunt. Knowing how hard it was for them to part with money, Joanna realised that only a strong feeling of affection for her mother could have induced them to disburse the considerable sum that the purchase of so handsome an offering represented.

No doubt as to accepting their offer of a home now remained in her mind. Blaming herself for injustice, Joanna returned to the cottage and wrote a grateful note accepting their hospitality, adding a few words of warm thanks for their tribute to her mother's memory which had given her so affecting a surprise.

She slept peacefully on the thought that kind hearts were not confined to the village folks, whose consideration and unobtrusive attentions in her great loss had touched her deeply, and awoke to a day occupied with preparations for leaving the cottage that now seemed so empty and so silent.

She was sitting alone in the lamplight when a little messenger brought a letter that had arrived by the evening post. Pittendrevie had two mails in the day. The morning letters were delivered; those coming in the evening had to be called for. Joanna recognised her Aunt Georgina's writing on the cheap but ostentatious mourning-envelope. Mrs Anthony Erskine's missive was querulous in tone. It had been written immediately on receipt of Joanna's letter of acceptance, when she had been suffering under a mingled attack of basement insubordination and neuralgia:

'I am glad you have had the sense to see the incalculable advantages of the home your uncle has so generously offered you; and I am pleased that in return for his kindness you are prepared to make yourself useful. All last winter and throughout the summer I have had great trouble with my domestics; and as I know that you can cook nicely, and as your management at Pittendrevie showed that you have a certain idea of economy, I mean to dismiss my cook—the third since May—who in spite of all my efforts to prevent waste is shockingly extravagant. Our gas-bill for the last quarter was simply ruinous. With a good general servant, and your supervision in cooking and dusting and sewing, and other little matters, I am sure things would run more smoothly.

'As you are responsible for the rent of the



cottage till the May term, your uncle says you must at once take steps to sublet it. The furniture you had better arrange to sell by auction in the house. I believe things bring much better prices in the country than in town; and I must warn you to take care of any money you may have, and not to give away any of your poor mother's clothes. They were all very expensive to begin with, and will prove useful to you in the future.'

There was a postscript:

'Your unele bids me say that he had nothing to do with the cross you mention. Both he and I esteem it the *greatest folly* to throw away money, which might be so much better employed, in buying costly hothouse flowers that are only left to wither where no one sees them.'

As Joanna sat with Mrs Anthony Erskine's black-edged letter in her hand, her spirit, rudely awakened from the quiescence of the previous day, lashed itself to fury. The travesty of disinterested kindness which had veiled her relatives' offer of a home had been rudely thrust aside, and their intention stood revealed in all its unblushing and complacent selfishness. Her unele and aunt would permit her to live with them in the character of an unpaid menial—a lady-help who would combine the duties of cook, housemaid, seamstress, and general factotum to an exacting and niggardly master and mistress; a servant with undefined and limitless duties, whose labour would be unceasing and whose holidays would be none.

The softness born of what she had believed to be a loving attention to her friendless mother had given place to antagonism. In her revulsion of feeling Joanna marvelled that, with her previous knowledge of her relatives, she had for a moment imagined them capable of the graceful act. The explanation is, that a generous heart is prone to judge others by its own standard, just as a meaner understanding reduces all others to its own debased level.

Guided by the light that her aunt's letter threw upon their proposal, Joanna did not hesitate about rejecting it. She was not afraid to earn her bread by honest work. The past two years had taught her that there is pleasure in a heritage of congenial labour; but she would not give her strength for a grudging, penurious livelihood, and yet feel that her subsistence was reckoned a charity.

Under the impetus of the resentment, Joanna wrote a note wherein she, acting naturally if foolishly, unburdened her mind, declaring that while able to work she was determined to be independent, and that she would not accept bread under the name of alms while taking a menial position in her friend's house.

'I must post this at once. It would be a pity if Aunt Georgina dismissed her cook, and then found I wasn't coming to take her place,' she thought bitterly. 'That would be an added griev-

ance against me. What a long story my dear aunt will have to tell everybody of how I scornfully rejected the offer of a home with them, where I should have been treated like a child of their own! I'd better keep the letter as evidence of what their notion really was.'

She had picked it up to lock it away in her desk, when an addition to the postscript, which, being continued over the page, had escaped her previous attention, caught her eye:

'Your uncle thinks that the ivy cross must have been brought by a tall young man who was among those present at the funeral, for your unele noticed that he was carrying a large parcel, and that he lingered behind when the others left the churchyard.'

A tall young man? The few male inhabitants of Pittendrevie were mostly either bent old men or callow striplings. There was one notable exception—the smith; and Joanna felt a throb of gratitude as she realised that he had given himself both trouble and expense to pay her dead mother this honour. It was her mother, too, who, in her petty pride, had treated his suit with ignominy; and it touched Joanna painfully to know that he had rendered, with such quiet dignity, this unobtrusive tribute to the memory of one who had slighted him.

It was a dark night—moonless, with a myriad of stars flecking the black sky. Throughout the winter months Pittendrevie went to bed early; and as Joanna left the cottage the church clock struck nine and the last visible light went out.

She had reached the road, walking delicately as though afraid to waken the slumberers, when the sound of iron upon iron coming from the forge arrested her steps. Slipping down the path leading to the yard, the ruddy glow of the furnace streaming from the open door of the smithy and illumining the interior showed her the smith at work alone.

'He is making up for the time he lost yesterday in going to the funeral, and perhaps in getting the cross too,' thought Joanna as, acting upon a sudden impulse, she went up to the door meaning to tell the lonely worker how greatly she had appreciated his kindness; and the smith turned from the glowing iron on his anvil to see a pale, wistful face looking in at him from the outer darkness.

'Mr Leven,' said Joanna simply, 'I thought I would like to thank you for what you did yesterday—the beautiful cross—my mother'—Her voice faltered and stopped.

The smith had burst into a perspiration of joy. 'It was nothing—nothing at all. You're most welcome,' he answered, in deep embarrassment. 'But come in out of the cold.' Hurriedly unfastening his great leather apron, he threw it over a rude wooden bench. 'Come in and rest ye a wee while.'

'I was going down to the post-office,' said Joanna, showing her letter in confirmation of her words; but she sank wearily down on the proffered seat, consumed by a longing for sympathy.

'I'll take it down for you in a minute. I'm just finishing up, an' it's a dark road for you to go your lone,' said the smith. Conscious for the first time of the physical and mental fatigue induced by the strain of the past fortnight, Joanna was relieved to be spared even the trifling exertion of crossing the fields to where the ever-open lips of the little post-office awaited letters.

'I was thinkin' Pittendrevie would be losin' ye,' Leven broke a short silence by saying, and Joanna's pent-up bitterness found a vent in words.

'Yes. I can't afford to keep on the cottage, Mr Leven. When mother and I came here we thought it was the lowest we could go; but now that she is gone I can't afford to live even in Pittendrevie. I must go away and work for bare existence—that is, if I can get work to do.'

'But your grand friends'—said the perplexed smith, wrinkling his brows and pushing back his crisp waves of chestnut hair as he spoke.

'My grand friends, Mr Leven—you would see my uncle at the funeral yesterday—have been so generous as to offer me what they call a daughter's place in their house. Which, being interpreted, means that they intend sending away the cook—who costs them at least twenty pounds a year, and has to be considered—and putting me in her place, a poor relation who will get nothing except, I suppose, my aunt's cast-off frocks, and whose helpless position will render her entirely subservient.'

The flush of righteous wrath rose to the smith's brow. 'Shame on them putting an insult like that on a lady,' he said angrily. He looked handsome in his indignation, and his roughly expressed sympathy was as balm to Joanna's bruised soul.

'I'm sorry to leave the cottage. The garden was getting on so well; and the roses, and the new strawberry-beds, and the chickens would have been so nice next summer; and poor mother was so happy here. And, oh, Mr Leven!—I know it's stupid and childish of a woman of my age—I have such a horror of strange people and strange houses. Though I attended to mother, and did everything here, I never had to work for strangers before, and the thought of it makes me shrink. Perhaps, after all, I should do better to go to my uncle's'—

As she looked up in appeal to him, he could see the unshed tears glittering on her lashes. The smith was a man—a manly man; the blood ran warm in his veins. He loved Joanna,

and he would have been more than mortal had he refrained, at a moment like this, from telling her so.

'If ye would only'—he began. 'I know I'm not fit for the like of you; but if you would just take me, I can promise that ye would never regret it. I canna bear the thought of you goin' away among strange folks when I can work for ye. I'm strong, an' I'm sober. Nobody'll say aught against that. An' I've money saved. An' if ye would just come'—

Joanna was looking up at him. Her tears were falling fast now; but there was a new expression in her eyes which the timorous lover scarce dared to interpret aright.

'Oh, my dear! if ye would just come'—he repeated. 'Your mother said I wasna near good enough for ye, an' she was right. But I'm sure if she kent how ye were placed she'd put nae obstacle in the way.'

Joanna rose, and without a word lifted the letter from where it lay among the iron-dust on the anvil, and stepping to the glowing fire, laid it thereon.

'Ye won't need to post that letter,' she said, blinking happily through wet lashes at the suitor who eagerly watched her action. 'I shall write another note in the morning, and it will tell my aunt that I am forced to decline her offer of unpaid slavery, because I am going to marry'—here she took the blacksmith's rough right hand between both of her own—'a gentleman.'

#### TWICE WOUNDED.

Twice has your name been shouted through the dark

That broods above the river's sullen flow;

Twice the stern Ferryman, with lifted oars,

Has halted in his journey to and fro.

Twice, as the name was thrown across the gloom—

Flung far by the grim-visaged Sentinel—

A watcher, waiting on the farther shore,

Smiled with sad eyes, and murmured, 'It is well.'

In the same breath that flung the order forth,

Came the loud 'Halt!—the order is withdrawn.'

The boat swung round, whose prow had left the shore,

And gladly turned the traveller towards the dawn.

No echo of a sigh can pass those shores,

By which the engirdling waters ever glide;

But no such barrier guards the hither bank,

And earth's sad voices float across the tide.

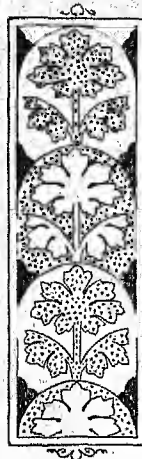
Twice did the patient watcher check the sigh,

And offer thanks for all those added years;

Because, across the intervening space,

Had reached the passion of a woman's tears.

By THE AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S NOTE-BOOK.

By THE EDITOR.

**I**N a previous article, dealing with some books in his own library, the writer referred to various editions of the works of Robert Chambers, who was one of the original founders of the *Journal*, and a constant contributor to its pages. Among the mass of papers and unpublished memoranda left by Dr Chambers were numerous diaries and journals, some commencing so far back as 1824. Of these, one of the most interesting is a journal narrating the result of a visit to the Land of Burns, then comparatively unknown and remaining very much in the primitive pastoral condition which existed during the poet's lifetime.

The original idea of this, the first of several visits, was no doubt to obtain materials for the *Picture of Scotland*, a work which afterwards passed through four editions; but the scheme which later on took the shape of a new *Life of Robert Burns* (new edition, 4 vols., 1896) may have been conceived at the same time, and possibly induced the author to make acquaintance with the many friends and contemporaries of the poet then living. These persons seem to have willingly parted with their information, as will be gathered from the interesting records contained in this early journal.

Under date October 6, 1837, Dr Chambers writes as follows:

'Mr Tennant of Ayr, whom I visited to-day, has a perfect recollection of Burns. He is a wealthy man, without a cultivated intellect, but able to convey clear and correct impressions of what has fallen under his observation. He first knew Burns when attending Mr Murdoch's school at Ayr, he then fifteen, Burns about a year and a half older. Mr Tennant used to visit Burns at Mount Oliphant, and stay over night with him, sleeping in the same bed. The father of the poet was intelligent; and, having acquainted himself with some scientific principles of farming, attempted improvements, but without success. When he died, Burns, his brother, and his sisters

saved themselves from utter ruin by making up claims for their services, which, being preferable, left scarcely anything for the creditors. This enabled the family to begin on their own account in Moss-giel, but injured their character in the country. Gilbert Burns was refused by a Miss Ronald, living at Bennals, near Tarbolton, in consequence of her disapproval of the action and the talk which it occasioned. Mr Tennant afterwards lived in the neighbourhood of Mauchline; and from his twentieth to his twenty-fifth year his most intimate friend was Robert Burns. When Burns returned to Mauchline from Edinburgh, and married Jean, they were shunned by persons of character. Burns himself was then looked upon with horror on account of the ridicule he had thrown on their sanctimonious system of religion, and his profligacy among women. The people of Mauchline were, perhaps, the last to allow his merits. Yet Mr Tennant says "The Holy Fair" is only a fair description of the scene of the sacrament at Mauchline; and here, as in his other poems respecting the clergy, Burns has treated them with remarkable leniency considering the conduct of the men. Moodie of Riccarton, Russell of the Chapel of Ease in Kilmarnock, Peebles of the Newton of Ayr, and — were the four great persecutors of Dr McGill; and a set of hypocrites and bigots they were, according to Tennant. Mr Tennant speaks in enthusiastic terms of the wonderful intellectual gifts of the poet. Robert had read much, borrowing books from many. He read quickly, but remembered all that was interesting in what he read. Mr Tennant was more impressed in his youth by the powers of discourse shown by Burns than afterwards by his poetry. His elocution, he says, was like that of Kean; so deep, so thoughtful, in tones so emphatic. Whenever he entered into controversy he carried everything before him. Mr T. says that Burns never could endure business. If Mr T. spoke of any such thing to him, he would say, "Oh, talk to my brother about



that." Neither, however, was Gilbert a good business-man. He did not succeed in any farm he ever had. Mr Alexander of Ballochmyle said he was a man of words and not of deeds; meaning that he could talk well, but not act well up to his own ideas. He also said he was a good farmer in his arm-chair.

Referring to the Tennant family, Mr Hamilton Paul, minister of Broughton, writes Dr Chambers: "John Tennant, farmer in Glenconner, parish of Ochiltree, had at least four sons, all men of respectability. John married an heiress; David went to India as a regimental chaplain, and wrote *Indian Recreations*; Charles had an immense manufactory at Glasgow called St Rollox; James was miller in Ochiltree, and married Miss MacClutchie, a lady with a wooden leg, but amazingly active. I was intimate with them all."

Dr Chambers's diary continued:

'*Ayr, Monday, Oct. 9, 1837.*—Called upon Miss Alexander of Ballochmyle. Fine-looking old lady of eighty-two. Woman of superior intellect and the finest natural character. Unaffected old-fashioned manners. Story is that she walked out after dinner along the braes behind the house, when suddenly she came upon a man who was standing musing. Startled by the unexpectedness of seeing any stranger in such a place in dusk of evening, passed on without more than looking at the stranger, whose personal appearance was not very prepossessing. Burns was supposed to have been on his return from —, where he had been fishing. He was taking a short cut, and was trespassing. Some months later Miss Alexander received the letter, which concluded by mentioning that he wished to print it in the second edition of his poems, but would not do so without her permission.' [See letter to Mrs Stewart of Stair.] 'She, knowing nothing of him but that he was a village poet of indifferent character, did not think proper to take any notice of it. A grotto erected at the place of the meeting as near as she could recollect.

'Miss Alexander uses rouge, and probably used it when young too. Droll to think of the share this might have in exciting Burns's admiration.' Wilhelmina Alexander died unmarried at Glasgow in 1843, at the age of eighty-nine.

Reference has been made in the extract from Mr Tennant's narrative to certain members of the clergy satirised by Burns; and in this connection I include the following stories, supplied to Dr Chambers by the Rev. Hamilton Paul, minister of Broughton, whose name appeared on the title-page of an edition of Burns's poems published in 1821. This publicity brought Mr Paul into collision with the Evangelical party of the Church of Scotland, and he was cited to appear before the General Assembly. The citation was, however, afterwards withdrawn, it having been certified by John Gibson Lockhart, and afterwards by Professor Wilson, that Mr Paul was not personally

responsible for the contents of this reprint, but had merely furnished a short sketch of the poet's life.

Mr Paul, in a letter dated April 10, 1835, says he 'is convinced that there is not an individual on the earth, at present, that can furnish such authentic information with respect to the characters that figure in the poems of Burns that were published previous to his leaving Ayrshire. Dr William Macquhae, minister of St Quivox' [referred to in 'The Holy Trilzie' as 'that curs'd rascal ca'd Macquhae'], 'was a most amiable man and an enlightened divine. A lady said to me one day after coming out of his church, "You might print every word that comes out of Dr Macquhae's lips without correction." What Burns says is exceedingly characteristic: "Macquhae's pathetic, manly soul," &c. He pled the cause of Dr McGill in the General Assembly in a most powerful manner. He played me a trick one Sunday when I went to his church to hear him preach, and to dine with him afterwards. The service was begun when I entered the church in the forenoon. In his concluding prayer he addressed the Lord on behalf of the servant who was to officiate in the afternoon. I had no intention of preaching, having no sermon with me, and in the afternoon I attempted to get off. "No, no, my lad," says he; "ye are not to make me a liar to the Almighty." So I had to mount the pulpit in the afternoon.

'There were three brothers of the name of Wodrow, descended from the Church historian, at Eastwood, at Stewarton, and at Tarbolton. Dr Peter Wodrow, minister of Tarbolton, is the one named in this poem' ['The Holy Trilzie, or the Twa Herds']. 'The Auld Licht gentry were beginning to suspect him of joining the opposite party. He had an ordained assistant who was intended for his successor, whom Burns here calls "Gude Macmath." He (Mr Macmath) was an admirable preacher, and decidedly of the Moderate party. He was a favourite with Hugh Montgomery of Coilsfield, afterwards Earl of Eglinton, and he was also the companion of Burns. Feeling himself rather in a dependent and subordinate position, he at last resigned his office and became tutor to a family in the Western Islands, where I saw him thirty years ago.

'In Kilmarnock there were two parochial churches and three officiating clergymen. Messrs Mutrie and Robieson were colleagues in the Laigh Kirk, both on the unpopular side of the Church. Dr Mackinlay was presented to the second charge. This appointment is the subject of the poem "The Ordination." Robieson was learned, polished, read his sermons, and made morality his theme, and consequently was not popular. Mackinlay possessed every qualification to ensure popularity. He was tall and well proportioned, had a handsome countenance, with a sonorous voice and an elegant address. Dr Mackinlay, being the idol of

the multitude, entered into a track at first from which he dared not afterwards deviate, either to the right hand or the left. He had but one sermon—that is to say, every discourse which he delivered from the pulpit comprehended the whole of the Calvinistic system of divinity. The language might vary, but the sentiments were the same in all. Had he been able to free himself from the trammels in which he was yoked, and introduced a little more of what Burns calls “curst common-sense,” he would have been one of the first divines of the age. He still survives [1835], and was ordained so far back as 1786, and “The Ordination” appeared in the Edinburgh edition of Burns’s poems, 1787.

Mr Hamilton Paul sent Dr Chambers a large amount of anecdotal information, all of which is in the possession of the present writer. A great deal of it is, for obvious reasons, unsuitable for general reading, and was wisely left unpublished by Dr Chambers. If the narrative, which so far as we are aware has never been drawn upon, can be regarded as true, many of those eighteenth century clergy who incurred the displeasure of Burns, and are satirised in his writings, were only treated according to their deserts.

Returning to Dr Chambers’s diary, we find that on July 6, 1838, he visited Mrs Thomson, formerly Jessy Lewars, celebrated as the heroine of the song ‘Jessy.’ The following is an account of the interview:

‘Mrs Thomson (Jessy Lewars) still survives, as kindly and amiable as ever. It was interesting to hear her speak of Burns from personal acquaintance, and it is remarkable with what warmth of attachment and respect she speaks of Mrs Burns. She first became acquainted with Burns at Ellisland. When they were about to remove to Dumfries he expressed a hope that she would be kind to his wife when they came to reside there. Mrs Burns had few acquaintances in Dumfries, and any little attention that Jessy could show to her was therefore much prized. Mrs Thomson has also a most kindly feeling towards Burns himself. She admired his amiableness towards his wife and children. His own simplicity of taste was remarkable. Mrs Burns, not being sure that he was to be at home, would perhaps prepare no dinner for him. He was then quite contented with a slice of their Ayrshire cheese. She has often seen him sitting at this repeat with a book in his hand, reading while he ate—an old habit of his, as we know.

‘One day Burns called upon her father, Mr

Lewars, when Jessy was at home unwell. Lewars said, “Burns, you have often spoken of an epitaph on Jessy. You might do it now, for you see she’s dying” (jocularly). Burns immediately wrote on a pane:

Ye Powers above say what on earth  
Can turn Death’s dart aside?  
It is not purity or worth,  
Else Jessy had not died.

Burns suffered in reputation by the acquaintance he kept with Jean Lorimer. Indeed, there seems to have been no doubt entertained of the levity of his character even then. Mrs Thomson remembers her coming to Burns’s house on a Sunday and going to church with the poet and his wife, the wife and Chloris being dressed exactly alike.

‘Burns had a set of breast-pins, each containing a small black portrait. Of four of these, there was one of himself, another of the Earl of Glencairn, a third his wife, and a fourth Mrs M’Lehose. Each had a motto on the back: “When I forget thee may my right hand forget its cunning” and “My God and Thee” were the mottoes on his wife’s and Mrs M’Lehose’s. The box with Queen Mary’s portrait on the lid, which Lady W. Maxwell presented to Burns, was broken by Mr Wm. Burns in India, in leaping from a boat against a vessel—having it in his breast-pocket. After Burns’s death Mrs M’Lehose reclaimed all the letters she had sent to the poet.’

We may fittingly conclude these very random jottings with an extract from one of Carlyle’s early letters to Robert Chambers, now printed for the first time. In sending thanks for a present of the first volume of the *Life and Works of Burns*, Carlyle says:

‘You surely do well to collect in an authentic form, while it is yet time, whatever particulars can be gathered concerning a man who is likely to be memorable so long. There is everywhere a genial recognition of your subject and your hero: in short, the whole is altogether good and pleasant reading, and contains, for me at least, a great many biographic traits and elucidations which were not known before. It is a bold and genial notion that of intercalating Burns’s poems into the prose narrative of his life, and treating them as little bursts of musical utterance in the grand unrhymed poetical Tragedy which he enacted under this Sun! Beyond doubt such is their real character, and into that category they must ultimately come with all readers. I shall heartily wish you good speed in this pious adventure, and hope to see it triumphantly finished by-and-by.’

C. E. S. CHAMBERS.



## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

## CHAPTER XIII.—I PLAY A STIFF MATCH AT BACKSWORD.

**I** SHALL put the doings of the ten succeeding days into very few words, and go on to the next event worthy of record. I rambled the streets of London by day as confidently as possible, with my porter's knot, sometimes getting a load to carry and earning a few pence. My main object was to watch Kesgrave; and this, between myself and Jan, was done thoroughly. Jan knew the Lees very well; and what time he was not following the Earl or Colin Lorel, to see what they did and where they went, he spent in searching and inquiring for the gypsies. But, as I have hinted already, ten days went by, leaving me nothing to tell of.

Stay! there was one thing I ought to mention. On the third day of my disguise I was crossing the Park when an officer turned the corner of a path at hand, and I was face to face with Temple. A sudden whim seized me. I glanced round and saw that no one was near. I placed myself in his way and pulled at my hat in salutation. He glanced at me inquiringly, as if to see whether I had some message for him, and I smiled.

'What do you want, my man?' he asked. I laughed outright.

'Get out of my way,' said the Major dryly, thinking I was some impudent rogue. I looked him full in the face and did not move. He looked keenly at me for an instant, then raised his cane.

'Oh, Temple!' said I, 'and would you strike me?' The cane dropped again.

'The devil!' rapped out Temple. 'Who are you? I should know that voice; but—but—'

'Well,' said I, 'this satisfies me with my disguise indeed. Temple, you did not know me at all.'

The Major drew a long breath.

'My dear Ferrers,' he murmured in a voice hardly above a whisper, 'this is beyond belief. Why, everybody supposes you slipped snugly down the river for Holland three or four days ago, just dodging the warrants out against you. There is a most circumstantial story going the rounds of you and your man taking passage by a Dutch vessel which left the Thames the night before the hue-and-cry was raised on you.'

'The story's true enough in its way,' I replied, 'only my man took my place and another of my servants took his place. Private affairs are keeping me about London, and I do not think I am in any particular danger.'

'No, begad! unless too many know your secret,' returned my friend.

'None knows it,' said I, 'save you and yonder

fellow,' and I nodded to Jan, who was not far off.

'He!' said Temple. 'A beggar, a mumper, a cadger, a rogue. Ferrers, are you wise to trust such a man? By his looks, he would sell you for a shilling. But perhaps he is no true beggar?'

'He is,' I answered, 'a true brother of the fraternity; but he comes of my own people, and Jan would let them tear his tongue out by the roots before he breathed a word against me.'

'Cannot I do something for you?' said my friend. 'Command me in any way.'

'Ware hawk!' I whispered, for three or four men of the old regiment had come round the corner and were bearing down upon us. Temple glanced over his shoulder. 'Come to my quarters. Let me know where I can find you, and what I can do,' he said quickly, and then we parted, I touching my hat and nodding as if he had given me some errand. I struck away across the grass, and heard one of the approaching officers jokingly ask Temple if he were trying to recruit yonder big fellow.

I come now to the tenth day, when about three of the clock in the afternoon I was going along the Strand, and heard myself hailed. I looked round at the cry of 'Porter,' and saw a respectable man, dressed soberly in gray cloth without lace, beckoning me with his cane. He was standing in the doorway of a shop, and as I approached he patted a heavy bundle tied with stout cord, and nodded to it, bidding me by these signs to take it on my shoulders. I swung it up easily, and he walked away westwards, I at his heels.

As we went I smiled at the difference a few days had put between us, for I knew the man well. He was the proprietor of a coffee-house in the Haymarket, a place famous for the play of basset, where I myself had seen great sums won and lost, the table there being famous for high play.

I was quite satisfied to shoulder his load, for the truth is I was running short of money. The great bulk of my store in hand I had, of course, set Tom up with. I could scarce send him across seas in my stead with an ill-filled purse, and in consequence I began life as a porter with but a few guineas in pocket. I had given my fine clothes to Jan, and I suppose he sold them; at any rate they seemed to vanish. He wished me to take up my quarters with him; but I would not do this lest I should bring him into trouble if discovered, whereupon he found me modest but clean lodgings with a widow-woman, in a lane not far from where he lay.



In my purse I carried a guinea in case of a sudden emergency; the remainder I had hidden safely in a crevice of my garret. As I never knew when I might want the aid of a few guineas, I was anxious not to decrease my little store, but to make my big shoulders earn me a living in the only menial trade for which I was suited.

When we reached the Haymarket, the master of the coffee-house led me by a narrow passage to the rear of his premises, and bade me set down my burden on a great table.

'Faith, my man, thou'rt a stout, sturdy fellow,' he said, eyeing me and smiling. 'You breathe as easily as I do who have carried nought but a cane.'

He was about to pay and dismiss me when he lifted his hand as if remembering something. 'Ay,' said he; 'thou'rt the very fellow I want for another task. 'Tis to move a heavy piece of furniture. With my man Will to help thee, 'twill be done in a hand's-turn. Come this way.'

I followed him into the floor-room of the coffee-house, where some customers were smoking pipes with their dishes of coffee beside them, and then upstairs as he led me to the room where the basset-table was kept. No one was playing at this time of day; but a large knot of gentlemen stood at a wide window looking into the street. My guide led me to the end of the long room and pointed to a massive sideboard which he wished removed from one corner to the other. He beckoned to a boy who was waiting on the company, and asked where his man-servant was. The boy told him.

'Run,' said the master of the house, 'and fetch him.'

'Boy,' called a gentleman in blue, 'fetch me hither a clean pipe.'

'Attend to the company,' said the master; 'I will fetch Will myself.' He hurried away, and I glanced through a window at my elbow as I awaited my orders. On the other side a ragged fellow sat in a doorway and held out a tattered hat. It was Jan. What did he there? A thought flashed into my mind, and I moved across a little until I commanded the whole of the company. Yes, there stood Kesgrave chatting and laughing with a stout, good-humoured-looking old fellow, the latter something of a character or of a sloven, for he still wore a flowered damask gown drawn about him by a scarlet net-sash, though it was towards four in the afternoon.

Now conscience made a coward of me on the spot. I became anxious to escape from the room. I knew very well I was myself, and somehow it seemed to me as if Kesgrave must certainly know it too if he once gained a fair look at me. I fretted to be gone; and as the master did not return I forbore to wait longer.

'I can haul it across myself,' I thought, 'and go away below to get my money.'

So I put my shoulder under a heavy moulding and swung one end clear away from the panelling, then went to the other, put my back against it, getting a good purchase with my foot against the wall, and thrust it over without more ado, the great sideboard slipping easily over the smooth floor. Then I turned, and thrusting it inch by inch, worked it across to the place the master of the coffee-house had pointed out. I straightened myself and drew a long breath after the thing was in position, and turned to go away.

I had done the very thing I wished to avoid. My exertions, unknown to myself, had brought me into notice, and the whole group of gentlemen had come out of the window-recess to watch me wrestle with the great mass of oak. The nearest to me was the gentleman in blue who had called for a pipe, and he now came towards me, puffing out great clouds.

'Fore Gad!' he cried, 'a modern Hercules. I'd have laid fifty guineas at once against any one man moving such a cursed lump of timber. Ay, ay,' he cried, 'a true, English stiff-built. Look at the set of his back and the spring of his ribs. There's an arm for you, and a calf!'

He ran on as glibly as a jockey going over the points of a horse, and with as much gusto. He was a short, gross man, with a double chin and a face inflamed with wine.

'I love a good man as another loves a good horse,' he cried. 'Some match dogs, some match cocks, for a wager; but I match men or nothing.'

I saw several of the company winking upon each other as this bragging, noisy fellow ran on; and then one said:

'I heard you were bit confoundedly in your match with Captain Wiltshire, Chilcote.'

'Chilcote!' thought I. 'This, then, is the man who first caught sight of Cicely, and by his babbling flung the toils of my Lord Damerel about her.' I felt none the more friendly to him for that. I stood still in the shadow, for the gentlemen had spread themselves about the room, so that I must pass through the midst of them to reach the door; and within a yard of it stood Kesgrave.

'Bit!' cried Mr Chilcote. 'Let me tell you, Captain Wiltshire is no more than a common cheat. Rot me! If he is not a bully of the blade I don't know one. He bought my man before the fight; but, never stir alive! I'll get equal to him. I know now what to do. A plan has come to me.'

He laid aside his pipe, and before I knew what he was about he had dropped on one knee beside me and was measuring me about the calf and pinching it critically.

'Blister me!' he cried, 'tis like pressing on a knot of wood.'

The next moment his encomiums were cut short. It was galling beyond a little to be thus handled like a horse at a fair, and my gorge rose at it. Further, I had a mind to punish this fellow, the leading dog of yon foul pack who had opened out against my lost love; and so I put forward my clumsy shoe a little and trod heavily on his forefinger, as he leaned one hand upon the floor. The fat, flabby finger squeaked under my foot as if I had trodden on a slug, and the bone cracked. I drew my foot back, and he leapt to his feet with a shrill scream of pain, and dangled his hand from his wrist and screamed again.

The company burst into a great roar of laughter to see his raptures brought up with this round turn. It gave general delight, for he was keenly disliked; nor did it bring me under any suspicion, so perfectly did it smack of the rough, surly Englishman of the lower orders, who cares for nobody, and is best left alone.

Then in another second a loud cry arose from several of them. 'No sword to an unarmed man, Chilcoat,' they cried. 'No sword.'

Mr Chilcoat was beyond listening to them or heeding fair-play. It was his left forefinger I had crushed, and with his right hand he now whipped out his sword, and I had been run through without a doubt had I not sprung back. I was now near a billiard-table, and I caught up one of the cues. These, as all know, are made of lignum vitæ, a hard, heavy wood, and furnish upon occasion as stout a cudgel as one could wish. Mr Chilcoat rushed upon me again; but now I retreated no longer. Using the heavy cue as in cudgel-play I warded his thrust, and upon his attempting to renew the attack broke his rapier off at the hilt with a smart slash.

All this had passed before any one could interfere; and upon seeing him weaponless before me the laughter broke out again in huge volume. Loudest of all laughed the stout old gentleman in the yellow gown.

'I would not have missed this for fifty guineas,' he cried—'to see Chilcoat so put down, and by a porter, too.'

With a viperish look round the company, Mr Chilcoat made for the door and disappeared, having uttered no sound save his cries of pain since I interrupted his measurement of my limbs. I had observed at the moment my adversary drew his sword upon me that several other gentlemen entered the room. The feathers in their hats bespoke them military men; but now I looked at them with leisure to observe their faces, and met Temple's amused eyes fixed upon mine.

'My good fellow,' murmured a voice I knew in my ear, 'you are wasted carrying a porter's knot.' I glanced round and saw Kesgrave at my side. 'I will become your patron,' he said. 'I

am the Earl of Kesgrave. I have at this moment a particular need for such a man as you.'

I made no reply, only executed a clumsy bow.

'I think you have some knowledge of the sword,' he went on; 'you shall try your weapon against my man.'

'What, my lord!' cried the stout old gentleman, who had just come up; 'are you making a match between this fellow and your man? Then, by George! I'll put fifty guineas on the porter's head against you. He's a good man of his hands—that I'll swear.'

'Content you, Sir Peter,' replied Kesgrave; 'I intend to match them for a few strokes with the broadsword to see what this man can do, and not for stakes. Your money would be lost at once. 'Twere impossible he could stand a minute before Colin Lorel.'

'All very fine, my lord,' cried Sir Peter, thrusting his hands into the silken sash which girded him, 'but if I choose to lose my money 'tis my own affair after all; and I have heard you before speak very confidently about your man's skill. If he's so wonderful, why do you stand against me?'

'Simply because it would not be honest to accept your challenge, Sir Peter,' replied Kesgrave, 'knowing as I do my man's play.'

'Prithee, my strapping lad, canst handle a broadsword?' said the old gentleman, turning short on me.

'Ay, sir,' I growled.

'Then, my lord, you shall stand me off no longer,' laughed Sir Peter, snapping his fingers. 'I'll back this fellow, and I'll say that if you don't produce your man he's not the swordsman you think he is.'

'Very well,' said Kesgrave, with a shrug. 'If you insist on it.'

'And now, too,' added Sir Peter.—'Wilt tackle him now, lad?' he went on to me. 'I'll give thee two guineas, win or lose, and make it five if you win.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' I answered cheerfully, for I cared nothing to avoid the bout, and prayed only to do well enough to induce Kesgrave to take me into his service. I was sure now he did not suspect me, and I looked on as easily as any while he answered Sir Peter that he had sent his man on an errand and knew not when he would return, to an hour or so; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth when a young fellow who had returned to the window called out, 'Here's your man, Kesgrave, bustling across the street in a great hurry.'

'Gad! we'll settle it now,' cried Sir Peter.

Kesgrave gave a few directions to the boy who waited in the room, and in another moment Colin Lorel was sent up. His master took him aside, and for a few minutes they whispered together eagerly. I saw Kesgrave's face light up,

and he opened and shut his hand—a way he had when he was excited.

'Well, my lord,' called Sir Peter, 'will your man come up to scratch?'

'Upon my soul,' replied Kesgrave, glancing up, 'I had forgotten the thing altogether,' and he returned to his private conference with Colin Lorel.

'Thought he was talking about it all the time,' muttered Sir Peter. 'Some mighty secret or other in the wind—eh? Now,' he went on to me, 'slip off your coat and pull off your shoes. You shall tilt in this very place. Here's plenty of room and a good light.'

(To be continued.)

## THE ROYAL PALACES OF BAVARIA AND THEIR BUILDERS.

By DORA M. JONES.

**M**ANY of those who in 1899 visited the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau doubtless saw something at the same time of the beautiful and interesting district which surrounds the now famous village. The high-lands of Bavaria are a very storehouse of legend: not a crag but has its castle and its story; and some of the saddest and strangest of the legends are of very recent date. It is said not of a medieval king but of an unhappy sovereign of our own times, that his restless spirit still haunts the romantic land that witnessed the tragedy of his life. There are peasants in some of the mountain villages who believe that even now the midnight watchers may hear the rapid roll of carriage-wheels, and as the lamps flash by may catch a glimpse of a pale face on blue velvet cushions and a pair of dark unfathomable eyes looking out into the night—the apparition of 'the mad King of Bavaria,' unsatisfied as in life.

The kingdom of Bavaria is of comparatively recent creation. Until the beginning of the present century the rulers of the province were content with the title of elector. Maximilian Joseph, affectionately called 'Father Max' by his people, was the first to adopt the style of king. The huge old palace at Munich, Die Alte Residenz, had not then received the elaborate additions of Ludwig I.; but the old king's favourite residence was the Nymphenburg, a summer palace about three miles out of Munich, in which the simple rooms he occupied are still shown. 'I can understand,' he is reported to have said, 'why the people of Munich love me, as I live among them and they see me frequently; but why the country-people, who seldom or never see me, should be so devoted to me I do not know.' The fact was, the people both in town and country knew that they had a ruler who cared for them and did his best for them. His end was a fitting close to a gentle life: he expired at Nymphenburg, painlessly, in his sleep.

The new Palace is the monument of Maximilian's son, Ludwig I., and indeed all Munich may in a sense be said to be his monument. He it was who made it one of the great art-centres

of Europe. Here and there about the Marienplatz may still be found a few of the old German houses, such as may also be seen at Augsburg and Nuremberg, with their high sloping roofs, oriel windows, and quaint stucco ornamentation; but the handsome and regular modern streets, the Königsbau, the Siegesthor, and above all the famous museums of sculpture and painting, the Glyptothek and the Pinakothek, owe their existence to the artistic enthusiasm of Ludwig I.

In 1845 his grandson, afterwards Ludwig II., was born at the Nymphenburg. While still not much more than a baby, the future patron of Wagner showed his critical faculty by a reply he made to one of his tutors. King Ludwig dabbled in poetry, among other arts; and his grandsons were expected to honour the royal author by the recitation of one of His Majesty's odes on the king's birthday. 'Why,' asked young Ludwig, 'should I learn grandpapa's verses, which are not good, when there are so many fine poems by Goethe, Schiller, and others?' Why, indeed? Some of these despised verses from the pen of Ludwig I. may, however, be read by the curious in the arcades of the Hofgarten, surmounting certain dingy landscapes in fresco by Rothmann.

King Ludwig I. aimed at being a patron of artists, and he knew how to attract to his capital such men as Overbeck, Canova, and Thorwaldsen. He employed Julius Schnorr, Schwanthaler, and Kaulbach to decorate his apartments in the Königsbau at Munich with frescoes from the *Nibelungen Lied* and other national poems. The boy Ludwig must have gazed at these pictures often, and they no doubt helped to impress on his mind the scenes and personages of German legend, which made so strong an impression on him that in later life he actually identified himself with these creations of old romance.

To Ludwig the artist and city-builder succeeded Maximilian the dreamer. The unhappy entanglement with the adventuress Lola Montez brought to a climax the popular discontent before which Ludwig I. resigned his crown, abdicating in favour of his son. Maximilian II. was a high-souled, thoughtful, conscientious man; but the



strain of eccentricity that was in the family showed itself in his love of solitary rambles in the mountains. He had a passion for the Tyrolean and Bavarian Alps; and attired in a complete hunting-suit of green, with a plumed Tyrolean hat, he delighted to follow the chamois over lonely mountain passes. The wide, somewhat uninteresting street leading from Max Josephs Platz to the river Isar keeps his name before the visitor to Munich.

It was Ludwig II.—like his sire and grandsire, an artist and dreamer, but more ill-fated than either—who built the most celebrated of the royal palaces of Bavaria. There is a story quoted in Miss F. Gerard's interesting book, *The Romance of Ludwig of Bavaria*, to the effect that Dr Dollinger, calling at the Palace one day, while Ludwig was still a child, found the Crown Prince alone, curled up in the corner of an immense sofa. 'Why does not your Royal Highness get some one to read to you?' the kind old savant inquired. 'It would help to pass the time. Oh!' said the child, 'I think of lots of things, and I am quite happy.'

Ludwig's boyhood was spent at Hohenschwangau, the cradle of his race. On a high crag overlooking the lovely Alpsee Lake stands the modern castle built by the first king of Bavaria, on the site of a medieval fortress. Opposite rises a steep spur of the Alps, covered with pine-woods. This site was associated with the legend of *Lohengrin*, which must have been one of the first stories heard by the young Ludwig; and frescoes setting forth the adventures of the Knight of the Swan adorn the great hall of the castle. Here Ludwig and his younger brother Otto used to play at being feudal barons. On one occasion Prince Otto had to be rescued by main force from the hands of his brother, who had all but strangled him. 'Why does he not obey me, since he is my vassal?' was all the explanation Ludwig thought it necessary to offer.

In 1864 the death of his father, Maximilian II., opened the way to the throne for Ludwig II. No one, surely, ever had a worse training for a crown than this dreamy and beautiful boy of eighteen. Living in a world of his own fancies, he had been brought up with the strictest parsimony. This heir to the throne hardly knew till his accession what it was to have a shilling to spend. No wonder that when he had at last the disposal of money he threw it away with both hands.

It is needless to repeat the story that all the world knows of his association with Wagner. As a boy of fifteen he had seen *Lohengrin* performed; and this embodiment of his favourite legend seems to have given colour to his whole future life. It was not so much Wagner's music that attracted him—indeed, there are irreverent people who venture to say that he had no ear for music—as the mystic and visionary tendency, the

poetic, symbolic rendering of the old German legends, which he found in the works of the master. Elsa, the heroine of *Lohengrin*, expressed for a long time his dream of womanhood; and it is said that his one-time fiancée, the beautiful Bavarian princess who afterwards became the Duchesse d'Alençon, and perished so heroically in the Paris fire of 1898, grew tired of his raptures on the subject of her imaginary rival, and that this was one cause of the rupture of the engagement.

The Castle of Neuschwanstein is an embodiment of the young king's romantic dreams. It stands high above the valley, with a splendid background of mountain scenery to set off its imitative medievalism. Whatever we may think of the taste or judgment of such an arbitrary reconstruction of the dead past, the effect in this instance is undeniably striking. The interior decorations are exceedingly rich. The frescoes in the principal apartments are nearly all of their illustrations of Wagnerian dramas. In the vestibule are paintings of the story of Brunnhilde. In the study the legend of *Tannhäuser* is set forth, and in the dressing-room are the Meister-singers of Nuremberg. Paintings of Tristan and Isolde decorate the sleeping-apartment—the same room in which the mad king was taken captive by the two doctors who conveyed him to the Castle of Berg, there to end his miserable life. Ascending the staircase which leads to the fourth floor, we pass the famous group of the 'Dragon and the Palm-tree,' in which some have seen a symbol of the cruel fate that finally wrecked the life which had once seemed so promising and fair. In the king's bedroom is a statue of Marie Antoinette, placed so that his eyes might fall upon it the moment he awoke. His adoration of the ill-fated French queen succeeded the youthful passion for Elsa of Brabant, which had made him cold to more modern and material loves, and is connected with the transition from the medievalism of Schwanstein to the rococo decorations of Linderhof.

The road from Hohenschwangau skirts the shores of the lovely Plansee, and in about twelve miles reaches Linderhof, a sequestered spot, where Maximilian II., that solitary hunter and dreamer, had built himself a hunting-lodge. Here Ludwig II. erected a sort of Petit Trianon, a jewel of a place decorated in the style of the French artists Watteau and Lancret. In the beautiful Louis XVI. gardens is a subterranean lake, a passable imitation of the Blue Grotto at Capri. Here, in the hours when his overstrained brain lost sight of the distinction between dream and reality, the king, dressed in silver armour and fancying himself Lohengrin, would float about in a skiff drawn by swans. In the neighbouring forest he had a summer-house built which was an exact reproduction of Hunding's hut in the first act of the *Walküre*, even to the ash-tree growing out through the roof, into

which Wotan fixes his sword. Here Ludwig spent many hours in solitude.

As his mental malady advanced the building mania grew upon him. His latest project was the erection of a new Versailles at Herrenchiemsee. Travellers on the line between Munich and Salzburg who stop at Prien on the Chiemsee, that favourite resort of artists and holiday-makers, will see the huge unfinished pile on the largest of the three islands that stud the lake. They will admire the entrance colonnade, the marble-paved court, the richly-decorated staircase, and the gorgeous suite of rooms on the first floor opening out of one another; one—an imitation of the bedroom of Louis XVI. at Versailles—is said to have cost over a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The Mirror Gallery, two hundred and fifty feet long, is lined with mirrors and illuminated with nearly three thousand lustres and candles; and there are many other rooms decorated and furnished in the extreme of luxury. No wonder the Bavarian taxpayer waxed restive, and murmured that if the king must spend money it might be better bestowed in making a figure in the eyes of Europe than in futile and extravagant dreams. The huge pile, begun in 1878, has never been finished; and a sense of desolation blends with the cold magnificence of this monument of human pride and human weakness.

It was at the Castle of Berg, on the Starnberg See, that smiling lake, crowded throughout the season with holiday-making South Germans, that the tragedy of this saddest of lives drew to its close. To this castle Ludwig was brought one

night from his palace at Linderhof in charge of two doctors. The unexpectedly calm demeanour of the patient seems to have lulled the anxious solicitude of the elder physician, Dr Gudden, into security, as on the day of his arrival he sent off a telegram to Berlin saying, 'All is going exceedingly well.' He thought so well of his patient that he decided to venture out alone with him in the evening, declining the attendance of a keeper. The hours passed, but the doctor and the royal patient did not return. The other physician became seriously alarmed. Search was made in every direction, and at last the bodies of King Ludwig and Dr Gudden were found in the lake. The physician's body bore unmistakable marks of violence; but it will never be known whether the king deliberately killed his guardian, or whether Dr Gudden lost his life in an endeavour to prevent his distracted patient's suicidal act.

This was the unhappy end of one who at his accession was hailed by all who came within the range of his influence as a perfect hero of romance. Beautiful, graceful, and gifted, he was ever dogged by the evil influence to which he succumbed, and which has troubled others of his House. It is not long since one of his own blood, and very dear to him, who was also beautiful, gifted, and unhappy, met her death by the assassin's knife on the quay at Geneva.

If Johnson could have foreseen the history of the Royal House of Bavaria he might have added another episode to his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and it would not have been the least impressive.

## A BEGGAR WHO CHOSE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

**J**OANNA married in haste. In return for her offer of simulated charity, Mrs Anthony Erskine received a curt note asking her not to upset her domestic system on Joanna's behalf, as she had another arrangement in view. A week or two later, almost before the astonished lady had time to air her opinion of this beggar who perversely insisted upon choosing for herself, the curt note was followed by a yet more laconic communication which stated that on the previous day her wayward niece had become Mrs Walter Leven.

It was a little time before Mr and Mrs Anthony quite realised that an Erskine had so far descended as to marry a mechanic. That she had agreed to share his home to avoid accepting their hospitality would have been an incredible supposition to the self-respecting couple.

'To marry a common working-man!—a mere village blacksmith!—when we were prepared to

take her into our family and treat her as a daughter! I never heard such folly. She must have been simply infatuated about the man. At her age, too; and I always thought Joanna a sensible girl!'

In spite of their horror at her action her august relatives did not cast Joanna off. For one thing, it is impossible to cast off anybody who is not clinging to one; and Joanna had always been aggressively self-supporting. Besides, Mrs Anthony recollected that in the previous summer when she needed a change of air Pittendrevie had proved bracing; and it was convenient to have some place in the country to visit. Apart from that minor consideration, both Mr and Mrs Anthony had the customary desire to cleave to relatives to whom they could speak freely—that is, tell candidly their opinion of all their doings. In this they were hardly peculiar. Society being on a purely artificial and complimentary basis, human nature has not the opportunity it craves of speak-

ing its mind unreservedly save with those to whom it is bound by ties of relationship. Frank, uncensored, mutual criticism is the loadstone which keeps together many family connections. So in place of abandoning the misguided girl, her uncle and aunt contented themselves with long epistolary protests; and by way of gift Mrs Anthony sent Joanna a hideous worsted antimacassar which she picked up cheap on the last evening of an unsuccessful bazaar.

'It is difficult to know what will be useful to people of that class,' said Mrs Anthony kindly; 'but at least they are certain to have a chair of some sort to put it over.' Joanna Leven, not being an angel, threw her relative's munificent gift into the fire, and while the odour of the smouldering wool stank in her nostrils, vowed never to see her uncle and aunt again.

The brief honeymoon had been passed pleasantly enough at St Andrews; but Joanna made the discovery common to so many brides that the first few weeks of her married life were not the happiest. Her heart-ache was still fresh, and her husband was yet a stranger. He, too, seemed not quite at ease with her, and his natural good taste made him keep himself and his adoration in the background. Still, there were times when she could not help admiring him.

Finding that on her previous visits to St Andrews Joanna had been accustomed to stay at Russack's Hotel, Leven had taken her there; and looking round the quiet dining-room—at that season occupied by only a few inveterate golfers—Joanna noticed with pride that in point of feature and figure her husband far surpassed most of the other visitors. His bronzed face and hands were only a shade more tanned than those of the golf enthusiasts whose sole aim in life was to follow the elusive ball over the wind-swept links.

Leven's reserved manner became him, and his laconic replies concealed any peculiarity of pronunciation. He was blest with keen observation, and his behaviour at table quickly showed Joanna that she had nothing to fear. True, one night when asparagus was served at dinner, and he made his first acquaintance with the vegetable, she discovered that he had eaten quite two inches off several of the root-ends of his portion before relinquishing the delicacy as one not to his taste; and it was with mingled pain and pity that at dinner on the evening of their arrival she had seen him making futile efforts to lift a walnut off the dish by means of the nut-crackers, with whose use he was yet unfamiliar.

When he played golf, the length of his drives surprised even the apathetic habitués of the links, though it must be confessed that his touch lacked the delicacy indispensable to success on the putting-green. Still, as she watched him drive, Joanna felt a warm thrill of pride in her stalwart husband.

Leven had a keen interest in science. When

they visited the museum Joanna was amazed by the knowledge he displayed of subjects that were a dead-letter to her, and she inwardly regretted the lack of that education which would have enabled him to take the place in life for which nature had amply endowed him.

It was when they returned to Pittendrevie and he resumed the leather apron, and was busy early and late, that Joanna found time to weary and to think of the step she had taken in thus irrevocably cutting herself off from her own kind. Had she but fully realised it, the man whose hand she had accepted as a guide out of her troubles was in all save a little social veneer immeasurably superior to any of her former friends; but the most difficult thing in life is to focus properly things close at hand. One either magnifies their merits or exaggerates their faults; and in those dark winter days Joanna, who was suffering from nervous reaction after the severe strain attendant on her mother's death, sometimes found herself foolishly annoyed at certain little tricks in her husband's manner. It worried her absurdly, for example, if, when Walter was in a hurry, he poured his tea into a saucer to cool. Had Joanna been in her usual spirits a half-jesting remark would have cured him of the habit at once; but the very fact that such trifles grated upon her supersensitive nerves kept her from hinting at an unconscious error which Leven would have been all too glad to remedy. As it was, he was in a state of complete beatitude.

Joanna's dissatisfaction had sprung from that common and prolific root, idleness. Had her energies been as fully occupied as they had been during her previous years at Pittendrevie she would have had neither time nor inclination for repining. The old housekeeper had gone to keep house for a widowed son, and her place was filled by a stout young girl, to whose strong arms the work of the house was but a pastime; and the garden lay under the spell of winter.

It was at this period of unwonted ennui that an invitation from Mrs Anthony Erskine made a welcome break in the monotony of her life. At Christmas a meagre card in an open envelope with a halfpenny stamp had brought the good wishes of the worthy pair; but there the communication between the two houses had ceased. It was with great surprise, therefore, that one dull January morning Joanna received a letter from her aunt containing a gushing invitation to pay them a visit at Moray Place. The note was amazingly affectionate in tone; as far as Joanna could discern, there was not a single sting concealed in the phraseology. The invitation did not include Mr Leven; but Mrs Anthony suavely hoped he would trust them with the care of his wife for a little. She knew, she added diplomatically, that his business engagements would prevent his being able to accompany her. Joanna had not confessed to herself that she was tired of



Pittendrevie; but with the prospect of going to Edinburgh her spirits instantly rose. When Walter came indoors to breakfast he found that she proposed setting off next day. He received the news quietly, making but a gentle demur.

'Well, you ken your own affairs best, Joanna; but I'm thinkin' they weren't that good to you in your time of need that you should be ready to run whenever they wag a finger.'

'Oh, that's only their way. Both Uncle Anthony and Aunt Georgina are naturally mean—they can't help it; but I'm sure they must intend kindly in asking me to visit them. They can have no ulterior motive in that. They have nothing to gain from me.'

'Well, Joanna, they're your own folk; you know them best. But I'm thinkin' it'll be terrible dull here without ye.'

On the afternoon of the fourth Thursday in each month Mrs Anthony Erskine was 'at home' to her circle—which statement, printed in delicate copperplate on her visiting-card, being put into plain English, meant that the hospitable dame so greatly desired the company of her friends that she deliberately closed her well-varnished hall-door to their visits during three hundred and fifty-three days of the year; though, did she happen to be in town and well on the remaining twelve, she was graciously prepared, within certain circumscribed hours, to receive them.

As it chanced, Joanna arrived at Moray Place before noon on the day of her aunt's monthly reception. She discovered Mrs Anthony superintending with acrimony while the house-parlour-maid, in that state of suppressed revolt which characterised the inferiors of the establishment, removed the swathing-sheets wherein during the past four weeks the drawing-room furniture had been shrouded, and prepared the chamber for the reception of possible guests.

Mrs Anthony Erskine embraced her nieces with effusion, expressing vast interest in all her affairs, and refraining from saying anything uncomplimentary about the offending blacksmith. Though the warmth of the welcome gratified Joanna, her distrust of her relatives' disinterestedness—which had been born of and nurtured on intimate experience—refused to be lulled by a few plausible words; and at frequent intervals she found herself wondering what lay beneath this sudden display of affection.

Mr Erskine not returning to lunch, the ladies fared meagrely upon soup heated from the previous night's dinner, eked out with bread. Thereafter Mrs Anthony squeezed her adipose form into her second-best black silk. 'This is the third dress this crape trimming has been on,' the economical lady explained with gentle exultation to her wayward niece, whom she suspected of secret leanings towards extravagance. 'It was first worn for my sister, then for your father, and now for

your mother; and I'm sure it looks as good as new yet.' The two ladies sat expectant in the chilly drawing-room, where the gas-fire, turned down to its lowest burning-point, blinked despondently. Near Mrs Erskine's chair stood a tea-table set with handsome silver and china, and flanked by a four-tiered bamboo-stand which held a plate of bread and butter, a dish containing four sponge-fingers, and a cake-basket with half-a-dozen tiny wedges of fossilised seed-cake.

It was a cold winter day. The thin covering of snow that had mantled the country roads with white had been melted by the higher temperature of the city into a cold slush. Joanna, as she shivered beside the mockery of a fire, listening perfunctorily to her aunt's vituperative comments upon the lamentable folly of those of her former acquaintances who through falling into reduced circumstances had forfeited the privilege of her friendship, found her thoughts escaping to the warm parlour at the forge-cottage, and to the cosy tea that, with a plentiful supply of hot toasted scones, was served at four o'clock. She was picturing Walter sitting alone at tea. She knew he would be thinking of her; and as she wondered if he were drinking tea out of his saucer the first visitor was announced.

It is hardly necessary to mention that though Mrs Anthony Erskine's receptions were infrequent they were not crowded. One old maid, an older widow, and two gawky girls who had evidently come under compulsion, to relieve their mother of an untempting duty, proved Mrs Erskine's bag for that afternoon; and she considered it quite a satisfactory one. With the aid of a tea-cosy and a supply of hot water, one making of tea served for the entire party; but then no one ever asked for a second cup from Mrs Anthony Erskine's teapot. The hostess was now able to congratulate herself that the debt of hospitality she owed to society had been satisfied for another month. Joanna, to whom this travesty of hospitality came as a novelty after an interval of two years, marvelled at the absurdity of the whole thing, and found herself comparing this chill mockery of friendship with the simple country geniality which makes guests welcome at all times to the best that lies in its power to bestow.

They were finishing dinner when Joanna discovered the meaning of her relatives' sudden outburst of affection and overwhelming desire for her company. The scraggy end of mutton and mashed turnips had been followed by a dish of stewed rhubarb, which in turn had given place to an elaborate dessert service containing three shrivelled apples and a few Brazil nuts. The insurgent maid had left them to the enjoyment of these delicacies, when Mr Anthony Erskine, after solemnly clearing his throat, addressed his niece.

'Joanna, I have a communication of great im-

portance to make to you—one which your aunt and myself agreed that it was advisable not to write to you concerning, as we both consider it wiser that the news of this change in your circumstances should for a time be kept rigorously secret. Contrary to all expectation, the gold-mine wherein your father sank a greater portion of his wife's fortune has suddenly become valuable. After paying no dividend for several years, during which the shares were considered absolutely worthless, a rich lode has been struck, and the stock has risen tremendously, and now stands above par.'

Joanna sat apparently unmoved by the news. In the first confusion of ideas she found it difficult to realise the full meaning of his words.

'Now, you know how much your aunt and myself have your interests at heart. Indeed, I need not tell you that we have long regarded you as a child of our own.'

'The shares must be immensely valuable,' thought Joanna, with an inward smile.

'We have never ceased to deplore the strange fatuity which led you to plunge rashly into a union with one so much beneath your position in life.' He paused to take breath and a sip of his sour claret, and Joanna sat upright, regarding him quietly, but with a warning tinge of scarlet on her cheeks.

'Should your husband hear of this little fortune he will insist upon sharing it, and would in all probability squander all that he could get hold of. Now, if you simply write to him—or I can write instead—saying that you have decided not to return to Pittendrevie, and for the future will live with us, you can either board here or travel about for a little. Your aunt says she is ready to sacrifice her own convenience and go where you like; and out of Scotland you would be beyond the reach of any recrimination.'

'Yes, Joanna,' Mrs Anthony chimed in affectionately, 'I am quite prepared to go wherever you fancy. They say the Riviera is lovely at this season.'

'And my husband—is it necessary that he should be thrust aside?' asked Joanna, speaking in an even, unimpassioned tone that deceived her auditors.

'Why, of course it is. Under these changed circumstances you could never live with him. Should he find out about the inheritance he will probably insist upon being paid not to molest you. That is the reason we are anxious to keep all knowledge from him. If you had been a little less precipitate in your action you might have saved us and yourself the prospect of incalculable trouble and annoyance,' he added crossly.

'Yes, Joanna. Your marrying the man in that mad haste was a most regrettable act. If you had only asked our advice! But to throw yourself away in that ridiculous fashion! If it had been anybody else but a working mechanic,' said Mrs

Anthony in aggrieved tones. 'Your uncle will tell you that when I received your letter informing us that you had married a blacksmith I nearly fainted. I'm sure, as I said to your uncle, it was enough to make your poor mother turn in her new-made grave.'

Listening while these self-sufficient people, whom she despised from the depths of her soul, calmly mapped out her future, giving themselves a prominent place therein and ignominiously excluding therefrom the only one who had stood by her in her hour of trouble, Joanna's loyal blood boiled, the hinges of her tongue were unloosed, and she spoke perhaps rashly, and without the deference considered desirable from niece to uncle and aunt, but certainly to the point. She had often possessed herself in patience, and listened in outward forbearance while Mr and Mrs Anthony Erskine freely criticised her actions. It was her turn now. Mrs Erskine's lachrymose reference to her dead mother's grave added the last drop to the vials of her wrath. They overflowed.

'Don't speak of my mother's grave—the grave that you, her only relatives, rather than expend a few pounds, decreed must be dug far from that of her husband—her lonely grave that you left it to a stranger to erect a simple stone over. How dare either of you criticise my husband, a man who is as superior to you'—

She paused. Mr Anthony Erskine was gazing at this turned worm with mouth agape, a blank look on his flat white face. Mrs Erskine was sniffing aggressively on the verge of facile tears.

'My dear husband!' Joanna went on more moderately. 'When I was penniless—quite penniless—he shared all he had in the world with me.'

'I'm sure your uncle and I offered you a home and a daughter's place in our hearts,' whimpered Mrs Anthony.

Joanna laughed a little sarcastically. 'No, my affectionate relatives; disabuse your minds once and for ever of that notion. What you offered me, thinking that in my helplessness I had no alternative but to accept, was the position of a household drudge, an unpaid slave to make room for whom my husband proposed dismissing a paid servant. Yesterday, when your invitation came, I must confess I puzzled over its meaning, knowing that you never take any step that does not hold the prospect of future gain. Uncle Anthony's disclosure has made that clear. But recriminations are useless. This unexpected good fortune will enable my husband to educate himself to take his proper place in the world; and I shall return to him at once. There is just time to catch the last train. Will you permit a maid to call me a cab?'

As the train rushed across the shuddering length of the Forth Bridge and plunged into the darkness beyond, Joanna thought with joyous excitement of all she had to tell her husband,

and planned how she would mystify him at first as to the reason of her unexpected return; but by the time she had found her way along the snowy high-road to the cottage by the forge her schemes had fled, their place occupied by a longing to witness his pleasure in her good news.

The blind of the parlour window had not been drawn, and, looking in, Joanna saw the deserted smith sitting in the firelight wrinkling his brows over a book; and the cosy interior seemed to have gained an added charm in contrast to the frigid mansion she had just left.

A moment later the book had been thrown aside, and Joanna, clasped in her delighted husband's arms, was eagerly, and somewhat incoherently, pouring into his astonished ears the medley of fact, hope, and conjecture that formed the foundation whereupon she had already begun to rear a goodly castle in the air.

'And, oh, Walter! you will be able to give up the forge and to devote your whole time to study. We will be able to patent any invention you make; and some day you will be a professor, and perhaps get a title for your researches in science. I'll write to Mr Dreghorn the lawyer. He was an old friend of father;

he will take charge of my affairs, and realise the shares before there is a chance of their dropping. And we'll never speak to Uncle Anthony or Aunt Georgina again!'

They sat late into the night discussing a future so roscate that it seemed impossible for any cloud to eclipse its brightness. When at last they rose to leave the sitting-room, Joanna's eye fell upon the discarded volume.

'A new book. What is it?' she asked. Leven's face flushed; his blue eyes looked abashed.

'It's a book I sent to Glasgow private-like for,' he explained shamefacedly. 'I saw—at least I kind of felt, though you never said anything—that maybe my ways and my table-manners weren't what you had been accustomed to.'

'Well, there's an end of *Manners for Men*,' said Joanna, thrusting the offending volume into the fire. 'Don't you know, you great, silly boy, that you are the truest gentleman I have ever met?' Let us make a bargain. You promise to teach me manners for wives, and I will teach you manners for husbands. Then when you are a world-famed man of science, your polished urbanity will so compel admiration as to force the Anthony Erskines to confess that the beggar who chose—meaning me—chose wisely.'

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### CANADIAN GOLD-FIELDS.

**T**HE new gold-fields of central Canada are destined to play an important part in the development of the country, and we are glad to note that a Chamber of Mines has been formed, after the pattern of the similar organisation in Johannesburg, South Africa, from which authentic information can be obtained. This is a semi-official institution, not established for profit, but with the primary object of disseminating reliable information and statistics relating to the mining industry. In a budget of papers recently issued by this Chamber we find an excellent map, and full particulars of the assay-value of the ores obtained from the various mines in the district. There are also other particulars which will prove of great value to those interested in this industry. Copies of these documents may be obtained on application to the Central Canada Chamber of Mines, Winnipeg.

### ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The great desire on the part of every nation to reach the North Pole has by no means abated, and there is a friendly rivalry between them as

to which shall be the first to plant its flag in that region of perpetual ice and snow. At present Italy holds the record, for the adventurous Duke of Abruzzi has up to this time penetrated to the most northerly point yet reached by man. Some, however, think that the conquest of the North will fall to Russia, who brings to warfare with the ice a new and powerful agent. This is the wonderful ice-crushing steamer *Ermak*, a vessel which can go through a barrier of ice fourteen feet thick at a speed of nearly four miles an hour. This vessel, which is more than three hundred feet in length, is of enormous strength, and is so constructed that her bow is projected not through but above the ice, which she breaks down by a sheer weight of one thousand tons. The *Ermak* is to start from St Petersburg on her voyage to the frozen North in June next, and will enter the region of perpetual ice to the north of Siberia. It may be mentioned that the *Ermak*, though designed by Admiral Makaroff, is British built, and comes from the famous firm of Armstrong & Co.

### SHARK-SKIN.

*Science Siftings* calls attention to the commercial value of that dread scavenger of the deep, the shark, and states that thousands of sharks are cut



up annually for the sake of their skins, which fetch, according to size, from twelve shillings to twenty-four shillings apiece. These skins after being cleaned and dried assume intense hardness, and are made up into the material known as shagreen, which is much used for whip-handles and for covering instrument-cases; and it is employed for polishing hard woods. A valuable glue much used in the silk manufacture is also made from the fins of the shark.

#### AN ENORMOUS ELECTRIC PLANT.

The largest electric-power scheme which has yet been devised, not excepting the far-famed works at the Niagara Falls, is that of Messina, on the St Lawrence River, which will probably be inaugurated in July next. The electric power will be generated by fifteen Westinghouse machines, each of the capacity of five thousand horse-power—a total output of seventy-five thousand horse-power. This tremendous amount of energy will be controlled by one man, and can be put into action by the simple pressure of a few buttons. In the centre of the power-house there is a raised desk, upon which are a series of press-buttons or keys. These buttons do not act directly on the switches, but put in action electro-magnets that operate upon the compressed-air cylinders, which do the actual work. By the employment of an interlocking system, it is practically impossible for the man controlling this vast power to make a mistake, and it is equally impossible for him to run any danger from the electric currents under his control.

#### JAM BRICKS.

The making of bricks without straw used to be regarded as the type of anything difficult of achievement; but times have changed, and straw is no longer indispensable to the industry. We also find that bricks are not necessarily made of earthy constituents, and that latterly some have come into the market which are made of jam! The idea is to boil down fruit, when fruit is plentiful and glutting the market, with a due proportion of sugar, and to fashion the compound into a solid mass very like the damson cheese of a bygone day. The fruit in this solidified state will keep almost indefinitely; and, when required, it can be reduced to the state of jam by the addition of water. Pots would be dispensed with, the jam bricks going to market wrapped in oiled tissue-paper. At the present time we are importing hundreds of tons of fruit-pulp from abroad for jam-making purposes, and it seems to be only a short step in advance to boil down the fruit and present it in the solidified form. Jam bricks have already been submitted to the War Office for the use of our troops in South Africa; and although the manufacture is not considered to be as yet perfect enough for immediate adoption, it is considered that the

system deserves the greatest commendation and encouragement.

#### MODERN ILLUSTRATION.

The last three decades of the nineteenth century saw a wonderful revolution in the illustration of books, magazines, and newspapers, the beautiful art of the wood-engraver being almost wholly usurped by photographic process-blocks, the production of which has been brought to marvellous perfection in a very short time. An exhibition has been opened recently at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, the purpose of which is to show the gradual transition of one kind of work to the other during the period indicated; and between two and three thousand examples, consisting of drawings by eminent artists and their reproduction by photographic process, are on view. Among the works are drawings by Lord Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Sir John Tenniel, George du Maurier, Charles Keene, and others who delighted more than one generation with their clever pencils. Nor must we omit to mention that here may be seen some pen-drawings by Major-General Baden-Powell illustrative of the siege of Mafeking. There are also numerous examples of foreign work; but on the Continent the wood-engraver has not been superseded to the extent which he has been here, and 'process' work abroad is apparently far behind that of Britain.

#### CHEAP GAS.

It has long been known that a gas suitable for driving engines and furnishing heat for stoves, but having only the illuminative power of a spirit flame, can be manufactured at a very cheap rate; and it has again and again been urged that existing gas companies should, by a double system of mains, supply to their customers a gas of this description as well as the ordinary gas for light-giving purposes. According to the *Gas World*, power is to be sought from Parliament in its next session for carrying out a huge scheme for the manufacture and distribution of what is known as Mond gas, after its inventor, Dr Ludwig Mond. This gas is produced from a cheap form of bituminous coal or slack; and the cost of production is said to be so small that electricity can be generated thereby for less than one-twentieth of a penny per unit, and the gas can be sold at from threepence to fourpence per thousand cubic feet. Should these anticipations be realised, the electric light will be common to all, householders will be independent of coal merchants, and the present gas companies will find their occupation gone.

#### SAVED BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The value of Marconi's system of telegraphing without wires was recently demonstrated in a very interesting manner, and the experiment is of the greater value because it had not been in any way

prearranged. The Belgian mail-steamers which ply between Dover and Ostend have for some months been fitted with the Marconi apparatus, by which they can keep up communication with the shore while crossing the Channel. On the occasion referred to, the mail-boat *Princess Clementine*, when about an hour out from Ostend, noticed a sailing-vessel, which afterwards proved to be the barque *Medora* of Stockholm, showing signals of distress. The steamer immediately telegraphed to Ostend for a tug to go to the rescue, describing the exact position of the *Medora*. Before Dover was reached the captain of the steamer had the satisfaction of knowing that a tug was despatched in answer to his request, and later on it was reported that by its aid the crew of the sailing-vessel had been rescued from a very dangerous position.

#### AN OCTOPUS PLAGUE.

That uncanny creature, the octopus, which a few years ago was looked upon as a curiosity of the aquarium, has recently infested our southern coasts and the shores of Brittany in numbers sufficient to constitute a veritable plague. In order to arrive at some definite idea as to the havoc wrought by these visitants, Mr. W. Garstang, of the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth, has instituted some experiments in Plymouth Sound by the aid of baited crab-pots. Thirty of these basketware traps were sunk by skilled fishermen, and the average daily catch amounted to one live crab, three live lobsters, the mutilated remains of seven of each, and nearly eleven octopuses. Yet this is not, in reality, an accurate measure of the actual abundance of these marauders, for it is well known that they can shoot their soft bodies through the narrow mouth of the trap and escape, although crabs and lobsters must perforce remain prisoners. It is certain that these creatures are doing enormous damage to the shell-fisheries both here and on the opposite side of the Channel, and it is difficult to see how their numbers can be checked.

#### A WONDERFUL RAILWAY BRIDGE.

Burma possesses the highest railway bridge in the world. It is known as the Gokteik Viaduct, and is made entirely of steel. Its weight is considerably more than four thousand tons, and it has a length of two thousand two hundred and sixty feet, in spans of from one hundred and twenty to forty in length. The roadway is supported by trestle towers, which vary in height, according to the contour of the ground, from forty-five feet to three hundred and twenty feet. The contract was given to the Pennsylvania Steel Company in April 1899, and before twenty months had elapsed the bridge was made, erected, and formally handed over to the Burma Railway Company. The speed with which American manufacturers can turn out monster

erections of this description is the result of employing machinery of the most perfect kind, and adopting up-to-date methods of apportioning the labour among a multitude of skilled hands. Our own workshop managers are beginning to understand that they have much to learn in these respects.

#### ATMOSPHERIC RESISTANCE AND RAILWAY SPEEDS.

Last year (in *Journal* for August 25, page 622) reference was made to what was being attempted to lessen atmospheric resistance to locomotion. It is now announced that Frederick M. Adams has constructed a cigar-shaped train which has achieved some astonishing speeds on the line between Baltimore and Washington. Mr Adams has been making experiments since 1890 on atmospheric resistance to the speed of railway trains, the present build of which he considers unscientific. A train properly designed to minimise the air-resistance due to speed can be made to travel one hundred miles an hour with less expenditure of power than is now required to move a train of equal weight and capacity at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Mr Adams's train covered forty miles in thirty-seven minutes and thirty seconds. However, he does not aim at mere speed, but eventually a reduction in fuel consumption, weight of locomotive, and decrease in the working expenses. The design of the locomotive is the same as that of the bow of a boat, the rear car tapers to a point, and there are no foot-boards. It may be remarked that Count Zeppelin's air-ship, the enormous cylindrical shell, with a row of seventeen balloons inside, for navigating the air, has also pointed cigar-like ends.

#### A MODERN SEA-SERPENT.

The French Journal *La Nature* gives illustrations from photographs of the very latest sea-serpent, a reptile measuring one hundred feet in length by six and a half in diameter, which may be seen at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris. This creature is of artificial construction, and is in reality a train of bogie carriages fashioned to look like the body of a monstrous serpent. The head, terrible to behold, constitutes the electric locomotive, the engine-driver being comfortably seated within it. There are seats all along each side of the creature's body, upon which visitors can travel. This curious train runs on rails and makes the tour of the Gardens. It is said that at first the animals in the place were fascinated by this new addition to their ranks, but have since become used to its peculiarities, and now regard it with disdain.

#### FROZEN EGGS.

As no genius has yet solved the problem of supplying our city markets with eggs which can be truthfully described as new-laid, it is a matter of interest to learn that there are means by which

these important articles of domestic consumption can be preserved in a wholesome and edible condition. There are several methods of keeping eggs sweet, and their efficacy seems to depend chiefly upon immediate treatment after the new-laid eggs have been collected. A process which recommends itself by its simplicity and freedom from contaminating agents is that of freezing. We learn from a recent consular report that refrigeration is extensively practised in Chicago, the eggs being stored in April, when they are cheapest, and sent to market later, when they command a price which is remunerative to the merchant. At the time this report was in preparation, two of the largest packing houses had in their cold-storage chambers no fewer than two hundred and sixteen million eggs. The eggs are packed in whitewood boxes, each egg being first carefully 'candled,' for a single bad egg would contaminate all the others in the same package.

#### SUBTERRANEAN WARFARE.

A new terror is added to naval warfare by the evolution of the submarine vessel, and it behoves us to remember that these new destructive agents have passed their probation, and are now being seriously adopted in both France and America. Our own Admiralty has, up to this time, been content to watch experiments abroad without attempting to construct any such boats for the English navy, being apparently unable to determine the value of this new type of vessel. Mr Holland, who has devoted many years to the study of the question, and who intends in the spring to cross the Atlantic beneath its waves, in writing upon the subject of submarine craft in the *North American Review*, says that 'when the first submarine torpedo-boat goes into action it will bring us face to face with the most puzzling problem ever met in warfare, for she will represent a weapon against which there is no defence. It will be impossible to fight beneath the sea, because vision is impossible; the only thing to be done is to run away. If you cannot run away you are doomed. Wharves, shipping at anchor, and the buildings in seaport towns cannot run away; therefore the sending of a submarine torpedo-boat against them means their inevitable destruction.'

#### ARSENIC IN VEGETABLES.

An important discovery has just been made by the *Lancet*, whose laboratory commissioners undertook, some time ago, the examination of a number of substances, including certain foods and drugs in common daily use, and in the preparation of which sulphuric acid is used. As a result, it was found that artificial manures are rich in arsenic, which is easily soluble in water. This is the less surprising since the basis of artificial manures—namely, superphosphate of lime—is formed by acting upon ordinary bone ash with

common oil of vitriol. The important point, however, is that it has now been established beyond doubt that plants to which arsenical manure is applied take up arsenic in their tissues. Cabbages and turnips gathered from fields manured with superphosphates have given unmistakable evidence of the presence of arsenic. It is probable that arsenic accumulates in soil which is constantly being dressed with superphosphates, so that plants raised on such soil would absorb arsenic, and exercise an injurious effect on the health of both man and animals. It is even possible, for a similar reason, that the beef and mutton which we eat daily contain arsenic. The more important question also arises: May not the arsenic in malt be traceable to the somewhat large amount of arsenic inevitably present in artificial manures? This aspect of the subject is a very serious one, and demands further and fuller inquiry.

#### A CASUAL.

He came among us one bleak, winter day,  
When hands and hearts alike were cold and stern;  
A nameless stranger, passing on his way—  
An aimless way, for aught we could discern.

Unbidden guest! without the *savoir faire*  
To bring his welcome with him in his face.  
We caught th' reflex of th' repellent air,  
And only wish'd to bow him from the place.

But one, whose gentle heart the inward fires  
Of grief and pain had purg'd and purified,  
Spoke bravely out, rebuking our desires,  
And this was what our Heav'n-taught teacher said:

'Oh, treat him kindly! He's some mother's son,  
Who holds her hands around him, while she may;  
And, when his wilful feet go wand'ring on,  
She bows her head to weep, perchance to pray.

'So, for her sake, if not for his, oh friends!  
And, more than either, for the free-giv'n grace  
By which our Lord His love to us commends,  
Turn and look kindly on the stranger's face.'

THE AUTHOR OF 'MATTHEW DALE.'

#### \*\* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### SYBIL'S SIN.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

**O**NE morning little Sybil rushed into the breakfast-room of Tree Manor, with very bright eyes and two pink spots on her cheeks.

'Oh, Miss Cope! what do you think?' she cried.

Candida Cope was pouring out coffee. She was accustomed to do pretty much as she pleased at that hour of the day, since Lady Barker always breakfasted in her own room; and, save Sybil, there was no one else of consequence at the Manor. Burkitt Barker was, of course, at the front. It was so very different until President Kruger pushed at England with his famous ultimatum.

'I think you are late, dear,' said Candida calmly. It was Candida's duty to teach Sybil things; but she could not pretend to be very fond of a child who scarcely veiled her dislike, and more, for her governess.

'Oh, yes, I know; and I don't care, either,' exclaimed Sybil, tossing her little head, so that her yellow hair scattered over her shoulders.

'Well, suppose I guess that you are hungry?'

'It's not that, of course, Miss Cope.' The child's voice rose to a shriek, in which elation had its strange part. 'Burkitt's wounded. He's got a shot in his leg—the right one—and another somewhere else. Isn't it splendid?'

There was a smash. The coffee-pot had fallen from Candida's hand, and one of the white-and-gold Coalport cups and its saucer suffered the consequences. Also, there was a spill. The smoke of the sacrifice ascended towards the ceiling.

Little Sybil's eyes took on a steely light of triumph which was not fair to see in so young a child.

'I'm going to ring for Martha,' she said; 'and won't granny be mad, that's all—though she does pet you so!'

Candida's pretty face crimsoned. She allowed the child to ring; but her hand shook as she

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restored the coffee-pot to its seat of honour. Then she looked at Sybil, trying, as became her, to exile the tell-tale expression that she knew was on her face.

'I hope they are not serious wounds?' she said quietly—tremulously, however, in spite of herself.

'Oh, but they are—awful serious. He's under the "dangerous" lot. Granny's wetted her handkerchief right through. She says he's been fearfully brave to get them, and that if he lives he'll have to wear the Victoria Cross.'

The housemaid entered.

'Martha,' the little girl exclaimed, eagerly changing the subject, 'see what a mess! I didn't do it.'

'And, Martha,' added Candida, 'give Miss Sybil her breakfast. I am going to Lady Barker.'

'She didn't tell me to say she wanted you very particular,' murmured Sybil, yet with defiance in her eyes, as she glanced first at Candida and then at the housemaid.

'Oh Syb, Syb!' said Candida gently. She patted the little girl's hair as she went towards the door.

But 'Syb, Syb' was not conciliated by this small attention. No sooner was the door shut than she burst out with scandalous words as she flung herself into her chair.

'I don't care—I don't care!' she cried. 'Every one loves her, and that's why I hate her so. There's Burkitt wants to marry her, though she is only a common governess. I won't hold my tongue, Martha. And there's granny thinks there's no one to equal her. And you know what granny is! There's just three things granny loves—her diamonds, Burkitt, and Miss Cope. She only tolerates me. I call it a shame. Plenty of sugar, please, Martha!'

She was an engaging little damsel, notwithstanding her tempers; and the way she folded her small hands and whispered her 'For what I am about to receive,' &c., after such wicked

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words, set Martha smiling. Martha waited until the good words were over, and then she also began to take up the cudgels on Candida's behalf.

'You're a naughty, jealous child, Miss Sybil—that's what you are, and that trying. I do wonder Miss Cope puts up with you.'

'Hoity-toity!'

'And,' proceeded Martha, pouring milk on the porridge, 'it's not as if you were an ugly little girl like Minnie Buckstone, who'—

'Oh, don't jaw so!' exclaimed Sybil, who then attacked her breakfast as if she had no burden of any size upon her conscience. But she soon returned to the great subject, and afflicted Martha with an exaggerated report of her brother's injuries. Martha could only listen, open-mouthed and dismayed. The Manor and all that was in it existed, as it were, solely for Lieutenant Barker's future. It was nothing less than appalling to think that this bright (and, to Martha, beautiful) young life should be thus summarily cut short.

'Oh dear! oh dear!—this dreadful war!' lamented the domestic. 'Does your grandmamma think there is no hope, Miss Sybil?'

'She doesn't say so; but I know. You can tell when she lets her eyes go red like that without caring. I shall miss Burkitt awfully, and I do hope they'll bring him home to be buried, poor dear boy!'

The child helped herself to bread and butter, and looked at Martha just as if she were saying, 'I shall let my thoughts come out quite as I please; and I'm glad, not sorry, if they shock you.'

Meanwhile, Candida was consoling Lady Barker. She had not much actual basis upon which to build her proffered comfort. Moreover, there was that announcement of her own which had been in preparation these eight or nine days, and was now ripe. The thought of this new blow to the poor old lady disquieted Candida greatly. There were by-issues to it which did even more than disquiet her.

'Well, well, dear,' Lady Barker said at length, 'it's no use wearing myself out before my time. Poor Burkitt's constitution is a good one, thank God! and he will have the best nursing possible. Give me your hand, child.'

She fondled Candida's white fingers as if they were something helpful to her in her trouble. She even lifted them to her faded cheek. It was a tribute of affection which touched Candida very much, especially with such words as hung on the tip of her tongue, inevitable yet hard to utter. But they had to come.

'Dear Lady Barker, I want you to forgive me for what I have done,' Candida stammered when her hand was released as if reluctantly.

'What have you done, dear?'

The old lady asked the question as if it were of no importance.

Candida rushed her news.

'I have been accepted by the War Office as a nurse, and I have got to leave to-day. I did not know they would have me at all until to-day.'

The wrinkles came again into the old lady's face as she turned it upon the blushing and crying governess. Her loose white hair framed the wrinkles oppressively.

'I am so very, very sorry I did not tell you at first,' Candida whispered; 'but, you see, I could not feel sure they would want me, in spite of my experience at Dulham hospital. Can you forgive me?'

Lady Barker put forth her hands.

Candida understood the signal, and lowered her head for the hands to take charge of it and guide it towards the old lady's lips. After this Lady Barker was no longer lachrymose.

'If it must be, it must be!' she said. 'You will go?'

Candida hesitated. But the 'Yes' came.

'Very well, very well. Bring me the notification you have received from the authorities by-and-by. I am sorry you did not think fit to consult me first of all; but I will not reproach you. And now you had better go and make your preparations. Send Curtis to dress me.'

The change of manner was absolute.

'Dear Lady Barker'—Candida exclaimed, but she was stopped.

'My dear, I have nothing more to say on the subject. I wish to have nothing more to say on the subject,' said her ladyship firmly.

Then Candida understood that fate had taken her by the hand.

She understood it more plainly still when Sybil brought a message from her grandmother to the effect that Lady Barker would rather not undergo the agitation of another interview before the train started.

'Granny presumes you're not going right off in the ship now, but'll come back to finish your packing, Miss Cope. She said she presumed.'

Little Sybil was wild with excitement. She did not dissemble the joy that mingled with her excitement.

'I'm not to be bothered with any more governesses, either,' she continued, when Candida had, sadly enough, said, in response to the message, that she would make a point of returning. 'And so, Miss Cope, the sweet child went on, 'you must make 'em pass you. But you're so strong, they're sure to do that—aren't they?'

'I hope so, dear,' said Candida.

After that she was glad to be in the train. And she was very glad when, later in the day, she was again at Euston for the return journey, qualified, appointed, and enjoined to be at Southampton to embark on the steamship *Catspaw* not later than noon the following Saturday. As it was already Thursday, her leave-takings would be brief. She had wired the result to Lady Barker, informing her that she would spend the

Thursday night with her aunt at Fulton, and be at Tree Manor at midday on Friday.

Euston yielded a slight shock. She was taking her ticket, when who should address her, deferentially enough, but young Dr Partridge of Hampington, whose father was the Tree Manor medical attendant. Candida had a vague idea that Tom Partridge felt more than a desirable interest in her. The idea had strengthened at the last Charity Ball, when the foolish young fellow had glowered at Captain Black (volunteer, also of Hampington) because that undoubtedly forward individual had had the effrontery to dance with her twice. Since then she had avoided Dr Partridge as much as possible. She had had enough of Captain Black too. He had proposed to her point-blank after supper at that ball, and had taken her refusal rather badly.

The shock came in this way:

'Are you all by yourself, Miss Cope?' Tom Partridge asked, eagerly, at the Euston ticket-office.

'Yes; but I am not going your way, Mr Partridge.'

Whereupon he became glum, as his impulsive mode was when rebuffed; and then, as if it might be touching news to her, exclaimed:

'I'm off to South Africa on Saturday.'

'You!'

'Yes; on medical service. Black will be on the same boat; he is one of the selected ones. I wish I was qualified to do more than probe for bullets and that sort of thing; but I may get shot just the same, Miss Cope.'

Candida did not offer him the good wishes for which he thus innocently angled. She was, in fact, asking herself if this too was a fatality. But the clock told her she had no time to spare.

'Good-night, Mr Partridge,' she said. 'I, too, am going to South Africa on Saturday, but perhaps not by the same boat as you.'

'Not by the *Catspaw*?' said Tom Partridge briskly, when he had stared speechless while Candida tried to enjoy his surprise.

Then it was her turn to feel astonishment in full measure. She had much to reflect about during her journey to Fulton; but her deepest thoughts were for Burkitt Barker and his wounds. About these there was no fresh intelligence in the evening papers. His name reappeared among the 'dangerous' cases, and that was all. She asked herself if, before leaving, she ought to break confidence with Burkitt and confess everything to his grandmother; but the proper answer to this question could not be shirked. A thousand times, No. She had promised Burkitt to keep his love for her a secret. This, too, though she had not engaged him to keep that same love constant; and was there not that sad angel with the dark wings and the scythe who might at any moment cut the thread of the life itself round which (in spite of everything) all her sweetest memories centred?

That next day at Tree Manor was not gay.

Lady Barker was up and about, with her grand manner which held people at a distance. Candida knew that some cutting words were in store for her ere the good-byes were through. These came in the evening, when her ladyship was about to dress for dinner with the Harringdons, three miles away.

'My dear child,' said Lady Barker, while Candida stood before her with a maddening sense of guilt about she knew not what, 'let us talk without any disguise. You are not going to the seat of war because of my grandson, Lieutenant Barker?'

The old lady's eyes were as keen and cold as the diamonds exposed on her dressing-table.

'Of course not, Lady Barker,' said Candida faintly, but with burning cheeks.

'You are sure?'

'I am sure.'

Then Lady Barker feigned to breathe freely. She smiled and pushed some bank-notes and gold towards Candida.

'With a face like yours, my dear,' she said amiably, 'one has to consider all the possibilities when men are in question. I am glad to know that you have not been misled by the little attentions Burkitt paid to you in the summer and autumn. They were such as he would bestow upon any young woman of good breeding and with—an attractive face. I know I shan't spoil you by all this flattery, my dear; and I know my grandson's character and temperament. Now, good-bye, dear, for I shall be asleep when your train goes to-morrow.'

Her ladyship's arms opened in the kind, familiar way. She was quite cheerful, too, for she had had an encouraging talk with Dr Partridge on the subject of gunshot wounds.

'Good-bye, my dear,' she said again, stroking Candida's hair while she held the girl's cheek against her own, 'and may Heaven bring you safely back to your friends—and my dear grandson to me!'

But if Lady Barker was thus apparently satisfied in the matter of Candida and Lieutenant Barker, so was not Sybil. This precocious little damsel entertained her own theories.

'I hope Burkitt'll die of his wounds, Miss Cope, before you get out to him,' she said blandly, yet with fierce eyes, at the supper-table.

The words made Candida white with emotion.

'Oh, yes, I do; and I'd say worse things still if they'd be any good!' the terrible child added.

Candida did not press for anything worse. Indeed, she only shook her head at Sybil in reproof, with the mild words, 'If I didn't know you better, dear, I should think you were the most wicked little girl in the whole world.'

'I am, I am. That's just what I want to be, Miss Cope,' was the eager retort.

The Bible-reading which preceded bedtime seemed very necessary after this. It included the



story of Joseph and his brethren, and the hiding of the royal cup in Benjamin's sack of corn.

'I like that bit,' said Sybil promptly afterwards. 'I call it real smart.'

Candida was glad to be alone; but ere she went to bed Sybil, in bare feet and a night-gown, rushed into her room.

'You're not going to finish it all—every single thing—now?' she asked excitedly, nodding at the litter on the floor.

'Every single thing, dear, except that little flat box which goes in my cabin.'

'Oh! Good-night, Miss Cope!'

Then away she pattered back to her room, which connected by a door, always open, with her grandmother's own quarters. At six o'clock the next morning she was again in Candida's room, a rosy little cherub, with soothing caresses for Candida. The kisses for which she begged when the separation came were given ungrudgingly.

'You are the most beautiful-looking nurse in that dress that ever was, I should think,' were Sybil's odd final words (uttered meditatively) as Candida stepped into the carriage.

Then all was salutary excitement until the dinner hour on board the *Catspaw*.

Candida had shaken hands with Captain Black and Dr Partridge. They were both determined not to be denied. They watched for her coming; and if Candida had been in the humour for psychological analysis, she might have carried away some

fine, delicate material in the expressions on their faces. But she wanted to have nothing to do with either of them. That was why she said 'Good-morning' to both at the earliest possible opportunity, with an unmoved countenance, too.

The *Catspaw* was in the Channel (next stop but one, Capetown) when Candida went down to dress for dinner. In her case this function meant little. But it behoved her to open her tin box, and having opened it, she fumbled for one of her most precious possessions, a small Bible, the gift of her mother. This she found. With it, however, she drew forth a mysterious paper parcel containing something pointed

'What does it mean?' Candida whispered, awe-struck. The dazzling sight was exposed to her. It was Lady Barker's famous diamond tiara, an arrangement of superb stones which often, for their own sake alone, led their proud possessor to sit yawning in a ballroom when far younger ladies ought to have been in their second sleep.

It was at this radiant tiara that her ladyship had once pointed her thumb, saying, 'I sometimes think I ought not to keep a thousand a year wasted like this. What is your opinion, my dear?' Candida had then laughed, with due humility.

Now, pale and trembling, she replaced the diamonds in her box (for she had heard steps outside), and covered her face with her hands, wailing to herself, 'Oh, what does it mean?'

## STUDIES IN MILLIONAIRES.

By JAMES BURNLEY,

Author of *The Romance of Modern Industry*, *The Industries and Resources of America*, &c.

### PART I.



SCIENCE tells us that the world—speaking of it as a material essence—is no richer to-day than it was thousands of years ago. It is composed of exactly the same elements now as then, only its component parts have undergone dispersal and manipulation. These original atoms have acquired certain relative values. They have been acted upon by the numerous arts which the intelligence of man has created and developed, and have been so handled and distributed and set in motion that their significance is altogether different from what it was when existence was solely pastoral, and the yield of the earth was prized only according to the sustenance it afforded to living creatures—when a nugget of gold or a diamond was of no more value, because of no more real utility, than the commonest products of the ground.

A simple statement of this kind is hard to grasp, for the reason that before we can realise it we have to divest our minds of every idea

associated with what we now term wealth. We have to imagine a past myriads of years anterior to recorded history, when there were neither arts, manufactures, commerce, nor learning—when primitive man enjoyed those equal rights which it is part of the modern socialistic idea to win back as the legitimate inheritance of all his later descendants alike.

The world could not long have remained at this innocent stage. The rich man was a conspicuous entity in the life of the earliest peoples of which we have any knowledge. The gradations of development by which possessions of various kinds got into the hands of the few, the changes from the riches represented by flocks and herds to the riches of their equivalents in the precious metals, the acquiring of acknowledged dominion over corporeal estate, the gradual defining of the lines of demarcation between poor and rich (almost imperceptible at first, but broadening and deepening year by year)—these are things that have to be left to the imagination. In approach-

ing the study of millionaires, however, it is desirable that these previous periods of sweet simplicity should be thought of as having really existed.

Through the countless ages that have supervened the rich have been growing richer and more numerous, until millionaires are now to be counted by thousands, and their individual possessions far exceed the wildest dreams of the rich man of ancient days. Even the proverbial wealth of Croesus, the last of the Lydian kings, was small compared with the fortune of a present-day Beit, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Astor, or Carnegie. The Carnegie concern at Pittsburgh will probably make as much profit during the existing year of grace as the whole estate and wealth of Croesus amounted to, which has been estimated as worth between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 of our money, including landed property, palaces, money, slaves, and furniture. Croesus, however, was by no means the richest of the ancients, despite his having had his name adopted as the synonym for wealth. The glory and grandeur of Sardanapalus, the magnificence of the Roman emperors, the dazzling splendours of the Pharaohs, of Cleopatra, of Darius, of Alexander, were evidences of material resources far exceeding those of Croesus. Yet the actual bequeathable wealth of even the Roman emperors, with all their power of absorption by conquest, taxation, confiscation, the exaction of tribute, and what not, did not represent probably half as much positive ownership as the wealth of many a millionaire of to-day who possesses neither title nor dignity beyond that which his self-made position confers upon him. The Emperor Tiberius left at his death above £28,500,000, it is supposed; but Li Hung Chang of to-day is reported to be three or four times as rich as the imperial Roman, while Mr Beit could have bought him up several times over. Nor is it likely that the fortunes of any of the living millionaires named will vanish as the fortunes of the ancients occasionally did. Tiberius's millions were squandered in less than a year by his dissipated successor Caligula, which is not to be wondered at when as much as £80,000 was spent on a single dinner; but it was 'easy come, easy go,' with the riches of the Roman rulers. Caesar was not given to parsimony; yet even before he attained supreme power he had feathered his nest to the tune of nearly £3,000,000, and in his later years had all the affluence he could desire; but riches did not mean stability even for Caesar. Cleopatra, at the height of her power, had command of an enormous revenue, and was lavish in her giving as in her spending. Did she not on one memorable occasion make the favoured and infatuated Antony a present of a diamond valued at £800,000? Lucullus was another exponent of the art of extravagance. The fishes in that famous pond of his were estimated to be worth £35,000, and his dinner-bill frequently

ran up to £20,000. Turning to the Orient, what wondrous stories of extraordinary riches we find! The profuse opulence of the Mogul emperors was not surpassed by that of the Roman monarchs. Shah Jehan, the fifth of the Great Moguls, touched the climax of the splendour of his line, and then the glamour faded.

Except for purposes of general comparison, it is hardly fair to bring the riches of rulers into account when investigating the careers of ordinary millionaires; though many a potentate of to-day would be glad to exchange his individual possessions, and the state, dignity, and obligations pertaining thereto, for the income and private privileges of a Rockefeller. A monarch obtains his wealth from the contributions of his people, however enforced or acquired; but the millionaire who corresponds to the popular idea is the man who attains his position either by ownership of land, financial speculation, industrial enterprise, or other recognised means of accumulating wealth; and of this class America alone has from four thousand to five thousand. Probably a full half of the millionaires of the world are American; and although the majority of these men are more or less before the public, either by virtue of their money-amplifying operations or their lavish display, there are many millionaires of whom as little is known as of those 'greatest men' whereof, according to Sir Henry Taylor, 'the world knows nothing.' Who knew anything of 'Chicago Smith,' who died in London in 1899, until the payment into the Treasury of £900,000 as death-duties by his executors called attention to the fact that he had possessed about £10,000,000, and had lived amongst us for years, never spending more than £500 a year on himself? Indeed, of the smaller millionaires—men worth £2,000,000 to £4,000,000—not a tenth of them comes into public prominence. Up to a certain point, riches alone do not count for much in establishing a man's personality—that is, if his personality has nothing more striking in it than the mere power of accumulating money; but when a man's possessions reach beyond the £10,000,000 notch he must be a very secretive and self-absorbed person if the handling of his wealth does not render him an object of attention.

It is not all millionaires who aspire to social greatness; and such as do not, live quietly on amidst their vast accumulations. It is only when they pass away, and their fortunes come to be assessed for taxation and distributed, that their identity is more widely demonstrated. Of the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Carnegies, the Rockefellers, the Goulds, the Rothschilds, and our own rich dukes we know much. One Astor becomes an English citizen, buys historical estates, runs a magazine, and makes the influence of his wealth felt in many directions that necessarily attract notice. The Vanderbilts rule railways, build palaces, and both in their own country and in Europe arrive

at those society distinctions which splendour of living usually assures to such of the rich as aim at that kind of prominence. Mr Andrew Carnegie—who long ago propounded a 'gospel of wealth,' and has since made some effort to live up to it, to the advantage of the nations—not only largely fills the public eye by the vastness of his industrial operations, but by his noble gifts towards the realisation of the higher intellectual life. In 1899 he gave away over £700,000, and in the first three months of 1900 more than £870,000, amounting to upwards of a million and a half in fifteen months, mostly for the building of public libraries. Mr J. D. Rockefeller made one single gift of £400,000 in 1900 to the University of Chicago, besides numerous smaller—but still large—presentations to other educational institutions; and these matters have been very properly talked about and eulogised. The Goulds and their constant new 'deals,' their yachts, and their social grandeurs; the Rothschilds and their great financial undertakings, public spirit, and unbounded charities; and our own rich nobles, with their territorial greatness, legislative duties, and enormous influence—all these in the natural course of things are always more or less in view and open to observation. Apart from these, however, scores of millionaires exist who, beyond their own limited orbits, are little known.

There is this to be said on the other side of the account, however, in summing up the position, uses, and significance of millionaires—that, taking them as a body, they are not the men who are doing the good work of the world; for, considered aside from their wealth and the uses they are putting it to, how few of them have any claim to be considered great! They strengthen the intellectual power of the world by their monetary support; but their individual part in the aggregation of mental achievement is infinitesimal. It is not difficult to explain why this should be so; the brain that spends its force in making riches has little energy to spare for higher attainments.

Take the career of Mr Russell Sage, the New York financier, as an example—an extreme one, no doubt, still quite to the point. According to his own confession—and he is eighty-four years of age and speaks with seriousness—his life has been a complete success. 'Everything I have tried for I have got,' he says. 'All my ideals I have realised. I am perfectly satisfied.' When a man talks of ideals one usually thinks of something exalted and noble; in Mr Sage's case, however, the expression has a somewhat narrow interpretation. His ideal has been the amassing of money, and that alone. He frankly owns that he cares little for literature, art, the drama, culture, travelling, or friends. What money can buy, the pleasure it can give, the good it can do, are matters of indifference to him; but to scheme for money, acquire money, and hoard money is to him the perfection of happiness. It is fortunate for

the world, perhaps, that there are few who could so far suppress the true delights and realities of existence as to compress their aims into one cold, sordid passion; otherwise there might be many Russell Sages.

Speaking more generally, it may safely be said that most modern millionaires have in the all-engrossing pursuit of wealth been forced out of touch with those subtler elements of existence which go to the enlarging of the intellectual life and the production of the most intelligent ideal of happiness—the contented mind. Some few, having made their fortunes before old age has crept on them, have attempted, or are attempting, to let an ample proportion of their money be expended in ways calculated to advance the higher progress of the nations, and at the same time show an appreciation of the social obligations which properly attach to money. In few of them does the spirit of the miser predominate. In truth, there are no misers of the old type in these days. A present-day Boffin would find it difficult to place before his Wegg sufficient material for even a passable history of modern misers from the incidents of the lives of the hoarders of wealth now existing. All the levels of existence have been changed since Daniel Dancer's time. The rich men of our era are proud to possess, and proud of the power and exaltation that possession confers in a money-worshipping age; still, they recognise, and are not averse to assist in, the spread of culture, education, art, and refinement, which, when all is said and done, are not necessary items of equipment for fortune-building, beneficial as they are to mankind as a whole. If they have the hand to grasp and the hand to hold, they have also the heart to give, although they are none of them so extravagant in their charity as to voluntarily reduce their surplus below the many million limit. Mr Carnegie has gone the length of declaring that 'to die rich is to die disgraced;' but that is a doctrine to which he will get few of his brother millionaires to subscribe, and he himself may find some difficulty in carrying it out in its fullness, seeing that the industrial organisation of which he has so long been the head is reported to have made a profit of £4,000,000 in 1899, and that his own reputed wealth represents an income of forty-four dollars a minute.

Millionaires differ from each other in their general characteristics as much as more ordinary mortals. There are good, noble-minded, high-thinking millionaires, as there are bad, vulgar, and low-spending millionaires; and the money of the one class makes for the bettering of human existence, while that of the latter often works evil not only upon those who own it, but upon those who participate in its dissipation. The world of millionaires will always reveal its strong contrasts—its Carnegies, its Jay Goulds, its Russell Sages; its men of noble philanthropy; its



men of unscrupulous daring, hard, selfish, uncharitable; and its placid hoarders without an aspiration outside money and its harvesting. Jay Gould, dying at the age of fifty-eight, is reputed to have left behind him a fortune of fifty millions; but he left absolutely no bequests of any kind to the country whose rapid development had given him his opportunities of making wealth, or to the people whose interests he had often trampled upon. Wall Street has still plenty of men as unprincipled and as avaricious as he, but perhaps less clever. Recent years have not paralleled that memorable 'Black Friday' when Jay Gould and his partner, the notorious James Fiske, junior, effected that 'corner' in the gold-market which, while it yielded them millions, made thousands of their fellow-citizens bankrupt. The same practices are still resorted to, and the same results would be repeated were it not that the work of financial 'wrecking' is in a greater number of hands now than when Jay Gould played the despot amongst the Wall Street gamblers.

It would be an interesting and instructive study to trace the history of the great fortunes of the present day. The following is a rough list of a hundred of the richest millionaires now or recently living. It is an attempt to group together these men in the order of their supposed wealth; though, of course, the fortunes credited to them are in many cases little more than guess-work:

J. Beit, Kimberley, South Africa.....	£100,000,000
Li Hung Chang, China.....	100,000,000
J. B. Robinson, South Africa.....	80,000,000
J. D. Rockefeller, New York.....	50,000,000
W. Waldorf Astor, England.....	40,000,000
Prince Demidoff, Russia.....	40,000,000
Andrew Carnegie, Pittsburgh.....	25,000,000
W. K. Vanderbilt, New York.....	20,000,000
W. Rockefeller, New York.....	20,000,000
J. Jacob Astor, New York.....	15,000,000
Lord Rothschild, England.....	15,000,000
Duke of Westminster.....	15,000,000
W. C. Whitney, New York.....	15,000,000
J. Pierpont Morgan, New York.....	15,000,000
Lord Iveagh.....	14,000,000
Señora Isidora Cousiño, Chili.....	14,000,000
M. Heine, France.....	14,000,000
A. Rothschild, Paris.....	14,000,000
Baron A. Rothschild, Vienna.....	14,000,000
Archduke Frederik, Austria.....	14,000,000
George J. Gould, New York.....	14,000,000
James J. Hill, St Paul.....	14,000,000
Herr Mendelssohn, Berlin.....	12,000,000
Prince Lichtenstein, Austria.....	12,000,000
Mrs Hetty H. R. Green, New York.....	11,000,000
J. H. Flagler, New York.....	10,000,000
A. Dreher, Austria.....	10,000,000
James Henry Smith, New York.....	10,000,000
Duke of Devonshire.....	10,000,000
Duke of Bedford.....	10,000,000
Duke of Buccleuch.....	10,000,000
Earl of Durlly.....	10,000,000
Marquis of Bute.....	9,000,000
John Smith, Mexico.....	9,000,000
Earl Cadogan.....	9,000,000
A. Krupp, Berlin.....	9,000,000
Prince Fless, Germany.....	9,000,000

Count Henckel-Donnersmarck, Germany.....	9,000,000
A. G. Vanderbilt, New York.....	9,000,000
E. Rothschild, Paris.....	8,000,000
Claus Spreckels, San Francisco.....	8,000,000
Archbishop Cohn, Austria.....	8,000,000
Prince Schwarzenberg, Austria.....	8,000,000
Prince Esterhazy, Austria.....	8,000,000
J. B. A. Haggin, New York.....	8,000,000
W. A. Clark, Montana.....	8,000,000
H. O. Havemeyer, New York.....	8,000,000
John W. Mackay, New York.....	8,000,000
P. D. Armour, Chicago.....	8,000,000
H. C. Frick, Pittsburgh.....	8,000,000
H. M. Flagler, New York.....	7,000,000
A. Rothschild, London.....	7,000,000
John James Magee, Guatemala.....	7,000,000
Duc d'Arenberg, Belgium.....	6,000,000
Duke of Medina-Celi, Spain.....	6,000,000
Duke of Northumberland.....	6,000,000
Count Woronzoff, Russia.....	5,000,000
Angelo Quintieri, Italy.....	5,000,000
Baron Leitenberger, Austria.....	5,000,000
Prince Montenuovo, Austria.....	5,000,000
John D. Archbold, New York.....	5,000,000
A. Nobel, Baku.....	5,000,000
— Nobel, Baku.....	5,000,000
J. R. de Lamar, New York.....	5,000,000
Miss Helen Gould, New York.....	5,000,000
Marshall Field, Chicago.....	5,000,000
Levi Z. Leiter, Chicago.....	5,000,000
Prince Yusouppoff, Russia.....	5,000,000
W. L. Elkins, Philadelphia.....	5,000,000
Russell Sage, New York.....	5,000,000
Lord Armstrong.....	5,000,000
Potter Palmer, Chicago.....	5,000,000
Lord Masham.....	5,000,000
David H. Moffat, Denver.....	5,000,000
Duke of Portland.....	5,000,000
Cecil Rhodes.....	5,000,000
Guzman Blanco, Paris.....	5,000,000
Baroness Burdett-Coutts.....	5,000,000
Lord Brassey.....	5,000,000
Sir John Ramsden.....	5,000,000
Charles T. Yerkes, Chicago.....	5,000,000
Austin Corbin, New York.....	5,000,000
Sir Savile Crossley, Bart.....	5,000,000
Louis Hammersley, New York.....	5,000,000
A. Iselin, New York.....	5,000,000
W. S. Stratton, Cripple Creek.....	5,000,000
D. Ogden Mills, New York.....	5,000,000
W. Seward Webb, New York.....	5,000,000
Sir Thomas Lipton.....	5,000,000
Duke of Norfolk.....	5,000,000
H. McK. Twombly, New York.....	5,000,000
T. Loftus Johnson, Cleveland.....	5,000,000
James Doyle, Victor, Colorado.....	5,000,000
Frederick Pabst, Milwaukee.....	5,000,000
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.....	5,000,000
John W. Gates, Chicago.....	5,000,000
J. R. Keene, New York.....	5,000,000
Julius Wernher.....	5,000,000
Frank Rockefeller, Cleveland.....	5,000,000
Sir Francis Cook, Bart.....	5,000,000

In the acquiring of these gigantic fortunes the world has been almost turned topsy-turvy, metamorphosed out of all semblance to its quieter existence of a hundred years ago. The magician that has wrought this transformation is industrial development, whose influence has been more powerful than that of all other

agencies put together. Empires have risen and fallen; new countries have sprung into existence; smaller states have been merged in larger ones; wars have devastated many parts of the earth; military conquest has slashed and carved and redistributed the globe's surface; famines and epidemics have scattered death amongst large populations; but amidst all this crash of change, the one mighty power that has asserted itself above all, always steadily progressing, for ever carrying the best elements of civilisation along with it, has been this overwhelming force of industrial development. The nations which have held back from this power have sunk into insignificance; those which have fallen in with its onward movement have been carried to substantial eminence; and the part that the multimillionaires have played in this great change has been always one of prominence and leadership. Although their aim has been in the main to enrich themselves, it has been impossible for them to achieve such stupendous results for themselves without at the same time affecting—mostly for the better—the communities with which they have been associated.

Industrial development is even responsible for the bulk of the wealth of the great landed proprietors; it has been the means of cities being built on their lands, enormously swelling their rent-rolls, of tapping the mineral treasures within their possessions, and of utilising in a thousand ways property and products that formerly yielded but meagre revenues. Industrial development has not only taken riches out of the ground, but put riches into it. Where trade has been stagnant, where industry has failed to establish itself, the value of land has decreased; but wherever an industrial colony has been started it has been largely to the benefit of the landlord. The late Marquis of Bute's wealth was in a great degree the outcome of the industrial growth of Cardiff on his ancestral lands; the Duke of Devonshire owes much of his riches to the expansion of towns on or near his estates in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Sussex; the Duke of Norfolk has been lifted into great wealth by the steel industries of Sheffield; the Earl of Derby's ground proprietorship in the neighbourhood of Liverpool has immensely augmented the family wealth; Sir John Ramsden's practical ownership of the land on which the manufacturing town of Huddersfield stands yields him the best part of his wealth; and so through the ranks of the richest of the aristocracy may be traced the direct influence of modern industrial development in the augmentation of their fortunes. The new industrial men have made the lords of the old hereditary acres what they are. Still, it is not alone the nobles of ancient lineage and inherited lands who are the wealthiest to-day, great as their advantages have been.

In our list of millionaires the names of Prince

Demidoff; the Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire, Bedford, Buccleuch, Portland, Norfolk, and Northumberland; Archduke Frederick of Austria, Prince Schwarzenberg, Prince Lichtenstein, Prince Yousouppoff, the Duc d'Arenberg, the Duke of Medina-Celi, Count Woronzoff, Prince Esterhazy, Baron Leitenberger, Prince Montenuovo, Prince Pless, the Earl of Derby, Earl Cadogan, the Marquis of Bute, and Count Henckel-Domernarek may be taken to represent territorial ownership in its strictest and most exclusive form. In nearly all these instances the present possession is very remote from the original source of the wealth enjoyed, and any pride of proprietorship that may exist to-day has little connection with the efforts that first placed their families in the running for riches—efforts which in most cases were political. It is only in recent years that industrial eminence has been assured of recognition as national service worthy of ranking with statesmanship, generalship, or the favour of princes; its achievements have been too solid and too far-spreading in their influence to be passed by.

Another class of millionaires stands out very prominently in these days—the class of great land-owners who have become such through the purchasing power of money acquired by success in trade, industrial endeavour, or financial speculation. In this category one of the most noted examples is that of the Astors. The immense fortune owned by the Astors of to-day was founded by the energetic, plodding, and shrewd trading of John Jacob Astor, who as fast as he made those first dollars of his by buying furs from the Indians at ridiculously low prices, and afterwards selling them at high figures in New York, invested the money in real estate in that city. After that it was sufficient to leave the properties to grow in value year by year to ensure one of the biggest fortunes the world has known. Each succeeding generation of Astors has held fast to the property, which has doubled in value again and again since old John Jacob died in 1848. For three generations no Astor has been connected with trade. There is no instance in Great Britain that can at all compare with that of the Astors in America in a swift enrichment by simple process of natural improvement in land-values. Many of our industrial princes lay out large portions of their wealth in acquiring landed possessions, however, and some of their descendants may one day come in to 'unearned increment' of this kind that may tell a parallel tale to that of the Astors' houses and lands. A score of names might be mentioned of Englishmen, made rich by trade within the last two or three decades, who have joined the ranks of the great landowners, and put their families in the way of realising what it is to be wealthy without the effort of making wealth.

Of the strictly industrial order of modern

millionaires, Mr Andrew Carnegie is one of the most forceful examples. Possessed of a genius for administration, a keen insight into industrial possibilities, a quick judgment, and decision of character enough for a commander of armies, he has led his famous organisation on from success to success, through many trials and sometimes great opposition, until to-day it is probably the mightiest industrial combination of which the world possesses any record. No era-marking invention stands in Mr Carnegie's name, nor has he been specially aided by state concessions or monopolistic privileges; his realisations have been the legitimate outcome of a business energy and aptitude that was able to discern and eager to take advantage of every opportunity of advancement that might arise. These opportunities have been many and of enormous magnitude, it is true; but it requires a man of alertness and capacity to grapple with and shape such immense forces.

Mr H. C. Frick, who was a 'coke king' before joining the Carnegie enterprise, has, of course, made his wealth chiefly on the same lines. Lord Mashan was identified with some of the most celebrated and most profitable of inventions connected with, first, the wool-combing, and, later, the silk-waste, plush, and velvet industries. The late Sir Isaac Holden, who was also a prominent millionaire, afforded another instance of a man made rich by wool-combing inventions,

in the working of which the present representative of the title, Sir Angus Holden, was for many years associated. Sir Savile Crossley owes his wealth to the successes of his father, Sir Francis Crossley, and his grandfather, in handling the carpet-weaving machines by which the carpet manufacture was changed from a hand to a steam-power industry. The flour industry gave the late Mr Charles A. Pillsbury the means of millionaireship; and Sir Thomas Lipton has won his position in the fraternity by becoming one of the world's greatest food-providers.

Brewers as a class have long been renowned for their riches, and have given us many millionaires besides those who are living at the present day. Peerages have been bestowed upon two of the Burton-on-Trent brewing families; and Lord Iveagh, who stands well up on our list, represents the wealth of the great Guinness breweries in Dublin. Dreher, the Austrian brewer, is another magnate of this jovial order; while amongst the American brewer millionaires there is Mr Frederick Pabst, whose Milwaukee lager beer concerns are the largest of their kind in existence. There are scores of other brewers up and down the world whose fortunes run well up into the millions, if not passing the £5,000,000 mark; all which goes to prove that man is a drinking animal, and that the brewing of drink is a highly profitable business.

(To be continued.)

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

By JOHN FINNEMORE.

CHAPTER XIII.—*Continued.*

**T**HE prospect of this match greatly pleased every one present, and they hastened to place themselves in a position to watch us and yet not to intercept the light. I slipped off my coat and shoes, and waited for the weapons for which Sir Peter had sent. To fill the interval the young fellow who had seen Colin Lorel coming, a lively, wild-looking young spark, began to chant in a high, shrill, impertinent voice a challenge, expressing himself after the manner of the bills which are set about the town when two professors of the sword are matched together for a prize.

'Prithee, fellow,' he cried to me, 'what is thy name?'

'Never mind,' said I.

'A trial of skill to be performed,' he chanted, 'between two past and profound masters of the noble science of defence at once, being near upon four of the clock precisely. I, Never Mind, do invite the Earl of Kesgrave's broth—man to meet and exercise at the following weapons—'

namely, backsword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, single falchion, and case of falchions. I, the Earl of Kesgrave's man, master of the said noble science of defence, will not fail (God willing) to meet this brave and bold inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring sharp swords, and from him no favour. *Vivat Rex.*

There was some laughter as he made an end; then a man called out, 'Will you lay any more wagers, Kesgrave?'

'I will put ten to one on my man's head to any amount,' answered the Earl coolly.

'What!' cried the first speaker; 'is Sir Peter, then, laying fifty to your five hundred?'

'I am perfectly willing it should be so,' said Kesgrave carelessly.

'No,' said Sir Peter, 'it is not so. I said fifty guineas a side, and there it stands.'

'Ten to one!' cried an officer. 'The odds are prodigious.'

'I am perfectly willing to stake to any amount any gentleman pleases,' pursued Kesgrave tranquilly.



The confidence in Colin Lorel which this offer betokened checked the wagering which was about to be laid, or confined it to small sums, until Temple spoke up:

'And you offer these odds, my lord, absolutely certain that your man will carry you through?'

'Absolutely,' replied Kesgrave. 'On those terms I will match him with the broadsword against any man alive.'

'Then I will lay five hundred guineas on the porter,' said Temple.

A thrill of excitement went through the room.

'I accept,' murmured the Earl, and entered the amount in his pocket-book.

Five thousand guineas against five hundred. The match took on another look, and men glanced at each other and nodded, and waited breathlessly for the swords to arrive. Colin Lorel sat down and folded his arms and stared impassively before him. Kesgrave, pencil and tablets in hand, looked round to see if any one else was offering against Lorel; but all were silent. The messenger who had been sent to the cutler's shop a little below now returned with a pair of backwords such as are used in public contests, and Sir Peter took them and examined them carefully.

'Too sharp, too sharp,' grumbled the good-natured old gentleman, trying the edge with his thumb. 'Egad! a man could shave himself with the last six inches. To draw blood is enough.' He took the hilt of each sword in turn and blunted the keen edges by striking them several times into the hard oaken floor.

'Now, my lord,' said he, running his thumb again along each edge, 'do you feel them also. They are of equal keenness, and will draw blood at a touch. That's plenty.'

Kesgrave examined the weapons and nodded. 'First blood?' he said.

'Not for me,' replied Sir Peter. 'First blood may be pure luck or accident. Best of three; that's what I say always. A fair chance for both men.'

'Very good,' replied Kesgrave, and Lorel and I were placed opposite each other, and the weapons put into our hands.

Colin Lorel was, as I have said, a bigger man than the Earl of Kesgrave, and near my own height. The two or three inches I had of him ought to have given me the advantage of a longer reach; but now that I stood opposite to him I observed for the first time that his arms were of extraordinary length, and that he had, if anything, the advantage of me. We took guard, and he opened the struggle with a swift attack, intended to give him first blood straight away. This suited me, for I wished him to lead to find out his play, and I found it good with a vengeance. He wished to nick my forehead, and kept his blade whistling about my head with a rapidity of feint, followed by such

swift slashing cuts as kept my eye and hand as busy as ever I knew. So swiftly did the cuts and parries follow that the sound was as of a constant *tap-tap-tap* of ringing iron. I tried one or two returns, but not with the swing I meant to give them after I had hold of his play—merely enough to stand him off when he drove in too close. Three or four swift minutes went by at this work, and Sir Peter roared 'Hold!'

We dropped our swords, and he clapped his hands in his pleasure. 'First round,' he cried, 'and neither touched. Win or lose, 'tis money's worth indeed. A noble spell of play. *Fore Gad!* look at 'em, my masters. What other country could breed so fine a pair, and such honest, even-tempered play?'

A buzz of excited talk arose, and five or six called on Kesgrave to reopen the wagering. He refused, and Sir Peter upheld him.

'My Lord Kesgrave is very right,' he said. 'He was open to all wagers before the play began, and that was the time to lay them.' He looked at his great gold watch, which lay in his hand, and called on us again, and every one fell silent. This turn Colin Lorel hung back a little and waited for me. The round was short and lasted barely a minute, for I was clean beaten. The backword is not the rapier. That is the only excuse I can offer, and perhaps I ought not to offer that, for I was fairly touched, and could not have saved myself if my life had been at stake. It followed on a swift cut of mine at Lorel's shoulder. He caught it, the swords hung and grated together for a second, then he returned at my face. I brought my hand too far across, and he came back like lightning and nicked me neatly across the sword-wrist.

'Blood!' cried Kesgrave, and we dropped back.

Sir Peter sprang forward and looked at it.

'It is nothing,' said I, and nothing it was. A slip of a penknife would give a deeper wound. The old gentleman tied a kerchief about it, and some of those who had offered wagers blithely to Kesgrave looked at each other and nodded with an air of satisfaction to think they had not been taken. I glanced round and met Temple's eye. Two or three of his brother-officers were laughing and whispering to him as if they thought his five hundred at stake; but he looked serenely unshaken, and I squared myself to my work again, determined to win him his five thousand if my utmost skill could compass it. Almost immediately Lorel tried this clever feint and snick again; but I took his point on the stout pommel easily, and near enough had him across the thick of the arm.

'Bravo, porter!' cried Sir Peter. '*Fore Gad!* I never saw such play in my life. We have two masters here, of a surety.'

*Ting-ting*, cut, parry, return. I held him steadily to his full work, and waited for him to get uneasy. I knew it was certain, for he had won so often that he had begun to handle me with the utmost confidence; and to shake this meant to turn the game my way.

A breather was called without another touch, and this time Lorel sat down and wiped the sweat from his forehead. I was warm too, and rested for a moment against a table. The silence of the swords was the signal for a noisy conversation to burst out, and I heard two or three phrases I did not care for.

'A common porter? Not likely. Such backsword work was never seen. Who is he? A disguise. Must be.'

'Time!' cried Sir Peter, and we stood up again.

I saw a look in Colin Lorel's eye as he drew his guard which meant that he had formed a resolution, most likely in the direction of an altered style of play. It was so. He adopted a freer action, striking broad, sweeping blows to beat down my guard and just get among my hair, yet his skill was such that his own guard was almost as impenetrable as before. Twice, thrice, I was within an ace of touching his shoulder, and just in the nick of time he checked my flying blade. But this shook him. That I should get so near shook him, and I began to feel hopeful that my wrist would wear him down. At the outset his returns had come in like lashes of a whip; but now they were stiffening. Again I tried at his shoulder and again he checked, clashing strongly against my blade.

'Blood!' roared Sir Peter, and skipped like a boy. I could scarcely believe it. I had felt nothing, yet there plainly was a scarlet stain on my opponent's white shirt. So easily is the eye deceived that I thought he had checked me a full inch away. The excitement now ran to fever height. We were neck and neck, and the next touch must decide it. I kept my ears open as I rested, and plainly heard a suspicion mooted which made me easier.

'It's the man without a doubt,' I heard an officer say. 'I saw it in the *Postboy*. It said that the best backswordsmen of Yorkshire—Long

Wilson was the name—had killed a man with whom he quarrelled, and had fled. Surely this is some such a champion.'

'Mayhap, mayhap,' replied Sir Peter. 'But we have no right to take any notice of news-letter stories.'

'Who would think of such a thing?' cried the other. 'I did but throw out the idea for what it may be worth.'

The word was given, and now Colin Lorel came at me like a fury. His cool confidence was gone; his blood was up. Fired with rage at the idea of defeat, his face was darkened with passion, and he aimed at overwhelming me with the sheer terror of his attack. I had him now. Sure and safe and sound I had him. This was what I had hoped to awaken—the volcanic temper which I knew to smoulder in his blood. Now he drove again and again at me with the point, leaving the edge, the true broadsword play. Ah, Colin Lorel! what do you do? Could you suit me better? I trow not. Yet I had no easy task to pass that lithe, true guard; but when at last, on a swift return, my wrist onstayed his, bore him down, and touched him lightly on the forearm, the room rang again with the shouts which hailed my victory.

Sir Peter threw his wig into the air, caught it again, and clapped it on all awry, then came to pat me on the back and thrust twice the offered reward into my hand.

'Nay, sir,' said I; 'you said five guineas; and we will leave it at that, if you please.'

Kesgrave came up, calm and smiling. 'My good fellow,' said he, 'your backswording has cost me five thousand guineas, and I am well content if you will accompany me.'

'I will wait upon you gladly, my lord,' said I.

'Come, then,' he said.

Temple was at my side praising me for my skill and thrusting a heavy purse into my hand. That I took without demur, for he was my friend, and we understood each other. Indeed, his manner might have given cause for suspicion had not the excitement been so general. Colin Lorel had disappeared, and the Earl now drew me to one side, bidding me put on my clothes and follow him.

## ACROSS THE CHANNEL AT RAILWAY SPEED.



At the great Naval Review in 1898 a vessel not much larger than the typical penny steamboat of the Thames made her first appearance in public; and although but a pigmy when compared with the leviathans of Her Majesty's navy, she surpassed them all in one respect, for she moved upon the

bosom of the deep at a speed approaching that of a railway express train. This boat, designed by the Hon. Mr C. A. Parsons, was named the *Turbinia*, for she owed her great speed to steam turbines in lieu of ordinary engines. It was a proud moment for the inventor when the little vessel rapidly made her way along the lines, under the scrutiny of the naval experts of all nations.

So impressed were our own Admiralty authorities with her performance that they forthwith ordered a torpedo-boat destroyer to be built on the same model; and this boat, which is called the *Viper*, has since been put through her official trials, and has attained the marvellous speed of thirty-seven knots, or forty-three statute miles per hour—that is, more than one mile in a minute and a half.

The *Viper* is at present the fastest craft in the world. She is two hundred and ten feet long, twenty-one feet broad, and not quite thirteen feet deep; and there is no doubt that in consequence of her sensational speed she is attracting more attention than any other vessel afloat. France is said to be building a vessel of the same type, and other nations will of course follow suit.

The question naturally arises: How is this phenomenal speed attained? Let us answer that query to the best of our ability; but we must assert that it is more than difficult, it is impossible, without the assistance of elaborate diagrams, to give the general reader an intelligible description in detail of any piece of machinery. Far more hopeless is the task than that of painting in words the appearance of a landscape; for the features of natural scenery are generally understood and more or less appreciated, and happily our language is so rich in expressive words that the skilled writer can pick out his tints with the certain knowledge that each will convey a crisp idea of some particular form or colour. But in his description of machinery the writer is limited to dry technical terms which, although well understood by mechanics, are foreign to those whose minds have been trained in other directions, or whose attention is apt to wander to things of a less prosaic character. This is the difficulty which we feel in trying to describe such a new thing as Parsons' turbine; and yet it is not so new in principle as it seems, for we can find something like it in a book written two hundred years before the birth of Christ, by one Hero of Alexandria.

Hero's engine consisted of a globe which turned on points between two uprights standing upon a vessel in which water was boiled. One of these uprights was hollow, and conveyed steam from the boiler through its hollow pivot to the interior of the sphere, furnished with two bent nozzles, one on each side of its equator. When the water boiled, steam rushed out of these two tubes and caused the globe to revolve. It was a simple case of reaction, such as is exhibited in the recoil of a gun or in the upward flight of a rocket when the ignited gases escape from its lower aperture. Hero's engine was a steam-turbine, and we have no record of anything else of the kind until the year 1629, when Giovanni Branca produced a variation of the idea, which consisted of a paddle-wheel upon the vanes of which steam impinged

from a boiler, and so caused it to revolve. It was but a toy, and as such it has been sold for many years in the toy-shops, now taking one form and now another, no doubt to the great delight of many generations of youngsters. No one probably suspected that the idea would ever fructify into an important method of conserving energy.

In the meantime, however, there have been many attempts to construct a steam-engine which, like Hero's, should have a direct rotatory motion; and at the Victoria and Albert Museum, Kensington, in the machinery department, may be seen several model engines which their inventors fondly believed would solve the problem. In the modern engine, as every one knows, the motion is reciprocal—that is, it originates in the forward and backward movement of a piston-rod, which turns a crank and eventually produces the necessary rotary movement. It is evident that if this movement can be gained direct, without the interposition of piston or crank, the engine will be much simplified. This is what Mr Parsons has succeeded in accomplishing, and which so many former experimenters have failed to do.

The turbine which Mr Parsons invented is in principle the same as that designed by Giovanni Branca in 1629; but there the resemblance ceases. The modern turbine is the outcome of much study and frequent experiment, and it is built on strictly scientific lines. It may be briefly described as a cylindrical box containing a spindle upon which are a number of metal discs. These discs have a number of vanes set slantingly on their circumference, and steam admitted to the cylinder acts upon the vanes and forces the spindle into revolution in the same way that the vanes of a mill are acted upon by the wind or the buckets of a wheel forced round by the action of water.

The first steam-turbine was made by Mr Parsons in 1884, and was coupled direct to a dynamo. It was of ten horse-power, and, although not so economical and perfect in other respects as turbines of more modern type, was practically successful, and secured a speed of eighteen thousand revolutions per minute.

In the turbine as now constructed there are a number of discs, the steam actuating the vanes of each in succession; and as the exhaust is reached both vanes and wheels increase in size, so that the expanded steam has a greater surface upon which to exert its diminishing force. Between the discs there are fixed blades or vanes set in the reverse direction to the moving vanes, so that the steam is continually deflected, an arrangement which materially helps to urge the spindle into rapid revolution.

Such is very briefly the nature of the motor which actuates the fastest vessel afloat. It remains to be stated that such an engine is



not more than half the weight of the ordinary reciprocating engine of equal power; and as the steam consumption is not increased, the boilers remain as of old. With regard to economy of working, we have not as yet any very reliable data to go upon. As Mr Parsons explained in a letter to the *Times*, the designer and builder of the *Viper* made every effort to attain the highest possible speed, and do not pretend to have given sufficient consideration to the question of obtaining the utmost economy of fuel of which turbines are capable; 'but in this, their first destroyer, they can at least claim to have beaten all records of speed by a long interval; and in their future ships they will be able to show by how much they can beat all records as to economy in coal.' Mr Parsons has already worked such wonders by the introduction of this new method of propulsion that we may confidently look for the fulfilment of his implied promise.

The spindles which are so swiftly revolved by the turbines are simply extensions of the shafts upon which the propeller-blades are bolted; and in the *Viper* there are no fewer than four turbines, and therefore a similar number of shafts, each shaft carrying two propellers, one behind the other. This arrangement was found to work much better than the plan of placing one larger propeller on the shaft, as is usual in steamships, for it was found that the high speed, now for the first time introduced, caused the phenomenon known as cavitation—that is, a hollowing out of the water round the propeller-blades—which greatly interfered with their efficiency. The care with which Mr Parsons has investigated this action of a screw-propeller, by means of tank experiments, is not the least of his achievements.

One drawback the turbine system has which must be noted, and that is found in the circumstance that the engine cannot be reversed. This is no disadvantage in fixed engines, such as those employed for electric lighting, for example; but it is a decided drawback in an engine used for ship propulsion. The difficulty is surmounted by using a separate propeller, which is employed only for going astern, and which otherwise turns idly through the water without doing any work. We may set against this obvious disadvantage the complete absence of vibration on a turbine-driven vessel. This is of especial value on a war-vessel of the torpedo-destroyer type; it being found that with ordinary engine power the vibration is so pronounced that the sights of the guns dance about in a manner hardly conducive to good marksmanship.

This absence of vibration brings us to the consideration of the suitability of the turbine system for the service of passenger-steamers. Those who suffer from that distressing malady known as *mal de mer* tell us that the vibration of the ship

has almost as much to do with their illness as the rolling and pitching of the vessel due to the motion of the waves. Whether this be a matter of fancy or not, all will agree that the abolition of the vibration caused by a steamer's machinery would most materially add to the passengers' comfort.

With so many advantages attaching to the steam-turbine system, we may surely look forward with some confidence to the early adoption of this form of engine in the cross-Channel service. This for a beginning; for there seems to be no valid reason why the system should not be adopted later on in the big liners. Supposing that vessels on the turbine principle are built for service between Dover and Calais, how travellers will rejoice at the saving of time which will accrue! It is certain that the *Viper* would cover this distance of eighteen miles in something less than half-an-hour, thus bringing the French capital a full hour nearer London; and in process of time the journey will surely be still further shortened by running the train on and off a turbine-driven ferry-boat, so that there shall be no change of carriage between London and Paris. It is proverbially foolish to prophesy unless one knows; but in this case the hazard of the prophecy being refuted by events does not seem to be very great.

Another advantage which the turbine-driven vessel has over one furnished with a reciprocating engine is in the absence of 'racing.' All travellers who have been in a moderately rough sea on a screw-steamer know what 'racing' of the engines means. The vessel when lifted by a wave on her quarter draws the propeller above the surface, and the screw, suddenly released from resistance of the water, 'races' round at double its normal rate. This causes a strain upon the engine, and also induces a disagreeable throbbing, distinct from ordinary vibration, which is felt throughout the ship. There is no racing in a turbine-driven ship, and her propellers are so much more deeply immersed in the water than are those of an ordinary ship, owing to their oblique setting, that a high speed is maintained in a rough sea. Mr Parsons, in pointing out this, says that 'trials of torpedo-boat destroyers are invariably made in a very smooth sea, and abandoned if it becomes rough. It would seem desirable, however, to include additional trials in average and rough weather, so as to bring out the relative powers of maintaining speed and sea-going qualities of the vessels under such circumstances; and there is no doubt whatever that such conditions would greatly favour the turbine vessels.' He further remarks: 'The *Turbinia* has been run during the last four years in almost all states of the sea, and on no occasion has the slightest symptom of racing occurred.'

It was in the early years of the century which has just closed that the first successful steamship,

constructed by Symington, was used on the Forth and Clyde Canal. May we not anticipate that the first decade of the new century will witness

an almost equally astonishing revolution in the method of ship-propulsion, in the common adoption of Mr Parsons' steam-turbine?

## A CANINE CRIMINAL.



**D**OGS, though they are frequently very intelligent and affectionate, and display great devotion to their masters, are not always perfectly trustworthy under certain circumstances. I have learned by bitter experience that, though a dog may be very affectionate towards his friends, he will perhaps display intense hatred for those he considers enemies, and will even exhibit a jealousy almost incredible, one might think, in the brute creation.

Some years ago, while I was still a struggling barrister, I received a letter from a friend asking if I cared to accept a collie pup, as he possessed a litter and would be glad to get rid of some of the animals. They were excellently bred, he added, both sire and dam having been prize-winners. As I had been thinking of getting a dog, this offer came opportunely, so I immediately accepted it.

A few days afterwards a hamper arrived, and in it was the most delightful little golden collie imaginable, looking for all the world like a fox-cub, with his beady little eyes, very sharp nose, and erect ears.

From the very first, I am afraid, I spoilt Bruce terribly; but he soon became my devoted companion and playfellow. Of course, it was a considerable time before he was strong enough to go for long walks; but from the first, even as a puppy just able to jog along, he followed me faithfully, and I never had the slightest fear of losing him.

As he grew older and developed greater intelligence I taught him many tricks. He would fetch my slippers in the evening from my bedroom; would retrieve from almost any conceivable spot; and if I wanted to get rid of him when out of doors I had only to say, 'Go home, Bruce,' and he would be off homewards as straight as an arrow. In fact, he was a treasure.

Notwithstanding the good points I have mentioned, at times he showed traces of a nasty temper with strangers, and was guilty of taking a dislike to individuals and showing that dislike in no half-hearted way. Several times I had to thrash him severely for flying at people. However, he never actually bit any one.

He was quite devoted to me, and absolutely miserable if I went away even for a day; and when I returned he was almost beside himself with delight. In short, he was of a hysterical disposition (if such a term can properly be

applied to a dog); but he certainly never showed any signs of real vice.

Time passed on. Bruce was becoming quite a middle-aged dog of some five or six years, and I had succeeded in carving out a very flourishing practice. The struggling barrister of some years ago was now a highly-successful man, with an income running well into four figures. Bruce, who had become more sedate, was still my faithful companion, and was a very model of good behaviour.

As people in comfortable circumstances are apt to do, I began to think seriously of the advantages and disadvantages of bachelor life. After giving the matter serious consideration, I came to the conclusion that matrimony had no attractions for me. A wife was generally a nuisance, and children positive pests. Why, if others were foolish enough to marry, let them do so; but, at any rate, I was sensible, and would live and die a bachelor.

That was before I met Eleanor. After I met her I held very different views, and thought that a bachelor's existence, even at its best, was a wretched one. In short, I fell in love; but 'that is another story.' Suffice it to say that the most charming and beautiful girl is now my wife. I was in possession of an adequate income, and Eleanor was also blessed with an ample share of this world's goods; therefore, as the attachment was mutual, we decided to get married without delay.

During my engagement, I am afraid, Bruce was not made so much of as formerly; in fact, so far as I was concerned, he was quite neglected. He seemed to realise that he had been supplanted in my affections, and sometimes looked up at me in the singularly wistful and pathetic way collies and other dogs look at persons they are fond of.

One day Eleanor and her mother came to tea at my rooms; and Bruce, evidently understanding at once that she was his rival, sulkily retired into a corner, where he lay for some time, and only growled when spoken to. However, I insisted on his coming out and showing off his tricks. Eleanor, who loved dogs, admired him very much, and patted him for his clever performance; but he turned upon her the moment she touched him, and I thought he would have seized her; but I promptly caught him and administered the most severe beating he had ever received. Eleanor pleaded for the offender, so I let him off, though I felt so angry I could have shot him.

Before we were married I bought a small place in the country—a charming little house, with a view from the front that I have never seen surpassed anywhere. The house stands on the southern slope of a small hill, and is surrounded by trees on all sides, but not so closely in front as to hide the view in any way; and in the spring or autumn one could not wish for a more lovely spot. A river winds along the valley below, while on our side a canal stretches its less tortuous line below the woods that clothe the hill. On the far side of the valley the railway runs beneath the frowning cliffs forming the base of the great range of hills that tower above it. Further attractions from a sporting point of view are the very excellent hunting, fishing, and shooting the country affords; and the inevitable golf-links, which are within a reasonable distance, are considered very good for an inland course.

We arranged that the first fortnight of our honeymoon should be spent in Paris, and that during the remainder we would enjoy the quiet seclusion of our country home.

The fateful day arrived, and we were married, and then our departure was greeted with the usual demonstration of goodwill by our friends and relations, and with the glances of curiosity by others.

We found Paris delightful. Steering clear of the more fashionable and crowded places of amusement, we admired the Tomb of Napoleon, feasted our eyes on the art treasures of the Louvre, and sauntered through the shady groves of the Bois. We visited Versailles and Fontainebleau, as in duty bound, and very charming we thought them. Eleanor quite fell in love with the earp at Fontainebleau, and wished to take a few home. The way they sucked down the bread we threw to them was fascinating, and they appeared to possess absolutely unlimited capacity for stowing away the 'staff of life.'

However, at the end of our fortnight we felt that England was quite good enough for us, and we were both thoroughly happy when we arrived safely at our little home in the country.

As soon as we were comfortably settled I wrote for Bruce to be brought down by the valet from my apartments in town, as I thought it would be pleasant to have him with us, and that he too would enjoy the country after living so long in London.

Bruce duly arrived, and seemed pleased with the change; but he appeared very much depressed, probably because he was less noticed than formerly. His jealousy was quite amusing to both of us; but he did not venture to show any further sign of ill-feeling towards Eleanor. No doubt the punishment I had given him was too fresh in his memory; but, from his very aggrieved air, he seemed to consider himself badly treated.

After we had been in our little Arcadia for nearly a fortnight, I found that business matters

would compel me to visit town for a few hours. Fortunately the train service was so good that by starting from home at eight in the morning I could get up to town, dispose of my business, and be back in the evening in reasonable time for dinner. This being the first separation since we were married, we naturally had a very tender parting, and Eleanor said she did not know how she would get through the day without me.

'I think, Harry,' she said, 'I shall put on some old things, and go for a long country ramble with Bruce, and amuse myself by exploring the woods.'

'All right, Nell. Only you had better take a whip and a whistle with you, as Bruce has rather sporting instincts, and I would not trust him if he saw a rabbit in the wood.'

'Very well, dear; but be sure you are back in time for dinner, and don't forget my little commissions.'

I reached town in good time, disposed of my business, and executed the little commissions on my wife's list—which, by the way, was a lengthy document; then I succeeded in catching my return train.

The dog-cart was waiting for me at the station, and as I drove up to the house about seven o'clock, I fully expected to be met by my wife. To my surprise, she was not to be seen; and when I asked where she was, the servants could only say that she had gone out with the dog for a walk after tea and had not yet returned; but as dinner was ordered for eight o'clock, she would probably be back soon. She had gone down the hill towards the canal.

I thought I would stroll down there to meet her; so, taking the shortest path, I started off, expecting every moment to see her coming back. However, I did not meet her; and, as it was now getting dusk, I began to feel a little anxious.

On arriving near the canal I 'coo-ee'd' as loudly as possible in the hope that she might hear me, but there was no response. I repeated the signal, and still there was no answer. At the third call I heard the faint sound of a whistle, and knew she must have heard me. Yes, that was certainly the sound of my dog-whistle. I made my way directly towards the sound.

Soon I heard the whistle more clearly, and, believing it came from near the canal, dashed straight down to it, jumped the hedge by the side of the towing-path, and looked round for my wife. It was now so dark that I could not see very clearly; but I noticed something white on the farther bank of the canal a little higher up. I rushed up the towing-path, and, now thoroughly alarmed, called out, 'Eleanor, are you there?' To my great relief she answered, 'Yes; here I am, over on this side. Come over here if you can. The canal is quite shallow.'

I waded across—the water coming nearly up to my neck—and found my wife lying on the canal-



bank, dripping with water. In the water near by floated the dead body of Bruce. Eleanor was terribly white and faint; so, without further question, I picked her up. Half-carrying her, I assisted her along the canal to the nearest bridge, and so we found our way home.

We arrived about nine o'clock, and I was relieved to find my wife not much the worse after all. A hot bath and a good dinner soon put us both to rights. It was only after dinner that I asked her what had occurred that had caused her to be in the condition in which I discovered her on the canal-bank, and how Bruce had been drowned.

The following is her startling account of what happened:

"When you had gone I found myself pretty lonely; but I managed to amuse myself fairly well, pottering about the garden in the morning and in arranging flowers and so on after lunch.

"After tea I really needed some exercise. Thinking a stroll along the towing-path of the canal would be nice, as it would be sure to be dry there, I set off, taking Bruce with me, fancying he would like some exercise too. I was not sure that he would follow me; but he did so, though in rather a shrinking sort of way, because, as I imagined, I was carrying a dog-whip, as you advised. While going through the wood I kept a careful eye on him; but though we disturbed two or three rabbits, he never looked at them.

"We were near the canal when the idea struck me suddenly that Bruce was eyeing me very curiously, so I stopped and looked at him, when he glared and showed his teeth.

"I felt rather alarmed; but believing it wise not to show any sign of fear, I walked on till I got to the towing-path. Just then I heard a savage growl behind me. Turning round, I saw Bruce, with all his hackles up, coming at me growling and showing his teeth. I cracked the whip to intimidate him, and said, "Down, sir!" as sternly as I could; but he dashed straight at me, and snipped at my legs. Fortunately he only caught hold of my skirt and tore it before I beat him off.

"I was terribly frightened by this time, and screamed out, but nobody was within sight or hearing. Bruce attacked me again, and again I beat him off with the whip; but I felt this could not last long. Then it occurred to me that if I could get across the canal he might not follow me. I slipped quickly down the bank into the water, which I knew was not very deep, and started to wade across to the other side. Bruce dashed in after me, and again tried to bite me; but he was at a disadvantage in the water, and I could now beat him off easily.

"Then he retired to the bank, and stood there watching me and growling. I now tried to go on across the canal. It was deeper than I expected, and I dared not go where the water reached much

above my waist. I was feeling terribly cold and miserable, and was very much afraid I should faint.

"Bruce evidently thought I was escaping, and came in after me again. Then a happy thought struck me. "Why not try to drown him?" As he came at me this time, instead of hitting him with the whip, I waited till he was quite close, and then caught hold of his collar and forced his head under the water. The collar slipped round, and he struggled so much and scratched my arm so with his claws that I had to let go. Then he scrambled ashore and again sat watching me and growling.

"I could not stand in the canal for ever, so I summoned up my courage to go on across. Bruce was up again, and dashed at me more furiously than ever. Again I caught him by the collar, but this time seized hold of some of the skin on the back of his neck as well, and exerting all my strength, I forced his head under the water and held it there. He struggled so frantically that I was afraid I should never be able to hold him; but gradually his struggles became weaker, and I knew he was drowning.

"I was not going to run any more risks, so I held on until I was quite sure he must be dead, as he made no movement. Then I let go and struggled on to the farther bank. When I got safely on the top I must have fainted.

"The next thing I can remember was hearing a distant "coo-ee," which must have brought me to my senses. I heard it again, and sat up to look round. It was nearly dark, and I felt very cold and shivery, and wondered whatever I was doing out there at that time. Then I heard the "coo-ee" again, and knew it must be you come to look for me. I remembered my dog-whistle, and blew it as loudly as I could. Well, then you came, and I was all right; but I did have a most terrible fright."

Fortunately my wife's adventure had no lasting effect on her health or spirits. But for her brave struggle that wretched dog would certainly have killed her—because of his jealousy.

#### TO NATURE.

Thou art a friend that ever hides with me,  
 Steadfast as sun to day or moon to night,  
 Or as the stars which shed revealing light  
 O'er dusky meadow and mysterious sea.  
 Many wise lessons have I learnt of thee:  
 The winds have been my teachers, and the flowers,  
 The snows of winter, and the vernal showers,  
 And white clouds sailing tranquilly  
 Above my head across heaven's radiant face.  
 O joy to know thy ministering servants move  
 In my behalf on tireless steps of love!  
 Heart-discord now to calm has given place.  
 I would be true to thee, my heart to thine—  
 The feebly-human to the Strong-Divine.

WILLIAM COWAN.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### LENIENCY: WHY AND HOW IT FAILED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A TRANSVAAL REFUGEE.

[The following narrative has been sent to us from a Johannesburg refugee now in Natal. We publish it entirely without prejudice, and simply as an interesting expression of opinion from one who has taken part in the chief events of the war. The writer informs us that he has been keenly observant of events following upon the relief of Ladysmith, and that his views are universally shared by English residents in Cape Colony and Natal. For obvious reasons, it is desirable that the writer's identity should not be disclosed.—Ed.]



ALL things mundane have an ending. Therefore we are entitled to assume that the South African war, now dragging its weary length along, will share the same fate; but, considering the progress that has been made during the last few months, the war really seems to have many of the elements of perpetuity. Seriously—perhaps optimistically—considered, it is evident at the time of writing (late in November 1900) that the Empire will be fortunate indeed if in another three months—that is, by February 1901—it is possible to draw the broad line of demarcation which separates peace from war, and to know at what price we have secured that peace. Therefore is it permissible to put the following queries: How does it come about that a war commenced in October 1899 still possesses a marked degree of vitality fifteen months later? How is it that, with all the costly warlike paraphernalia and military resource at our disposal, but little apparent headway is made with the administration of the *coup de grâce*? Is it not within the bounds of possibility that a mistaken line of military policy is responsible for a condition of affairs which is profoundly regrettable? I say advisedly military policy, for, as far as South Africa is concerned, all policies are subordinated to and merged in

the military, which can never plead in extenuation that consideration for the civil administration or civilian population has at any time been permitted to shackle or impair absolute freedom of movement or action.

Colonial opinion throughout South Africa is, I venture to assert, practically unanimous in agreeing on the causes of the protraction of hostilities, which naturally affects South Africa in a more marked degree than the other parts of the Empire. Steering clear of the shoals and quicksands which beset the critic of purely military operations, public opinion in South Africa points straight as the needle to the pole at the policy of lenient treatment for the Empire's foes as being mainly responsible for the melancholy results that have ensued.

The brilliant initial successes of Lord Roberts within a few short weeks of his landing—following on the sickening reverses and disappointments of the early days of the war—operated as a powerful stimulant and tonic to the Empire at large, which became Lord Roberts's 'factor, to engross up glorious deeds on his behalf.' Each successive victory was triumphantly entered on the credit side; but no one, in those early days, save South Africans—who have learnt from bitter experience the error of treating Boers with leniency till a long course of strict justice has imbued them with a wholesome feeling of respect—recognised the embryo indications of a policy destined to make so many fatal entries on the debit side.

If my remarks are to secure a dispassionate reading, it must be recognised at the outset that any sting that lies in them is directed emphatically against measures, not men. Never was an army led by men in whom the godlike attributes of courage in the hour of strife and tender humanity in the hour of victory were more highly developed than in our officers; and never, alas! were the fruits of victory so canker-eaten,

MARCH 9, 1901.

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blighted, and retarded in maturing by measures of such dangerous lenity and vacillation as those that have been employed during this campaign.

The Boer is a compound of human virtues and vices entirely beyond the fathoming of those who do not know him and his ways from lengthy experience derived from personal contact. To him all is fair in war, the end always being held to justify the means; acts of a 'white-flag' nature are entirely allowable, and have from time immemorial been employed by him with success in the Kaffir wars. He feels respect for no laws save those that are enforced, and entertains respect for no law-makers save those who enforce their laws. He openly asserts that an oath of neutrality is not binding, and the idea of respecting his parole is deemed too ludicrous for words. More than this, he despises, openly scoffs at, and refuses to admit mastery by opponents who can exhibit such deplorable weakness and credulity as to expect him to be bound by such bonds of burnt flax as an oath or a plighted word.

Obviously it would have been unjust to expect our military commanders to possess an intuitive acquaintance with all these subtleties and fine shades in the Boer character; but 'what man goeth to warfare at his own cost?' Instead of waiting for costly blunders to show them their folly, would it have been unfair to expect the military authorities to avail themselves of the vast stores of colonial experience freely proffered them by representative men, or to give some attention to the unanimous shout of warning that sprang from every colonial's lips on its becoming apparent that our 'brother Boer' was to be treated as a *preux chevalier*, instead of as one who could give many a valuable lesson to Bret Harte's 'Heathen Chinee.'

On a brief review of the position of the British army immediately after the occupation of Bloemfontein, during the northward march on Pretoria, and from the occupation of the capital city of the Transvaal till November last, I fear we shall find but too bitter proof that this policy of excessive lenity to the Empire's foes and unnecessary severity to loyalists is preponderatingly responsible for the misery that to-day fills so many thousands of homes, both in South Africa and the British Empire generally, and is prolonging a miserable struggle that indubitably should, and would, have been concluded months ago had the counsel of South Africans as to methods of dealing with South Africans been heeded, and a policy of unserving justice been maintained.

We have it on Lord Roberts's own sworn evidence before the Hospitals Commission, that for a considerable period after our seizure of Bloemfontein in March of last year, our army was in a perilous state indeed. Their position was maintained by so fine a balance that a single untoward circumstance having the effect of suspending our supplies for any period would have gone near to hurling the Empire's legions, in 'confusion worse

confounded,' into abysmal depths of misfortune never suspected or dreamed of by those not 'in the know.' It will be remembered that the general advance on Bloemfontein was *via* Kimberley, and that our main columns did not advance by the lines of communication to the Free State capital. Thus, when it was reached we were surrounded, almost on all sides, not only by avowed enemies in the field, but, what was far worse, by hidden ones in the town itself.

The army's supplies from day to day came to hand over lines that were constantly threatened and interrupted not only where they ran through the enemy's country (the Orange Free State), but in our own territory (the Cape Colony). The town was full of the relatives and friends of those actively fighting against us; and, as every colonial knew, they daily, if not hourly, both by messages and signals, conveyed information of vital import to their kith and kin on commando. The most natural course, and the one that it is quite safe to say would have been adopted by another Power, was to keep all those resident in the town in our occupation under such surveillance as would have entirely precluded the possibility of their rendering any sort of beneficial service to the enemy, or by deportation to place them even beyond the reach of temptation to do so.

A totally different course was followed. The Commander-in-Chief threw himself, as it were, unreservedly on their forbearance, apparently unable, with his own lofty sense of chivalry and honour, to believe that they could, or would, abuse a generous confidence and prove capable of so jeopardising our plans and imperilling our position as to convey information to the enemy. Nay, more; a similar generous belief was placed in prisoners and those combatants who chose to surrender. All that the latter were required to do was to take an 'oath to observe neutrality' (which the wily Boer did with his sides shaking with ill-suppressed laughter at the rooinek's credulity), and to surrender his rifle (which he complied with by handing in an ancient Martini or fowling-piece, the trusty Mauser and plentiful store of ammunition being securely and secretly concealed on his farm). These irksome formalities apologised for and complied with by the parties concerned, the erstwhile prisoner-of-war was practically as free as air to roam hither and thither, collecting information among the British and disseminating it among the Boers. The fruits of this monumental folly were soon apparent. Our opponents were ever buzzing around us like a swarm of venomous gnats, irritating but practically invisible; their information was always reliable, for it came from the fountain-head. Whenever a move was contemplated, the ex-prisoner-of-war (the oath-taker) pricked up his ears; the necessary advance information was secured and transmitted, and we were frustrated! Whenever a surprise-visit was paid the result was the same—the one bird had spoken, and the other had flown.



Undeterred by these obvious warnings as to the fatuous nature of the course we were pursuing, the military authorities proceeded with modest pride to plume themselves in despatches on the strides that were being made in the pacification of the country: so many hundreds of Boers had surrendered their arms that day and taken the oath of neutrality, so many fresh districts were occupied, &c.—so the wording ran; and as he masticated his eleemosynary rations in meditative comfort, the wily Boer spy supplied a muttered corollary of so many Masers and so many thousand rounds of ammunition hidden for future use, and so many hundreds of faithful secret spies successfully planted in the British camps.

Our advance northwards from Bloemfontein was under similar espionage to the period of inaction in that town, with the additional aggravation of the terrible white-flag episodes. These are so famous, or rather infamous, now, that I will touch on them but lightly, merely mentioning that the policy of leniency was extended even to these; for till quite recently, instead of holding commandants personally responsible for these terrible lapses from the laws which govern civilised warfare by the men under their command, mere written remonstrances were sent in threatening the 'severe measures it might be necessary to adopt if these practices were persisted in.' All along this has been the bane of our military policy in the present war: threats, words, and proclamations to a people derisively heedless of the first, deaf to the second, and suspicious of the last.

On Pretoria being reached, South Africa literally hung with painful suspense on every word and movement of the military authorities. A change had indeed come over the scene (thanks to Tommy Atkins) in spite, not because of, our policy. The goal had been reached, Ladysmith and Kimberley were relieved, and the Boer forces, to a great extent, scattered and demoralised. It was clearly recognised by the experienced colonial onlookers, who saw the most of the game, that if only the leniency errors of the Bloemfontein era were not repeated at Pretoria—if the hostile population were strictly supervised, and if the leaders of the army of occupation braced themselves to adopt and adhere to a policy of severe, inflexible justice directed towards the suppression of all acts of treachery and brigandage—the corner would be turned, and South Africa speedily delivered from a thralldom to which it had, for many weary months, been subjected.

A feeling of sickening dismay, however, pervaded the minds and depressed the spirits of all when it speedily became apparent that, not only had the lessons of the past failed to demonstrate the course that should be followed for the future, but that the policy of leniency had, on the contrary, entered on a new and vigorous lease of life, destined to be fraught with consequences still more potent for and productive of evil.

Bloemfontein, on our occupation, was bad enough; but Pretoria proved to be a thousand times worse—it reeked of treachery in its foulest form. In peace-time the Mecca of grovelling concession-mongers, lip-loyalists to the Boer oligarchy, and political free-lances of Europe, it further degenerated in time of war into a veritable Alsatia for every species of conspirator and assassin bent on stabbing in the dark the foe they could not and dare not face in the light of day.

This, then, was the upas-tree which was found flourishing in pretty Pretoria on Lord Roberts's triumphal entry. Its centre was embedded in the town itself, and its roots, stretched out in every direction, communicated directly with and drew sustenance from the Boer forces hovering on every side, and the terrible Afrikaner Bond working with malevolent and stealthy energy under the very shadow of Capetown Government House.

If ever the keen edge of the axe was called for, here was an example. Decisive amputation—iron-handed repression, unsparing demolition, root and branch—was necessary; that way, and that way only, lay present security and future peace. It must be remembered that we were not here dealing with brave but misguided Boers; not even with our future fellow-subjects, with whom it was advisable to adopt conciliatory methods: these were out on commando fighting, and in their places were the plotters, the off-scourings of Europe, the flotsam and jetsam repudiated by their own Governments—Hollanders nourishing deadly hate at being deprived of the sinecures they had monopolised so long to the country's detriment, Irish-Americans blinded by a hatred none the less vindictive for being causeless, and all the *olla podrida* drawn together by the lust of spoil, as vultures to the slaughter.

Instead of grasping the nettle of political and social danger firmly, as that of personal danger is ever grasped by Britons, it was decided to adopt temporising measures. The long series of contradictory proclamations—a novel and prominent feature of this campaign—commenced to appear, and continued until the amazed colonist could only murmur sadly, 'This may be leniency, but it is not war.' On the oath of neutrality being taken, amnesties were distributed with the prodigality of papal pardons among the Crusaders, till the Dutch throughout South Africa, 'flown with insolence,' openly said that we found it more convenient to forgive than fight them. Social entertainments, with Boer spies acting alternately as guests and entertainers, became the order of the day; the Field-Marshal himself entertained the wife of the Boer generalissimo to dinner; and, save the muttered growl of discontent which rose from every part of loyal South Africa, all went merrily as a wedding-bell. Then, like a thunder-clap came the news of the double plots—the race-course plot in Johannesburg, and Cordua's in Pretoria, which fortunately proved a thunder-

clap instead of a thunderbolt. Comparatively little was said about these plots because they failed; but how much food for reflection do they not furnish, and what a stern commentary on the policy of leniency which had allowed these conspirators scope and liberty to hatch their infernal schemes! They were unsuccessful only because the ability and scope of the plotters was not commensurate with their intentions. All the malevolent design, the fierce hate, were there; all that had been necessary to secure success was a little more skill and secrecy, and our Field-Marshal would have been a prisoner, our chief military officers murdered, each of the towns like a pandemonium. Then the work would have to begin again. Worst of all, the whole difficulty was incontestably due to our paltering with the terrible forces that were at work. The men who had plotted against the heads of our army of occupation were the very men with whom these heads had been living on terms of sociability.

In war-time events cannot for long remain stationary, and during this interval such kudos as had been gained was not by us. Our lines of communication were harassed and cut at all points by an enemy that worked while we rested. Our supplies were frequently cut off, and convoys seized; the town of Kroonstad for a short time was actually in the possession of the Boers; towns in the Orange River Colony were besieged by them; and the whole military situation became one of exceeding gravity.

The Dutch on commando, puzzled by the contradictory proclamations showered on them by the Commander-in-Chief of the South African field-force, and led astray by the will-o'-the-wisp statements of Boer successes and European intervention assiduously circulated by their own veracious historians, ceased surrendering and took to a life of renewed activity. The Afrikaner Bond and the shrieking Dutch sisterhood in the Cape Colony, cheered and revived by the symptoms of—to them—British pusillanimity and Boer courage, redoubled their virulent verbiage on the occasions of their periodical disloyal gatherings; race-hatred, never cool, reached boiling-over point; rebellion again reared its loathly head in the villages of Cape Colony; and nothing but Roberts and Buller's sweeping advance along the Delagoa line, with the resultant headlong flight of the Boers and final exit of Kruger, prevented a renewal of the armed rebellion in the subjugated (?) districts. Truly a cheering state of affairs for the tenth month of the war!

By this time, however, the invariable failure of our policy of leniency, and the dire consequences that immediately ensued on its application, had had some small effect, and some measure of just severity was instilled into our dealings with our implacable and absolutely unscrupulous foes. Instead of housing and feeding their wives and families in the occupied, but intensely disaffected, towns,

it was resolved to despatch them to their husbands and fathers on commando. This was done, with excellent effect, for some time; but, with the vacillation that has distinguished our military policy on many occasions, the order was afterwards allowed to lapse. White-flag eccentricities were no longer left unpunished, and orders were issued that in the event of damage to the railway the nearest farmhouse was to be razed to the ground. Unfortunately, it seldom happened that the nearest farmhouse was the property of any of the misdemeanants, and 'brother Boer,' with that frank selfishness that has always been one of his distinguishing traits, cared little though a fellow-countryman's property was destroyed for another's crime, and so the work went merrily on.

All this severity, dwelt on by Lord Roberts with much emphasis in his despatches, was the merest paltering compared with the drastic root-and-branch measures that were now an imperative necessity, if brigandage and murder were ever to be repressed and peace restored in the land. It must not be imagined that the military authorities were incapable of severity when and where it pleased them. No; on the contrary, regulations of the most draconic severity and complex nature were devised for and imposed on British subjects and loyalists in all the occupied towns and districts. Martial law reigned supreme through the whole loyal colony of Natal, and refugees from the Transvaal are left to languish and suffer by thousands while their places and occupations are usurped by those who remained behind during the war, hand and glove with the Dutch; till the saddened South African, his faith and hope well-nigh dead, was fain to acknowledge that the military autocracy seemed determined to render the path of loyalty as difficult and thorny as possible.

To the reader who thinks a part, or the whole, of the above distorted or exaggerated, I would reply that my statements are based on a close study on the spot of the policy pursued by the British, and the consequences; and that the sentiments and feelings attributed to colonists throughout South Africa are a faithful repetition of what is to be daily heard. Further, I would ask the sceptic to dispassionately consider whether the position of affairs late in November 1900 was altogether a happy one for the Empire. After fourteen months' fighting, with approximately one hundred and fifty thousand troops in the field, we still find that our opponents have probably nineteen thousand determined men opposed to us; disloyalty honeycombs the land; our presence and rule are respected only where they are seen and, above all, felt; the entire military traffic over the Cape to Pretoria line (one thousand miles in length) has had to be transferred to the Natal line, as the former is daily interfered with, and cannot be efficiently guarded; our opponents still get information and supplies with considerable free-

dom, and we cannot discover the sources of the one or the other; and it is obvious that unless sedition in the Cape Colony and treachery in the Transvaal are repressed with a strong hand some dire national misfortune surely awaits us.

That all this is not recognised at home is only too apparent by the frequent press statements that the war is practically over. Perhaps it is, and certainly we have Lord Roberts's own statement to this effect; but if so, why is recruiting for old and new irregular corps being inaugurated and carried on with feverish haste and extraordinary energy? Why are the sailing orders of other troops cancelled and the various units again despatched to the front? Whether the war is over or not no man can say; but, having regard to the many severe lessons we have received from the Boers through our self-confidence, it would be more seemly and politic to stick steadily to the business in hand—the pursuit of the enemy—till it is obvious that resistance has finally ceased and the last combatant is disarmed.

It was intended by this policy of leniency to conciliate the Dutch (a people impervious to conciliation, and who for the last twenty years have derided our restoration of their independence after Majuba as pusillanimity pure and simple), and to fuse the two peoples into one sound, harmonious unity; but instead of this there is only too good reason to suppose that a diametrically opposite result has been achieved. In toying with treason and protecting the interests of disloyalists at the expense of the vast number of those who have remained loyal in the teeth of grinding compulsion and insidious temptation, the powers that be have merely succeeded in robbing Peter without having the ultimate satisfaction of knowing that Paul's claims can be considered as settled and his opposition silenced by the conciliatory advances made.

The colonial farmer who, in the early days of the war, sturdily remained on his farm, refusing to join or assist the ournshing and then victorious rebel hordes, and compelled to witness his flocks and herds, his farming implements, and his *lares* and *penates* either wantonly destroyed or appropriated by those who in many instances had been his neighbours and friends for years, has lived to see these rebels or enemies either fed, protected, and employed by the British military authorities, or (in those cases where justice has reached them) punishment meted to them at the rate of one or two years' imprisonment, under specially ameliorated conditions, for crimes that comprised rebellion, arson, felony, and frequently blood-shedding.

The starving British refugee from the Transvaal—who was hunted from his home fifteen months ago, and hurried pell-mell in coal-trucks to British territory, subjected to every form of abuse, insult, and ill-treatment on the route, while his abandoned home was looted or gutted by those he left behind him—if he has fortunately sur-

vived (for the Uitlanders are the backbone of the irregular corps, and have suffered heavily on many a stricken field), has lived to see his despoilers well provided for. They were either carefully transported to their own country, travelling in saloon carriages to the coast, and thence by chartered steamer, or else, as is the case to-day, brought into the immediate vicinity of British towns, with families of belligerents and rebels, and comfortably lodged, fed, and clothed by a paternal governing body which beheld without moving a finger its own loyal subjects starving or inactive, interference on their behalf being outside their province. At the time of writing there are in Pietermaritzburg and Capetown (to say nothing of Johannesburg and Pretoria) camps, daily growing in size, which are full of surrendered belligerents and their wives and families, and also those of men still actively opposing us, secure in the knowledge that those dependent on them are being cared for by the British. These people are provided with everything they can possibly require—food, lodging, and clothing, all immeasurably superior to what the majority had been accustomed to before; and some who refused even to cook for themselves have been provided with Kaffir or soldier servants. Within shouting distance of these camps are hundreds of families of British refugee loyalists huddled into insanitary rooms—often a whole family in a room—wistfully, patiently, and longingly awaiting the day when they may be permitted to return to their desolate, and perchance looted, homes and neglected businesses.

Is it surprising that the fear is entertained throughout South Africa that this fostering of disloyalists at the expense of loyalists will render it all but impossible for years to come for Briton and Boer to live in unity and preserve those amicable relations so essential to the welfare and prosperity of South Africa? The Dutch are now openly deriding our hospitality and clemency, and saying that their efforts are not in vain, as they are succeeding in keeping thousands of Uitlanders from their homes and businesses.

It must be remembered that, whatever the future may have in store for the Boers, and whatever despatches from the front may have led one to believe in the past, the republics' forces have never yet had a series of crushing defeats inflicted on them. Isolated victories, more or less decisive, have, it is true, been gained by us; but so also in no less a degree has success been with the Boers, who do not forget Magersfontein, Stormberg, Colenso, and Nicholson's Nek. For one reason or another there has been a marked neglect, throughout the campaign, by the British to follow up one victory and secure another from which there could be no rally. How many times has it been stated in despatches that a rainstorm, darkness, or mist came on and baffled pursuit? Did these same phenomena of nature prevent the Boers from fleeing? If not, why have they prevented us from



following? No; the fact remains that the Boers have yet to be suppressed in the field, and also the seditious Afrikander Bond in town and country. Energetic efforts have yet to be made if the end is to crown the work; the errors of the past

must serve as guides for the future—beacon lights on a wreck-strawn reef. If I have only been successful in enlightening even a small circle who were before in ignorance of vital truths, these lines will not have been written in vain.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER XIV.—THE CLUE.

**E**ARL KESGRAVE led the way, and I followed him obediently to his town house. It was a huge, old-fashioned mansion near St James's Park, with a trim courtyard before it and a great flight of steps leading to the door. He walked directly into a large, square hall, then signed to me to follow him into a small cabinet, hung with leather, which opened from one side. Here he tossed his hat on a table and turned towards me as I stood inside the room. He motioned me to shut the door, and I did so.

'My man,' said he, 'I have a great fancy that you lie on the windy side of the law.'

'I do,' said I, bluntly and truly.

'Faith, you're an honest, outspoken fellow,' said Kesgrave, eyeing me over his snuff-box. 'You skilled backword-players are now and again too free with a dangerous stroke—is it not so?'

'He should not have angered me,' I replied; 'but I care not for what your lordship knows. 'Tis scarce likely you are one to forward catch-pole work.'

The Earl waved his hand and smiled.

'For a man of your gifts,' said he, 'I have a little task of a few minutes, for accomplishing which I will richly reward you, and afterwards put you in a position to make your escape whither you will. You will receive your directions afterwards. Meantime, perhaps you will not object to wait for an hour or so in this room. I will see that your comfort is attended to.'

He opened the door on the farther side of the cabinet, and led me into a large room handsomely furnished, the walls being covered till they were hidden by stands of arms. I sat down, and he went away. In a few minutes Colin Lovel brought a plentiful supply of food and a huge jug of ale. He set it on a table close to my hand, but neither looked at me nor spoke. He withdrew, and I was left alone to my thoughts; and these, as regarded myself, were not apprehensive.

The story of my departure in the Rotterdam brig and the suspicion of the Yorkshire backword-player who had fled to London served my turn or did not. Either way, I was resolved to stick to my present chance and do what I could to achieving the purpose over which I brooded night and day: the attaining of a knowledge of where Cicely might be. These men had known something before, or why Kesgrave's appearance that

night? They might know something now, and I would tap their knowledge if I could. As I read over what I have written since that fatal night of Cicely's disappearance I become aware that I have not put in any accounts of beating my breast and calling imprecations upon the cruel star which had guided our fortunes apart, after the manner of despairing lovers; but I think the heartiest ranters of them all scarce ever felt so bitter and desperate as did I. I would have walked gaily into a place ten times as threatening to me as my Lord Kesgrave's house to gain a word of her; and I sat there tranquil and watchful as far as myself was concerned, and eating my heart out for a scrap of news of Cicely.

As I have said, the room in which I sat looked like an armoury. When I looked upon it more closely I perceived that it was a collection of weapons of all kinds and of all ages. There were muskets in every stage of development, from the ponderous arquebuse to the lighter flint-lock fowling-pieces men now carry. Especially was the collection rich in swords, from huge two-handed blades down through broadswords to the most delicate rapier; but the dust had gathered thickly upon them—a sign that the collector was now dead, and that his successor cared nothing for the rich variety of pieces here gathered together. A large pail covered with a cloth stood near the door leading into the cabinet. I crossed over and looked into it. It was not the height of good manners—that I admit; but I was scarce here on that footing. The vessel was filled with broken pieces of ice, and among them lay five flasks of wine cooling. Did Lord Kesgrave expect some one to visit him in his cabinet, and was the wine laid ready to their hand? It looked like it. I thought a while, listening intently. The house was silent as a windless midnight. Certainly no one was stirring in my neighbourhood. I took one of the bottles and went to the nearest window of the three which lighted the room. The casement was only latched, and I opened it and peered forth cautiously. I looked out into a narrow grassy alley, bordered on the one side by the house and on the other by a tall hedge of thorn. I thrust my head farther and surveyed the face of the building. It seemed mainly a blank wall, and from no point was I overlooked. I broke off the neck of the bottle by a tap on the stone windowsill, and poured the wine into the grass below. I

did the same with the remaining bottles and the great jug of ale, scattered the empty bottles about the table, and sat down as before.

For some time again the silence was unbroken; then a door opened and feet sounded in the next room. I dropped my head on my breast and breathed heavily, noisily; but my ears were on the alert.

'And what's in the wind now, Richard?' said a loud, gay voice.

'I'll tell you over a glass of wine,' answered Kesgrave, opening the door.

'Pray, who's that?' said the voice again, as if the owner had come into the room with the Earl and was looking at me.

'A useful rogue I picked up to-day. But what—how's this? Have my careless scoundrels neglected my express orders?'

'Are you looking for wine under yon cloth? What of those bottles on the table?'

'The devil!' cried Kesgrave.

His companion burst into a shout of laughter, and bent his cane on the floor in high delight.

'Bit,' he cried. 'Curse me, if the tosspot has not discovered your cool wine and drunk it up! Never heard of a better thing in my life. A five-bottle man, begad! A prince of skinkers!' He went off into peal after peal of laughter, and Kesgrave laughed too, to pass it off.

'And pray what is he useful for?' said the Earl's companion, coming up and thrusting his cane into my ribs.

I gave a tipsy lurch, and muttered, and snored again.

'Let him be,' said Kesgrave. 'We'll throw a bucket of water over him when we need him. After all, there's no harm done. We can sober him enough for what I want of him, and often enough these seasoned rogues fight better drunk than sober. He has beaten Colin Lorel with the backsword,' added the Earl, dropping his voice.

'No!' said the other.

'It is true,' answered Kesgrave. 'The latter half of the match he played with Colin as a man plays with a child.'

This was not my view of the affair; but perhaps this looker-on had seen more of the game.

'And whom is he to fight now?'

'We go to-night to carry out the plan which was interrupted by Damerel getting before us that night. This man and Colin will suffice, and tackle the gypsy fellows, and we'—

'So ho!' cried his companion. 'Have you run the pretty little hare to her form again? Where does she sit?'

'That fellow of mine follows a trail like a sleuth-hound,' said the Earl. 'They are encamped off the high-road just beyond Enfield.'

'And have you not plenty of men without employing this five-bottle hero?'

'Plenty,' answered Kesgrave; 'but I object to any of my people save Colin knowing anything

of my business. A fellow like this is picked up, used, cast aside. A man who is to stay in your service should never know too much.'

'Tis a wise rule,' replied the other. 'But I fear I have not kept it. I've used my fellows, begad! in all sorts of ways, till—I give you my word—I dare not quarrel with some of them.'

'There you are! there you are!' laughed the Earl.

'Ay, ay,' said the other; 'but come, we'll have a glass and drink to better luck.'

They went out of the room, and I heard Kesgrave striking on a call in the cabinet. Before it was answered he came and closed the door through which they had passed, perhaps that I might not be seen, so I could lift my head and look around freely.

I drew a deep breath of delight. Enfield—I would run there like the wind if I could get clear—the high-road just beyond Enfield. The thought of a weapon came into my mind. With a sword in my hand I would make it a risky project to attack yonder little black tent. I looked round and longed to possess myself of one of a case of beautiful rapiers which hung at hand; but I dared not. It was still light without, and such a blade worn by a person of my appearance would attract notice at once. Then my eye fell on a stout, straight, brass-handled broadsword hanging near by. I listened intently. In the next room there was the clink of glasses, and now loud talk and laughter broke out from the Earl's companion. Who he might be I knew not, but he seemed some friend in whom the Earl confided, and upon whose help he reckoned. They appeared fast set at their wine, without doubt waiting for the darkness when they might sally forth.

I slipped off my shoes and crossed to the wall where the broadsword hung by the belt which girded it to the wearer. I took it down gently and drew the blade from the leathern sheath. It proved a noble piece of shear-steel, bright as silver save for dull stains which marked it here and there. Upon the pommel was stamped the date 1625, and without a doubt, from its appearance, it had taken its share in the huge feast of hard knocks which had been going since it was forged sixty years before. It was as fine a specimen of a trooper's backsword as I had ever seen, and admirably balanced. I swung it and gave one or two flourishes. It suited me, hand and hilt. No delicate play here; but for ding-dong, slash and thrust, nothing better in the world. I took from my pocket two guineas, and laid them on the broad, flat wooden peg from which the weapon had hung. This sum was well beyond its value, and I had no inclination to steal from my Lord Kesgrave. It was not likely that the sword would be soon missed, for, as I have said, dust and neglect reigned supreme. To possess myself of this was the work of an instant, and I went at once to the window and looked out.

All seemed silent on this side. Pushing the casement wide open, and dropping my shoes and sword out on the grass, I followed them swiftly. I glanced up and down. The alley at each end was bounded by bushes, and a path ran all round the house. Nearly opposite was a gap in the thorn hedge, and I caught up the things I had flung out, and was through it in a couple of bounds. Beyond the hedge was a wall, five feet this side, seven or eight on the other, where was a shrubbery. I put on my boots, buckled the belt about me, sprang over, and crept up towards the road under close shelter of the wall.

To my joy, I heard the *click-click* I hoped for as I drew near the highway which passed before the house. Jan was on crutches that day, and I knew he would follow us up and hang about. On the edge of the road I was brought up by a stout fence, and I now stood and strained my ears for the sound of the crutches. I heard nothing. Jan was still; whether near or far I knew not. Time was too precious to wait long for him, so I gave a low whistle which he would understand. It was risky, for the wrong person might catch the sound; but everything was risky, and something must be done. I whistled again, a little louder, and the *click-click* grew near.

'Jan,' I called softly, and he came to a stand

just as he was passing. 'Jan,' said I, 'stay here. Watch Lord Kesgrave as before.'

'Ay, ay, Captain,' murmured Jan. 'And where do we meet again?'

'Why,' said I, 'if I am not at my lodgings by to-morrow morning we may not meet again, Jan; for if I find them I shall go away with them, and I have a clue. They are near Enfield.'

Jan understood perfectly well what I meant, for he knew whom I sought.

'Then I report at your lodgings, Master George?'

'Yes,' said I; 'and, Jan, I have come by some money. I will thrust a handful of guineas to you through the hedge; though, indeed, I can never repay your faithfulness.'

'I won't take a penny, Captain,' whispered Jan. 'Keep it. Who knows what you may want it for?' He proved his sincerity by at once marching off.

I turned and crept back through the shrubbery, keeping among the trees and clear of the house until I came to a row of palings which gave upon the Park. I looked back towards the house; but it was silent, save that a couple of hounds shut up somewhere layed mournfully. Over the palings I went and dropped on the grass, then walked briskly across St James's Park.

## STUDIES IN MILLIONAIRES.

### PART II.

**S**UGAR combinations have made two very rich men in America—one, Mr H. O. Havemeyer, of New York, the 'sugar-king' of the east; the other, Mr Claus Spreckels, of San Francisco, called the 'sugar king' of the west. The late Mr P. D. Armour, the meat millionaire of Chicago, attained his position by his energetic work in pioneering the packing-trade, which has done so much towards the building up of Chicago's prosperity.

Amongst the other Chicago millionaires, the names of Potter Palmer, Marshall Field, and Levi Z. Leiter form a rather notable trinity. There was a time when these three men were associated together in a drapery undertaking—Mr Palmer as the head of the firm, Mr Field and Mr Leiter as his assistants. Later on Mr Palmer, prompted by other ambitions, relinquished the drapery business to the other two; and later still Mr Leiter ventured into more exciting fields of speculation, leaving Mr Field, as he still remains, at the head of the old 'dry goods' enterprise, which under his control has assumed a magnitude never dreamt of by its original founder. Mr Palmer, besides building a great hotel, found his fortune rapidly advanced by the reconstruction of Chicago after the great fire of 1870—an ill

wind that blew good fortune to many by creating new and sudden opportunities. Many turned builders in those days whose main equipment for the business was a strong desire to build a fortune. Mr Leiter's success as a financial speculator is well known. He still occasionally indulges in a 'corner' in some commodity or other, and is an important enough personage to be father-in-law to the present Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon. As for Mr Palmer, he now takes life as becomes a man of affluence, with a wife who is a society-queen and a favourite in many capitals.

Herr Krupp and the late Lord Armstrong made their fortunes literally at the cannon's mouth, their contributions to the science of modern artillery having made their names as familiar on the world's battlefields as those of the generals who direct the guns. Lord Brassey's millions were realised in building railways and carrying out other great works of construction which have assisted so notably in creating the national wealth, the founder of the fortune being the Thomas Brassey who, both in conjunction with the late Sir Morton Peto and alone, had entrusted to him some of the largest contracting operations of his time. Sir Morton Peto, by the way, who built for himself the 'lordly pleasure-house' of Sandringham (now the property of our King),



was a prominent millionaire in his time; but misfortune clouded his later years, and he fell from his high position into comparative obscurity. Mr John Wanamaker of Philadelphia and New York, once Postmaster-General, is a department-store millionaire. Amongst his investments are life insurance policies for nearly half a million.

France has many rich men, but few of them attain to the multi-millionaire standard. M. Heine, the silk manufacturer, is perhaps the wealthiest Frenchman of the industrial class.

Germany has not been favourable to the growth of great industrial fortunes; for, apart from Herr Krupp, whose enterprise is outside the ordinary operations of industry, it is amongst the nobles and bankers that we find the largest accumulations of wealth. Herr Mendelssohn, the Berlin banker, however, is one of the richest men even of the banking class.

Bankers of the multi-millionaire emience are indeed numerous, and pretty evenly spread amongst the nations. The Rothschilds are the most distinguished of the banker families of the world. For the best part of a century they have been concerned in mighty financial transactions, a history of which would to a great extent be a record of dealings with rulers and governments at critical periods. At least five bearers of this famous name—two in London, two in Paris, and one in Vienna—possess huge fortunes, estimated at from £7,000,000 to £15,000,000. A good deal of romance pervades the story of the millions which devolved upon the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, which were originally amassed by Thomas Coutts the banker, and at his death passed to his widow, who when he married her was Miss Mellon, the noted actress. This clever and large-hearted woman subsequently became Duchess of St Albans; but she kept intact the Coutts millions, and when at length she herself passed away her will gave them back to the Coutts family, then represented by the lady who now bears the title of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

In America millionaire bankers are a numerous class; but many of them owe their wealth to general speculation more than to strict banking business. Take the case of Mr J. Pierpont Morgan as an example. He is of the class that Mr Mallock would call the captors, not the producers, of wealth. He is a financier pure and simple, a manipulator of money that others have created, and an organiser of money-making schemes, extending from the piloting of great railway combines to the reconstruction of book-publishing firms. Partly in the same category fall the operations of the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, and many other American financial houses which are at the back of great organisations. Railways are the special hunting-ground of the Vanderbilts and the Goulds; and such men as Austin Corbin, W. C. Whitney, C. P. Huntington, J. J. Hill, and W. S. Webb have been lifted into wealth largely

by means of their interests in railways. The possession of street-railway franchises has enabled several men to grasp great riches, Mr Charles T. Yerkes of Chicago and Mr T. Loftus Johnson of Cleveland being the two best-known examples of this order of magnate. Of the American bankers who have confined themselves mainly to legitimate banking operations for the tempting of fortune, the names of A. Iselin, D. Ogden Mills, and W. L. Elkins stand prominent.

The treasures of the earth have for ages yielded vast riches to the successful few who have searched for and found them. The El Dorados of America, Australia, and Africa have during the nineteenth century put into the shade the older homes of the precious minerals, throwing into comparative insignificance the traditional stories of the wondrous discoveries and captures made by the Spanish treasure-hunters in South America in the picturesque days when they swooped down upon the lands of the Incas and the Montezumas. Even the marvellous tales of the magnificent discoveries and confiscations of the jewels of India ere the Great Mogul had ceased to be a figure of history, and before the daring British adventurers who established the rule of 'John Company' in Hindustan had cast covetous eyes upon the priceless gems—these, too, fade before the greater glitter of later revelations. South Africa, with its unparalleled underground wealth of diamonds and gold, has made Mr Beit the richest private individual in the world, the Kimberley and Transvaal gold and diamond mines having, it is asserted, yielded him the dazzling fortune of £100,000,000. Mr J. B. Robinson and Mr Cecil Rhodes have also forced the South African earth to disgorge its precious stones for their enrichment; and the late Barney Barnato was another of the lucky diamond-men of that region, his sudden rush to millionaireship and tragic end forming one of the strangest chapters in the romance of modern wealth.

The mines of Western America have been making millionaires off and on for the last fifty years. John W. Mackay, who, with his partners Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, made the famous Bonanza mine 'strike' in 1872, on a ledge of rock in the Sierra Nevadas at Virginia City, is one of the best known of the recent mining-men of colossal fortunes. From one mine alone gold and silver to the value of over £40,000,000 were taken. W. A. Clark of Montana, J. B. A. Haggis, J. R. de Lamar, W. S. Stratton, and James Doyle have all been made rich by lucky finds of gold or other precious minerals in the West.

In our own country coal has been an important force in the building up of fortunes since its utilisation for manufacturing purposes; and, among others, the Marquis of Londonderry and Earl Fitzwilliam derive princely revenues from these sources at the present time. Throughout all the coal regions men have acquired wealth; but

the fortunes realised by the users of coal have been far in excess of those made by its production, while the by-products of coal have, in numerous instances, put wealth in the way of their handlers. The money made out of petroleum in Great Britain would amount to a goodly figure; but it has been reserved for the oil industries of the United States to eclipse all other oil-records in the magnitude of their operations and the profit they have earned. The Standard Oil magnates of America are amongst the richest men of the world—Mr J. D. Rockefeller, the president, being credited with a fortune of £50,000,000; while the directorate includes the names of W. Rockefeller, said to be worth £20,000,000; J. H. Flagler, £10,000,000; H. M. Flagler, £7,000,000; and J. D. Archbold, £5,000,000. The Nobel Brothers, the energetic Swedes who are in control of the famous oil-regions of Baku, are also immensely wealthy.

Among the many millionaires of the broker class, company promoters, handlers of shares and stocks, and so forth, England has had many, from Baron Grant to Mr Hooley, who have flashed into prominence by mere financial daring, fascinated public attention for a time, and then suddenly dropped into obscurity; but we have also had amongst us, and have still, men of the money-capturing order who have contrived to turn capital-mongering to an enormously profitable account without particularly besmirching their reputations. The money-manipulators of New York, however, outsoar us altogether in their financial flights, and the millionaire adventurers of Wall Street daily perform feats of money-juggling which members of the other money centres of the world would not have the

courage to attempt even if they had similar opportunities. Thus every year adds its new millionaire to the ranks of the Wall Street magicians, for the stakes played for are high, fluctuations (natural or forced) are sudden, and audacity often wins while caution deliberates. Mr James Henry Smith, nephew of 'Chicago Smith,' is one of the latest specimens of the new multi-millionaire of Wall Street, though not a plunger. He is a bachelor, leads a quiet life, and is not given to parading his successes. They call him 'The Silent Man of Wall Street.' The money he inherited from his uncle augmented his fortune considerably; still, for a year or two back the 'Silent Man' has been ranked amongst the millionaires. Mr Russell Sage may have served Mr Smith as a pattern of unostentatiousness. One of the ruling powers of Wall Street for many years has been Mr James R. Keene, an Englishman, who has more than kept pace with the native stock-manipulators. He has figured in some of the greatest deals of the last twenty years, and has won for himself the title of the 'King of the Bears.'

Amongst the very few women who find a place on our list, Mrs Hetty H. R. Green of New York is a unique figure, her enormous wealth being mainly amassed by her own shrewdness and capacity for affairs. Inheriting some millions of dollars from her father, Edward Mott Robinson, who died in 1865, she retained the management of the large estate left to her in her own hands, and year by year has augmented her wealth by wise investments and successful speculation in Wall Street and elsewhere, until to-day her fortune represents a value of £11,000,000.

## SYBIL'S SIN.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.



CANDIDA shared her cabin on the *Catspaw* with another nurse, named Cartwright. To Miss Cartwright she declared her intention of not going to dinner the first evening. She did not quite like her fellow-traveller's looks—there was the sign of much worldly experience in the dark face and strong eyes of this woman of thirty; but she quite understood that she was not in a position to be unduly critical, and she hoped at least for a pleasant acquaintance. The discovery of the diamonds made her yearn for some one who might be more to her even than that.

'You're looking seedy, Miss Cope. Take my advice and go to bed,' said Nurse Cartwright. 'You've been crying, too.'

'Yes,' said Candida, with a wan smile.

'Bed's the place for you. I'll come and have a look at you directly dinner's over.'

With these words and the assurance that in spite of Candida's wishes some soup should be sent to her, Nurse Cartwright left the cabin.

But of course Candida did not thus go to bed like an obedient child with nothing on her mind. She continued puzzling at the dreadful mystery of Lady Barker's diamonds. She lay on the blue lounge under the port-hole, and, with her eyes fast on the electric lamp, thought over the incidents of her packing. The outcome was inevitable.

'That cruel child!' she exclaimed, suddenly rising. 'Oh! I see it all now. Her affection last night in coming to me from her bed! She asked me if I meant to finish with the box, and—she must have put them in when I was dressing. Oh Sybil! Sybil! what will become of you?'

It was quite clear now.

But this realisation did not greatly comfort Candida, on further reflection. The child would deny her crime. She was nothing if not con-

sistent, and she must have prepared her shameful plot at least as far as that. Upon Candida would be set the burden of proving that she was not a common thief. There would be a public scandal. Her name would be in the papers, and—and—even if Burkitt lived, there would be nothing but misery in the memory of her connection with Tree Manor. This was the stunning blow.

'Well, Miss Cope, how are you now?' asked Nurse Cartwright two hours later. 'I have been talking to a charming man from your part of the world.'

'Indeed!' said Candida. There was no escape, even on the *Catspaw*, from the suggestions of the grim future.

'Are you better?'

'I am really not ill at all, thank you. Only tired.'

'In that case I will not worry you. But don't you want to know the name of the gentleman?'

There was something in Nurse Cartwright's tone that Candida did not like.

'It would be easy to guess,' she replied quietly.

'I—I am glad you like him. It is either Dr Partridge or Captain Black.'

Nurse Cartwright's eyebrows rose.

'Two, are there? Captain Black asked me to present his compliments and sincere sympathies. I haven't seen the doctor. Any message to Captain Black?'

'None, thank you.'

'Anything I can do for you?'

'Nothing at all, Miss Cartwright. Thank you very much.'

Nurse Cartwright smiled a bland smile at Candida, as she stood looking at her with folded arms.

'You are,' she said, 'very independent and unresponsive. I like you for it.'

Then she returned to Captain Black, whose interest in her was only of the second-hand kind. And Candida returned to her troubles. She was a little distracted from these by the motion of the vessel, which had begun to skip; and then, feeling that she might really become ill, she went to bed; and there she stayed until Las Palmas was passed. The Bay of Biscay was in a wild mood; one westerly gale succeeded another; the noises in and on the ship mingled tempestuously with the hurricane shrieks outside.

These were depressing days for Candida.

On the Monday morning she had been able to keep her secret no longer; she hungered so for words of comfort, however commonplace; and, besides, Nurse Cartwright seemed kind-hearted, in spite of her cold ways. To her Candida opened her mind; also showed (on request) the diamonds themselves. The sight of the tiara much impressed Nurse Cartwright. 'Magnificent! magnificent!' she said. The solace she offered was at least practical.

'What you have to do is to put yourself in the hands of a first-rate lawyer directly we land. Get him to sue for damages. Don't you see how

it was meant to injure your character? The grandmother might have done it herself, for all you know; and anyway you must take the initiative. There is another way to profit by that little fiend's trick; but I don't suppose you'd care to risk it.'

'What is that?' asked Candida.

'Why, keep the diamonds—sell them—and say nothing to anybody. But of course'—

'Of course you are only joking, Miss Cartwright.'

'Of course I am only joking, Miss Cope.'

Being urged, Nurse Cartwright had promised Candida to help her in Capetown. Then, by common consent, the diamonds were never again mentioned. To tell the truth, Candida felt sorry rather than aught else that she had taken her fellow-traveller into her confidence. She had said nothing about Burkitt Barker; it was the old story: half-confidences are worse than none.

The *Catspaw* was off Grand Canary and steaming south, with a roar of surf to the west, when Candida made her effort and got on deck. She felt weak and self-conscious and unhappy, but her immurement had taken nothing from her beauty. The glances she attracted as she felt her way to a chair facing towards Africa might have told her that much. Several men, civilians and soldiers, were eager to help her to that chair. Among them was Captain Black, who left Nurse Cartwright to herself that he might get his chance. He cared nothing at all about the sinister look (discreetly controlled) which came upon Miss Cartwright's face when he proclaimed his intention of saying 'How do you do?' to Candida.

'At last, Miss Cope!' were his actual words of greeting. 'So glad to see you about!'

He seemed anxious to be merely friendly, without reference to Candida's late rejection of his hand and heart. As such he was welcome until the *Catspaw's* captain came by, and, lifting his cap, asked if he had the pleasure of addressing Miss Cope.

'There was an inquiry about you by cable just now,' he continued.

'About me?'

She whispered the words, for she knew what was coming—or thought she did.

'Oh, don't look so frightened, please,' laughed the captain. 'It wasn't from the Lord Chancellor. Just a message from my agents, asking if you were on board.'

'And who asked your agents?'

'Oh, I'm afraid I can't tell you that. Some one who takes an interest in you, no doubt. Excuse me, there must be many who do that.'

With the breezy, free smile of an honest sailor, Captain Bronson went on his way.

Then, as if his old interest in her had been suddenly quickened by these words, Captain Black set his helm straight for courtship again.

'I've been wretched about you,' he said—'perfectly wretched.'



'About me! Why?'

She did not know how beautiful she was, with the colour just dashed into her pale cheeks by the captain's news.

'Why? Oh, well, it's only natural. I don't like your going out there, for one thing. You've been ill, too, and I haven't been able to tell you how sorry I was.'

'I wish the voyage was over. How I do wish that!' exclaimed Candida fervently.

'Hum! can't say I do, since you're on board, Miss Cope. The longer the better, barring bad weather, you know, which puts you in a corner. Burkitt Barker is a lucky fellow.'

Candida started and then she shivered.

'I scarcely understand you,' she murmured. 'No, I am not cold, Mr Black.' He had moved as if to help her with her cloak.

'He's a lucky fellow to have such a nurse as you, Miss Cope.'

'I am not going out to nurse Lieutenant Barker,' said Candida. It was no good trying; she could not, in her actual distress of mind and physical weakness, be as calm as she ought to be.

Captain Black begged her pardon. He felt cheered by this avowal.

'I assumed, you know,' he said. 'I'm glad I was wrong. Rough on Barker to say so; but I am, Miss Cope.'

To Candida's profound relief, Nurse Cartwright joined them, and the subject was changed. Nurse Cartwright's mouth had taken to itself a couple of emphatic wrinkles, one on either side. She had drawn conclusions before, and the sight of this meeting between Candida and Captain Black had confirmed her fears; and now, though apparently solicitous for Candida's well-being, she would willingly have seen the girl dead at her feet. Nurse Cartwright was one of those women who seem to have no scruples when their heart's interests are at stake. Thus early she had come to love Captain Black with the passionate, all-compelling love of the woman of thirty. It was an agony to her to realise that it was rather for Candida's sake than her own that he had courted her society on board the *Cutspaw*. His many questions about Candida had not been merely the small change of routine conversation.

From that hour Nurse Cartwright was Candida's bitter enemy. For the present, she dissembled gracefully. To Candida it seemed that she was quite a different person from the dry, unemotional woman who shared her cabin. Nor did it take her long to see the reason for the change. Well, for aught she cared, or had the right to care, Captain Black might fall in love with and marry Nurse Cartwright. All she herself wanted was to be let alone—until the voyage was over and she could get loyally quit of her horrid secret (which was now only half a secret) and receive legal absolution from some trustworthy lawyer.

'We are boring you,' said Nurse Cartwright

when Candida had let several remarks pass unnoticed. 'Come, Captain Black, you haven't yet had your full constitutional.'

'I'd just as soon stay here,' said he.

'Please go,' said Candida. A glance at Nurse Cartwright inspired the words.

'Oh, well,' said he. 'Thank Heaven! there'll be a fortnight more of it.'

He offered Nurse Cartwright his arm.

'It will go all too soon,' she whispered sadly.

'And therefore,' said he, turning towards her with the gaiety that had won her, 'let us make the most of it.'

Candida watched them as disinterestedly as if they had been strangers; but she remembered that she had leaned on Burkitt Barker's arm in the same way, and the recollection sent the blood flooding her cheeks. Ah! if she had only the present to live through. The past, with its wails of regrets, barred the way even to the contentment that might some time in the future be her reward for the fulfilment of such duty as a woman owes to the war-stricken nation of which she is a part.

They saw little more of Candida on the *Cutspaw's* deck that day. She felt most at ease below, for her own sake and that of the diamonds.

But that evening Nurse Cartwright deliberately pushed her life towards a crisis. It was after dinner, and Captain Black was late in leaving his mess-table. Nurse Cartwright looked well under the moonshine, and she knew it.

They leaned over the *Cutspaw's* side, watching the phosphorescence in the water.

'Captain Black, tell me,' said Nurse Cartwright abruptly, 'are you fond of Miss Cope?'

He laughed with some bitterness.

'Fond's a slow sort of word. But I don't mind telling you I've had my shot at her, and it missed fire,' said he.

'Do you mean that she'—

'Refused me, put; and I dare say I ought to be awfully glad, too, for I should find it deuced hard work to keep a wife. One does that sort of thing in indiscreet moments.'

Nurse Cartwright breathed rapidly. Her rage against Candida intensified.

'It is very nice of you to tell me about it,' she said gently.

He turned to her.

'You get round a fellow somehow, Miss Cartwright; and the fellow himself likes it. That's why,' he said, smiling.

'You are not flattering to me.'

'I'm not reckoned a flattering person in my own household. But, seriously, if I were laid up, I'd think myself uncommonly well treated to have you for a nurse.'

'Thank you.'

'Oh, don't thank me like that! I would. And if I were a rich man, or you were a rich woman, I should feel it my duty to warn you, Miss Cartwright, that this sort of thing might

lead to—well, we won't go into details. As it is, we're just a couple of hard-headed humans willing away the hours.'

Nurse Cartwright was glad a cloud interfered with the moonlight at that moment.

'You think of me like that!' she whispered. Candida would not have called her unemotional then.

'Well, so we are—aren't we? I don't mean to be rude. Quite the other way about.'

Then Nurse Cartwright drew herself erect. She laughed icily. But her voice was tender as she said:

'Captain Black, suppose I were masquerading in this dress?—only suppose, you know—and suppose I confessed to you that I had ten thousand pounds of my own?'

'By Jove, Miss Cartwright!' said he. His eye-glass went to his eye. This was a trick never practised on common occasions.

'Only supposing, you understand,' she said again, but with hopeful eyes. The moon was obliging enough to reappear and illumine an expression which she felt was a success.

'You interest me,' said Captain Black.

'Please to answer my question.'

'Well, I will. As seriously as you ask it, too. I'd say, "Good-bye for the present, Miss Cartwright;" for I'd be feeling that Her Majesty's forces in South Africa might not get much good work out of Ernest Black if he saw too much of you.'

Nurse Cartwright trembled from head to foot.

'I was not playing with you,' she murmured. 'I am the happy controller of that huge sum of money.' Her irony was effective. 'Is it good-bye for the present in consequence?' she added, still ironical and still tender, though not too tender.

'It ought to be,' said he. 'But I'm glad to hear it, for your sake. Money is?—'

'To a woman—a real woman—just nothing at all—wood to light a fire with, and coal to keep it burning. Hardly more than that.' She spoke passionately.

Captain Black produced a cigarette and struck a match. He could not pretend to misunderstand his companion. It was the first time a woman had as good as proposed to him. The inclination to laugh, nevertheless, passed away. Nurse Cartwright's face (handsome enough) was so grave that it rather awed him. A capable woman, in love with him, and possessing ten thousand pounds! It was not at all a ridiculous situation, and not half as tragic as the woman's face seemed to make it. Still, he had a certain amount of proper instinct.

'I'm not worth it, Miss Cartwright,' he said.

The die was cast. Nurse Cartwright threw away the thin veil she had first used.

'It is yours to take or refuse, as seems best to you,' she said faintly. 'Good-night.' He called after her, but she did not stop until she was in

the cabin with Candida, palpitating like a hare just released from a trap.

The next morning, before breakfast, Captain Black left the other men, with whom he was taking an early trot, the instant Nurse Cartwright appeared on deck.

'I have won him! I have won him!' she exclaimed to herself triumphantly as he came, smiling and eager, towards her. He slipped his arm into hers before the eyes of the world.

'We will see the campaign through first, and then, my Ethel'—said he.

'And then, dear, we will live happy ever afterwards.'

To Candida this engagement, openly acknowledged and commented on, was interesting only momentarily. It did not make Nurse Cartwright any the more agreeable to her, for such mushroom love was a mystery to Candida. Nor did Nurse Cartwright's increased civilities towards Candida have quite the desired effect.

The diamonds were never mentioned, yet they were ever present in the mind of both; and night after night, ere falling asleep, Nurse Cartwright reviewed and perfected the plan by which she proposed to save Candida all trouble about restoring them to their rightful owners. It ought to be simple, considering how simple Candida herself was! Once broken up, the stones of the tiara would be just as simply turned into ready money in a town where diamonds are by many supposed to be as promptly saleable as carpets in Kidderminster.

So Nurse Cartwright schemed and hoped. Nor was she in the least turned aside from her evil design by the wistful look which daily deepened upon Candida's face.

To Candida the voyage was a torment. With Burkitt perhaps dying or dead, it seemed to her at times that it mattered little what became of her; but there were also times when she found the prospect before her well-nigh more than she could bear.

She obliterated herself as much as possible on board the *Catspaw*. Dr Partridge, in despair, at last gave up trying to cheer her. In his honest mind he had soon decided that rumour was right, and that she was heart-broken about Burkitt Barker. He had attempted to console her in the matter of gunshot wounds—to no purpose; and he had seen as clearly as every one else that she preferred to be alone. So he reverentially left her alone, envying young Barker the heavenly luck that was his.

But Captain Bronson, off and on, shook his head about Candida. He had not rubbed shoulders for nothing, these thirty years, with all sorts and conditions of men and women—from archbishops to adventuresses; and, now that he came to think of it, there was something unusually curt and peremptory about that message from the agents to Las Palmas. The words were these: 'Make sure Miss Candida Cope is on board. Do not lose

sight of her.' On reconsideration, the interest he was bidden to show towards her was not exactly paternal.

At last the *Catspaw* dropped anchor in Table Bay, and the war-note boomed loud again among the passengers.

'Remember, dear,' Nurse Cartwright had said to Candida, 'we go ashore together, you and I. I mean to see you through your business. Don't do anything rashly.'

Five minutes later she was hanging on Captain Black's arm, laughing and happy as her mind would let her be, watching the movement alongside the *Catspaw*. A small pinnace had just hooked on, and men were ascending from it.

One of these men separated himself from the rest, and got a word with Captain Bronson very promptly.

'The deuce you have!' exclaimed the captain.

Up went his shoulders. 'Well! well!' he added, and then he called a steward. 'Is Miss Cope down below? Take this gentleman to her.'

The gentleman had not come to welcome Candida; and Candida knew it.

'I am sorry,' he said; 'but I have a warrant for your arrest. Is this your luggage?'

'Yes,' said Candida, gasping.

'I will stay here until the other passengers have left,' said he.

Nurse Cartwright descended excitedly for Candida by-and-by.

'Come along, dear—— Why, what's the matter?' she asked.

But no reply was needed. Candida's tear-wet face and the man's deportment sufficed.

Nurse Cartwright stood and glared in the doorway while she might have counted ten; then she turned to go.

## LOVE AMONG THE SAVAGES.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.



SAVAGES—even the lowest in the scale—are not insensible of the emotion of love; and savages in general are the most violent lovers in the world. If the young Englishman, or the young white man anywhere in creation, had to face certain of the ordeals which the young barbarian must submit to in seeking a maiden's hand, it is probable that he would forswear matrimony.

Many countries, many customs; and singular and fearful are the customs of courtship in some parts of the globe. In Borneo, for instance, a nice present from a youth to his sweetheart is a collection of heads which he has sliced off the shoulders of his enemies. Sometimes he has to slay a rhinoceros or some other big brute in order to show himself capable of defending his household from any beast of the field; sometimes he must bring the maiden great offerings of game, to prove how well he could support a family by the proceeds of the chase.

In savage countries the men are more liable to be left without wives than the women are to be left without husbands; whence arises a fierce spirit of rivalry among the young unmarried males. Often they fight for the women of their choice as the males of most of the lower animals fight in certain seasons for the females. The most powerful combatant, or the craftiest, or he who can endure without complaint the greatest number of blows or cuts, wins the day—and the lady. Wrestling was a very ancient mode of deciding the claims of rival lovers, and it is not unknown at this day among the North American Indians. The Slave Indians have a curious practice of seizing one another by their long

hair and dragging until one of the pair gives in. A pulling match of a different kind is or was common in remote parts of New Zealand. A girl having two suitors, and not knowing to which of them to give the preference, placed herself between them, and the girl's arms were dragged by each of the suitors in opposite directions, the stronger man being the victor.

A more formidable trial is for two suitors to strip to their waists and thrash each other with sticks, when the first who sinks to the ground is invariably rejected by the lady.

Duels of various kinds, from the British set-to with fists up to the combat with knives or bows and arrows, are still undertaken in the interests of love in sundry places of the earth. The Murs fight with their fists, some of the Mexican tribes use the cold steel, and at least one North American tribe relies upon bow and arrow. The people of Wadai, says Dr Westernmarch, the great historian of marriage, 'are notorious for their desperate fights for women; and among the young men of Bagirmi bloody feuds between rivals are far from being of rare occurrence.'

Among the Arabs of Upper Egypt the youth who proposes for a girl must submit to a whipping at the hands of all her male relatives; and, says a dry narrator, 'if he wishes to be considered worth having, he must receive the chastisement, which is sometimes exceedingly severe, with an expression of enjoyment.'

Not infrequently it is the maiden herself who imposes the test. The Sakalava girls of Madagascar make their lovers stand at a short distance from a clever spear-thrower and catch between the arm and side every weapon flung at them. If the youth displays fear or fails to catch the



spear, he is ignominiously rejected; but if there be no flinching and the spears are caught, he is at once proclaimed an accepted lover.

Worse than this is the trial enforced upon their suitors by the Dongolowee girls. When in doubt as to the respective merits of two rivals, the young lady fastens a sharply-pointed knife to each elbow, then, seating herself between her lovers, she drives the blades slowly into their thighs; and the hero who takes the greatest length of steel without a murmur wins the bride.

Major Mitchell, in his *Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia*, says of the natives on the river Darling that all their ideas of fighting are associated with the possession of *gins* or wives, and that after a battle the wives 'do not always follow their fugitive husbands from the field, but frequently go over, as a matter of course, to the victors.' 'None but the brave deserve the fair' is a maxim well understood of most barbaric races.

It is not only by feats of strength, daring, or endurance, or by triumphs on the field of battle or the hunting-ground, that the amorous savage seeks to win himself a wife. He goes through much trouble, and often through great personal suffering, for the sake of improving his appearance in the eyes of the sex. Savage maidens cherish various ideals of masculine beauty; and whatever these be, the young men must conform to them. Certain Australian women prefer their lovers with a few front teeth knocked out; hence, when the young bucks are of an age to marry, they promptly get rid of four front teeth in the lower jaw. In other parts of the country the ladies are satisfied if their gallants file their teeth to a point and stain them black.

Whatever the custom of the race or tribe may be, you must follow it when you are preparing to go a-courting. It may be necessary to run a stick through your cheeks or your nose, to carry a mass of bell-metal in the form of necklets and anklets, to smear yourself inches thick in paint, to carve patterns on your chest or stomach, or to tattoo yourself from head to foot.

It is impossible to think without emotion of the pains which are cheerfully endured by the simple savage when competition is severe in the marriage-market. One of the principal modes of self-adornment is tattooing, and to be properly tattooed is to suffer days, weeks, or even months (according to the style and size of the pattern) of the most excruciating torment. Yet this practice prevails over the larger portion of the globe, from the Polar regions in the north to New Zealand in the south; and there is not a single visible portion of the human form, with the exception of the eyeballs, upon which the tattooer has not exercised his skill. It is a part of the business of courtship, and has to be put up with. A French traveller, M. Louis de Freycinet, has assured us that the Sandwich Islanders spare no

part of the body: the crown of the head, the forehead, nose, eyelids, chin, neck, breast, back, arms, legs, and even the palms of the hands and the tip of the tongue are submitted in certain circumstances to the tattooer's needle. When it is all done and the wounds are healed, the scarified gallants are exhibited at a grand ball given in their honour. Now and then, however, a gallant dies in torment before the tattooer has quite finished with him.

Where tattooing is not much in vogue, paint, ochre, soot, grease, and all manner of pigments are in great demand by the bucks of the tribe at that season when the fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. They want feathers, too, and gewgaws and trinkets of every description, from glass beads to old teeth, bones, and metal buttons. It is the bean's opinion that he cannot pile too much on, whether it be scalps, paint, yellow ochre, cutlery, pottery, or brass-ware. He is especially particular about his hair, which he wears flowing down his back, or rolled atop of his head with a ball of black cotton stuck in to make it look bigger, or twisted into hundreds of little ringlets, or mop-fashion, or in one long tail which trails behind him as he walks, or twisted and drawn out in front 'till it looks like a horn projecting from between the eyes.' In a word, there is nothing he will not do to make himself supremely ugly, to the end that the ladies may consider him supremely beautiful.

Savage man is, almost everywhere, a marrying man. Often he is a very much married man. He abhors the single state. Old maids and old bachelors are rare in all savage and barbarous communities. The rule is to marry early, and sometimes also to marry often. Here is one point of difference, and a notable one, between uncivilised and civilised societies. In the second volume of his *History of European Morals*, Mr Lecky points out that 'in no highly civilised society is marriage general on the first development of the passions,' and that 'the continual tendency of increasing knowledge is to render such marriages more rare.' The very opposite of this general rule, which is characteristic of most uncivilised peoples, finds expression in cases where children are pledged in marriage even before they are born: among the Talamanca Indians, where 'a bride is generally from ten to fourteen years old;' among certain other Central American tribes, where the parents 'try to get a wife for their son when he is nine or ten years old;' among the Guanas, where, as Azara says, 'the girls who marry latest marry at the age of nine;' among most of the Australian tribes, where 'nearly all the girls are betrothed at a very early age;' among the Santals, where a lad marries, 'as a rule, about the age of sixteen or seventeen, and a girl at that of fifteen;' and among the Kandhs, where 'a boy marries when he reaches his tenth or twelfth year, his wife

being usually about four years older.' So strong, in short, is the sentiment in favour of marriage among uncivilised races that, according to Westermarck, a person who does not marry 'is looked upon almost as an unnatural being, or, at any rate, is disdained.' He cites many examples in proof of this assertion. Thus it is or was a matter of universal belief in Fiji that he who died without having been married was stopped on the road to Paradise by the god *Nangganangga*, and 'smashed to atoms.' The Santals regard the obstinate bachelor as little better than a thief, and not at all better than a witch; and both sexes treat him with supreme contempt. In Kaffir kraals a bachelor has no voice. In Tlascalala a man of full age who refused to marry 'had his hair cut off for shame.' In Corea, on the authority of the Rev. John Ross, 'the male human being who is unmarried is never called a "man," whatever his age, but goes by the name of *yatow*, a name given by the Chinese to unmarried young girls; and the "man" of thirteen or fourteen has a perfect right to strike, abuse, and order about the *yatow* of thirty, who dare not so much as open his lips to complain.'

The modern Hindus—here we take leave of the savages—honour marriage so highly that no bachelor is ever consulted on any important affair, and the man who cannot be induced to marry is looked upon as 'beyond the pale of nature.'

In Japan, as in China, celibacy is both eschewed and tabooed; and in the latter country especially it is all but impossible to avoid marriage, be you 'robust or infirm, well-formed or deformed.' Indeed, if a Chinese be sick with a disease which is practically incurable, his parents will by no means suffer him to die until they have procured him a wife. 'Nay, so indispensable is marriage considered among this people,' observes Dr Westermarck, 'that even the dead are married.' Thus the spirits of all males who die in infancy or in boyhood are in due time married to the spirits of females.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### HOUSES FOR CASTAWAYS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Dr A. H. Lavertine, surgeon of H.M.S. *Ringdove*, who visited various islands in the Southern Seas in the autumn of 1899, such as the Snares, Auckland, Campbell, Macquarie, Antipodes, and Bounty Islands, in the track of sailing-ships between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, has described the little wooden provision-huts placed on each island for the use of castaways only. These provision depôts have been the means of saving many lives. It is necessary that these islands should be visited at intervals to take off any wrecked people and to replace the stores. This duty is performed by the New Zealand Government steamers and His Majesty's

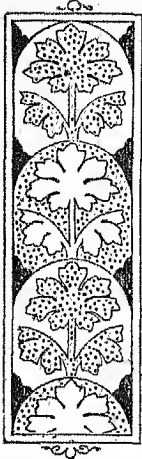
ships. Dr Lavertine describes the Snares as a group of exceedingly dangerous and uninhabited rocks to the south of Stewart Island. On landing there seemed millions of birds—penguins, gulls, mutton-birds, and others. Large tracts of land were so crowded with penguins as to look like a concourse at a race-meeting. The penguins followed the visitors about, and pecked at them; three taken on board caused a lot of amusement, one of them being found sitting on a chair in front of the fire. The huts are scratched over with the names of castaways. One on the Aucklands was by no means weather-tight. There were two rooms; in one were four rude bunks and a fire-place, a rough deal table, an axe, saw, and cooking-pot, with an empty soup-box. Everything was damp and mouldy. All over the walls were cut and scraped the names of the castaways of different ships: one was 'Spud Murphy, Liverpool;' and another, 'Edith,' close by, showed that a girl had also to share this rude shelter. There were several names of the barque *Computer*, wrecked 19th March 1899. In the only other room were cases of tinned provisions, clothing, cooking utensils, and a case of maps, &c. Three green mounds, and three wooden crosses with the simple inscription, 'Died of starvation,' showed what took place before the shelter was established. One cross bore the name 'John Mahony, 1867.' There is a boat-shed and good boat at the harbour for the use of derelict crews. The Macquaries are described as cold, snow-capped, barren, and bleak. Here were found men landed a year before, who had been gathering penguin-oil. They had the gratification of delivering the mails to the *Southern Cross* ship of Borchgrevink's Antarctic Expedition, wintering at the Campbell Islands—the first news from the outside world for a year. The Antipodes, supposed to be the opposite side of the earth to the United Kingdom, were small and desolate, and also crowded with sea-birds.

### NIGHT-SILENCE.

UNDER the star-flecked mantle of the night,  
Cradled in darkness, Nature lies asleep—  
Pulseless and moveless, steeped in silence deep;  
Earth's myriad voices stilled in fading light.  
Such silence holds the keen expectant ear  
That the owl's hoot, or chirp of wakeful bird,  
The soft leaf rustling by no night-wind stirred,  
Awaken feelings half-akin to fear.

Then shadowy shapes emerge, to fancy's eye:  
Tree-spirits from their leafy prison fly,  
Fairies hold revel round Titania's throne;  
The dark night-elves who shun the light of day  
Need only stars to point them to their play,  
And claim the night and silence for their own.

FRANCIS ANNEHELY.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### ROOKS AND ROOKERIES.

By JAMES SMAIL.



ROOKS are widely spread over many lands. In many districts of Britain their number is excessive, and has largely increased within the last fifty or sixty years; but in other districts they have decreased within that period, though only to a comparatively small extent.

The rooks very seldom forsake a large and old-established rookery unless under severe persecution; but they sometimes entirely forsake small rookeries without any apparent cause. As a rule the birds scarcely ever return for nesting purposes to old trees they may have forsaken.

We have no birds so gregarious as rooks. Their greatest assemblies, apart from the rookeries, generally occur in late autumn. They may at that season often be seen in vast numbers sitting close together, sometimes for an hour or more at a time on a lea or stubble or ploughed field in almost dead silence; and the stillness and silence seem somewhat remarkable. At the same season they occasionally assemble in a great crowd high in air, when their voicing and clangour are excessive. When so assembled, often at a very great altitude, the vast flock keeps moving and sailing in a wide circle; but the observer finds that, though the birds keep pretty close in the circle, the circle itself almost imperceptibly glides away horizontally, until the whole of the birds gradually disappear. Beyond doubt the rooks are greatly excited when so assembled. 'A wedding of crows' and 'a parliament of crows' are common terms applied to such airy and clangorous gatherings. Country people, when they witness the sight, commonly prognosticate a change of weather; but close observers have frequently shown that, in spite of such prognostications, the weather at such a time generally remains normal. No doubt rooks are often credited with indicating by certain movements which they are seen to make what sort of weather will shortly follow: for example, when they flock to the seaside, land-

ward storms are likely to rise; and when they begin to skim over snow-covered moors, a thaw is imminent; and so on. There may be a grain of truth in such sayings; but it should be remembered that rooks store no food, that they are always within a comparatively short distance of their nightly shelter; and that, whatever foresight they are supposed to possess regarding coming changes in the weather, it can thus be of no practical advantage to them.

Rooks are truly delightful birds to those who know and take pleasure in and carefully watch their ways. From early dawn to sunset they are industrious toilers, resting comparatively little. They are also wise and wary to a degree; and are, in the writer's opinion, the most sagacious birds in our island. In battle they are brave and bold, and will face any bird of their size. They fear neither sparrow-hawk nor kestrel. The writer has seen a rook and a kestrel fight for a full half-hour. This was on a moorland, where he got a good view of the combat. Every round or tussle lasted fully a minute, after which the hawk invariably flew off a few yards, and was speedily followed by the rook, who fiercely renewed the fight. After half-an-hour of it the combat ceased, and apparently it was a drawn battle. Apropos of bird valour, however, it is not uncommon for the missel-thrush to face and drive off the kestrel; while, on the other hand, the plucky little robin may occasionally be seen in the breeding season driving off the missel-thrush when that large bird comes near his nest.

The most interesting time to observe the ways and movements of rooks is in the nesting season. At that time, as is well known, much of their habitual wariness and fear of man leaves them—not an uncommon thing, however, with many kinds of birds at such a season. At all other times rooks are watchful and on their guard, and somewhat difficult of approach; whereas in the nesting season they fearlessly build, in very



numerous instances, quite close to dwelling-houses both in town and country, and their nests may often be seen at an elevation of only fifteen to twenty feet and on trees very easy of ascent.

They begin to repair old nests or to build new ones towards the end of February; in fine open weather somewhat earlier. By the end of March the whole of the rooks are over head and ears, as the saying goes, amid the hard work and the strife of nest-building. They fiercely dispute and fight over sites, thieves building material from each other, and dash whole or half-made nests to the ground; so that rookeries are from morn to night scenes of perpetual strife and din, bringing to mind the scenes and shindies among diggers over the 'claims' of some new-found colonial gold district. Careful observers prefer watching the rooks building their nests in a very small rather than a large rookery. The advantage of this is that the progress of construction of individual nests can be more distinctly seen, and also the mode by which much of the building material is acquired. The battling over nest sites is not only extreme and very fierce, but is in many cases long continued. Rooks that have nested for years in the same nests, often repaired, occasionally find, when the season comes round, their nests or sites claimed by other rooks, sometimes as many as half-a-dozen; and in such cases the property is fought for, and the nest is destroyed and rebuilt several times. In the end, however, the old nest-holders are generally victorious. Though rooks are so gregarious and friendly as a whole, the old and regular occupiers of a rookery are extremely jealous and hostile toward all new-comers, and often succeed in driving them off and tearing down their half-built nests. Great peace and comfort, however, are with the rook when she lays her first egg. When that occurs she and her nest seem to be held sacred by her neighbours; and from that time until the young are brought forth and on the wing she and her belongings hold their abode undisturbed. This shows wisdom on the part of the rooks, and goes somewhat to show that they possess kindness and have a glimmering of the beauty of fair-play.

Jackdaws have also largely increased in number within the last sixty years; and though they had for a much longer period joined in small numbers with rooks in their usual flights, they now fly with them in very large numbers, and to a large extent roost with them in the rookeries. They also now build open nests—to a very moderate extent, however—in the rookeries, selecting the most densely foliated trees for the purpose. Whenever a large flock of rooks is on the wing the jackdaws fly with them, and are easily distinguishable, because they form the higher and more airy ranks of the flock, and are much smaller than the rooks. Besides, they often proclaim their presence by their short, sharp *can*. Star-

lings, too (of late years a multitudinous family), fly afield with the rooks, sometimes in pretty large numbers. The favourite natural food of the jackdaw and starling is the same as that of the rook, and that may in some way account for their scouring the fields together; but it is not improbable that the well-known dexterity of rooks in finding food may account for the daws and starlings following them so closely.

The idea is prevalent that the jackdaw is more acute and altogether a smarter bird than the rook; but such is not the writer's idea. He has for many years been familiar with the habits of rooks and jackdaws, both wild and tame; and for acuteness, trick, and wisdom he gives the palm to the rook, whether wild or tame. A short story may be given somewhat illustrative of this. He had a smart tame jackdaw; and when the bird was some years old a well-fledged young rook, brought from the nest, was placed in the aviary beside the daw. The latter seemed pleased with his new companion, and evinced a desire to hobnob a little, and to patronise the young bird. This the rook repelled; and on a renewed effort on the part of the daw to gain his friendship the rook, in a moment, dashed the daw from his perch. This seemed both bold and rude on the rook's part; but his very tender age, inexperience, and natural suspicion doubtless made him act so. From that time the rook was master; but they lived together in amity ever afterwards, the daw, however, amiably playing second fiddle only. The playfulness of the rook quite eclipsed that of the daw. In his manner of picking up small things and immediately afterwards hiding them, the rook was very amusing, but very innocent; for apparently he took for granted that no one saw him secretly approach the thing to be picked up, though it lay openly on the floor. Whenever he had hidden any article he at once cocked up head and tail and strutted past the place of concealment, backward and forward, like a sentry; and when any one approached the place he at once offered battle, but he good-naturedly did his biting very harmlessly. He seemed to have some idea of fun. The two birds had the run of a large apple-tree in the garden; and as this was close to a rookery, and jackdaws were plentiful in the neighbourhood, the two tame birds were almost daily visited by both rooks and daws, with whom they did a little gossiping at times. Little pats of meat were placed here and there on the lower branches of the tree; and it was observed that when any of the visiting birds approached the food there was an immediate battle royal, and the visitors were fiercely driven off. The rook became an adept at catching pennies thrown to him when on his tree-perch, some twelve feet from the ground. When he caught the penny he hopped with great spirit from branch to branch with it in his beak. When a second penny was thrown to him he

of course dropped the first as he opened his beak to catch the second; but on one occasion he cleverly caught the second penny without dropping the first. He then, in great glee, with head and tail erect, hopped smartly from side to side of the tree with twopence in his mouth. He once flew off to the rookery from which he had been taken, some two hundred yards distant, and spent nearly a whole day with his congeners. He returned before nightfall, hunger no doubt having caused him to remember where his food could be found.

The eyesight of the rook is remarkably strong and accurate, both at very long and at short distances. If any of his fellows find in the open a run of caterpillars or other favourite grubs, it requires no voiced proclamation to ensure a speedy flight of rooks from a very long distance to share in the welcome spoil. The rook is also, from the keenness of his sight, able to pick up and consume a vast quantity of insects so small as to be scarcely distinguishable by the unaided human eye. His accurate sight comes into play, too, when he sets to work to drill a hole into a piece of wood where he expects to find grubs. The rapid strokes of his fine-pointed beak fall exactly where required, and do not vary a hair's-breadth till the desired opening is effected. The hearing of rooks is also very acute.

In May the male rooks sit on branches outside the nest during the night. After darkness sets in, a person walking in the rookery may see the outsitting birds against the sky, though they cannot see him. Should he in walking, however, snap a small twig, he will at once observe that the rooks are on the alert; and if he causes a similar light sound to be repeated a few times, he will find many of the birds leave the nests and branches and fly off, without giving voice. In such a state of things some of the nestlings occasionally utter a faint, plaintive sound, wondering, perhaps, why their good mothers have left them alone in darkness. The old birds fly at a great height right above the rookery when so disturbed, but all in silence. After the disturber of the rookery leaves, the birds speedily return and settle.

Every colony of rooks has its own hunting-ground. The birds do not, of course, confine themselves to an exact boundary, or quarrel, as some bipeds do, over march-fences. A few miles of give-and-take now and again count as nothing; but as a rule they keep pretty much to the same district and ground year after year.

At first peep of dawn a column of rooks may be seen shooting into the air from some part of a winter rookery, and sailing away in the direction of their familiar feeding-grounds, in the district of their breeding rookery, which they frequently visit in passing. About the same time other large flights leave the winter quarters and fly in different directions, with similar ends in view. When

visiting the old breeding rookeries in autumn, the birds often do some repairs on their old nests. The storms of winter, however, generally wreck most of the old nests.

The home-flying of rooks toward nightfall is an interesting sight. They generally fly in a long thinnish column, in a straight line, and at a great height. Should a high wind prevail, it is a striking and beautiful sight to see them suddenly 'shoot' or dive down to their respective nests or shelter-trees. Just when the 'shoot' begins the birds are from two to four hundred feet above the trees; and, with a view to reaching the rookery by the easiest and speediest mode, they suddenly dive with great velocity, making two or three angled but straight-lined breaks, and reach the desired haven of rest in two or three seconds. The wings are partly closed at certain angles of the descent. This diving movement used to be witnessed by Waterton with thorough enjoyment, and he wrote with some enthusiasm when describing it. In the homeward journey there are now and again a few laggards, who reach the rookery just as darkness comes on, flying low and in silence, seeming to feel ashamed of their late hours.

The old birds teach the young ones how to accomplish the diving flight just referred to. The writer has had pleasure in witnessing the 'lessons'; and it is a pretty sight to watch the movement. The old birds take the lead in the dive, and the young birds follow, and it is always practised when there is a fairly strong wind. It is sometimes amusing to see how far the young ones are occasionally blown out of their course from want of power of wing and experience; but they persevere, and eventually conquer.

Most people find pleasure in watching birds, or indeed any animals, tending their young. It is certainly a treat to watch a cautious and kindly old mother-rook learning her young how to leave the nest and fly, and brings to mind the sight of a mother teaching her child to walk. The young rooks are taught to fly one by one, unless disturbed in the troublous times when gunners so frequently play havoc in the rookeries, and the terrified birds keep close in the nests. The old bird approaches a young one in the nest, and after a little caress induces it to hop on to a branch quite close to the nest. Then the old bird evinces her satisfaction at this, by hopping on to the same branch and showing the young one by a kindly movement how well it has done. Then the old lady entices the young one to try a farther-out branch. This goes on for a while, after which short flights are tried; and in a wonderfully short time the whole nestful of young are able in a way to fly and look after themselves.

We find that in Scotland nearly five hundred years ago the poor rooks were sadly brought to book for doing 'grete skaith upon Cornes'; and that an Act of Parliament detailed the punishment necessary for those who allowed the birds

to build their nests but did not destroy their young. Here is a quotation :

'FIRST PARLIAMENT, xxvi. of May 1424, cap. 10,  
JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

'Of bigging of Ruikes in trees.

'For why that men consideris that Ruikes biggand in Kirk Zairdes, Orchardes, or Trees, dois greate skaith upon Cornes : It is ordained that they that silk trees pertainis to, lette them to big and suffer in na wise that their Birdes flie away. And quhair it be tainted that they big, and the Birdes be flowin, and the nest be funden in the Trees at Beltane, the tres sal be foirfaulted to the King (but gif they be redeemed fra him, throw them that they first pertained to) and hewn downe, and five schillings to the King's unlaw.'

Fully a century later Conrad Gesner, ennobled for his researches in natural history, wrote of the rook as a corn-eating bird ; and Linneus pronounced it a gatherer of corn. It would therefore seem that none of the early authors wrote of the rook as a bird that fed on other food than grubs and grain. There can be no doubt that a striking change has occurred in the habits of rooks as to food within the century just closed. There has been much controversy, spreading over a long course of years, as to the kinds of food they feed on. There has also been much controversy as to whether they benefit or injure the pursuits of the husbandman, and whether they injure the sport of the gunner. The writer has no hesitation in stating that they are omnivorous, and have been so for very many years. Their favourite food consists of wireworms, weevils, earthworms, grubs of all kinds, slugs, beetles, and the larvæ and eggs of many kinds of grubs and insects. Of grain they eat next to none ; but they are often doing good work for the farmer by picking up numerous grubs on new-sown fields and on very young brairds when they are erroneously blamed for picking up and consuming the grain itself. In hard frost, when grubs are well hidden, they no doubt do damage in the stack-yard. They are also much blamed for pulling up very young turnips ; but this they do to get at a well-known grub that helps to destroy the slender turnip by fastening on its root. Among the full-grown turnips, however, rooks prove a very serious pest in winter and early spring. In severe or extremely dry weather at that time they eat freely and perseveringly of the bulbs. Like the hares, they generally break the bulbs on the side exposed to the south, which is softer and a little sweeter than any other part. They dig into the bulbs and make pear-shaped holes ; and as these fill with water that gets frozen, the bulbs go down whenever a thaw sets in. The rooks seem to be more destructive to turnip-bulbs on the Borders—both sides—than elsewhere. They are also sometimes injurious to young clover in autumn and winter, pulling it up by the root in search of

grubs. Now and again they do the same with the young potato-plant, pulling up the seed-tuber, and occasionally carrying it off, to enjoy a quiet feast on the grubs and small earthworms that generally lodge in these seed-tubers when not wholly decayed.

Rooks, it must be stated, are also birds of prey and eaters of carrion. Their depredations as birds of prey are rather meanly carried on among the almost unfeathered progeny of pheasants and the tender younglings of partridges, thrushes, and blackbirds ; and they carry off ducks from the farmyards when only a day or two old. They also prey on the eggs of game-birds, and are diligent hunters in this way ; and the eggs of the farmyard fowls are frequently stolen by them. These they sometimes deftly carry off whole ; at other times, as in the nesting season, they carry the contents of the eggs home in the pouch or sack under the beak for their young. The beak of the male rook is better adapted for carrying off an egg whole than that of the female, the latter being a smaller bird—shorter, for instance, by an inch. A most telling bait for trapping a rook is an egg. The scabrous part of the rook's beak comes on after the first moult. From this strong mark on the bill rooks are often called 'white-nebs.'

About sixty years ago observing shepherds began to notice that a change was gradually taking place in connection with the food of rooks ; they had begun to feed on carrion, and were occasionally seen prowling near the nests of game-birds and driving off birds from their eggs. Fifty-five years ago an intelligent old shepherd in Upper Redesdale told the writer that he was surprised at the change that had come over rooks in his day. He said, to his certain knowledge, they had recently taken to feeding on fallen sheep, which hitherto he had never seen eaten but by carrion crows and an occasional raven.

Two somewhat natural causes have almost compelled the rooks to extend their bill of fare. They have from about the time referred to above increased immensely in number, whereas their old natural diet has not increased in relative proportion. It is, besides, matter of fact that many years ago the free application of lime to very many thousands of acres of land under reclamation in upland parts of the Borders actually largely reduced the supply of rook-food, for lime so applied is very deadly on the worms and soft grubs which form a great portion of the rook's food. As the birds suffered in this way, they had to hunt up and devour something else ; and it should be remembered that they are so constituted that a proportion of animal food—such as worms, &c.—is required to maintain proper health. Thus, when grubs are scarce, and in hard, dry weather almost impossible to find, the hungry birds of necessity fall back on farm produce, and occasionally, like their betters,



'trespass in pursuit of game.' Notwithstanding the extensive variety of materials on which the rooks feed, and the grievous damage they now and then do by so feeding, the birds, beyond all doubt, do a vast amount of good; and but for them, as most intelligent farmers know, the land would almost teem with grub pests, and farm produce would be very seriously injured, and that on a scale much larger than is at present experienced from the depredations of rooks.

For the good of the country the rooks are decidedly too numerous, and have been so for very many years. To remedy this, landlords have it in their power to reduce the excessive number by destroying rookeries and killing down the rooks when necessary. Very little comparatively has been done in this way; and it is simply a fact that we look with a kindly eye on rooks; and as a rule the proprietors of rookeries rather admire the birds, and are somewhat averse to destroy either them or their airy and often picturesque habitations. However, there are rookeries and rookeries, and people are apt to remember pleasantly that a number of them are connected with the local history of some fine old estates and the old families who once owned or who own them now. There are, besides, countless large rookeries, unknown in any way to fame, harbouring many thousands of rooks; and there is also the well-known one-nest rookery at Hindhope on the Cheviots!

Rooks are most numerous on the fat lands—that is, the lands fattened by manure from the farmyards, which thus helps to provide suitable food in plenty. Rookeries are therefore most plentiful in the neighbourhood of such lands. In the Highlands of Scotland, even where well wooded, rookeries are few in number and of small size as a whole in comparison with those in the lowlands north of the Highlands; but, again, in the latter they are not nearly so plentiful or large as in the lowlands of the south of Scotland and north of England. It seems a little odd that on the Spey there are almost no rookeries; and yet there is more forest as well as good cover in the basin of that noble stream than in that of any other British river. It contains some hundreds of thousands of acres of fine forest, much of it natural; of that there are many thousands of acres of tall, bosky trees, the seeming ideal for safe and well-sheltered rookeries, yet they are all but void of rooks. There, too, a goodly number of the noble pines of the ancient Caledonian Forest still rear their venerable heads, in the Loch-an-Eilein district; but these trees, so far as regards rooks, are nestless. For very many years the rare and beautiful osprey had its nest on the ruin which stands in the loch named, and thus added a charm to the district for the ornithologist.

After the nesting season is well over, the young birds still keep near their parents in their flights;

and it is not till the year is pretty well advanced that they strike out a course for themselves and act independently. By that time they are strong and skilful on the wing, and are sufficiently experienced in providing food for themselves. By midsummer rooks begin to leave the ordinary or breeding rookeries; and a little later they take up their abode in the winter rookeries of their respective districts, where in very large numbers they find extra good shelter, for the winter rookeries are very large and dense, and the rooks find they have much more comfort and protection in such woods than the breeding rookeries afford.

In fine summer weather rooks often fly far from their ordinary haunts; and on those occasions they now and again visit upland moorland tracts, where they remain for the night. Trees in such places are very scarce; the rooks therefore roost for the night amid the sheltering heather; and as foxes do not prey on rooks, the birds are both safe and snug. Sometimes, though seldom, a somewhat surprising scene occurs when the rooks roost in the heather; that is when a late pedestrian or a midnight horseman finds himself unexpectedly in the midst of the startled rooks, which in a body spring wildly from the heather, and fly off in silence, nothing being heard but the wild and rapid flutter of many wings.

Statistics at best form dry reading; but some carefully gathered data regarding the number of rookeries in certain districts may be read with some profit by those interested. The statistics are from five counties—namely, Northumberland, Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, Selkirkshire, and Peeblesshire. These counties represent an area of three thousand seven hundred and two square miles, of which Northumberland has two hundred and two square miles more of area than the other four counties together. The rookeries number: in Northumberland, 147; in Roxburghshire, 88; in Berwickshire, 39; in Peeblesshire, 16; in Selkirkshire, 9—total, 299. Of these, the winter rookeries number twenty in all.

Many of these rookeries are very large; and the figures show how immense the number of rooks must be, and should somewhat convince proprietors of rookeries of the necessity of having their number largely reduced, for a reduction would certainly prove beneficial to husbandmen, sportsmen, and even the country at large.

The rookeries reported as having been destroyed in the counties named number twenty-eight; and this includes some rookeries that were destroyed in the first half of the nineteenth century. The modes of destroying rookeries vary much; but the most efficient plan is to destroy the nests, and have the woods patrolled by gunners for a time, or until every rook has entirely fled. Upwards of eighty years ago a very large Teviotdale rookery was entirely and for ever forsaken by the birds, the proprietor having employed a

staff of boys to shoot flights of white arrows, peeled saplings, into the tops of the trees. This was continued until every bird left.

Rooks seem to prefer the pine-trees (Scotch fir)

for nesting; next to that the ash and elm. They build somewhat sparingly on the beech, and still less on the oak. They never build on a dead tree or on the dead branch of a living tree.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

CHAPTER XV.—CICELY.



MY journey to Enfield I have no more to say than that I believe I made it in as short a time as ever a man did from St James's Park, and that I halted but once on the road. This was at a second-hand clothes-shop; and here I exchanged my sagathy coat for a long hanging coat of stout camlet, and my tattered hat for a plain black one of more respectable look. This bettered my appearance a good deal, and now I had the air of a petty tradesman on a journey, who has taken a sword with him as a protection against footpads.

Well, I got into Enfield as the soft dusk of early autumn was creeping over the fields, and pushed through the village and out on the high-road again; and now my heart beat thickly, and I looked eagerly on every hand. I went a half-mile, I went a mile, and I saw no sign of an encampment near the road. I came back wondering whether I had been deceived, and thankful I had left Jan on guard.

It was dark by the time I slowly approached the village again, and lights twinkled in the cottage windows. At one house not far away the door stood wide open, and the gleam of a lamp fell across the road and upon a number of women speaking together. I was drawing near when I heard a voice say, 'Want to buy a loaf? I doubt if I have one to spare. However, I'll look; but I shall shut the door on ye.'

The door was shut accordingly, and I came on, intending to seek the village alehouse to make inquiries, for I could think of nothing better. Who were these buying bread? The ring of it sounded like people with unsettled homes, people who could give me information mayhap, if I could but win their confidence. I stopped near them, uncertain how to begin. It was so dark I could scarce make them out at all. They stood perfectly still.

'I crave your pardon,' I began; but I got no further, nor was there need. A cry, drawn in a long, quivering breath, interrupted me. The woman opened the door, and a flood of light burst upon us, and against the shine I saw a pair of little, beseeching hands held up to me, and I heard a voice say, 'It is; I know it is!' In a transport of delight, I seized Cicely's hand, and drew her, unresisting, to my arms.

'Well, of all, and of all!' shrilled the outraged cottage woman; 'low hussies and trampers lugging

and kissing at my doors! Off with you! You'll get no bread here;' and she slammed the door against us.

'I've spoiled your chance of a loaf here, 'tis certain,' I said joyously; 'but never mind, 'tis easy to try elsewhere. The other is Ursula, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir,' said Ursula, who had known me also by my voice; and away we went together.

'I heard you were out of England,' said my love, clinging tight to my arm. 'Oh, you ought to be!'

'So ought you,' said I; 'and now we must see what we can compass to that end. Did you really believe I'd fled and left you?'

She said nothing, but pressed closer still to me.

'Captain,' said Ursula, 'the best plan will be for Miss Cicely to lead you to our camp. You can talk to my father and mother about things while I get some bread, of which we are short.'

'An excellent plan, Ursula,' said I; 'and don't be far behind us. I bring news which will set your father striking tent at once.'

Ursula turned again to the houses, and Cicely and I went away along the road. Heavens! the thrill of delight it was to know that we were together again, to hear her speak, to hear her laugh; for we laughed in pure pleasure as we walked through the mild, sweet night.

'I am only just in time, I warrant,' said I, 'to warn you to fly in advance of your greatest suitor. If you have a fancy for a coronet now, you have only to bid me begone and await his arrival.'

'What do you mean, George?' she asked.

I told her how I had come to learn of her present position, and how my Lord Kesgrave would certainly come soon to plead his suit, as I supposed.

'Let us run!' she cried. 'Oh, let us haste, and warn Jasper to be moving! I would have fled alone. But you—suppose you are seen and suspected?'

She quickened her swift, light steps till I had to stride out to keep up with her. Not far from the village she turned along a bypath too narrow for two to tread abreast; and she took the lead, hurrying so that she had no breath left for the talk. We turned a bend and saw the encampment before us; a brisk little fire crackling beneath a tall hedge, and two tents set up, one on either

side of it. Around it were three figures, who started to their feet as we came forward.

'Danger, Jasper! danger!' gasped Cicely. 'This is Mr Ferrers.'

'The Captain?' cried old Jasper in surprise.

'Yes, Jasper,' said I; 'and there are people planning a raid on you, as I have discovered.'

'To get the young lady?' cried the old gypsy.

'Yes,' I replied.

He gave a short nod; then he and his wife and young Jasper turned to work without a second's delay. In a twinkling the tents were struck and packed upon their cart, the two small ponies harnessed to it, Mrs Lee set on the baggage, and the rest, their staves in their hands, stood ready for flight. It was all done so swiftly that we were moving down the narrow path towards the highway before Ursula had returned. We met her just as we reached the road, and she had in her arms a great loaf, which she handed up to her mother. She asked no questions, but fell in behind the cart, and we all walked swiftly until the village was left behind. We met no one on the road; but old Jasper passed the word for silence, and not a sound was breathed among us. At last we turned to a byroad across a naked heath, and he fell back to speak to me.

'How did you hear of it, Captain?' he asked.

I told my story, and it pleased him greatly, for it was quite in his vein, the wiling out of their secret.

'I have been uneasy since midday,' said the old man. 'I went this morning to a farm about a mile off to doctor a pony's knees. The beast had had a bad fall. There I got my dinner, and was going on to another place where they wanted me, when in a little spinney I found a tall, well-dressed man overtaking me. He was walking very fast and coming up to me hand over hand. I made so sure he wanted me for something—to see to a horse or such-like—that I turned about and waited for him. Want me he did, but 'twas a puzzling trick he played; for he walked straight up to me and made a snatch at my neckerchief, and tore it from my throat. Then away he went. I could do nothing with him. He was half my age and twice my strength. But what he wanted that for passes me.'

'Was it of value?' I asked.

'Not a mite,' answered old Jasper; 'my old blue-and-white neckerchief, not worth a farden.'

'What was the man like?' said I.

Jasper began to describe him as minutely as a thief-taker's bill, and I had the man in an instant.

'Why!' I broke in, 'it was Colin Lorel, my Lord Kestgrave's man.'

'There!' cried old Jasper. 'I'm never wrong when I trust to my feelings. Somehow I've been uneasy ever since I met him, though 'twould pass well enough for a rough joke; and I've been fancying we should do well to be on the

march, and was set on being off to-morrow morning.'

Young Jasper now called his father to the front, for we had come to cross-roads, and the old man hastened to return to his position as guide.

For an instant the oddness of Colin Lorel's filching of a gypsy's neckerchief hung in my mind; then the happiness of my position changed my thoughts to the present moment. The moon was now rising and throwing an ample light upon the road, so that we travelled easily. Cicely—my Cicely—rested on my arm, and looked up into my face, the white magic of the moon flashing back from her soft, dark eyes. Danger or no danger, those moments were exquisite.

Now we told each other our stories. I heard of all her wanderings: how old Jasper had got wind of the constables' errand and lay in wait for them, and how he and young Jasper had plucked Cicely from the tangle in the coach and carried her swiftly into the wood; how they travelled that night, she on a pony, far into the depths of the New Forest, where she was to be hidden until a lucky moment should arrive to restore her to her friends; how Jasper came back the next day—and here Cicely's tears fell—with the story of her mother's death and the news of the dreadful doings at Winchester, whereby it was plainly to be seen that she would bring to ruin any friend with whom she might take refuge. Next, how she resolved to seek her aunt near London and beg advice from her; how they travelled up to Kensington, Cicely disguised as a gypsy lass, and found Mrs Waller gone away to Hampshire; how they had camped here and there, never going far away from London, awaiting her aunt's return. So her time had been spent.

We had much to say of that night when Viscount Damerel's rascally grooms trepanned her.

'And you never knew me? You thought you were defending some poor helpless stranger?' said Cicely, lifting my big, clumsy hand for a precious little kiss.

'Oh Cicely,' said I, 'why did you not give me some hint?'

'I did,' she said, 'for afterwards. But was I to involve you when it was certain death to lend aid and comfort to a fugitive? Though, to be sure,' she went on, dropping her voice and bending her head, 'I knew then that you were as deep in it as I. Jasper had told me of the poor young people you hid in Ashy Coppice.'

'What, Cicely!' I cried joyously; 'you know of that? But how could I expect to hide anything from a gypsy eye?'

I drew her closer and began to talk of something else, and would not let her go on as she wished. No word more should be said on that subject. It was past and all was well.

'Now,' I said, 'let us turn to a skein we once left unravelled. Why, now, pray, were you so cool to me when first I came back from London?'



'Oh,' she laughed, 'and have you not divined that yet? Do you not see that I was feeding those poor fellows then; and how did I know but that you had been sent to search for such? Was I to take advantage of your old friendship and make your duty awkward to you, and perhaps even turn you away from it?'

'The blockhead that I am!' I cried. 'I never thought of it once.'

'As for coolness,' she went on archly, 'it should be on the other side now. You look far too respectable to give your arm to a gypsy girl.'

'It is a respectability altogether of this long coat and hat,' I replied. 'I assure you that without them I am of an appearance to match. I have earned a living as porter of late. I have swung up bales and packages, and carried them obediently at my employers' heels.'

She laughed at the idea of me as a porter, and I had to tell my story in turn. Thus time sped so easily that I was astonished when old Jasper declared we had been three hours on the march, and had put a baffling space between the old camping-place and the spot where we had now halted.

'It is close on eleven o'clock,' said he, looking up at the stars, 'and we'll pitch tent and rest a few hours, and be off again by break of day.'

'Where are we now, Jasper?' said I. We had for the last hour been traversing a broad high-road; but it was unfamiliar to me.

'This is the Great North Road, Captain,' he replied. 'I crossed the country to it, and then held up it; for on a road like this we can make much better speed than keeping to rougher tracks. With daylight we'll strike into byways again.'

I looked around and saw on either side a dark expanse of heathland. Jasper turned his ponies on the turf, and we went sixty or seventy yards down a grassy ride. Here, in lee of a clump of hollies, the tents were swiftly pitched; but no fire was lighted. A hasty supper was eaten, and then preparations were made for rest. Jasper and his

son slept in one tent, Mrs Lee and the two girls in the other. The old man offered me a share of their shelter; but I felt no inclination for sleep, and I said so, and that I would keep watch for an hour or two.

'No bad idea that, Captain,' said the old gypsy, 'for although we have no expectation of evil now, yet one never knows what may turn up; but call me as soon as you feel inclined for rest, and I'll finish the watch.'

He stayed with me a little while after the others had lain down, and we talked together. He put aside with scorn any idea of thanks or reward for the great services he had rendered to Cicely. All that he and his could do for her he regarded as her simple due; and I knew that in this he spoke genuinely, for these people are as faithful to their friends as they are dangerous to their enemies. Before he went I begged him to lend me a hone, for I had a fancy to put my sword in order; its edge was but moderate. He did so, bringing me a small slip of stone and a little oil. At a short distance was a slight hill. I went to the crown of this rise and looked round on every hand. The heath slept darkly beneath the moon, save for a glint on the polished leaves of the hollies and the broad, white strip of road. There was the stump of a felled tree at hand, and seating myself on it, I drew out the sword and began to whet the edge. It was excellent steel, hard as adamant, and I became interested in my task; for, with Claudio, I 'would have walked ten miles afoot to see a good armour.'

Thus I spent a full hour or more, now and again taking a turn upon my post, and looking eagerly on every hand, though for what I watched I knew not. I believe it pleased me, the mere fancy that I kept guard over the humble roof beneath which Cicely slept.

I ran my thumb along the edge, and felt rewarded for my trouble, to such a keenness had I brought the finely-tempered steel. I returned it to the scabbard, moved to and fro, for the air was cool, and turned my thoughts to future plans.

## STUDIES IN MILLIONAIRES.

### PART III.



It is an old adage that money makes money, and so it does; but the majority of the multi-millionaires now living were poor at the outset, and began with as little as Sir Giles Overreach—with nothing.

Mr Beit started his brilliant mining career as a day-labourer in a gang composed chiefly of African natives. When Mr J. B. Robinson entered the Kimberley diamond-fields, in 1878, he was penniless. A little grocery store that he and his wife had started at Bloemfontein had

been unsuccessful, so the pair set out and tramped to Kimberley, a distance of two hundred miles, arriving there in a helpless condition. Walking listlessly along one of the rough roads, he kicked a shining object in the dust, and found it to be a diamond, which, two hours later, he sold for £240—more money than he had ever possessed in his life before; and from that starting-point he entered upon his marvellous career of speculator in diamond and gold mining ventures which has made him one of the world's richest men.

Mr Andrew Carnegie was a telegraph-clerk prior to entering into the iron and steel industry, his enterprise being sensibly helped by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in whose service he had been. The most difficult part of Mr Carnegie's money-getting was, he says, the saving of his first hundred dollars. The founder of the Vanderbilt fortunes, the 'Commodore,' as he was familiarly called, began his upward move in life by plying a row-boat between New York and Staten Island. Jay Gould, the builder-up of the vast wealth which made millionaires of each of his six children, was an obscure farmer's son, and in early manhood held a small country clerkship, whence he drifted into the New York current of speculation and amassed riches. P. D. Armour was a simple tiller of the soil in the State of New York until the Californian gold-fever caught him, and he threw down the hoe and went and found some luck—not a great 'strike,' but just sufficient for the nucleus of his later business career. In 1856 he was in Milwaukee carrying on a small commission trade with a partner, and subsequently removed to Chicago, and, in conjunction with Mr Plankinton, founded his present great enterprise.

Mr Potter Palmer was another man with a hoe in his early manhood; so was J. S. Morgan, the father of J. Pierpont Morgan, though later he secured a place as a clerk, and was filling such a position when, at the age of thirty-eight, he was moved to establish a commercial house of his own out of his savings. Charles T. Yerkes also started at the bottom. After the panic that followed the Chicago fire he was dollarless, and had to borrow money to help him out of his difficulties; but before long he became one of the leading spirits in tramway improvement and management, and secured franchises, first in Philadelphia and later in Chicago, that enabled him to become wealthy. James J. Hill was once a humble wharf-porter at St Paul, earning stray dollars as best he could; but, always having his eye on the main chance, he later on blossomed into a boat-owner, and later still entered into railway speculation, and acquired many millions. All the four 'Bonanza kings'—Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien—were needy adventurers when they first tried their luck in California. The late Colonel North, who at one time was well up in the list of the world's hundred richest men, was a working mechanic in Leeds, earning his modest pound a week, before he ventured out to South America, and there, after many adventures and vicissitudes, lighted upon those Peruvian nitrate-beds the flotation of which on the English market made him a millionaire.

Sir Isaac Holden was a bobbin-boy in a Paisley factory in his youth, a school teacher later on, then a book-keeper in a Yorkshire worsted-mill; and it was there that he began to centre his mind on the wool-combing problem that was then engaging the attention of many inventors. Next he became

associated with Mr S. C. Lister (now Lord Masham) in wool-combing enterprises in France, and ultimately, by the handling of what is known in the trade as the 'square motion' wool-combing machine, after Mr Lister had withdrawn from the undertaking, made a short cut to a great fortune. Sir Thomas Lipton started his business career as an errand-boy in a Glasgow stationer's shop, and at fifteen years of age went to America. He made three trips to the States, however, before he gained money enough—£200—to set up the little grocery shop that formed the germ of the present Lipton enterprises. At twelve years of age Russell Sage was a boy in a grocery store; and Frederick Pabst, the Milwaukee brewer, began life as a waiter in a Chicago hotel, and after that served as cabin-boy on a lake steamer, which, it must be admitted, was rather a roundabout apprenticeship to the brewing trade. John Wanamaker started his working career as an errand-boy in a book-shop at a salary of six shillings a week; and C. P. Huntington had an equally humble start, his first situation only yielding him seven dollars a month.

The Rockefellers were clerks in small positions at the outset of their careers; so were John D. Archbold, Charles A. Pillsbury, H. M. Flagler, and H. C. Frick. Mr Frick, it will be remembered, was the victim of a murderous attack by an anarchist during the great strike at the Homestead Works in 1892, when he was shot and stabbed several times, but fortunately for him not with fatal effect.

David H. Moffat, the Denver millionaire, was originally a poor lad; but, managing to make connections with some successful mine operators out west, he turned money over rapidly while Denver was enjoying its first big rush of prosperity, and as president of the First National Bank there has achieved an ample fortune. A couple of years ago Mr Moffat started out alone on a trip to Europe, and while resting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, made such a chum of the head-waiter there, Thomas Gray, that he invited the waiter to accompany him, and the two travelled together through the length and breadth of Europe. This generous act has, however, entailed its penalty, for since then Mr Moffat is unable to stop at any hotel without becoming the object of the fawning attention of the servants; so when away from home he now usually takes refuge in some obscure boarding-house. Last Christmas Mr Moffat's liberality was manifested in another direction where it was highly appreciated. He presented his head-cashier with a cheque for £20,000, and his assistant-cashier with one for £15,000. Mr Moffat gave away another big sum some years ago. An excited man broke into his office at the bank one day, and, brandishing a bottle filled with liquid, demanded of the banker all the money he had on hand. 'I've explosive enough in this bottle to blow this place to atoms

if I drop it,' the visitor said; 'and it drops unless I get the money.' Then he got it—some £4000—afterwards making a safe escape, but leaving the bottle behind, which it was discovered contained nothing more dangerous than castor-oil.

It has been given to an English gypsy, bearing the not unfamiliar name of John Smith, to lead the millionaires of Mexico; and many wonderful stories are related concerning him, a large proportion of them apocryphal probably. There can be no doubt, however, as to the humbleness of his origin. He landed in Mexico while the first railways were being built there, and his life has been a series of strange adventures. He is said to be the owner of countless acres of land, of myriads of cattle and sheep, of gold, silver, and onyx mines, and of plantations without number. Twice he has been shot down by Mexican thieves, and each time has been left for dead. His house is said to be a veritable fortress, with walls of stout masonry, loopholed for defence, and surrounded by a moat, with the regulation drawbridge and portcullis. The floors are of onyx, and perfumed fountains play in the courtyard and gardens. He is so jealous of strangers that he will only permit his own children to wait on him at table. He is eighty years of age, and shows all the gypsy characteristics of feature. Rich gypsies have been heard of in England; but they must hide their diminished heads before this illustrious member of their tribe, whom the Mexican gypsies proudly allude to as 'Our John,' and whose life would form as wonderful a gypsy romance as could probably be found in the whole history of the Romany race.

A Central American Cæsar is John James Magee, an Irishman, who made his fortune in a curious way. In 1875 he filled the post of British Consul at San José, in Guatemala, and happening by some rather free expression of opinion to give umbrage to the local *commandante*, that irate official arrested him and inflicted a punishment of one hundred lashes. When matters came to be explained it was admitted by the Guatemalan Government that the *commandante* had acted in excess of his rights, and Mr Magee's own Government backed their consul up in demanding damages for the insult put on him. Mr Magee was awarded a hundred thousand dollars damages, or a thousand dollars for every lash; and with the sum thus acquired he began to invest and speculate in local properties, and is now said to own practically all that there is worth owning in Guatemala. At all events he is a multi-millionaire, and lives to bless the fiery *commandante* who did him the wrong which he was able to turn to such profitable account.

Chili is said to possess the richest woman in the world in the person of Señora Isidora Cousinos, who owns and actively controls vast coal-mines, valuable landed properties in the best

parts of Santiago and Valparaíso, a line of railway, numerous steamships, important potteries, and so on. A portion of these possessions she inherited from her husband, who died some years ago; but the greater part of her wealth is the result of her own business capacity.

The mystery land of China may have many more stores of multi-millionaires hidden away in its peculiar life than we know of; but the Chinese, as a rule, are content with so little in the way of worldly wealth that it can only be amongst State functionaries like Li Hung-Chang, upon whom untold riches have been showered as tokens of imperial recognition, that one can look for great opulence, and the £100,000,000 that the gossip of the day credits Li Hung-Chang with may or may not exist. If it does exist, it can hardly be regarded of sufficient permanence to ensure its being a complete possession. What a breath hath created a breath can take away in China.

In the fragments of personal history we have set forth it will be seen that there is a wide difference between America and Europe in millionaire-creating opportunities. More than two-thirds of the millionaires of the United States are men who have been the founders and makers of their own fortunes; only in such isolated instances as those of the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, and a very few others does the wealth-creating date back to a previous generation; whereas in Europe it is seldom that a first generation of money-makers attains to the millionaire rank. This is undoubtedly due to the greater facilities that America affords, and to the quicker pace at which things move under the Stars and Stripes. Given a man with a certain money-making ability—inventive skill, practical genius, determination, or whatever shape it may take—he is bound to make more of it in a new country, where new industries are being formed and developed, and the existence of protective tariffs and a vast home population at once defies foreign competition and compel native support, than he could in an older country where effort of all kinds has to bend itself to more or less permanent grooves.

A few examples of uncommon ways of fortune-making, culled from recent experiences in America, may be worth citing.

Miss Nellie M. Horton was a shorthand clerk in the office of a Cleveland pepsin manufacturer ten years ago, and probably chewed gum, a habit which happily as yet is mainly confined to America. At all events, the idea occurred to her that it might be a good thing if pepsin could be put into chewing-gum, and she made the suggestion to her employer, but only to be laughed at for her pains. So she set to work on the problem herself, and not only solved it, but had the idea patented. The upshot was that the man who had at first laughed at the notion paid her



a round sum of £10,000 down for it, and gave her an interest in the business. A few months ago she was married to a Boston gentleman, and could have made her husband a wedding present of a million dollars had she had the wish to do so. This pepsin gum opportunity of Nellie M. Horton's was peculiarly American.

Here is an instance of another kind. A few years ago Thomas E. Tinsley, a New York business man, moved to Houston, Texas, beginning operations by purchasing £20,000 worth of municipal bonds at a nominal price, these stocks having just previously 'defaulted.' Later on there was such a change in local affairs that he was able to force a settlement at par, and extended his investments to other local undertakings, until he became quite a personage in the city. One of the speculations he particularly prided himself upon was a purchase of stock in the principal Houston burying-ground, the Glenwood Cemetery, which was a highly flourishing concern. There had been a time, it was said, when it was so healthy in that part of Texas that the undertakers had to shoot a man to start a graveyard; but all was changed in this respect by the time Mr Tinsley bought his shares in

the Glenwood Cemetery, the death-rate having bounded up to a really profitable pitch, from a cemetery shareholder's point of view. So not only did Tinsley hold on, but he gradually tightened his grip, buying more and more shares, until at last he acquired a controlling interest in the concern. The spirit of the monopolist then awoke within him. He discharged most of the labourers, installed a servant of his own as secretary and manager, cut off the water which had been used on the flowers and the lawns, and turned it loose on the stock, and, in addition, advanced the price of burial lots from 50 to 200 per cent. For a time he piled up money fast, and became a millionaire; but the people in the end revolted against his despotic rule. Indignation meetings were held, the courts were appealed to, and a receiver was appointed; but nothing could move Tinsley. He refused to give up books and documents, and finally was sent to prison for contempt. This was in 1896, and he has since remained a prisoner. Millionaires do not often elect to live in jails; but the Tinsley millions were made in no common way, and Tinsley is no common man.

(To be continued.)

## SYBIL'S SIN.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

**S**OMEHOW the sight of Nurse Cartwright's face, and the unconcealed hate in it, gave Candida courage. She turned to the impassive man in black who had made himself comfortable in the corner of the cabin, newspaper in hand.

'What are you going to do with me?' she asked.

'I return to England with you to-morrow.'

'To-morrow! So soon? Oh! please, please put it off until—that is, there is some one wounded, and I cannot leave until I know how he is.'

Candida's attitude was one of pathetic appeal.

Mr Holloway's smile drifted into nothingness. He himself was not used to such criminals. Pity seized him for this pretty girl, who appeared to think that the law could afford to study the wishes of its victims.

'I have my instructions,' he said, with a shrug. 'I am afraid, Miss Cope, I can't get out of them. Where is he?'

'It is Lieutenant Barker. He was shot at Belmont,' replied Candida tremulously. It was cruel that she should thus be obliged to sow the seeds of miserable conjectures in this man's mind.

But Mr Holloway didn't seem to see any particular suggestiveness in her words.

'I'll find out for you, if I can,' he said. 'Some lists came on board with me. Er—I must lock you

in, you know. And, by the way, I'd better have the—diamonds.'

'Oh, I shall be so glad!' exclaimed Candida.

She opened her box as eagerly as a boy attacking his school hamper, and gave Mr Holloway the tiara. She smiled a trifle wanly as she said:

'Now they will be safe!'

Mr Holloway was surprised.

He examined the stones, which were all he expected and more; and then he looked piercingly at Candida, whose expression was one of genuine relief. She was a very unusual sort of felon.

'You will be sure to take great care of them?' she said.

'I guess I'll do my best,' he replied, with a brief formal laugh. 'Lieutenant—who did you say?'

'Barker.'

'Same name as— Oh, I see.'

The key was put in the outer side of the door and turned, and Mr Holloway went on deck, just a little interested in the drama of which so far he held on to a single strand only. Candida's sudden blushes told him that there was something more in the affair than met the eye. That as a matter of course, however. There always is, in any human occurrence. His pity for his prisoner increased without effort on his part.

Now it flashed upon Candida that she might prepare the road a little for the melancholy

march through the near future to which she had resigned herself. Burkitt was alive perhaps. His name must not be besmirched, as it certainly would be if the machinations of his little sister were exposed. He might forget her. Many men compel their hearts to act independently of memory; they are happy to have that power. But, on the other hand, family honour is a white symbol which, once smeared black, carries the blot down through the ages as an unforgettable disgrace.

It were hard, wrong too, to urge Sybil to live down to her lie for the rest of her days. Yet better that than that Burkitt and his grandmother should suffer for the wickedness of their own stock. Life all through is a compromise. In nature, as in human society, the weak must be a sacrifice to the strong.

Thus sophistically Candida found, without seeking it, ample encouragement to write what she proposed to write. It was a letter to Sybil, as follows:

'MY DEAR SYBIL,—Some day you will be so sorry and ashamed for what you have done. Until then I shall say nothing more, for it is better your grandmother and your brother should think I am a thief than that they should know you have done this thing. Dear Sybil, pray to Heaven to make you a better girl; and pray, too, for me. It is too late now for you to do anything but pray, for I would rather go to prison—much rather—than that people should know you have been so wicked. —Your affectionate friend, CANDIDA COPE.'

She wrote this on the fly-leaf of a book and tore out the page. For the envelope she must trust to chance; she believed that Mr Holloway would only be fulfilling his duty in denying her aught but the necessities of life until she stood before the magistrates.

The letter was finished when some one knocked at her door.

'Miss Cope—aren't you coming?' cried Tom Partridge from the corridor.

'I am locked in,' said Candida. Her chance had soon come, if by another chance the key was in the door. But that was too much to expect from Mr Holloway. Tom Partridge, however, called one of the stewards to his aid, wondering and indignant. With a duplicate key the door was opened.

'How did it happen?' the young doctor began, only to be checked by Candida's radiant eyes and quick words. She shut the door.

'Mr Partridge, do something for me, please. Put this in an envelope and address it to Miss Sybil Barker, Tree Manor. And send it by the very first post—the very first. Will you?'

'Why, of course, Miss Cope. But'—He glanced at her box and hand-bag, and again she interrupted him, with a wistful smile.

'I'm not coming ashore yet,' she said.

If Mr Holloway himself had not at that moment returned, Dr Partridge might have accepted Candida's words as one more hint that she did not want to be troubled by his society, and he would have gone away a little sorry for himself and nothing more. But the detective at once threw a lurid light on the situation.

'Who opened this door?' he demanded.

'Go, Mr Partridge, please!' said Candida, with unconscious shame in her face.

Tom Partridge was puzzled. But the man's tone seemed to him peculiarly offensive, and of course his identity was a mystery.

'I got it opened,' he replied. His eyes petitioned Candida for information. If only she would request him to squeeze the fellow through the port-hole!

Mr Holloway calmly removed the second key.

Candida's face made the young doctor's heart ache with emotion.

'I must trouble you to leave this cabin at once,' said the detective, facing round.

'Yes, please do,' whispered Candida. 'Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Miss Cope,' said Tom Partridge dismally; 'and if there is anything'—

'That will do, sir!' exclaimed Mr Holloway, who then shut the door.

Tom Partridge stood fuming outside for a second or two, and then he made straight tracks for Captain Bronson.

'Sorry to have to seem so rude,' said Mr Holloway to Candida, less dictatorial now that they were alone. 'That sort of thing is irregular. The Lieutenant Barker you were inquiring about is nearly convalescent.'

'Oh, thank Heaven for that!'

'Nearly convalescent from his wounds, but bad-dish with fever. Lot of that about. They're going to send him home.'

'Home!' said Candida, with clasped hands. 'Then he will be—— Oh God! this is too much. Would you please leave me? You may lock me in, put chains on me if you like; only leave me to myself for a little while. I shall be better afterwards.'

Mr Holloway felt quite upset. Such beauty and such distress were in combination nearly too much for his professional discretion. He rubbed his chin and wished the job were in other and less sensitive hands.

'We shall be going aboard the *Duke* very soon,' he said. 'I—I'm afraid you may do yourself some injury if I leave you in your present state.'

'No, I will not. Indeed, I will not. I should not think of so wicked a thing. And yet,' she sighed, 'I do not suppose that it matters.'

Her abject resignation touched the detective as keenly as her excitement of despair.

'I'll take your word for it, Miss Cope,' he said. 'When things are ready I'll come back.'

On deck he found young Dr Partridge annoying Captain Bronson with an argument.

'Talk it over with this gentleman,' said the *Catspaw's* skipper, nodding towards Mr Holloway. 'It's nothing to do with me.'

Tom Partridge asked for nothing better. He at once attacked the detective, his face red with generous anger.

'What do you suppose she has done?' he cried.

But Mr Holloway merely said, 'Excuse me. Perhaps you will mind your own business.' He produced a pipe and proceeded to fill it. The sight irritated Tom Partridge immeasurably.

'But it is my business,' he declared. 'Miss Cope is incapable of any crime. I have known her'—

'Yes, sir?'

'Well, though I have only known her something over a year, that's quite enough.'

Mr Holloway then settled matters.

'My friend,' he said obligingly, 'human nature takes more knowing than that. I'm sorry for her, and that's the truth; and now I'll thank you to change the subject.'

'You'd do better still, Partridge, to take your opportunity of going ashore,' put in Captain Bronson.

'Well, what are you going to do with her, anyway?' asked Tom Partridge.

'If that's your last question I'll answer it,' replied Mr Holloway.

'Let it be so, then.'

Mr Holloway pointed his pipe-stem towards a red-funnelled transport with a tender alongside it.

'She goes aboard there by-and-by, and back to England to-morrow. Good-morning,' he said.

Then, with a 'Thank you' and a shake of the hand for Captain Bronson, Tom Partridge carried his vexed face to shore. His first work there was to see Candida's letter addressed and stamped. As it happened, the mail by a homeward-bound liner was just leaving the post-office, and with it went the letter.

So far well, precious little though it seemed to Tom Partridge.

Afterwards he went to the hotel to talk things over with Captain Black. On the least encouragement, he would have attempted to organise a rescue either from the *Catspaw* or the *Duke*, the red-funnelled steamer. But Captain Black, though amazed at the news, was not in the humour for desperate enterprises off the field of battle. He had a few minutes ago been said 'good-bye' to by Nurse Cartwright in a way that had set his skin tingling.

'We are just two hard-headed people of the world, Captain Black,' Nurse Cartwright had said a trifle bitterly, 'and so it won't hurt either of us very much if we part for ever.'

The borrowing of his own phrase, which he faintly remembered, was ominous enough.

'What in the world do you mean by that, Ethel?' he had demanded.

'That we are parting for ever, Ernest.' This with a weird smile.

'And therefore that you have been playing with me?'

'We have both been playing, and we have both lost. Some day, perhaps, I may tell you all about it. I will not even ask you to forgive me. It is only good-bye.'

'Oh well, if that's how you look at it—good-bye.'

When Tom Partridge found him, Captain Black was trying to console himself with the hope that Nurse Cartwright's ten thousand pounds was no certainty. But he was very wild nevertheless.

'Look here, Partridge,' he said fiercely, 'the less you have to do with women the better. I'm off to report myself.'

'Can't we do anything for Miss Cope?'

'I'm not going to try. It's precious queer, as you say. A sell for Barker, too; but perhaps she's sold him before. Embezzlement, bigamy, murder—they're capable of any crime!'

With that Captain Black went forth. He soon found that he was not to be allowed to consume his wrath in solitude. That evening he entrained for the north. He was extremely glad of it.

Tom Partridge could think of nothing in the way of help for Candida. It was only the next day that it occurred to him to send a line to Wynberg informing Burkitt Barker of the strange situation of Miss Cope. He found out that Lieutenant Barker was there, fighting his fever. His communication was brief and ingenuous. 'I thought you'd like to know,' were the apologetic words he used after his statement of the facts, as he understood them.

Having thus eased his mind a little, he sent a basket of fruit on board the *Duke* for Candida, with his compliments, watched the steamer push up the water at its bows, and then, on his part also, prepared for sterner duties.

Candida, from her port-hole, looked forth at Table Mountain as the *Duke* carried her away from it. Tom's apples and oranges and grapes were on the bookshelf in the cabin which the second officer had surrendered to her. The boat was so crowded that, from the captain downwards, all the officers were inconveniencing themselves for the good of the State. Invalided soldiers, women in crape, hook-nosed financiers, and children overwhelmed the normal travelling public. The ship's doctor, whose cabin was next to Candida's on the maindeck, and who was sure of a busy trip, had shelved his own comfort like the rest. His berth was occupied by a very sick man, and he himself had a make-shift bed on the sofa.

Amid this bustle on board Candida hoped her



presence might be unnoticed. Mr Halloway considerably said that it should be as she pleased. If she preferred to play the part of a free woman he would not balk her; the secret was between them, the captain, and the first officer. Otherwise, she could mess in her cabin and live privately.

With this latter programme in prospect, Candida gazed at Capetown and its mountain sadly enough. She believed that Sybil would not relent, and, child though she was, would look with bright-eyed interest and even pride at the result of her iniquity. There was, too, the curling possibility that Sybil had not had anything to do with the transference of the diamonds. Who else? But there was no answer to this question, and Candida's eyes became increasingly sad and weary as she viewed it. Disgrace, imprisonment, and utter ruin were in all likelihood the goals towards which the *Duke* was hurrying her.

No wonder she kept herself to her cabin until nightfall, when, cloaked and veiled, she could steal past the cook's galley towards the steering crowd without exciting inquiry. Her crushing thoughts went with her there; but fiddles and concertinas, the babble of women and children, the stars above, and the sea itself helped her a little towards temporary self-forgetfulness. More than that, it seemed to her, she might never again expect as long as she lived.

The days at sea went by in this way. Mr Halloway was all that a kindly constable could be. He had begun to have his misgivings, if so they might be called; for Candida showed none of the marks of the ordinary, or even the extraordinary, felon, as Mr Halloway knew that individual; and he dared, as earnestly as the official mind could, to hope that something would transpire to make things look less black than at present for his pretty prisoner.

But he turned the key in her cabin door every night just the same. Duty was duty. He did it, however (and the unlocking in the morning), with a most scrupulous regard for the public eye. They were off the Land's End ere a single passenger, or any one of the crew, save the original three, knew under what escort Candida voyaged.

Then circumstances came to the front and really obliged Mr Halloway. To be sure, he had put a little of the gunpowder of his shrewd intellect at the root of them, and fired the train into the bargain; and this done, he not only rejoiced as if he were a professional philanthropist, but he actually cursed himself in the midst of his joy for not thinking of such a thing sooner.

Dinner was over, and the raw English air, with a concert to back it, explained why there were so few people in the darkness, which had

no stars to soften it, but a suspicion of quickening fog to add terror to it.

Mr Halloway knew Candida's routine movements. At nine o'clock he tapped at her door.

'Thought I'd come, Miss Cope,' he whispered, 'to tell you we ought to be in port to-morrow. Going for your airing as usual?'

'Y—es; I think so,' she replied. But she looked at him timorously, as if she thought that the nervousness to England meant something immediately humiliating to her.

'That's all I wanted to say,' he whispered. He smiled, nodded, and left her.

Then, with a sigh—her sighs came readily enough now: they matched her pale face—Candida wrapped herself up and went into the harsh air. It seemed as unfriendly to her as the future.

A vigorous chorus was in full blast downstairs when she reached the seat aft which she most favoured. No ship's lamp shone on it. The gloom of it befitted her fortunes. Some children were scuffling amid the *Duke's* tackle, and six or seven adults were marching about briskly; but none of them were near Candida. She put her cheek in her hand and began to think, as usual. Her last day on the *Duke* was no better than the first.

She did not notice a tall man in a belted ulster coming towards her with a certain air of weakness and yet alacrity. Nor did she notice Mr Halloway on the quarterdeck above, straining his eyes to see what happened.

The tall man was close to her, indeed, standing in an attitude of intense eagerness, before she became conscious of him. Then she stumbled to her feet in an instant, with a little gasp of pain. Her face was veiled; but his was plain enough to her, even in the obscurity, and so were the two hands he stretched out to her and the smile of happiness (yet not pure happiness) which came to his face.

'Candida!' he said. 'My dear child! So it is you after all!'

She did not give him her hands. She said nothing either; but that did not serve her, for Birkitt Barker, sure of her now, just folded her in his arms.

Then she resigned herself, with a little sob.

Mr Halloway, having viewed this remarkable scene through the gloom, put his hands into his pockets, whistled, and went his way as if he were pleased.

'I was a thickhead not to have guessed it sooner,' he said to himself. 'And to think they've had only half-an-inch of woodwork between them these twenty days and more!'

He descended to the smoke-room, convinced of one thing. This young officer would see that proceedings against his prisoner were arrested. Probably the diamonds were stolen on the young rascal's own behalf. The aristocracy are

so wily, as well as extravagant. But the more he smoked the less Mr Halloway could digest the diverting coincidence that these young folks should have travelled from Capetown to Land's End on the same boat, with their heads almost

touching every night, and yet not have met until that moment.

'It's as good as a novel,' he said at length. It was time to look up Candida. Duty was duty, love itself notwithstanding.

## CURIOUS COINS.



It is one of the blessings of our modern civilisation that we know money when we see it. The ubiquitous copper, the bountiful shilling, and the less plentiful sovereign are all, in appearance at least, equally familiar to us, and we should reject with scorn any coin which was not of the well-known form or material. In former times, however, so numerous were the forms of money, even in one country, that it must have been difficult to decide sometimes whether any particular coin was legal tender or whether it was merely worth its intrinsic value.

Nowadays coin is mostly made of gold, silver, and copper; but it was not always so. The Spartans, in the reign of Lycurgus—the time of their prosperity—rigorously excluded these metals, and made their money of iron, in order, there is reason to believe, to suppress the instincts of avarice. While yet red-hot the newly-formed coin was immersed in vinegar in order to make it brittle, so that it could not be used for any other purpose—a superfluous precaution, unless in the improbable event of its dropping to its bullion value. Plutarch, who does not seem to have realised that the coins were merely used as tokens, perpetrated a little joke at the expense of the Spartans; he stated that they required a cart and a team of oxen to transport a moderate amount of change.

Among the early Roman copper coins was one weighing about nine and a half ounces. The cart and ox-team in this case might have been useful, for it must have been highly inconvenient to carry about any abnormal amount of small change.

Among the ancient nations, Byzantium in the height of its prosperity also used iron money; the coins were discs of sheet-iron, stamped on one side. At the present day iron money is used in Kordofan. The coin is shaped like the section of a mushroom, and the value is about sixteen to our penny.

Of all countries, both ancient and modern, China exhibits the most extraordinary variety in the matter of coins. The earliest money of which there is any written record, about 2000 B.C., consisted of shells and cowries. The cowry was used for the smaller form of money, while tortoise-shells and purple cyprea-shells were employed as money of a higher value; the latter, a very beautiful shell, ranged from two or three inches to a foot and a half long, and was found in the north of the Shantung peninsula. The supply of shells in time began to fail, and increasing pros-

perity raised a demand for a more convenient medium of exchange. The shell currency was suppressed in 335 B.C. by Hwei-Wen, prince of Tsing, who introduced instead the well-known *cash*, a round copper coin with a square hole in the centre. The shells, however, died hard; they lingered for long in out-of-the-way places, and were again revived by Wang-Mang (9-23 A.D.); but the traders would not tolerate the antiquated system, and the shells were soon abolished. So conservative, however, were the Chinese that for a long time afterwards small copper coins shaped like cyprea-shells, and called dragon's head coins, were in circulation.

While shells were currency in Tsing, other Chinese states at various times employed different materials for their coin. Among the earliest forms was a porcelain coin, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick, and bearing the legend, 'Eternal Prosperity.' Between 1122 and 224 B.C. a very curious knife-money was used in the state of Tsi. This coin was of copper, shaped like a bill-hook, and about seven inches long, with the handle terminating in a ring, doubtless for the purpose of stringing the coins together.

Between the years 605 and 618, a period of great confusion and scarcity of metal, pieces of pasteboard and even wearing apparel were used as money. The apocryphal Sir John Mandeville, in 1327, says that money was then made of leather or paper. There have been intermittent periods of scarcity of metal in China up to the present day, during which the ingenuity of the Treasury officials has been exercised in order to supply a circulating medium. Materials such as iron, lead, tin, baked earth or clay, grain, silk, and shells have been at various times used. The last issue of an iron coinage was during the Tai-ping rebellion, when the supply of copper was stopped. These iron coins were the worst of the kind ever made.

Ancient Indian coins display almost as great a variety as those of China. Besides gold, silver, and copper coins, there have been found in various parts of the country coins of brass, nickel, tin, and lead. Even at the beginning of the nineteenth century articles other than orthodox coin passed current. Thus, cowry-shells were used in Bengal, Persian almonds on the Malabar coast, and silver wire in the Maldives Islands. Up to very recent times silver wire was also used in Ceylon as money, and was first known to us in the seven-

teenth century. The wire was formed in the shape of a fish-hook, and officially stamped; some of these hooks weighed an ounce and a half.

The use of cowry-shells is, or rather was, an almost universal institution. They are still common in parts of Africa, and have been used in India, China, and the East India Islands; there is little doubt, however, that the custom had its origin in China. A curious account of the preparation of cowries for currency in New Britain was given by Mr. H. H. Romilly in 1886. When first issued the cowries are threaded on a thin strip of cane about thirty feet in length; and as an inch contains twelve shells, each length has no less than four thousand three hundred and twenty shells. On distribution the length is cut up into such pieces as may be required, and a fathom, or the stretch of a man's arms, is the recognised unit.

In Japan, an iron coinage begun about 1636, has existed up to the present day. One of these coins issued in 1866 bore the couplet:

May your wealth be as vast as the Eastern Ocean,  
And your age as great as the Southern Mountains.

Curious bullion (a mixture of silver and copper) coins in use from 1601 to 1859 were shaped in various sizes from a small pea to a large bean. Lead coins were also made in 835, and used for five hundred years. Some authorities suppose that perforated pieces of soapstone mearthed in various parts of Japan were used in prehistoric times as money.

In ancient countries clay seems to have been a common material for making money. It is known that clay was used for this purpose in Etruria, Rome, Arabia, and Palmyra (in the latter terra-cotta); and it is conjectured that it was also used in Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, and India. We should have thought that, even including clay, there was a sufficient variety of materials in the world with which to fabricate money without resorting to wood; but this apparently was by no means unknown in ancient times. It is supposed that the early Romans, among their other materials, used wooden discs as money. Wooden money is also mentioned in the Buddhist writings.

Glass as a substance for coin was used during the reigns of the Fatimite caliphs of Egypt, from 909 to 1170; and it was current, more or less continuously, for more than six hundred years.

The Carthaginians made use of a money composed of a substance wrapped in leather and parchment, about the size of an English penny. The substance was supposed to be unknown; but it was probably copper, the mystery attached to it being a means of enhancing its value. The Carthaginians, however, only practised a deception usual with many of the ancient nations, for coins made of copper or other inferior metal covered with silver and gold were common. This, too, was a favourite device of counterfeiters. It was a comparatively easy matter to imitate early coins,

they being, for the most part, of rude workmanship; and as they were generally much overvalued, counterfeiting was a very profitable business. Great quantities of counterfeit Roman coins, with moulds and material, have been dug up in different parts of England. To such an extent was the business carried on that it led to the withdrawal of many a coin issue.

In Dar-fur there is, or was in the middle of last century, a currency of gold rings. Some of these were as large as bracelets, and some were of the size of large, heavy finger-rings. These rings were the same as those used by the ancient Egyptians, and similar to those found in Britain and other Celtic countries.

Formerly in our own country there was no regular copper coinage; merchants and traders supplied their own small change, in the form of tokens of lead and other material. During the reign of Elizabeth there was an extensive issue of tokens of lead, tin, latten, and leather. It was only in 1672 that an authorised issue of half-pennies and farthings was undertaken.

In comparatively recent times, owing to the temporary scarcity of bullion, strange expedients have been resorted to in order to supply a circulating medium.

There were issued at Leyden, during the Dutch war of independence, tablets made of pasteboard, about the size of a crown-piece, and stamped like orthodox coin. As a matter of course, the experiment failed, for in times of universal confusion and commotion coin must drop to its intrinsic value.

#### THE OTHERS.

WHEN I can bear no more  
The sound of tears,  
And the world's muffled roar  
Of hopes and fears,  
I let my tired mind a vigil keep,  
To watch in silence where the others sleep.


A moment, and I go  
Where green grass waves;  
Where still-eyed daisies grow  
On quiet graves;  
While every afternoon the setting sun  
Falls on the names there like a benison;

Bidding them speak again  
Of homely lives,  
Of plain, hard-working men  
And frugal wives,  
Who left the dairy and the half-mown hay  
To join in the eternal harvest-day.

So, when I turn to leave  
Them to their rest,  
I can once more believe  
That God knows best;  
And even Death seems no uncertain leap  
Into the darkness, but a hopeful sleep.

A. E. JAMESON.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### TWO FUNERAL PROCESSIONS IN THE MALL:

2ND FEBRUARY 1901—30TH JANUARY 1649.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

**O**NE of the most interesting points of the line of procession on the day of the funeral of Queen Victoria was in the Mall, at the south front of St James's Palace. Here, on a stand specially erected, were gathered members of both Houses of Parliament. Even on this bleak wintry day the scene they faced had some of the charms that endeared it to Londoners of all degrees in the time of the Stuarts and up to the reign of the last of the Georges. So late as the opening day of the century just closed the Mall filled, in the social life of London, the place now occupied by Hyde Park. There was this difference: whereas, at church parade and the like, London belles and beaux to-day turn out in walking costume, when George IV. was king they on Sunday afternoons sauntered up and down the Mall in full dress. Weather permitting, the cavaliers carried their hats under their arms.

Sir Richard Phillips taking his 'morning walk from London to Kew,' a feat achieved eight years before the minor event of Waterloo, almost weeps over the change wrought even at that epoch. 'My spirits sank,' he wrote, 'and a tear started into my eyes as I brought to mind those crowds of beauty, rank, and fashion which till within these few years used to be displayed in the centre Mall of this Park on Sunday evenings during the spring and summer. Here used to promenade for one or two hours after dinner the whole British world of gaiety, beauty, and splendour. Here could be seen, in one moving mass extending the whole length of the Mall, five thousand of the most lovely women in this country of female beauty, all splendidly attired, and accompanied by as many well-dressed men.'

On the bleak Saturday when the good Queen was escorted to her last resting-place there extended the length of the Mall thrice five thousand people. But the mass was not in motion. It was

tightly packed along the footpath, leaving the roadway open for the passage of the gun-carriage, with its rare freight and its escort of kings. By exception, along this section of the long route there was not lacking a note of the gay colour which lightened up the scene in the days lamented by Sir Richard Phillips. The Mall was reserved for officers of the army and militia who, mustering in their uniforms, gave a welcome gleam of colour to the long lines of the multitude elsewhere dressed in deepest mourning.

It was not only because the position assigned to Parliament men of both Houses was peculiarly advantageous for sight-seeing that it was well chosen. For inheritors of the places of men who have made English history during the last five hundred years, St James's Palace is fragrant with memories. At the time of the Conquest there stood on its site a hospital dedicated to St James, 'for fourteen maidens that wore leprous.' Henry VIII. annexed the hospital, converting it into a fair mansion, faced by a sylvan park. This was his love-time with Anne Boleyn. If members had risked the chance of losing their seat on the stand, and strolled round to the gateway of the Palace, they would have found traces of love-knots cut in the side doors by a sympathetic carpenter, who three years later may have been privileged to see the hapless Queen beheaded. Plainer still is the 'H.A.' cut in the chimney-piece in the Tapestry Room.

Queen Mary, Henry's elder daughter, lived and died here, lamenting her errant husband, Philip of Spain. It was in a chamber at St James's, sickening to death, she uttered the plaint about the name of Calais being found cut into her heart if after the end came they would seek it.

When James I. came to the throne he bestowed St James's on his eldest son, who made matters exceedingly merry. According to Holinshed, Prince Henry's household consisted of three hundred

persons less three, each free of board and drawing a comfortable salary. Prince Henry stood the racket for only a short time, dying at St James's in his nineteenth year. King James next bestowed the Palace on his brother Charles, his successor on the throne. Charles II., James II., and Princess Elizabeth were all born at St James's. Queen Mary II. was both born and married in the Palace. The latter event took place in her sixteenth year, and was celebrated at eleven o'clock at night, the bridegroom being William of Orange, with whom she later shared the throne.

Another memorable birth in St James's was that of him who is described by Macaulay as 'the most unfortunate of princes, destined to twenty-seven years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick.' Prince James Edward, known in history as the Old Pretender, was born on 10th June 1688. It was a Sunday morning; but by the vigorous action of the Queen the household were thrown into a state of commotion that precluded thought of attending morning service. Mary of Modena, James II.'s second wife, seemed to have had premonition of the suspicion that fixed upon her son his fatal nickname. In the most business-like fashion, Her Majesty 'sent for every one who ought to be present' at what might prove to be the birth of a future king.

Probably never before were so many persons crowded into a room upon such an occasion. In addition to the Queen Dowager and her ladies, the ladies of the Queen's household, the State officers of the Palace, and a cluster of royal physicians, eighteen ministers of the Privy Council stood at the foot of the bed. In all sixty-seven persons were present, including Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, a person particularly obnoxious to the hapless Queen. Yet, in spite of all, the warming-pan was brought in and turned aside the course of history.

That there was a warming-pan in the case is not denied in the quaintly matter-of-fact contemporary record. The Queen, who seems to have been up and about two hours before the event, complained of being chilly. A warming-pan was brought in, and the bed aired before Her Majesty took to it. What was in the warming-pan? Hot coals, Mistress Margaret Dawson, one of the Queen's bedchamber women, subsequently deposed on oath. A casual infant smuggled with intent to cheat the realm, said the enemies of the King.

William III., who profited by the popular belief in the warming-pan theory, straightway repaired to St James's when, by the grace of his wife, he came to the throne. Towards the end of his reign the Palace was given up to the Princess Anne, who, like Queen Mary II., was born and married there. Here she was found when Bishop Burnet hurried to her with the news that King William was dead, and hailed her Queen.

George I. took up his residence at St James's

on the day he reached London. Horace Walpole records some charming reflections by His Majesty. 'This is a strange country,' he said. 'The first morning after my arrival in St James's I looked out of the window and saw a park with walks and a canal which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the Ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp out of my own canal in my own park.' King George, though on dominion bent, was of a frugal mind, and probably began to be sorry he had left homely Hanover.

Gone are all three—the King, the carp, and the canal. It was Charles II. who, coming back from exile, and having whilst abroad acquired a taste for Dutch gardening, laid out St James's Park accordingly. Everything was sacrificed to a straight canal running the full length of the Park, bordered and approached by avenues of elms and limes of deadly regularity. A little more than seventy years ago George IV. took the Park in hand, broke up its straight lines, and made it very much what it is to-day.

Better than planning his canal and cutting his straight walks, Charles II. stored the pond with wild-fowl, whose descendants, according to reputable report, still crowd the waters in the Park. The great diarists of the seventeenth century, Pepys and Evelyn, were equally attracted by the furred and feathered denizens of the Park. Under date 18th of August 1661, Pepys records a visit to the Park, where he found 'a great variety of fowle,' the like of which he had never looked upon before. Three years later Evelyn writes about 'deere of severall countries, white, spotted like leopards, antelopes, an elk, red deere, roebucks, staggs, guinea-goates, and Arabian sheepe.'

It was a common thing for Londoners passing through the Park to find Charles II. going about the pastures feeding ducks. 'Even his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs,' Colley Cibber writes, 'and feeding his ducks in St James's Park (which I have seen him do) make the common people adore him, and consequently overlook in him what in a prince of a different temper they might have been out of humour with.'

Noble lords on the stand adjoining that from which the Commons watched Queen Victoria's funeral procession slowly winding its way to Windsor would lament the lapsed opportunities that appertained to their order when Charles II. was king. It was then possible to spend an afternoon buck-hunting in St James's Park. Pepys writes on the 11th of August 1664: 'This day for a wager before the King, my Lord Castlehaven and Lord Curan, a son of my Lord Ormond, they two alone did run down a stout buck in St James's Park.' Charles II., enclosing the centre of the Park within a ring fence, preserved deer where now beats the heart of London.

When not hunting the deer or feeding the ducks, Charles II. might be seen playing 'paille maille,' a game introduced to this country by James I. It was Charles who made a course for the game on the north side of St James's Park, where to-day the Mall stretches its leafy length. Judging from the make of a pair of mallets treasured in the British Museum, the game was something like modern croquet; only, the iron hoop through which the ball was driven by the skilful player hung from a pole in shape painfully suggestive of the gallows. 'I to St James's Park,' writes Pepys, 'where I saw the Duke of York playing at pell mell, the first time I ever saw the sport.'

Two historical incidents happening in the Mall link the past with the stately pageant of the first February in the twentieth century. One bridges the far-stretched distance between King Edward VI. and King Edward VII. Within a fortnight of his accession our latest King Edward rode on horseback along the Mall escorting the remains of the beloved Queen his mother. Over the very same ground on the 17th of March 1557 rode the Lady Elizabeth on her way to visit her brother King Edward VI. 'With her,' Strype records, 'came a great company of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, about two hundred.'

The other incident was a funeral procession along the Mall—surely the strangest, most tragic, the world has known. When Charles I. was captured by Cromwell's men at Windsor, he was brought to London and lodged at St James's. He returned thither after receiving his death-sentence

in Westminster Hall. Here, simply told, is the story of what took place on the morning of the execution: 'About ten o'clock Colonel Hacker knocked at the King's chamber door, and having been admitted, came in trembling and announced that it was time to go to Whitehall; and soon afterwards the King, taking the Bishop by the hand, proposed to go. Charles then walked out through the garden of the Palace into the Park, where several companies of foot awaited as his guardians; and, attended by the Bishop on one side and Colonel Tomlinson on the other, both bare-headed, he walked fast down the Park, sometimes cheerfully calling on the guard to march apace.'

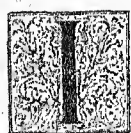
By striking coincidence the anniversary of this unparalleled funeral march, led with gallant assumption of indifference, by him for whom it was arranged, befell three days before the funeral procession of a later Sovereign turned out of the Mall by St James's Palace. The funeral march of Charles I., the predestined corpse strolling gaily in the van, is separated by two hundred and fifty-two years from the stately ceremony when the Mall was thronged by a silent, saddened people come forth to pay their last tribute of loving regret to one whose

court was pure; her life serene;  
God gave her peace; her land reposed;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

Between the dates of the two spectacles—1649 and 1901—the geographically small England of the Stuarts has bloomed into almost boundless Empire.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER XVI.—WE TURN AT BAY.



HAD come to a stand again, when through the perfect silence of that dead hour of night a faint sound crept to my ears, and I listened eagerly. Far to the south a faint, dull roll of wheels was to be heard.

What subtle intuition roused my uneasiness? I know not, but I could think of nothing but the gloomy coach which had crawled up on just such a night to carry Cicely away to Winchester clink. Had it been the sound of galloping horses there had been better warrant for fear. Yet how, flying by lonely commons and desolate, grass-grown heath-tracks, could we have been traced? 'Twas some impatient traveller taking advantage of the moonlight to perform the first stages of his journey. The sound became more distinct, and I came down from the hill that I might not be seen as the vehicle passed. Suddenly my heart jumped, then seemed to stop dead with fear; for now, rolling over the heath, hollow and menacing, came the deep-throated bay of a questing hound. A second

hound answered him, and then there was silence as they came swiftly and steadily along the scent. I darted across the smooth turf towards the tents. Short as was the interval, before I reached them there was time to see it all. This was the reason why Colin Lorel had snatched the old man's neckerchief. Whether the gypsies moved or stayed was all one to him then. He had a sure means of tracking them down.

'Up! up!' I cried. 'Our enemies are close at hand.'

The flap of the nearest tent was flung back as I ran to it.

'I heard a dog,' said Jasper, creeping out.

'Ay, ay,' said I. 'The neckerchief! Do you see?'

'I do,' said the old gypsy fiercely, springing to his feet, a long knife in his hand. 'How many come?'

'I know not,' I answered. 'I heard the roll of wheels and the bay of a hound whose nostrils are full of scent.'



Those who travel in fear sleep lightly, and my words had aroused all. They had lain down to rest in their clothes, and now Cicely ran to me and took my hand.

'Oh! have they come to seize you?' she cried.

'Nay,' said I, 'to seize you; but they have not won the game yet.'

Again the dreadful baying of the great hounds rang out.

'We are pursued by bloodhounds,' cried young Jasper, who now heard them for the first time.

Faint cries of terror broke from the women, and I could have groaned with them. A couple of brutes who could pull down a man as a terrier would a rat were enemies dreadful enough, and behind them Kesgrave and his company. The odds were fearful.

'We must separate,' said old Jasper in low, swift tones. 'These dogs are laid on me. I will take one direction and lead them away. The rest of you must take another.'

The devoted old man was about to spring out when I clutched his arm. 'Not so,' said I. 'It is nobly thought of, Jasper; but not so. If we separate we cannot hope to finally hide from them. We shall be the easier dealt with in groups. We must stand together beneath this holly-hedge.'

'The Captain is right, father,' broke in young Jasper; 'a bold front is our only chance now.'

The old gypsy shook his head despondently, as he had cause; but he yielded to us, and we formed our line at once. We retreated twenty yards behind the tents to a spot where the holly-hedge was impenetrable from the rear, and the three women stood close into its shelter. We placed ourselves before them, I in the centre. The moon was at our back, and we were in deep shade. For arms, I had a sword; my companions had each no more than a long knife and a heavy cudgel. Yet we were resolute to do what might be done with these, and spoke no word again; but every eye was fixed on the mouth of the glade. The wheels rattled nearer and nearer, hoofs clinked, and again the hounds bayed, but half-strangled, as if choking on the leash. The carriage stopped, and we heard voices. One cried, 'This way!' another, 'Let them go. They will but pin the man they're after.'

Again the dogs set up their throats now with a dreadful eagerness as if they scented the nearness of their prey. Next their horrible clamour fell with strange suddenness.

'They are loosed,' said old Jasper quietly, and licked his palm and gripped his cudgel tighter. I clutched the heavy brass handle till I felt my flesh grow as it were into the folds of the hilt. This was no time for a sword to turn in a man's hand. It must be edge, not flat, at every stroke. We were looking for them, expecting them; yet it was a horrible shock to see the two huge fawn-coloured, black-muzzled brutes glide into the moonlight, their lean bodies loping swiftly along, their

great dewlaps brushing the grass as they followed the scent, foam slaving and dropping from their jaws. They were of immense size, and woe betide whatever those vast jaws might seize. They darted like lightning upon the tent in which the old gypsy had been sleeping, but in an instant were out again, nor made the slightest sound. One threw up his nose and made a cast; the other struck the trail as he came out of the tent and ran towards us.

Old Jasper was on my left, and the great, savage brute would be on him in half-a-dozen strides. I stepped forward two swift paces and poised my weapon. The mighty hound threw up his head and saw his prey. His beslavered lips rolled back and his gleaming teeth shone out; his fierce eyes burned with a savage light; and still without a sound he reared to his dreadful leap and launched himself full at the old man's throat.

I struck. With all my might I struck. No wrist-play here; fair and clean from my loins I drew the sweeping blow, and the noble blade answered to my strength. Midway of its awful spring I caught the ferocious brute; the great sword lighted on the hound's back and shore its resistless way triumphant through bone and flesh, and the beast fell at our feet, cut into halves. With such vigour had I struck that the weapon, after passing clean through the animal's body, buried its point deeply in the turf. I had barely recovered it when the second hound, thrown out a little by the cast of my sword, was upon us. For an instant it checked at its companion's smoking corpse. Before I could draw a stroke out sprang old Jasper, and his cudgel descended with a dull thud right between the drooping ears, and ere the stunned beast could recover itself the gypsy knives were both buried in its body, and it rolled over. We were rid of the foes we most feared.

'Ay, Captain, what a blow!' murmured old Jasper, as cool as ever, while he wiped his knife on the coat of his fallen enemy. 'I'm a glad man that I didn't run.' He turned round and waved his hand joyfully to his wife and daughter. 'There'll be more than dogs sliced up if these rogues come within reach of the Captain's sword,' said he. 'You're as safe there as if you stood in a castle.'

Cicely reached out her hand, and I took it and kissed it. No one spoke but the old man, and he in a whisper. It was no time to chatter in presence of the foe, and all felt it. The encounter with the dogs had passed so swiftly that the men hurrying after them only came in sight just as we straightened our line anew. The new-comers were three in number, dressed in rude, coarse clothes, and masked.

'This is cursed queer,' said the leading figure, and by his voice I knew him for the Earl's friend. 'Split my windpipe! but this is very odd. Where are those brutes? Not a sound. Gad! if they were throttling the rogue there'd be some

lurly-burly for sure; but there's a silence like the dead.' He strode forward to the tent and peered in.

'Empty!' he cried. 'Where'—

He turned, and his voice stopped. He had seen one of the dogs lying on the edge of the moonlight, and now he saw our dark elump. He took off his hat and made a sweeping bow, then waved his glittering sword and laughed.

'Forewarned and forearmed!' he cried. 'Twill be a battle *à l'outrance*, as I live, and the garrison the stronger by a monstrous big fellow wrapped in a cloak; and the dogs settled, by all that's wonderful! Gad! there's zest in the thing after all. The rogues are dangerous.' He laughed again, and pulled his moustache and flourished his sword as if the adventure were now to his mind.

I saw that he was a desperate, gallant young blood, who would be an awkward fellow to handle from his mere courage, and I waited the issue of the adventure with anxiety, for I believed him in the company of two splendid swordsmen. Here I was to find myself wrong. The two silent figures answered in height to the Earl and Colin Lorel, and I had nothing else to go upon. They were, however, but a couple of common fellows, drummed up to a piece of dirty work, as I had been. I was to find before long what share the two principals had laid out for themselves to perform.

We stood perfectly still, making not a sound, and the spark advanced, followed by his companions. They paused within half-a-dozen yards of us, just on the other side of the sharp line which the moonlight drew upon the turf. The leader pursed up his lips and whistled in astonishment as he perceived the severed dog, and all three stared eagerly for an instant.

Now I made a great mistake. Their attention was off us for the moment; the moon was in their eyes; we could leap at them from the ambush of the shade; and I thought our advantage lay in a swift, sudden attack. Springing out, I aimed a slashing blow at the biggest of the three. I believed him to be Colin Lorel, and dreaded him most. They were on the alert at my first movement, and my blade fell upon two swords, for the Earl's friend was so close that it could hardly be told at which I was driving, and both clashed to meet me. Old Jasper and his son were abreast of me at once, striking in with knife and endgel, and for a moment the combat was close and savage out in the open. That moment was enough for the quick cunning of the foe who lay in wait. I heard the women scream in concert behind me, another half-choked shriek, and before I could beat down the sword before me and turn, a tall figure darted for the mouth of the glade, bearing a muffled, struggling burden in his arms.

'She is gone! They have seized her,' screamed Ursula.

I cut down the fellow before me, leaped over his body, and darted in hot pursuit.

'Away with you, Colin,' cried a triumphant voice. I knew it well. It was Kesgrave's, and he now sprang to cover the retreat of his man who bore off Cicely. A great cloak had been flung skilfully over her head, and she was pinioned within it. Burdened as he was, Colin Lorel ran like a hare; but given a fair field I could have run him down easily.

Kesgrave leapt at me from one side, and lunged fiercely at my neck. To save my life I was compelled to pause to check his stroke, and his friend was abreast of him in a moment, and the two of them drove at me. For a few instants I was held upon my guard to keep myself unharmed from the attack of two excellent swordsmen; then the Earl cried, 'Hold him awhile, Arthur,' and ran swiftly away. I promptly gave Arthur the flat of my blade across his head, and dropped him stunned to the earth, and flew after Kesgrave. As I reached the edge of the road I saw him leap into a light travelling carriage, and at the same instant down came the postillions' whips on the flanks of the four horses harnessed to it. Away they scoured at full gallop along the smooth high-road. I redoubled my exertions, and for a moment held the carriage within arm's-length. Then it began to draw away from me. The splendid coursers were increasing their speed with every bound, and I could do no more. I saw a hand and body thrust from the window, a blinding flash leapt towards me, and a pistol-bullet skimmed through my hair. I held doggedly on. A second was fired. It missed me. I ran on.

'Go back, gypsy fool,' cried Kesgrave's voice, and no more shots were fired. The carriage was drawing steadily away, yet I as steadily pursued. I ran thus for a mile or more, and now the vehicle was far ahead. I heard feet running behind me, and looked round. The Lees, father and son, were coming up. I stood and awaited them.

'And is she in yonder carriage?' cried the old man.

'Yes,' said I.

'Then to run after it is useless, Captain,' said he. 'I feared as much, but we followed on.'

'Where are your wife and daughter?' I asked.

'They slipped away into the heath to hide. Trust them; they're safe enough,' replied old Jasper. 'As for those other three fellows, two of them are down, and one ran. What now, Captain?'

'You must go back and see after your women-folk,' I said. 'I will go on, and a thousand thanks to you for your goodness.'

They wished to come with me, but I would not hear of it. Matters had arrived at a desperate pass, and to be seized in my company would be destruction to them. That I was likely enough to betray myself I saw plainly, for heard Kesgrave I must. I had no other line open to me.

I parted from the Lees, and went swiftly down

the Great North Road towards London. The sound of the wheels had died away in the distance, and I walked and ran, ran and walked, mile after mile through the moonlight until houses began to line the way and I reached town again. I hurried through street and square till I stood once more before Kesgrave's house. I looked eagerly up at the windows. Everything was dark and silent, save for the shine of a lamp in the hall. I had started my journey back with my brain on fire. Had I ended it as furiously as I had begun I had charged at the door and attempted to beat it down with my sword; but I was now master of myself again, and knew that caution, not fury, must be the word. Otherwise I might only harm myself mortally, and do Cicely no good. I thought of the window by which I had escaped, and wondered if it had been secured. I climbed the hedge and dropped into the shrubbery, climbed the high wall with some difficulty, and found myself in the passage beside the house. The window was ajar, just as I had left it. Most likely, on finding I had gone, Kesgrave had set my escape down to a drunken freak, and given no more thought to the matter.

I stripped off my sword and shoes, flung aside my cloak, and swung myself up to the window. In another moment I was in the armoury. Moving noiselessly in my stockings, I approached the door which led into the Earl's cabinet. It was not closed, and a gleam of firelight shone at the opening. I glanced through, and saw an empty room, a bright fire crackling on the hearth, and two tall, unlighted candles standing on the table. The place had the air of being prepared for the return of some one still absent. I entered the cabinet. The door leading to the hall was closed, and I turned the handle very slowly and gently, opened it, and peeped out. I saw the great empty hall, a fire dying on its broad hearth; a lamp burning on the wall, and a fat, elderly hall-porter drowsing in his big chair. There was the most perfect repose about the whole house, and with it an air that there were people still to come. Perhaps they had not arrived. Perhaps they were not coming here.

I was still drawing a breath of uneasiness over this fancy when I heard the clatter of feet on the steps outside, and the next moment some one rapped loudly on the door. The nodding porter leapt to his feet and ran to open. He flung the leaves of the door back, and in came Kesgrave, followed by Colin Lorel. No one else appeared, and the door was shut and fastened behind them.

Where was Cicely? I was so surprised that I stood staring at them until Kesgrave turned and came swiftly towards his cabinet, with Colin Lorel at his heels. Then I turned and darted, just in time, into the armoury.

They entered the cabinet. Kesgrave flung himself into a chair beside the fire, and Colin Lorel lighted the candles. Then they began to con-

verse, but in tones so low that I could catch nothing of their speech. The Earl seemed to be giving a host of directions, and Lorel commented on them.

I was more than a little puzzled what to do. Cicely was not here; so much was certain. How then to discover the nook in which they had bestowed her?

Suddenly the conference before me was broken up; the two men left the room, and I heard their footsteps die away along the hall. In another moment the sleepy porter came, blew out the candles, gave a glance at the fire to see that nothing could do mischief, and followed them.

I was now left alone in the darkened and silent house. So I returned to the window and swung myself out, took my sword, shoes, and cloak, and made my way to the shrubbery and next to the road. I could see nothing for it but to watch the Earl, to see whither he went, and that meant watching the house without an instant's break. I wished for Jan, who in these matters had a gift beyond price; and for a moment I had half a mind to go back to my lodgings to see if he had turned up there, but I feared to leave the place.

I kept my vigil at some little distance, and lest I should be espied—under a thick patch of shade. The moon sank lower and lower; but before I lost her light the east was paling with the dawn. Next the sun came up bright and clear, and the wind stirred among the trees and yellow leaves fluttered to my feet. Now the day was broad I hid behind the clump of bushes and watched the house through a thin place.

A figure came in sight in the distance, and my heart jumped in my breast. Could it be Jan? I peered out eagerly, and Jan it was. He came down the road slowly, and as he passed the house I saw his eyes darting out keen glances on every side. As he drew near I whistled softly; then he edged up to my covert, saw me, and went steadily on, turned a corner into a path bordered by high hedges, and disappeared. I waited a little, then went after him. He had come to a stand within a yard of the entrance, and sprang upon me at once, his eyes glittering with impatience and excitement.

'Captain,' he cried in a low, eager voice, 'where—where have you been? I've been waiting about your lodgings all of a passion to see you come, and no sign of you.'

'What do you know, Jan?'

'Everything,' he replied. 'I can take you to the house where they carried Miss Cicely as straight as a string. At last I thought you'd work back here again maybe, and glad I am I came to see.'

He hurried swiftly along the sheltered path, and I followed joyfully at his heels.

'Jan, Jan,' I cried, 'are you sure it is true?'



Are you certain you know the place? It seems too good to be true.'

'It's as true as we're marching along here, Captain,' said Jan, nodding over his shoulder, 'and I'll bring you there in thirty minutes from now, as sure as a gun.'

He said no more, but stepped out briskly until we came to the mouth of the passage and into the open street again; then he moderated his pace, and we walked abreast and he told me his story.

(To be continued.)

## STUDIES IN MILLIONAIRES.

### PART IV.



STRIKING illustration of the rapidity with which riches can be won, lost, and won again in American financial speculation is afforded by the history of the recent operations of the brothers William H. and James H. Moore. In 1896, as a result of the collapse of a speculative campaign in Diamond Match Company stock, the Moores, then operating in Chicago, were forced to the wall with assets of only £15,000 to meet liabilities of £800,000. Not long afterwards the Moores engaged in the promotion of the National Bisenit Company, and succeeded in bringing out a concern with £11,000,000 capital stock, which controls 90 per cent. of the bisenit output east of the Rocky Mountains. Their commission on this deal amounted to £400,000. Then they followed on in quick succession with the launching of other industrial combinations—such as the American Tinplate Company, the National Steel Company, and others, representing an aggregate total capitalisation of not less than £45,000,000, in less than two years. The firm's bankrupt debts of 1896 have been wiped out, and each of the brothers to-day is a multi-millionaire. These operations are small in comparison with what is being done by the financial kings of the more familiar names; but, as evidence of the quick changes and possibilities which ordinary men of nerve and daring and ability can accomplish in the American money-market, they are perhaps more to the point than would be the tales of the mightier workings of the Morgans, the Vanderbilts, and the Goulds, which come more frequently within public cognisance.

There is a man in Denver, Thomas J. Shelton, who is said to be making his £10,000 a year by selling what he calls 'vibrations;' and here again we have an example of a kind of money-making that could only be successfully pursued in a new country like America. Mr Shelton's 'vibrations,' which he sells at the rate of a dollar apiece, he himself explains as being a special force of his inner consciousness, which can be sent through space to purchasers by his mere act of will; and he claims for the 'vibrations' so sent a subtle power capable of influencing a man in any direction that may be desired. Mr Shelton is 'vibrating' daily for all sorts of clients, rich and poor,

his services being required generally in furtherance of an applicant's success in speculation, love, business, or it may even be the carrying out of some scheme of personal vengeance. The 'vibrations' can be exerted in whatsoever direction the 'vibrator' chooses, and all the gifted man requires as recompense is just one dollar for each 'vibration;' and if, as is reported, he is sending these mystic forces out at the rate of fifty thousand a year, there can be no doubt as to America being a fine field for special talent of this description. It almost goes without saying that Mr Shelton is classed amongst the millionaires, seeing that he owns, in addition to the steady income of £10,000 a year he is said to make by his 'practice,' extensive interests in mining and other money-yielding enterprises.

The ups and downs of American life are so great, and often so startling, that men at the bottom are continually bounding up to the top, and men at the top are frequently dipping to the bottom; though, as a rule, the men who force their way to the top remain there or thereabouts. The big financial names of the present year will in the main be the big names of the next year, with a few new ones squeezed in. Three years ago there was a man walking between sandwich-boards up and down the streets of Chicago; and being under thirty years of age and a healthy young fellow, he was naturally discontented with his lot. So he struck out west and tramped from Chicago to Kansas City; then on as best he could, sometimes getting a lift on a goods train, to the Pacific coast, where he found employment in a drinking-shop to sweep the floors and wash the spittoons. However, even this did not content him, so he made his way to the Klondike, with £50 he had somehow got together—the largest sum he had ever possessed; but the Klondike was a poor El Dorado for him. Not only had he no luck, but he was frozen and almost starved to death. Despondent, he turned back, and while on his melancholy journey news of the new gold find at Cape Nome reached him, and he proceeded thither, arriving at the camp with a total capital of three dollars. He at once took up a claim, and during the first week secured gold worth £160. After that he never looked back, but went on pulling the precious ore out of the earth in sufficient quantity to

make him a rich man in a very short time. He has already had offers for his mine that would make him a millionaire. The former sandwich-boardman and present gold-mine magnate is known to his familiars as Jake Halsey. Another former sandwich-boardman and tramp—Hiram Belding—made a million dollars within a twelve-month at Cape Nome.

With all the increased opportunities of recent years the standard of wealth in America has been greatly heightened; much more so than in any other country, though even with us our rich men are richer, as well as more numerous, than a decade or two ago.

Thirty years ago there was not a man in New York possessed of taxable property worth £10,000,000. W. B. Astor, according to the tax-books of the city for 1866-67, was credited with a property possession of only £3,370,000; W. C. Rhinelander, with a possession of £1,549,000; A. T. Stewart, £1,220,000; Peter and Robert Goelet, rather under £900,000; James Lenox, £850,000; Peter Lowland, £850,000; John David Wolfe, £799,000; M. M. Hendricks, £340,000; Rufus L. Lord, £300,000; and C. V. S. Roosevelt, £270,000. These ten men were thus shown to own one-tenth part of the whole taxable property of the city of New York; but their total assessed ownings of about £10,300,000 did not amount to the New York ownings of the Astors alone at the present day; nor would they be equal if we even allowed that what was put down as the rateable values of 1868 were perhaps not more than half the actual market value of the properties.

How many millionaires have appeared on the New York scene since then! The Vanderbilts had not begun to figure much as property-owners thirty years ago. The 'Commodore' was alive, and reputed to be immensely wealthy from his Wall Street speculations; but the Vanderbilt name did not blossom into its fuller significance until the 'Commodore's' son, William Henry, began to bring his abilities into play on the receptive soil of American financial adventure. The 'Commodore' died in 1877, leaving William Henry £15,000,000, which the latter, by a succession of brilliant strokes, augmented to the enormous sum of £40,000,000 before his death, which occurred only eight years later, in 1885. Prior to the sixties the millionaires of the world were mainly on our side of the Atlantic. Going back farther—to the thirties—there were only five men in New York who could really be regarded as rich; but even then an Astor—the original John Jacob, a native of Heidelberg—held the first position. The other four were Robert Lenox, John G. Coster, Stephen Whitney, and Nathaniel Prince.

All through the nineteenth century money-making opportunities have rapidly increased, and it is not likely that the world is going to slacken its pace now; it may, therefore, be safely assumed that millionaires will go on multiplying indef-

nitely, until perhaps the hundred richest men of the middle of the twentieth century will as far surpass those of the present day as the latter surpass their predecessors of fifty years ago. Invention will not cease; resources will not become exhausted; for as one set of the world's treasures gets absorbed another set will be discovered, and regions now comparatively unproductive will be opened up and will render their yield of riches to future generations. All this is stupendous to contemplate, but it is inevitable; and great fortunes will increase, unless means are found to limit individual possession of wealth. At present this does not seem probable or altogether feasible, although such ideas already form part of the day-dreams of a few philosophic minds and of certain formulators of equalistic ideals. The continued reign of the millionaire, however, would not be a thing to be much dreaded if the doctrine promulgated by Mr Carnegie should come to be adopted, and rich men should accept the teaching that to die wealthy is to die disgraced.

The lessons to be learned from the study of the lives of millionaires may be shaped to fit almost any theory of life and duty. Those who think the possession of riches the highest degree of worldly happiness will be stimulated to emulation; while those who have the contempt for riches that Coleridge had—when he declared that no man had need of more than £200 a year, and that all beyond brought trouble rather than enjoyment—will find in the experiences of millionaires an abundance of consoling deductions to bear out the scriptural axiom that riches are but vanity. Still, there are few amongst us who would refuse riches if they fell legitimately within our reach; and those who have anything pertinent to proclaim or divulge concerning the methods of growing rich will always be attentively listened to.

What have the rich men themselves had to say on the subject? What guide-posts have they put up? Is there any precise line of action which they are agreed in recommending? Their views, it is to be feared, are as various as to these things as their means, methods, and opportunities of acquiring wealth have been. How to get rich is to them the main problem of life, and there are so many men who have solved this problem satisfactorily for themselves that at first sight it would appear that they ought to be able to communicate to others the secrets of the money-making art, if secrets there are. The qualities necessary to success are as hard to define in regard to fortune-building as to any other special pursuit; and the millionaires who have tried to specify the requisites for achieving wealth cannot be said to have thrown any very vivid light on the subject.

Old Phineas T. Barnum said that getting rich was quite a simple process; all you had to do was to spend less than you earned and shun rum and tobacco. Russell Sage is responsible for a

piece of advice that one would hardly have expected from him, because he takes it from Shakespeare, and this bespeaks some literary taste, which he disavows. He recommends the young fortune-seeker to commit to memory, as he did, the advice of Polonius to Laertes, and try to live up to it; and if he does that, the Wall Street philosopher assures him, he will as certainly become rich as 'the night will follow the day.' Mr Carnegie tells the aspiring young man to make his presence felt by asking questions and generally presenting a bold front to his employer. Mr P. D. Armour, on being asked how he had managed to accomplish so much, returned the disquieting reply, 'By keeping my mouth shut.' Our British millionaires are chary of giving advice, and certainly have not given utterance to any original remark on fortune-making. One might run the whole gamut of expert opinion, from old J. J. Astor, with his 'Hold on' precept, to Charles T. Yerkes, whose dictum is to 'avoid the ticker'; yet if the whole of the wise saws of the millionaires were put together and sifted, they would be found to be a mass of commonplace platitude, familiar as the old copy-book texts of our school-days; but of the true outward and visible signs which could really help a man to wealth there would be next to nothing. As a rule the rich men pronounce emphatically for honesty, probity, integrity, and the other old-fashioned props of a good name—which the Psalmist, by the way, assessed as 'better than riches'; but there are hundreds of thousands of men possessing all these desirable qualifications who do not even reach the level of competence, far less riches. On the other hand, fortunes are frequently made by men who give very little thought to virtues of any kind; and it would not be a difficult matter to name millionaires, living and dead, who in piling up their wealth have indulged in practices that could not by any euphemism be accepted as standing for strict honesty.

There is, indeed, not much real moral fibre in modern money-making when it is thoroughly tested. Still, in itself, and as an abstract proposition, the

pursuit is worthy enough, and even healthy, and usefully exercises a man's energies. The rich man who is also a good man has it in his power to spread happiness around him in such measure that it yields happiness to himself; and there is one thing that stands to the credit of money-making, in spite of all that can be said against it: the man who has made himself rich often becomes a better man by the process; in the after-leisure of his affluence he gives himself time to think, new sympathies arise within him with the consciousness of his power to use his money to the advantage of others as well as to his own enjoyment, and many little meannesses that in the time of his struggle his selfishness would have given way to he shakes from him. There may be no great virtue in this; still, it is evidence of a surviving humanity, and operates for the general good. An ideal life, however, is impossible to the millionaire. After a certain point all wealth adds to a man's cares and responsibilities, and is probably more productive of discomfort than happiness. To possess a thousand things that you do not want and could do better without is simply to gratify the pride of possession, not to increase one's material comforts.

As the newspapers a short time ago recorded, an old spinster lady, Miss Sarah Bradford, whose life had been passed in a quiet country town, died, and there was found inscribed on her parlour mantelshelf the motto by which she had shaped her life. It was this: 'I shall pass this way but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now; let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.' The Wordsworthian simplicity of such a life contrasts powerfully with the larger action involved in the lives of the great millionaires; but the nearer the two kinds of existence can be brought into sympathy the better will it be for the world, for the millionaire 'will not pass this way again' any more than his humbler neighbour; and if a man has no higher record to leave behind him than that of merely having accumulated wealth his claim to remembrance is slight indeed.

## SYBIL'S SIN.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART IV.

**L**ET us sit down, Candy—my sweet Candy—and you shall tell me all about it. I've had a deal of nerve taken out of me.'

With these words, Burkitt Barker drew Candida back to her seat. He nestled against her. 'This is nice!' he whispered. His arm was round her waist.

Candida shelved her own troubles for the time. 'But you will soon be well now?' she asked faintly, yet with earnestness.

'Rather—now! I'm better every time your heart beats so near to mine. What the plague do you mean by hiding yourself, Candy? Oh! but there's that chap's idiotic tale about something or other. Begin at the beginning and tell me everything. Who is he, that he should know more about you than I do, I'd like to know?'

Candida's breathing was very rapid. The worst possible had come upon her; and it was so cruelly akin to the best possible!



'What can I do? What ought I to do?' she asked herself, with a sob in her throat.

'Put up your veil, child, and answer my questions.'

'No,' she said. 'I must not—that is, I cannot.' Then her agony discovered its own vent. 'Oh, why did you find me out?' she cried. 'Mr Halloway might have spared me this. I could have borne it all without you. Now I—I wish I could die at once. If only I could!'

Burkitt Barker's arm relaxed its pressure, to close around her the tighter the next moment.

'Who's masquerading—you or I?' he asked in wonder.

Candida did not answer.

'Come, child,' he said, with some sternness. 'I want to understand this mystery. I've the right to know. You came out for my sake—didn't you?'

'Oh, no! no!'

'No? That's bad. You don't mean to say—Candy, my dear, when did you take to fibbing?'

'I did not think I should see you,' she said.

'All right. That's good enough for me. You don't really suppose I've studied your blessed little face and mind day after day for months without being able to construe you pretty straight by this time?'

'I came out for both our sakes. I wanted to try and forget you.'

She tried to hope that these words would be plain enough.

'So?' said he, with a faint laugh. 'Fil number two!'

'No, Burkitt, it is the truth. I swear it!' she exclaimed.

'Oh, indeed! You swear it? After that, Candy, I can't expect to get much truth out of you in your present depraved state of mind. And this is the young lady who had the audacity to undertake to teach my little nipper of a sister morals and geography! Candy, I'm ashamed of you. Still, it helps to pass the time. Why won't you unveil to me?'

'I—daren't!' she whispered.

'So I should think. I'm delighted, you sweet sinner, that you have some proper feeling left in you. Candy, drop all this faring and out with it. What does that fellow mean by saying there's some trouble about you and some diamonds?'

Then, with a great gasp, Candida stepped boldly again on the new road which she had chosen, and from which she had diverged, in faintest fancy, just for a pace or two.

She untwined Burkitt's fingers from her waist. It was hard and difficult, but she did it. Her silence aided her in depressing him.

'I must go,' she stammered, rising. 'I cannot bear it.'

He held on to her other arm, trying to keep her down.

'For the matter of that,' he said bitterly, 'it's about as much as I can bear too. I'm under doctor's orders not to be agitated, and here you—Don't you really care for me, Candy?'

For answer she sobbed again, and, stooping over him, drew his loosened coat about his neck and buttoned it.

'Good-night, dear,' she whispered brokenly. 'And think the best possible of me.'

Then she glided from him and to her cabin, the door of which she shut with a feeling that she thus severed herself from the last ray of sunshine in her life.

As for Burkitt Barker, he had much ado to keep that enraged and weakened heart of his from playing the craven with him as once before at Belmont. Wounds then and wounds now. But the first wounds were, in themselves, a sort of wild joy to him. These others were terrible—goads to desperation.

He tottered in search of Mr Halloway, about whose actual identity he had felt no interest until that day. Mr Halloway was just leaving the smoke-room to lock up Candida for the night, if it so happened that the romantic meeting aft was at an end. Burkitt surprised him in the act of turning the key. Candida had wished him 'good-night' in a tone that forbade conversation.

This new discovery for the moment astonished Burkitt out of his wrath.

'Is that *her* cabin?' he asked. The doctor had shown casual reticence about their neighbour.

'It is, sir,' replied the detective. 'So you and she were acquaintances—pleasurable acquaintances, I may venture to hope?'

'Come this way. I want to speak to you.'

Burkitt Barker's manner piqued Mr Halloway. There was not a shred of gratitude in it for the favour (as it might well be regarded) which Mr Halloway had of his own free-will and kindness conferred upon him.

They went to the ship's side together. A lighthouse was flashing forth its message from the home-land; but Burkitt did not give it a thought.

'Now, then, sir,' he began, 'what is the meaning of it all?'

Mr Halloway chuckled in protest.

'Tell me now,' said he. 'If that's your way, I'll refer you to the Chief-Constable of Hampton. You're not *my* superior officer, at all events. I wish you a good night.'

Burkitt Barker received a rating from the doctor for his temperature by-and-by; and the rating was followed by serious warnings when it seemed evident that something had happened which made the invalid completely indifferent about his pulse, his temperature, and everything else.

Neither Burkitt nor Candida slept much that night. The thoughts of each of them went

beyond the feeble barrier that separated them, and stayed there.

However, in the morning, though quite ill again, Burkitt made another effort to straighten the mystery. He defied Mr Holloway and all the thunder and lightning of the law, and before Mr Holloway's own face knocked at Candida's door.

'I want you,' he said.

'Please don't. Please go away,' came back the half-choked reply.

'Not till I've seen you!' said Burkitt.

Mr Holloway interposed with the request that there might be no scenes. Two or three passengers, being surfeited with the pleasure of the English coast-line, now near at hand, had pricked up their ears in the gangway.

'You and your scenes be hanged! I mean to see Miss Cope.'

'Certainly, if she is willing; but if not, I shall ask the captain to interfere,' said Mr Holloway.

'I'm not going till I've seen you,' said Burkitt, vouchsafing no answer other than a look to the detective.

Then the door opened. Seeing Candida's face, Mr Holloway turned his back.

'Well?' said Burkitt tenderly. He too was awed by Candida's white, drawn face.

'What do you want?' she asked, but just audibly.

'I want you to be sensible, Candy,' said he. 'We shall be landing in the afternoon.'

But she shook her head.

'Don't!' she whispered. 'Please don't. Go ashore and—forget me. Indeed, there is nothing more for me to say. You make it so hard for me!'

'Is that all?'

'That is all.'

Then Burkitt Barker turned away, and Candida's door closed again.

'It's just as well I'm not myself,' said Burkitt furiously to Mr Holloway as he passed him by; 'else I'd find it hard to keep my fingers from your throat.'

'That,' murmured Mr Holloway, 'comes of playing Good Samaritan in an amateur sort of way. Well, it just serves me right. I'll be thankful when I hand over this job to others it may suit better than it suits me.'

On towards the Needles, and past them up the Solent, sped the good ship *Duke*, in 'Queen's weather' this day. The blue sky and the crisp air braced many hearts on board which were in sorry need of bracing; but Candida was not among these happier ones. She sat in the first-officer's cabin and waited dumbly for what Fate had next in store for her.

'Look here,' said Burkitt to Mr Holloway as the *Duke* steamed straight towards the quay, 'I am not going to leave you a free hand even yet. Kindly understand it.'

'That,' said Mr Holloway, 'remains to be seen.'

He was already eyeing the crowd assembled on the quay, and hoping the Chief-Constable of Hampton might be among them to ease him in part of his responsibility. The wire had been sent off all right, and some one at all events might be expected. Meanwhile there was no particular need to hurry off the *Duke*. Hampton could not be reached that night.

Shouts of welcome, the fluttering of handkerchiefs, the music of a regimental band (for others about to sail), and the lively commands of the *Duke's* captain did what they could to distract Burkitt Barker from his own especial trouble. So did something else. In the name of common-sense, what was his aged grandmother thinking about that she also should be part of this welcoming crowd? There was no mistaking her. Sybil too was there, with excited eyes but not much of a smile. The child waved a handkerchief, but didn't seem as if she enjoyed doing it.

Burkitt leaned over the side and nodded and smiled, and felt that he was a bit of a brute in not warming to the core at the prospect of the reunion, safe and fairly sound, with his nearest relatives. But he did not attempt to dissemble. The blot on his bliss was much too broad for that.

A few minutes more and the embracing and kissing were through.

Lady Barker had sighed, 'Oh, my boy! my poor dear boy, how you are changed!'

Sybil had kissed him stonily.

Burkitt thought to himself, 'If I'm changed, I wonder what they are!'

Then Lady Barker's eyes wandered past him, and so did Sybil's. The child was nervously excited. She was the first to spring on the subject that was in all their hearts.

'Isn't she with you, Burkitt?' she asked.

'She? What she?'

'Miss Cope! Oh Burkitt, where is she? I have been a beast, and I do so want her to forgive me.'

Sybil's cheeks flamed now.

'Yes,' added Lady Barker wearily, 'it is a miserable business. Surely you do not need to be told about it, Burkitt? Is she not on board?'

Burkitt passed a trembling hand over his brow.

'Oh,' said he, 'so you are in the secret? Well, look here, gran, if you don't mind, I should like to know this very instant what it all means. I was all but mad last night.'

Sybil began to cry.

'Let me, granny,' she whispered. 'She wrote me such a beautiful letter, Burkitt, forgiving me, you know; but I'd repented before I got it—hadn't I, granny?'

'Sybil has been very wicked—very terribly wicked indeed,' said Lady Barker. 'I do not know what reparation it is in our power to offer poor Can—poor Miss Cope.'

'I'm still in Egyptian darkness,' said Burkitt impatiently, staring first at his little sister and then at his grandmother.

The latter seemed at length to guess what was wanted.

'Has she not told you about—my diamonds?' she asked in a low voice.

'Not a word. There's a beggar in—in charge of her. He mentioned diamonds, but Candida not a word.'

'Oh granny!' exclaimed Sybil, clasping her hands, 'she meant that letter; I know she did. She'd have gone to prison, and all that, and not confessed a thing if I hadn't done it for her. Oh, I am glad I saved her! I stole granny's best diamonds, Burkitt; and when Miss Cope wasn't looking I hid 'em in her box. That wasn't all. I told the most awful tale about her you could ever imagine. I said I saw her creep in in the night. That was when she'd left us three days. I wouldn't confess anything at first. I have been a wicked girl, and no mistake!'

But for the tears in her eyes Burkitt might have supposed she was rather proud of herself. The tears and the vigorous sob into her handkerchief that followed made a difference.

'Well, said Burkitt, 'this beats all. She's not romancing, I suppose?'

Lady Barker shook her head.

Little Sybil herself answered him.

'Whatever I am, I hope I'm not a liar!' she exclaimed.

'You're something a good deal worse, then,' said Burkitt. 'I'm going right back to fetch her.'

He was returning to the steamer when his grandmother stopped him.

'Perhaps we had better wait,' she said. 'Major Day is here on purpose. He came down from Hampington with us. Is he not yonder? And—'

Burkitt also now saw the Hampington Chief-Constable. He left his grandmother. Major Day and Candida were coming ashore together, and Mr Halloway was behind, looking very jaunty. Candida still wore her veil.

Burkitt greeted the Chief-Constable with a short nod, a smile, and the words, vibrating with controlled passion:

'Excuse me, Day; Miss Cope is in my hands; and I'll take care she never leaves them again!'

Major Day seemed a little surprised, but released his arm from Candida's. He had felt her quiver; but that, of course, was nothing. Such very strong and significant language was enough to disturb any girl.

'I am at Miss Cope's disposal,' he said blandly.

'That's all right; but she's not at yours, old chap,' said Burkitt. Then, as he took the Chief-Constable's place, he whispered to Candida, in a tone that brought tears of a new kind to her eyes, 'Come along, dear, and let them beg your

pardon, and get it over. They'll get *your* pardon fast enough; but mine is another matter.'

Mr Halloway rubbed his hands gleefully.

'Never was better pleased in my life, sir!' he confided to Major Day.

'Yes, it's a rum business!' this gentleman assented. 'You can give me the stones as soon as you like.'

'Oh Burkitt,' whispered Candida, 'must I go to them? I—I don't want them to beg my pardon or anything. I'm only tired, and want to be alone.'

Burkitt made a sound that might, without indelicacy, be described as a snort.

'You're my property,' he said. 'Afterwards—but it's all right, dear one. I'll cut it short.'

There was something pathetic in its way in old Lady Barker's open-armed welcome when it came. She took the girl to her bosom as if she were her own child, and purred over her.

Sybil did better still. This was a preconceived plan, which much recommended itself to her dramatic small mind. Even while Candida was in her grandmother's arms, she spread her handkerchief on the quay pavement, and before the others could guess at her intention she was on her knees.

'Miss Cope, dear Miss Cope!' she cried, with appealing, bright eyes, 'please say you forgive me.'

'Get up, you little owl!' said Burkitt.

'Sybil!' exclaimed Lady Barker, suddenly giving Candida her freedom. 'How dare you!'

'I'm not a little owl, and I'll not get up till Miss Cope tells me to. I don't care about people staring either.—Miss Cope!'

Candida stooped down and lifted her.

'Won't you kiss me, dear?' she said faintly. 'Of course I forgive you.'

Then the little girl sprang into her arms, and shed kisses and tears on Candida's cheeks until her brother pulled her away.

'After that,' said Burkitt, 'I think it's about time to clear out. But just one word, gran, while we're at it. You said something just now about reparation. There's no need to think of it. I'm going to marry Candida as soon as possible. Our recent pack of troubles is only a family affair, you see. I'm going to marry her in spite of herself, of you, and the whole world. That's all. Now let's get off to the hotel.'

Lady Barker said nothing in comment on these great words; to tell the truth, she was prepared for some such communication. But to Sybil they were as interesting as a comet.

'Oh, I am glad!' she exclaimed impetuously. 'I've prayed such a lot against jealousy for days and days, and I'm not a bit jealous now. Do let me carry your bag, dear!'

Burkitt gave it into her hands, though Candida was not quite so willing to oblige.

'Take it, you imp!' he said, with a laugh.



## THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

By ETHELINDA HADWEN.



THE position of women has very greatly altered within the last fifty years; and in considering the education of girls now, one must first consider the place which they will occupy in the world when education—that is, education in the sense of a preparation for the adult life—has been completed. Formerly the only really honourable and respected position which a girl could expect was that of a wife. The old maid was looked down upon as one who had failed in her aim in life, and was fair game for jokes and satire on that account. Truth to tell, many women not in the least degree fitted for marriage, much less for motherhood, married for the sake of being married, to avoid the unhappy position of the superfluous spinster. Notwithstanding the fact that marriage was the only profession open to gentlewomen, and therefore the one towards which the education of girls was directed, the girl's educators carefully fostered in her only the superficial sex qualities and accomplishments likely to attract the lover, and did not in any way prepare her for the duties she would have to perform, either towards her husband or towards the children for whose welfare she might be responsible.

The education and training of girls in all ranks of life is still conducted too much on purely sex lines, and tends to develop sex qualities at the expense of the general and human qualities of the citizen.

Little girls are taught to play with dolls, and then their fondness for them is said to show maternal instinct. Boys of tender years are equally pleased to play with dolls; but we never hear this attributed to paternal instinct. Mothers and nurses accentuate the difference of sex from very earliest infancy. Take for instance the way they treat the babies who fall or hurt themselves. The boy-baby is told he must not cry, because that is like a girl; he must be brave and take his troubles like a man. Girl-babies are petted and comforted instead. There is no reason why girls should not be taught the virtues of courage, endurance, and presence of mind as well as boys. Women are sometimes confronted by thieves, drunken men, and tramps in country places. Do they not require courage and presence of mind in these encounters? Accidents either to mothers themselves or their children, requiring prompt courage and resourcefulness, often happen when women are alone.

Boys are early encouraged to be independent; girls would like to be independent, but are not allowed to be so. The popular idea is that a woman should be weak. We talk about the weaker

sex as though it were the inevitably right and proper thing that women should be weak, and illogical, and absurd in their reasoning powers. Out of weakness come deceitfulness, dissimulation, disloyalty. Are these the qualities that we wish mothers to exhibit to their sons as they grow up? Are these the qualities best fitted for the mothers of noble men and women? Let us, therefore, carefully train our girls to habits of self-reliance and calm reasoning powers.

In the existing economic conditions there are many girls for whom marriage is an impossibility. Marriage is the ideal condition for both men and women; but in a country where many men are only able to obtain a bare living for themselves, and where, further, women are largely in the majority, it is a cruel thing to bring girls up so that all their thoughts, ideals, and hopes of comfort and happiness are centred on marriage. We should so fill the girl's life with work and interest that while unmarried she may live a happy and socially useful life in economic independence. We need not fear that by so doing we shall make her disinclined to marry if the opportunity presents itself. We cannot, if we would, eliminate the forces of nature; we can safely leave them to develop themselves. At present we are not leaving nature to follow her own course; we are exaggerating the sex characteristics of our girls, which is not only an unnecessary but a most unwise proceeding.

It is not, however, any more sensible to try to train girls in all respects as boys are trained. We ought to take into account the special aptitudes and characteristics and faculties of women, and make the girl the best woman and the best and most healthy human being that we can, according to her capacity. We must see that our little girl has plenty of plain, nourishing food, and full liberty to run and play and take exercise and develop her body, for without a healthy body a woman cannot have a healthy mind. Now, there is only a certain amount of vital force in each child's body; if you, by giving too much brain and nerve-straining work, oblige all that vital force to concentrate itself on the brain, where is the force which is to form the healthy body to come from? You will not produce a noble, large-minded woman if you give the girl-child a puny, half-developed body because you are desirous of putting too much music, German, and French into her brain in too short a time. Of what use is book learning to a girl who has no health? Moreover, too much nerve-straining brain-work means not merely impaired health, but also impaired personal appearance. A good complexion, good teeth, fine hair, clear bright eyes, an erect, active

figure, are not found in the girl whose brain has been systematically overworked. Six hours of brain-work is the most that should be expected of any schoolgirl in one day; but girls of fifteen and sixteen are so overloaded with lessons that they work, not six hours, but nine and ten hours a day. Now, an eight hours' day of brain-work is considered quite sufficient for a strong man: how is it reasonable to expect that a girl who has not only to expend brain-power, but also growing-power, and whose nervous system is in such a condition that the labour is far harder in proportion for her, shall work for two hours longer per day than the strong man? The thing is absurd, and the general result is that the girls too often, like Senior Wranglers, have exhausted their brains and lost all power of original thought before they leave the academic world and enter the world of action.

Girls should not go to school until they are seven years of age. Before that age they may be taught to sew, to knit, and to do small household duties. They may also be taught the names and the structure of plants, to recognise the stars, and they may be taught to speak a foreign language by conversation. At the age of seven they should not have more than three hours of lesson-work daily—two hours in the morning and one in the afternoon. At the age of nine the time may be increased to four hours daily, and at the age of twelve to five hours, which should continue till the child reaches the age of fourteen. At the age of fourteen the girl should leave school for a year. That year will be most usefully spent in building up a reserve stock of strength and in learning housewifely tasks. At the age of eighteen or nineteen a girl is apt to become impatient over the routine of household tasks, whereas the girl of fourteen or fifteen is deeply interested, and quite ready to learn. After a year's interval she will go back to school with zest, and her mind, having had a rest, is so invigorated that she more than makes up in quickness of comprehension and power for the time which has been otherwise spent. During this year of change of work the girl may profitably read the standard romances, books of travel, histories of countries other than her own, poetry, and other books which are just as valuable in educative power as the text-books used in the school, but which she had no time to read while pursuing the ordinary school curriculum. The close companionship of the mother, too, is very valuable for a girl at what is a transition period in her life. She is no longer a child, and yet is not a woman. In that period of mental change, the absence of the excitement of school bustle and competition is a great help towards the production of that calm and quiet spirit which is so restful to others, and so much happier than the restless, nervous impatience of the modern high-school girl.

Surely every woman should know how to

conduct the affairs of a household with her own hands—sewing, laundry-work, cooking, &c. Whether she actually does the work in after-life, or has it performed by servants, she should have the sure practical knowledge which alone enables an employer to direct labour with efficiency.

Every woman should know how to take care of little children, apply simple remedies for ordinary accidents, and to perform such sick-nursing as does not require the services of a trained nurse. Every woman should be carefully taught the ordinary laws of health, and especially how to take care of her own health. Girls should also be so instructed in knowledge of the world that they may be able to take care of themselves in difficult situations; they should also be taught something of the laws which govern the ordinary affairs of life, and the more usual business transactions; they ought to know how to conduct ordinary business correspondence with prudence, be required to keep careful accounts of any money entrusted to them, and be trained to be punctual in carrying out the engagements they may make or work they may undertake. Girls should never be allowed to be slipshod in their methods, but should be required to have things exactly right, not approximately so. The inaccuracy of the work of many women is the greatest drawback to their employment; and the evil does not stop there. The habit of inaccuracy enters into the girl's way of thinking, produces carelessness in the use of words, and comes out continually in her general conversation or in her description of an incident or statement of a fact; and this, of course, without the slightest wish to be untruthful. Thus the habit, if unchecked, becomes a serious blemish to character as well as a drawback to employment.

In addition to the general requirements stated above, and the usual school education in the three R's, history, and geography, girls should certainly be taught at least one European language thoroughly. The mere exercise of translating from one language into another is a valuable training in accuracy in the use of words, and it enlarges the mind, by giving greater variety of language and wider scope for expression of thought. Moreover, the power of reading the thoughts of another nation in that nation's language is a check to the insularity which is one of our greatest faults. After these things we should find out what special talent our girl possesses, and so cultivate that talent that she may earn her livelihood by its exercise. Work is the greatest blessing for every human being; and because women happen to be women they should not be deprived of that great blessing if they, as the phrase goes, do not require to work.

Finally, as to the moral qualities: we should try to give our girls a quiet strength of mind and body which will enable them to think calmly and reason out the conduct of their lives and

daily business. We want them to go about their work quietly, doing it efficiently and unostentatiously. We also want them to be loving and kind. We want them to be of the sunshiny family who go about the world with hearts and eyes open to see what kindness they can do, what pleasant words they can speak, to make the wheels of life run smoother. It is not great deeds that make people's lives happy; it is the little pleasantnesses of daily life. A most loving father wrote to his young daughter on her fourteenth birthday: 'And now, dear, let me hope that you have had a happy day to-day, and remind you that our happiness is in our own hands, and for the most part consists in the pains we take to please others. Try every day to have always a kind word for every one that speaks to you, and seek your pleasure in making others happy.'

Then the girl should be taught to be just. Women are apt to judge too hastily without knowing all the circumstances; this tendency should be carefully repressed, while at the same time the girl should be encouraged to feel and show honest indignation at meanness and uncharitableness, and grasping, dishonest grinding down of the unfortunate.

To crown all, our girl should have that faith and trust in a wise and loving Heavenly Father which will help and sustain her through the trials of life. Nothing but a real, living religion can keep us safe and happy through the difficulties and temptations and disappointments that surely come, and nothing but faith in God gives meaning and consistency to our efforts to be good. But religious training should never be forced, nor should it begin too early. The very simplest explanation that there is a Father above us whom we must try to please because He loves us, and sent His Son to teach us because He loved us, and that that Son specially loves little children, is sufficient for a little child; but, with growing strength and power of brain, careful religious instruction should be made the corner-stone of the child's education. Gentle courtesy and kindly politeness should be rather the outcome of a Christian spirit of brotherly love than of the teaching of the etiquette of society, though the learning of the usages of polite people is one of the most important parts of education. A tactless, rough, ungracious woman will not be tolerated among well-bred people, no matter how brilliant her intellectual qualities may be.

The mother is a very important factor in a girl's life. If she be a wise and loving mother, gifted with large patience and the power of seeing the future noble woman through the crude aspirations and priggishness and immature self-assertion of her young daughter, there will be no

'revolt,' no fret and jar, between mother and daughter—they will be loving friends.

The influence of a good, manly, upright man is also very great on his young daughters, who look up to him with reverence, in leading them to noble aims and teaching them to avoid petty feminine scandalmongering and uncharitableness. May I suggest that the fathers should take their share in the writing of letters to their children at school? Fathers have no right to complain bitterly that their grown-up daughters only come to talk to them when they want money if they have taken no interest and active part in their upbringing. Love creates love, and the parents must show their love if they wish to invoke response on the part of the children. The parents must also curb their tempers in their intercourse with each other, for dispeace in the home plays havoc with children's nerves and tempers. If you wish children to be good-tempered, see that their nerves are not overstrained and overexcited. Children—especially little children—should live very calm and uneventful days, and the persons who surround them should be of quiet, sunshiny dispositions. The children's pleasures should be simple and inexpensive, no matter how wealthy the parents may be. They should be kept in the background when visitors are present, and in no way brought forward and shown off, else they become filled with self-importance. They should be encouraged to make their own amusements, and should by no means be given everything for which they ask, whether reasonable or unreasonable. If the request be unreasonable, the reason for the refusal should be given; and if the request be such as may be granted, it is not always well to give the coveted article at once, as in later life we cannot have all we want, even though our wants seem very reasonable. The discipline of drudgery should not be forgotten. The modern tendency is to do away with drudgery almost entirely; but I think that a mistake. Certainly let the parents guide, help, and direct their children; but do not make life too easy for them; let them take their fair share of trouble and responsibility.

It is wise to insist upon a child's using her own judgment whenever that is possible, even at the cost of mistakes; but let her always be sure of loving sympathy. Do not discourage innovations just because they are innovations. Nothing is more benumbing or disheartening to young enthusiasm than blank refusal. 'I forbid you because I forbid you' is a stupid phrase.

The end and aim of all education and moral training of girls is to make the adult woman self-reliant, capable, resourceful, able to say 'No,' and cheerfully to do without the things that her means will not allow her to possess.



## A NEW INDUSTRY.



ANY new industries have been developed in the British Isles at the close of the last century. One of the most novel had its birth in the vicinity of Buckingham—namely, that of the manufacture from the milk of creameries, after the butter has been extracted, of a substance known by the highly classical name of plasmon. This substance takes its name from the Greek, meaning 'that which gives form.'

The fresh milk as it comes from the cow is put into a separator, all the cream being removed by this method. The separated milk is afterwards treated so as to coagulate all the proteids of the milk; and this coagulated mass is then kneaded and dried at a temperature of seventy degrees centigrade under an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. When perfectly free from moisture, the plasmon is ground into a granular powder which is completely soluble in hot water.

As an article of commerce this substance has a great future before it, and it opens up a fine field for the farmer or dairy-keeper to get rid of the separated milk.

The process of manufacture is an expensive, though very rapid, one; special machinery having to be got from Germany, as the substance was originally prepared there by a well-known chemist named Siebold.

As to the economic value of plasmon there can be no doubt when it is known that the German Government supply it in very large quantities to the army and navy. As a portable, concentrated nutrient, according to the German Government Department for the Investigation of Food-Stuffs for the Troops, it has been found that one ounce of this powder is equal in nourishing and sustaining properties to three and a quarter pounds of the finest beef-steak, or to about ten or twelve pints of milk.

A food-stuff of such high nutrient value ought to supply a long-felt want in the way of emergency rations for 'Tommy Atkins' when on active service. If it could be had in the form of a tablet, the soldier could carry quite a good square meal in his haversack. It has been used at the front with very marked success in feeding the typhoid patients.

One class of society ought to hail with triumph the advent of this new product, as it will make up the oft-bemoaned lack of albumen in their staple articles of diet—vegetables. It is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and thus comes as a godsend to the poor vegetarian.

Plasmon will also prove of the highest economic value in the carrying out of the open-air treatment of consumption. It ought to form a most

valuable article of diet for such cases, as from its composition it consists of the elements which go to build up a healthy frame, able to withstand the ravages of microbes of all kinds. One newspaper in London spoke of it as the 'magic food.' How far that is true cannot at present be estimated; but there is no doubt that a food such as this will provide an excellent diet for those who have to undergo great muscular strain, such as cyclists and athletes. It has proved of the greatest value in racing and stud stables. It does not put on fat, but flesh, and renders the muscles hard and firm. At present this new food is used in one of the leading training-stables with marked success.

From observations made by the writer, plasmon forms one of the most ideal foods for treating, or rather dieting, persons inclined to be of a corpulent nature, being admirably adapted for carrying out the Salisbury or Banting treatment of obesity, by giving a rich nitrogenous aliment to set up a healthy metabolism of the fat-cells, with the proportionate increase of hard, firm muscular tissue.

[The address of the Plasmon syndicate is, The International Plasmon, Limited, 56 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.]

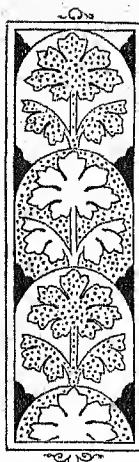
## IN APRIL.

Do you ever think, as I think, when the April sunshine falls  
In a flood of yellow splendour on the gray old city street,  
Lighting up the narrow houses with their smoke-discoloured walls,  
And the pavement ever grimy from the tread of many feet—  
Do you think of leafy woodlands, where the hidden cuckoo calls,  
And the primroses gleam faintly, and the hyacinths are sweet?

Do you ever hear, as I hear, 'mid the hubbub of the town,  
Soft music made by silvery waves upon a quiet shore;  
Or the laughter of glad winds that rush across the open down  
To dry the tearful blossoms when an April shower is o'er?  
Do you ever know, as I know, how these undertones can drown  
All the strident sounds of labour and the traffic's ceaseless roar?

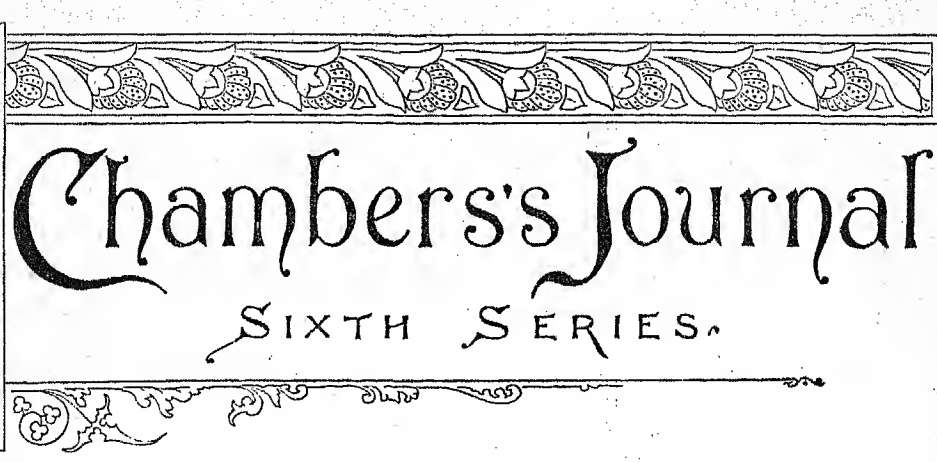
Do you ever long, as I long, for a glimpse of wide blue skies,  
Which no creeping fog will darken, where no steep roofs intervene;  
But the snowy clouds part softly as the homo-bound swallow flies  
Through their drifting sunlit fleeces, with the azure space between—  
Do you ever long, as I long, with a mist before the eyes,  
And a prayer that trembles on the lips: 'Lord, keep such memories green!'

E. MATHESON.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### SEALED ORDERS.

By R. RAMSAY.

I.

**B**ESS COURAGE was standing at her door. Her golden hair was flying, a little wild, round her face; she gathered her black skirts with one hand behind her, and with the other began flinging crumbs to the peacocks.

Up the avenue came a rattle and trip of horses; the peacocks fled shrieking down the great white steps, and the lady's skirts were half-hidden in a gay whirl of feathers. She laughed to herself, and then looked with a little dread at the carriage-roof piled with trunks.

'How do you do, Polly?'

The visitor was a stout woman, elderly, and of the kind who pry. She hopped up the steps with the bold air of a near relation.

'It was kind of you to ask me, Aunt Elizabeth,' she said. She never allowed poor Bess to forget that she was her aunt by marriage.

Bess put up her hands to her flying golden hair and smiled. The visitor followed her look to where a lean man was tramping up, dragged down by the weight of a huge portmanteau.

'It can't be Joseph?', she cried and frowned.

'Oh,' said Bess quickly, 'I thought you would amuse each other.'

It was her duty to ask these relatives once a year, and she had thought to take them both at a gulp. But the arrivals glared at each other with eyes full of deadly hate as the man approached, injured and hot and dusty.

'Why are you walking?' cried the hostess, shocked.

He put down his portmanteau with an affected sigh.

'It's nothing, my aunt. Simply the lack of Mammon.'

Bess was accustomed to thrusts like that made by her late husband's people. The General had been arbitrary in his testamentary dispositions.

No. 174.—VOL. IV.

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'I'm so sorry,' she said. 'The carriage had to go to the other station for Mrs Cox; but I said a cab'—

'The porter was very pressing that I should take a cab,' said Joseph, with the air of having outwitted an interested party; 'but I caught up my bag and slipped through the upper gate. I can't afford'—

'You would not have had to pay for it,' said Bess. 'I ordered the cab to bring you.'

'Oh!' in a rueful gasp.

Bess turned towards the hall.

'Come in and have tea before you go up to dress,' she said, with a perplexed smile. Poor things, they hated her, as she knew; but it was awkward to find that they should also hate each other. They followed her in, walking far apart.

'Anybody dining with you to-night?' asked Mrs Cox casually, as she stirred her tea.

'I've asked Dalcarrés.'

The enemies' eyes were lit with a sudden gleam.

John Gordon of Dalcarrés was standing, tall and shy, among the dim lights of the drawing-room. It was empty; but there was a slight quiver in the curtains shutting in the little writing-den beyond. He heard a strange sound, like sobbing, behind the glimmering Indian reeds. He had begun to march forward, and then he had stopped, afraid.

He was a big man, with strong arms and a little stoop in the shoulders—not a writing stoop, but the kind that often comes with leaning over a horse, as a long man will. There was no mistaking John Gordon's seat in the saddle.

He took a long stride at last—eager, unsteady—across all the gay litter of this woman's room; but his step had been heard already; the woman

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inside had lifted her head with a start. He reached her in an instant, parting the jingling reeds.

'Why were you crying?' he said abruptly.

'It was nothing,' said Bess. 'I—I'm rather tired.'

She looked straight at him, with a little defiant smile; but her lip was quivering back to tears. John Gordon took both her hands determinedly in his; his ears were startled yet with that sound of bitter crying.

'Look here,' he said. 'What is the matter? Trust me. I'm an old friend, Mrs Courage—I'm an old friend. Perhaps'—

He broke off abruptly, waiting. Her cheeks grew scarlet, and she could not any longer look him straight in the face; she turned away her rumpled golden head as she felt his strong fingers tight on hers.

'Oh,' she said, 'don't mind. I'm just a coward. I've got those two in the house, and they hate me so. They would like me to die; they are always watching, watching. I remember—I heard—how eager they were once when I was ill.'

'Why?' asked Dalcarrés. He remembered. There had been stories of their impatience. He had ridden ten miles each evening, and waited in the snow to catch the doctor. Had she heard that too?

'Because of that awful money. Oh, how I hate it!'

A curious line came round John Gordon's mouth, as if— But he held her hands fast and listened.

'I saw them look at each other,' she said, 'and their faces were simply murderous. If they can look like that at each other because one of them might—get it—oh! how must they look at me? It frightens me. I see them wish poison into the cup I drink; and if I should hear them at night creeping—creeping'—

The little hands tightly clasped in his were shaking. Was this the Bess Courage whose pluck was famous, the richest woman in the county, and the most unattainable?

'Laugh at me,' she said wistfully. 'Oh! laugh at me; but remember I'm a most poor woman and a stranger; and—and I'm all alone.'

John Gordon felt a sudden leap at his heart; he put out his strong right arm to fold round her and hold her safe— And then there was a high cackle behind the reeds, and Mrs Cox sidled in.

'Half in the dark, Aunt Elizabeth! Do you want your poor relation to break her neck?' Putting relation in the singular was a fine slap at the man who walked just behind.

'It's dinner, I think,' said the widowed girl who held that mock title. She lifted her head bravely, as became a General's widow, and led the way formally with Dalcarrés. The other two had to walk side by side.

Involuntarily they looked at each other and then at the pair in front.

'Eh?' said Joseph.

'Humph!' said Mrs Cox significantly. 'Too cautious.' Then they glared at each other again like tigers.

They were still sitting at dessert, a silent little company. Bess had been trying to talk and failed, and Dalcarrés was gazing at her with a slow earnestness that was not lost upon the two third parties. Now one of the servants brought in a telegram. The mistress of the house took it up listlessly as a thing of business; then she read it with a cry:

'Oh! it's Archie!' she said. 'It's Archie!'

They all started. Surprise had driven away all the wistful weariness of her manner; her eyes were shining; her cheeks were red.

'And who is Archie?' asked Joseph quickly.

'My cousin—my soldier-cousin,' said Bess. 'He has got leave—he is coming home—he has landed!'

Mrs Cox looked at her thoughtfully.

'Let me see,' she said. 'Did I meet him at the—wedding?'

'No,' answered Bess, a bright scarlet heightening the young eagerness in her face. 'He sailed for India that morning.'

'Oh.'

'We were brought up together, you know,' said she, turning to Dalcarrés—the only one who had asked nothing—and I haven't seen him since. Polly'—

Mrs Cox was attentive.

'You must stay on with me while he is here, to—to'—

'To play propriety,' said Mrs Cox. 'Of course.'

'I shall be charmed,' said Joseph, calmly adding himself to the invitation. There was a certain breathlessness in both their voices.

John Gordon said good-night soon; his horse was brought round, and he galloped away in the dark. Bess had thanked him for coming in a neighbourly fashion to cheer them up; but her eyes were still dazzled with that surprise.

Joseph, having politely seen him to the door, returned to find that the other two had retired. He was about to take up his own candle, when he heard a rustle of skirts above—Mrs Cox foraging for a novel to read in bed. She paused on the stairs, and then, believing the coast clear, ventured, 'Oh!' She halted, caught in her thick red dressing-gown, with her hair pinched up in pins all round her head—and the rest left behind her; and she glared at Joseph as one might at a serpent.

'I am exceedingly glad to see you,' he said. There was a new civility in his tone, or else a horrid sarcasm. It arrested her in her flight.

'Why?' she asked.



'Because I think the time has come for us to form an alliance.'

She looked at him sharply, and then, suddenly, she sat down. They exchanged glances of intelligence, in their eyes an odd mixture of triumph and apprehension.

'We both know the terms,' said Joseph, 'of our late uncle's will.'

'Everything to his widow,' answered Mrs Cox promptly, 'until she married.'

'Or if she died,' said Joseph, 'it would go to the next of kin.'

'Don't suggest,' gasped Mrs Cox, looking guiltily round.

He laughed sardonically.

'I was not suggesting that she should die,' he said. 'I only suggest she should marry. By the terms of our uncle's will, if she marries again she is to lose everything—and the money is to come to an individual named in a sealed envelope in the hands of the lawyers. Polly—he paused meaningly—'do you remember how the lawyer looked in our direction when he came to that? That individual must be either you or I. *He* seemed to suspect as much.'

She nodded.

'I know that. We were his only living relations, and I—I remember a speech he made to me just before he died'—

'I remember something he said to me: it was as good as a promise.'

Here there was a brief revival of greed and rivalry in their glance.

'We will sink that,' said Joseph, recovering himself. 'Say that our prospects are equal: hadn't we better—ah!—go shares?'

'What do you mean?' asked Mrs Cox suspiciously. Had she not often paused in her schemes, struck with horror lest she might be contriving *his* victory after all? She was sure—quite sure—that hers was the hidden name; but it might happen to be his.

'Supposing *we* married!' said Joseph. 'It would not signify which of us was the lucky person.'

It was an audacious proposal. Nevertheless it was plain they could fight better side by side, unhampered by a passionate endeavour to thwart each other.

Mrs Cox thought an instant. Her broad face, rimmed with its hard ring of frizzing-pins, might be unbeautiful; but it was business-like.

'Perhaps,' she said.

Then they plunged keenly into business.

'What about Dalcarras?' inquired Joseph. 'Does he know?'

Mrs Cox's laugh was quick and shrill.

'I only wish he didn't. Trust him!' she said. 'He was shooting bears somewhere when the gossip was about; but I could guess the very month he went to Edinburgh and asked the lawyers.'

Joseph dropped his voice at the next possibility.

'How about this Archie?'

'I've heard of him,' said Mrs Cox. 'Head over ears in love with her six years ago. But they made her marry the General—a sinful shame!'—feelingly. 'He is a headlong soldier, reckless, imprudent; he will not care if she has not a penny.'

'I hope so,' said Joseph. 'Are we engaged?'

## II.

'It's a fine place,' said Archie; 'a fine place. Why, Bess, you're a landed lady!'

'You are changed,' she said.

'Tougher? Tanned? My dear girl, remember it's years and years'—

They ran up the steps hand-in-hand—girl and boy, as they made believe—and all unaware of the two watching them from an unobtrusive outlook.

'You are not changed,' said Archie. He was regarding her tenderly, as became him after that long parting. He was at least as handsome as ever, much taller than she, with a fierce moustache.

'A widow,' he continued, in a comical voice that jarred. 'A widow. Poor little Bess!'

'You haven't been home yet?' she said in a hurry. Archie looked half-reproachful.

'No,' he said. 'You came first. You were always first—weren't you? But, I say, I'd no end of a bother getting leave.'

'Had you?'

'I tried for it before,' he said. 'Just after the news came that the General—that—you know—I'd got a bit of a cut on the head, but it healed up before I could get my papers; and they wanted us badly for a pack of little fights.'

'How did you get it at last?' said Bess. She saw the scar, a white ridge across his brow, and remembered finding his name, with terror, among the wounded. It made her feel proud and tender; she looked in his face and smiled.

'How?' asked Archie. 'I told the Colonel I wanted leave to get married.'

'But—are you——?'

Archie laughed oddly at her exclamation.

'I—I—hope so,' he said meaningly. Then, as luck would have it, in walked Joseph.

Ten minutes later he was being literally shaken.

'What possessed you to interrupt them?' said Mrs Cox, injured and indignant. 'Another minute and they would have come to an understanding. Now it may be put off for days!'

'Elizabeth seemed glad to see me—almost relieved,' said Joseph.

Mrs Cox looked at him with warlike scorn. 'She had to pretend,' said she.

Archie had always been imperious with Bess, and time had not made him less so. His air of

proprietorship was the revival of an ancient habit; and yet, when it struck her, Bess felt as if up in arms. He came to her as she was standing at the window in her writing-den, and looked over her shoulder. Somebody was riding away from the door.

'Who is that?' he asked curiously. Bess started.

'It's Mr Gordon of Dalcarres,' she said. 'I asked him to stay to lunch, but he wouldn't; and you had vanished with Polly Cox.'

'What did he want?' asked Archie. Bess lifted her chin at his lordly tone; she was not accustomed to any man's imperiousness.

'It was on business,' she said. 'I'm buying a farm of his.'

'Oh,' said Archie. 'Where is it? We mustn't let him cheat you. Can't we ride over and have a look?'

'Cheat me?' cried Bess. She was angry with Dalcarres; he had been so queer and curt, and had ridden away so fast; but *cheat* her! If only he could hear that cool suggestion!

'Yes. All these people look upon you as lawful spoil,' said Archie.

'A forlorn widow, I suppose?'

He did not understand that she was rather angry.

'Poor little girl!' he said sympathetically. 'You've been having a bad time lately, I dare say. A woman is never happy when she is rich. Well, I'm here; so all that is past.'

'Thank you,' said Bess. Archie came a little nearer. His manner was more than ever suggestive of the possessive case.

'Mrs Cox was telling me you had been fairly plagued with admirers. A pack of fortune-hunting scamps! She made me feel quite nervous.'

Bess laughed.

'Oh no,' she said; 'I'm spared that. The will keeps them all aloof.'

'The will?' said Archie. His fingers went up suddenly, affrightedly, to his moustache. He drew back with a start.

'Yes. You know if I marry I lose it all.'

'What?'

Archie was breathless with astonishment, and he looked at her as if she must be mad.

'I never heard that. You never told me'—

'I told you long ago; in my first letter after—after'—

'I never had it,' he interrupted fiercely, like a much-injured man. 'Annie and John and the mater all said it was left to you altogether. And I understood from the lawyers'—

There was an extraordinary change in his manner. He stared at her, speaking like an accuser.

'You must have mistaken them,' Bess said steadily. 'But, Archie, it does not matter.'

'Matter? The old curmudgeon! What a shame!—what a wicked shame!'

'Don't!' with a warning cry.

'I can't help it,' said Archie furiously. 'I never liked him; I'd too good reason. But I didn't think he was such a vindictive wretch. To chain you to his grave like that! I hope he's gone to a hot place—that's all!'

He stopped, confounded.

Bess faced him, white at first, with angry eyes; but as she listened her face grew as red as fire.

'How dare you?' she cried. 'He is dead, and he can't defend himself—oh, you coward! I tell you I loved and worshipped him; he was my hero when I was a child—you remember that. I told him I'd rather be his nurse than be the Queen; and I was proud of him to the last. He was right—he was right. God only knows what he saved me!'

She flung out her hands as if to ward off a danger, and turned and left him. Archie stood there dumb. He saw her rush past the blank horror of Mrs Cox in the room beyond, all too near for dignity, and so disappear. There was a crash of a glass door shut furiously; she could not trust herself in the house any longer.

Archie sighed and whistled, utterly crest-fallen. Another house of cards had fallen in the dust.

Bess did not know where she was running; she was desperately angry. All she cared for was to feel the wind beating in her face and to get away from Archie.

At last she grew breathless. She sat down on the grass and laughed and cried, with her cheeks again white with anger.

As luck would have it, John Gordon of Dalcarres was taking a solitary walk round the farm he was going to sell, and which lay so near the lands of his neighbour. Walking along thoughtfully, with a gun under his arm, he presently saw a rabbit. He fired, and the air was shaken with a little white dash of smoke.

'Oh!' She lifted her head with a cry and saw him—saw his look of horror as he sprang forward and was with her in three strides.

'Mrs Courage,' he was saying, 'I might have shot you! What are you doing here?'

He was uncivil in his alarm, as if addressing a trespasser or a tramp. Doubtless she made a strange spectacle sitting there.

'If you must know,' she said recklessly, 'I was crying.'

'Why?'

His voice was still unsteady, but very kind. She felt a sudden, bitter impatience at his manner, like that of a Queen's adviser, always faithful, a little distant.

'Because I am poor,' she said.

She had not expected to cause such an effect with her scornful words. It was worse than Archie.

'Poor!' he cried.

He looked involuntarily at the great house behind, at the land stretching between it and this farthest strip of his. The richest woman in the county was making a strange excuse for her tears.

'I'm the poorest woman in Scotland, I think,' said Bess. She looked at him with a defiant smile on her lip. 'I haven't a single friend. I'm only a thing with money for a little while in its hands; and my dearest friends like me with caution, knowing that any day they may find my hands empty. I'm nothing without that glitter.'

'Tell me what you mean,' said Dalcarras. His tone was queer.

'Oh,' said Bess impatiently, 'does not all the world know that the General left me everything till—I—married?'

'God bless the General!' cried Dalcarras.

There was no mistaking his look at last.

'You—did—not—know?' she said.

'No,' said Dalcarras. 'If I had known'—

'And Archie did not know. The lawyers must have been strangely merciful; they seemed to think it was a kind of slur. Yet—I thought—oh! I thought the whole world knew the thing and shunned me.'

'Listen,' said Dalcarras. 'I—I beg your pardon, Mrs Courage—oh, my dearest!'—It was odd to see his old distant manner giving way to the new eagerness in his face. 'Others may have known; I did not. And I've never dared to tell you I loved you because of that black trouble of money that hid you so. Don't be angry. I used to hear people say, "There's Dalcarras; he must marry money: watch him with the widow!" Then I had to turn my back. Each time your little hand touched mine heavy with rings I could not give you, it was a fight; but the Gordons were always poor and proud.'

The strong arm was not round her yet. She looked at him with a little shiver. This was not the quiet John Gordon that she knew; it was a strange, eager, impatient—lover.

'I was ill last year,' she said, 'and I used to hear night after night a horse in the distance. Nobody heard it but I, as they waited for me to die. But I asked the doctor, and he said it was Mr Gordon. I asked him again, and he said it was Mr Gordon; and then I did not ask any longer, although night after night I heard it still—I alone. I only wanted to lie and listen; it was so far—so far. And I said, "I will not die—perhaps!"'—She broke off, putting out her hands with a little fling of reproach. 'The Gordons were always proud,' she repeated. 'Were they always hard—and unkind?'

His arm was round her then; it held her safe and happy—and poor—at last.

'Allow me to congratulate you—Mrs Gordon.'

The lawyer spoke as cheerfully as if he had not come down from town expressly to deprive this Mrs Gordon of all her wealth. His manner was far too chirpy for such a melancholy occasion. In the distance the General's surviving relatives were sitting side by side. The lady was Mrs Cox no longer, having clinched the bargain irrevocably with the rival party. Within the next minute one or the other would be made rich, and they had cunningly put themselves past the danger of treachery or the fear of a breach of promise. Now they were able to look forward with an air of assured expectation. The General had directed a solemn opening of his last instructions as soon as the fatal marriage had taken place; and their young aunt by marriage was forgiven by them at last.

Archie was there also, glum and embarrassed—but inquisitive, all the same.

There was no reading the countenance of that little gray man with the sheets of blue paper and the envelope sealed with black. He was impassive, professional, down to his very cough. It was a cough that, for the last thirty years, had made heirs-expectant jump. His curt, dry voice went muttering on, repeating the last clauses of the General's will, with its burden of riches left to his wife, and its one harsh condition: 'The said Elizabeth Black or Courage, having forfeited the above, I will now break the seal of this envelope, obeying the above directions, and will disclose the name of the individual inheriting in her default.'

Archie, looking on entirely as a spectator, fancied he caught a twinkle in the formal mask of the speaker as he paused with fate in his hands. Was he ignorant, also, or could he give a guess?

'An institution after all, by George!' said he.

The General's niece and nephew, forgetting in their excitement that their interests were identical, glared like cat and dog at each other. But Bess, stripped of her riches, smiled valiantly at Dalcarras.

"Whereas"—the seal was broken: they heard the General's commands, stilted and formal, but firm as on the field of battle—"whereas my wife Elizabeth has found a man worth all she has hereby forfeited for his sake; and whereas this man will have married her for herself, and is proved worthy of her trust—and mine: I hereby leave all I die possessed of—to my dear girl as a wedding present."

There was a short hush of consternation.

The General's surviving relatives looked at each other fiercely, each feeling tricked by the other into a match; and the lawyer, his twinkle justified by results, came forward to repeat his congratulations. But Archie turned on his heel.



## VANILLA-GATHERING IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

By ROWLAND W. CATER,

Author of *Coffee-Culture in Central America, Cultivation of Vegetable Silk, &c.*

THOUGH San José, the capital of Costa Rica, is indeed a veritable paradise compared with other towns in those latitudes, and I dare say even deserves to be termed—as it often is—the Paris of Central America, yet the European visitor seldom relishes more than a month's stay there, at the outside, and usually at that stage displays a desire to be on the road again.

Thus it was with me on the occasion of my last visit to that town. Having concluded my business there, I was preparing for a journey to San Juan del Norte (Greytown), the chief Nicaraguan port on the Atlantic, when I fell in with a native trader living at the mouth of the Tortuguero River, which falls into the Caribbean Sea just a few leagues to the south of Greytown. Now, I was not in a desperate hurry; and so long as I did eventually reach the latter port, it mattered little whether I travelled overland through the wooded plains of Santa Clara or by sea, from Port Limon. Accordingly, after a chat with my new acquaintance—whom I will call Castro in the absence of a record of his name—I accepted his generous offer to escort me overland, through the bush, to Tortuguero, his destination, whence I knew I could easily reach mine.

I explained to Castro that I was anxious to see something of vanilla in its wild state, which I knew was to be found in abundance in that region, and at the same time I anticipated good sport in the way of large game while we travelled. He promised me my fill of both, and suggested a sort of temporary partnership, to which I agreed: I was to defray expenses—that is, pay his two Indian *peons* for the trip, during which they were to assist in rousing game and collecting vanilla, carry and cook our provisions, and serve us generally; while he, on his part, was to furnish the eatables. Our forest plunder, whether in the shape of vanilla, hides, orchids, or anything else of value, we—that is, the trader and I—were to divide equally between us.

Arrived at Port Limon by rail, Castro purchased the provisions and divided them, with my baggage—for he had none—in equal loads between the two Indians, and then we took the train farther to Jimenez, a small settlement on the branch line to Carrillo. Here we alighted, and after a hearty meal struck into the bush.

In these lowlands the vegetation has not the fiftieth part of the closeness and abundance seen in the higher regions; it was tangled indeed as compared with our woods and forests at home, but each pace did not entail thirty or forty

strokes with a *machete*, as it often does. Thus the passage through the bush was comparatively easy.

During the first day we saw neither vanilla nor game—evidently we had not reached their zone; and having fashioned a rude *ramada*, consisting of eight forked uprights, with a crossbar or two and a few silico-palm leaves as a roof, we lay down at sunset, slept in comfort under our mosquito-nets, and arose the next day with the sun.

After a hurried meal, off we went again; and we had not travelled far when Castro came to a sudden halt.

‘What is it?’ I asked.

‘*Vainilla*, señor!’ replied he. ‘Can’t you smell it?’

I sniffed the air, and sure enough detected a decided odour of vanilla. One of the Indians soon located the plant. It was hanging from a huge *zapotillo* tree, and at a word from Castro a *peon*, releasing himself from his load, prepared to climb it. I objected, however, and began to climb the tree myself, explaining as I ascended that I wanted to examine the flowers and, in fact, make a thorough scrutiny of the plant, and that afterwards they could remove the pods.

The differences between the wild vines (*Vanilla sylvestris*) and the species which I have seen under systematic cultivation in many parts of Central America are so insignificant that a general description of the plant will suffice.

The vanilla is an orchidaceous, climbing vine, which often reaches over thirty feet in height, and is usually about the thickness of one’s little finger. The vine is round, knotted at intervals, and covered with dark-green spear-shaped leaves. It throws out a number of thin arms or aerial roots as it rises, which, attaching themselves to neighbouring trees, appear to derive therefrom such nutriment that the vines are little dependent on the soil—in fact, often when all other modes of supply are cut off, these holdfasts will entirely nourish the plant. Occasionally the wild vines completely cover the branches of the tree, and, running from it into adjacent ones, they will hang in huge festoons and arches so thick that they seriously impede one’s progress in the bush.

The vines blossom profusely—usually in the spring—the strange and delicate flowers, with their long, straggling, and pale-yellow petals, springing from the angles where the leaves branch off. After a few days’ existence the flowers wither and fall; and as their chance of fertilisation through any of the outside agencies on which they depend is a brief one, and precarious at best, it is not surprising to find that very few of them are succeeded by fruit. This

takes the form of a large pod; and, strange to say, although the pods attain their full growth within fifty days from the fall of the petals, they take fully seven months more to ripen.

The pods vary from five to twelve inches in length and are about an inch across. In shape they are something like a banana, but are better described as resembling a knife-sheath; hence the name vanilla, which is a corruption of the Spanish word *vainilla*—a small scabbard. Each pod contains a quantity of small black granules, surrounded by a balsamic pulp whose peculiar combination of oil and acid is supposed to impart to the pods that delicious flavour and powerful aroma for which they are justly esteemed.

When I had descended, the two Indians scaled the tree to remove the pods, Castro and I gathering such as were within our reach from the ground. In all we obtained twenty-two pods from this single vine, and by sunset that day, although we had covered little more than six miles, we had nearly two hundred and fifty pods, or about twelve pounds.

On the fourth day out, just as we had stripped one vine and were trudging along on the lookout for another, one of the Indians stopped abruptly, and stooping down low, with his finger to his lips to enjoin silence, whispered, '*Oiga! Oiga!* Here come the *chunchos*.' *Chunchos* is a local term for pigs, whether domesticated or wild, and in this instance it meant *javalí*, or wild-hog—or, to be more exact, the white-lipped peccary (*Dicotyles labiatus*).

Following the example of the Indian, and assuming a squatting posture, I listened, and could plainly distinguish the distant crackling of brushwood and grunting of swine. There was evidently a whole herd of them approaching, for the noise now amounted almost to a roar, and the pungent odour of musk, which invariably accompanies them, became almost overpowering.

Gradually the grunting became louder and louder as the herd drew nearer; and the next instant, before I had time to realise it, the underbrush was parted and a herd of ugly grayish-black brutes, fully thirty-five in number, dashed through the glade not twenty yards from us. *Bang! bang!* spoke Castro's rifle twice; and I too, recovering from the momentary surprise, fired almost simultaneously with his second shot.

Scarcely had the echo died away, when, peering through the smoke, I could see that the animals—thoroughly enraged at seeing three of their number fall, their manes bristling erect and their eyes gleaming threateningly as they wildly sought the cause of the sudden check—had come to a standstill. It was by no means the wisest thing to do, of course; but I couldn't resist the temptation—I fired again. This gave them a clue to our whereabouts; and, espying us, they came on with a charge that nothing could withstand.

Castro and his Indians disappeared as if by magic into the bush, and I suddenly found myself alone. Knowing how fierce these porkers are when disturbed in herds—so fierce, indeed, that they will tear even a jaguar to pieces or starve him up a tree—I concluded that only an inglorious retreat would save me from a yet more inglorious fate, and I made for the nearest tree.

The maddened herd gained on me rapidly; but I managed to reach the tree in time, propped my rifle against it, swarmed up, and hauled the rifle up after me. Then, seated astride a stout branch, I awaited developments. In a moment the tree was surrounded, and the vicious brutes, scraping the ground with their hoofs in their anger, and almost deafening me with the roar of clashing tusks, formed a seething carpet of animation beneath me. The smell was awful, and made me quite giddy; and every now and then one of the number would stand up on his hind-legs, his forefeet resting against the trunk, and endeavour to reach my dangling feet.

Selecting the one which seemed most anxious to secure me—a huge boar, apparently the ring-leader—I fired and killed him; and on seeing him fall two or three of his followers lost heart and scampered off into the forest. This result encouraged me to fire again; another fell, and off went another trio of his companions. I killed a third, a fourth, and a fifth, and each shot was the signal for the departure of a handful more of the evil-smelling crew. The next cartridge was my last; but before I had made up my mind which was to be its victim, the remainder of the herd started at a breakneck pace into the woods, and I, foolishly enough as the event proved, sent my last bullet after them to encourage them to stay away.

Feeling convinced that they did not intend returning, I prepared to alight from my uncomfortable perch, so I slung my rifle over my shoulder in order to have both hands free, and began to lower myself, hanging to the branch with my hands. I was just about to drop the few feet which separated me from the ground, when, looking down to make sure I should not drop on the carcasses below, to my utter amazement I espied a solitary but huge tusker standing directly under me, with his snout and ugly tusks within a few inches of my dangling feet. There was no room for doubt—he was evidently waiting for me.

I tried in vain to pull myself up on to the branch again; but the effort was vain, my heavy boots and still heavier rifle being too much for me. Then I took to yelling for Castro, thinking he must surely be somewhere at hand; and I hoped, too, to frighten the brute beneath me by my cries. But Castro did not come, nor was the *javalí* to be so easily scared off; so there was nothing for it but to drop, especially as my arms were well-nigh tired out. After all, I reflected,

it would be an even fight—it was not like dropping into the midst of a herd.

So down I dropped. At the selfsame moment my waiting friend moved a couple of paces forward, with the result that I fell directly on to his back, one leg glancing off on either side and leaving me seated astride the brute as if he had been a horse. I really cannot say which of us felt most uncomfortable. The boar, which seemed to have lost his head completely, instead of bucking and jumping to dislodge me or attempting to bite me, simply made off as fast as he could; and I, too scared for the moment to jump off, took a tight grip of his mane with one hand and one of his ears with the other, my feet dragging along the ground behind. I fancy that I should have been on that pig's back still had not my rifle caught in the underbrush and simply dragged me off.

Scratched, bruised, and breathless, I arose hurriedly, fearing that the boar might return to gore me as I lay there; and as I got up my eye caught a glimpse of Castro and his two Indians just killing themselves with laughter a few yards away. Coming up to me, Castro requested my hand. On my extending it he grasped it tightly, gave it a hearty shake, and said, 'Bravo, señor; bravo! I have often heard that the *estrangeros* are not afraid of anything in the bush; but you are the first that I know of to dare to ride a *chanchó*.'

I gave him a stern and penetrating look, thinking that he spoke in irony; but from one or two subsequent remarks I gathered that he genuinely believed that I had mounted the brute purely for pleasure. Evidently he had not seen me do the circus trick as I dropped from the tree, but had appeared at the moment that the pig started off. The Indians, too, were under the same impression and equally vehement in their admiration of my plucky feat—so much so that I thought it would be amusing to leave them undisturbed in their credulity; in fact I kept up the joke, pretending, without actually saying so, that I had done it for fun, with the result that five minutes after our arrival at Tortuguero the entire settlement turned out *en masse* to see 'the *gringo* who had mounted and ridden a *chanchó*.'

The evening after our encounter with the herd of swine we considered that it would be unwise to encamp near the scene of the skirmish, not only because of the stench, but that during the night jaguars or pumas would probably scent the carcasses and pay us a visit. The Indians therefore removed the ill-smelling gland from the back of one of the pigs, in order to prevent the flesh from becoming tainted, and dragging it after them, followed us through the bush. We pushed steadily on, and before sunset reached the Guapilas River, a tributary of the Tortuguero River. While one of the Indians roasted sufficient pork for our meal, Castro and the other Indian built

the usual ranch; then, after a hearty supper, we retired and passed a good night.

In the morning, striking into the bush again, we collected more vanilla, but saw no more game. Each day we made similar excursions, with the *ramada* by the riverside as our evening rendezvous.

In the afternoon of the eighth day out from Jimenez, as our provisions were giving out, we decided to make for our destination. Four hours afterwards we had fashioned a good-sized raft, the usual means of river navigation of the natives in regions where dug-outs are scarce. Logs of *balsa*—a very buoyant timber always used for this purpose, hence its name—formed the foundation, with commoner timbers for crossbars. We floated and then loaded it with our spoil, embarked, and finally reached Tortuguero.

After dividing the plunder I sold my portion to Castro himself at the current price in the settlement; and, having paid my share of the expenses of the trip, I came out financially so far to the good that I was prepared there and then to set out again on a similar expedition had the opportunity offered.

So much for my first introduction to *Vanilla sylvestris*. It is, however, from the systematic cultivation of vanilla that the greatest profits are derived.

The species usually handled by growers in Central America is *Vanilla planifolia*. It is grown in fairly hot regions, in a rich mould kept well drained. As the vanilla vine, like most orchids, delights in shade, requiring at the same time a certain amount of sun and ventilation, careful forethought and judgment are necessary in deciding which trees to leave standing and which to fell at the time the land is cleared. Slow growers, with trunks not more than a foot in diameter, are usually left; and insufficiency or overabundance of these must be remedied by planting or by thinning out. Eight or twelve feet should separate tree from tree, and occasional lopping and pruning is essential in order to prevent excessive shade.

Although seeds are sometimes used, it is usual to propagate from cuttings. Strong, healthy adult stems are selected and cut into lengths of two feet, each with at least three knots or joints. At the foot of each tree a small trench three or four inches deep and about a foot long is dug, and here that half of the cutting with the knots on it is buried, the remainder of the cutting being gently yet securely tied to the tree—its foster-mother.

The shoots will not be long in appearing and getting a firm grip of the tree; the rapidity with which they grow is really astounding. Whenever seen to be out of the perpendicular the plants should be straightened, and the grower must aim at keeping the vines well within his reach, to facilitate the operation of fertilising and the gathering of the crop. This is effected by training



the vines along the lower branches or along canes running horizontally from tree to tree. Occasional weeding is then necessary, and, where the soil is not virgin, manuring with decayed vegetable matter is advisable.

In the second year from planting, the vines will commence to flower. At this stage they are artificially fertilised, for in large plantations it is folly to depend on the humming-birds and insects for pollination; and self-pollination with this flower is impossible. A small camel-hair brush is applied to the pollen found in the one anther in the form of powder or dust, and such as adheres to the brush is conveyed to the female part of the plant known as the stigma. Practised growers abolish the use of the brush and perform the operation by merely uncovering the anther and stigma and bringing them into contact by pressure between the fingers. The flowers, gradually withering after fertilisation, soon drop off altogether, and then the pods appear. Nine months afterwards—that is, during the third year—the pods begin to turn yellow at their ends. This is the sign of maturity, and the pods are gathered forthwith, each being carefully broken off or cut with a sharp knife.

The process of preparing the pods for market, which is somewhat slow and tedious, varies according to locality. Generally, however, after being plunged for a few moments in boiling water and drained, they are spread out on cloth-covered boards to dry in the sun and covered with a blanket to protect them from its direct rays. This process is repeated every day during the following week; and every evening, wrapped up in blankets, the pods are taken indoors and put into wooden boxes to ferment.

When the pods are of a blackish-brown hue and produce a slight crackling sound on pressure between the fingers, they have had sufficient sun and can be considered ready for the market. It is advisable, however, in order to ensure thorough drying and yet avoid toasting, to leave them on shelves of fine wire-netting, in a well-ventilated room, for the space of one month. By that time they will be found to have shrunk to about one-

half their original size, and may be sorted according to size and condition, packed, and shipped.

One of the most expensive items in connection with this industry is the guarding against theft of the crops, for when in its wild state vanilla, like india-rubber, is considered common property, and is largely gathered by the natives in the way I have related, without any cost to them beyond that of their labour in collecting it. Thus, when natives come across a plantation they either cannot or will not be convinced that it is private property.

Writers seem to be very much at variance with regard to the average number of pods borne by the cultivated vines, so that it is difficult to give a tabulated estimate comparing the cost of cultivation with the production. Nevertheless, we will presume that each vine bears four pods annually—a low enough estimate, considering that there are instances on record of a single vine producing two hundred pods, whilst from eighty pods upwards is not at all an uncommon harvest. The price of cured vanilla in the London market ranges from twenty-three to thirty-two shillings per pound, for pods varying between four and nine inches in length; but we will take an average price of twenty shillings per pound, thus allowing for a possible decline, and avoiding the too frequent error of allowing one's self to become too sanguine. One thousand pods weigh, on an average, fifty pounds, and the cost of cultivation, according to a recent Foreign Office *Report on Vanilla Cultivation in Mexico*, is about six pounds ten shillings per hundred vines, with an additional thirteen shillings per thousand pods for curing. Thus we see that one hundred vines, costing six pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence for cultivation and curing of produce, yield four hundred pods or twenty pounds, worth twenty pounds sterling. This, even when all expenses of packing, shipping, &c. have been deducted, leaves, I think, a very handsome margin indeed—a statement which is more than corroborated by the official report already mentioned, which terminates with the assertion that 'as much as 300 per cent. profit has been made on vanilla in good years.'

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER XVII.—THE DESERTED HOUSE AT CHELSEY.



‘YOU know, Captain,’ said Jan, ‘you left me to watch yonder house. Well, the first to move was Colin Lorel with two great hounds in a leash, and away he went, whither I knew not for the present. Next a light carriage with four horses drove out of the courtyard. The windows were up, and I could not see who was inside, but I felt sure that none but the Earl himself would move out like that,

and I followed it. Lucky for me it didn't go fast, and I remembered what you had said about Enfield; so, when I saw which road it was moving, I took ways a good deal shorter; and, sure enough, when I got out into the open country and was well on the main road, the carriage came up behind and passed me. I walked easily till it was out of sight, then followed it at a run. Soon it grew dark, and I could pursue without having to peep carefully round

every bend. Then it went faster, and got clear away from me. I found when I reached Enfield it had passed straight through, and on I went, and almost ran bang into the carriage half a mile farther. It was standing drawn into the hedge, and if I hadn't been moving as softly as a cat the two men who had got out and stood talking in the road would have seen me; but I managed to drop under a furze-bush, and lay snug and still. In half-an-hour again came up Colin Lorel with his dogs and a couple of men.

'In a little while I heard laughing, and some one crying, "Gone away! Tally-ho!" and soon they started. I followed behind the carriage, and could tell by the whimpering of the dogs that they were on some scent. I kept up with them for a long time, till at last we all turned on the Great North Road, and away they went full tilt. As for me, I followed no farther, for I should have been seen at once on the wide, empty highway. So I saved my breath and sat down, thinking it was likely they would come back. Sure enough, in about an hour I heard horses' feet pounding on the road like fury, and coming towards me. There was a steep hill about a quarter of a mile away going towards London, and I ran for it. I put my best foot foremost, too; but they were going at such a pace that I did no more than reach it first, though I had a long start. As I had expected, the lull checked them, and they took it gently. As they passed me, at a dark bend where the trees were thick on both sides, I slipped behind and swung myself on to the place where they carry luggage, and when they reached the top of the hill and went away again full gallop they carried me with them sitting at my ease. At a glance I knew it again for the same carriage.'

'Did you hear any sound inside?' I asked.

'Not a sound, sir,' he said; 'all was as silent as possible. Well, I rode snugly with them into London, and when they reached the houses they went quietly, like belated travellers; and so I dropped off again and followed at a distance. I expected them to come to my lord's house there; but instead they went to a queer deserted house in the fields, out Chelsey way.'

'Out Chelsey way?' I repeated, a light breaking upon me.

'Yes,' went on Jan; 'and when I saw the carriage drawing up I was luckily on the same side of the way. Some people came out and hurried up the steps. I saw a woman's dress and heard a woman's voice among them, and I felt certain it must be Miss Cicely. I couldn't see anything else for it.'

'You're quite right, Jan,' said I; 'it was.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said he. 'Well, the carriage drove away, and I waited. In less than ten minutes my lord and his man came out and walked sharply home. I tracked them there, then went hot-foot to your lodgings, hoping to catch you or hear

something of you, and there I was fretting myself until I thought perhaps you'd come back to yonder place, and so came and found you.'

I knew quite well now whither Jan was leading me. Kesgrave possessed a second great house in, or rather near, London. His mother had been the last remaining descendant and heiress of a powerful family, and through her it had come into his possession. It was too far from Covent Garden to be more convenient than his town house; it was too near London to be regarded as a country house. I had heard that it was the Earl's caprice to leave it untenanted.

We turned the flank of a tall grove of limes, and Jan lifted his finger.

'There's the place,' he said.

I looked and saw a great mansion, marked with every sign of neglect and decay. The walls were green with moss and stained with damp. The windows, above all, had that forlorn, sluttish look of a deserted house. We were now in a lane which ran towards the back of the place. Tall pales shut off the path from a shrubbery which lay between the road and the building. We went a little way down the lane, stopped, and looked about us. Everything was silent; there was no sign of any human presence in the neighbourhood. At this point one or two pales were broken. I pulled a couple more from their fastenings, and we entered the shrubbery. The trees, unpruned and luxuriant, afforded us an ample cover, and we moved cautiously in their shelter until we stood close under the walls and gazed eagerly up at the windows about us. Some were heavily shuttered, some ironed.

'We can never break into this place unseen in open daylight, Jan,' said I.

'That depends upon where we make a trial, Captain,' he replied. 'I would be foolish, for sure, to try and force one of these windows when people might pass or be about any minute now. But wait here a little.'

He slipped away among the tangle of shrubbery, and I waited patiently ten minutes or more, staring up at the great, deserted mansion, and hoping that Cicely was no farther from me than the other side of the massive walls which towered above my head. Then Jan came back and beckoned with a satisfied grin and nod. He led the way cautiously to a spot where a grating was set in the wall, its lower bar flush with the ground outside. I knelt down and peeped into a cellar upon which the grating gave. A number of billets of wood still lay piled on one side as they had been stored for firing. I seized the grating and shook it carefully. It was fastened with a strong chain and padlock, and to displace the fastening was impossible. Jan whipped out a knife and began to scrape at the bottom of one of the bars. Rust had eaten deeply into it, and a red shower fell fast before his swift scratching. I motioned him to stand aside, then set my foot for a purchase

against the bottom of the grating, took a good grip of the bar just above its weakest point, and put out my whole strength. For a while it resisted firmly; then I felt it give. I brought my other foot forward and hung back, tugging with every ounce of weight and strength I possessed. The iron rod snapped and bent outwards, for it was sound and held firmly at the top. I stood up and pulled it at right angles to the wall. Then I fetched a few deep breaths and rested, while Jan went to work at the next and scraped away the rust from that. I snapped and bent that too, and the next, and the next. It was a great assistance to me that the damp earth had been washed against the grating by heavy rains, and in consequence rust had eaten deeply into the lower end of every bar.

There was now ample room for us to descend into the cellar, and down slipped Jan first, and I followed him. Save for the billets, it was empty, and we crossed to a door in full view at the farther end, for the grating afforded an ample light. I turned the handle of the door, and found it was not locked. It led to a flight of narrow, winding steps, up which I trod carefully, Jan at my heels. A door stood ajar at the head of the steps, and I peered through it and saw a great, empty kitchen. It was marked by such unmistakable signs of desolation and desertion that we trod holdly in and looked around us. The windows, thickly grimed with dirt, were unshuttered, but strongly ironed without. Dust stood deep upon everything—upon the massive tables, upon the large clumsy chairs and dressers, their once bright surface now hidden by the sluttish mantle. The bars of the huge fireplace, the spits before it, the chains which led from the spits to the smoke-jack in the chimney, were coated with rust.

'There's been nobody here for many a day, Captain,' whispered Jan.

'No one,' I replied, and looked round for the next step. Besides the door at which we had entered we saw three others—two large ones opposite the windows, one small one near at hand. The large doors led to the main body of the house—their position showed that; but what of the

small one? Jan opened it, and we saw another flight of steps running down.

'More cellars, I shouldn't wonder,' said Jan, and went to see. He was back in a moment. It was as he had said. I crossed the room and tried the other doors. Both were locked. It was easy to make out that the ponderous bolts were shot home, for the doors were far from fitting closely. There were no keys in the locks, but nothing could be seen beyond save, in either case, a dusky passage. Between the doors a mighty cleaver hung upon the wall. I took it from its hook, gave it a half-flourish round my head, and looked at Jan. He shook his head.

'If you let fly, Captain,' he said softly, 'that door would go like a bit of paper; but you'd make too much noise. If we can't do any better, why, it can come to that in the end; but we'll be as quiet as we can till there's nothing else for it.'

Jan was right, and I hung the cleaver up again. We searched the cellars to see if any other way from them existed; but, as was natural, they communicated only with the kitchen. It was a vast, gloomy apartment, this kitchen. As in very old houses, the windows were but small, and so barred as to intercept half the light; much of the remainder was lost among the great festoons of cobwebs which hung across the tiny panes. I began to search every inch of the place, sometimes by touch rather than sight, to see if any other outlet existed. In the darkest corner I saw a curtain hanging against the wall, and took hold of it to draw it aside; but it was so moth-eaten that it gave way at a touch, tore across at the top, fell, and hung in my hand. Its fall disclosed a little door over which it had been drawn. I turned the handle. The door was unlocked, and I drew a deep breath of thankfulness. I felt certain in an instant what I had discovered; it was the private staircase by which the lady of the house came to the kitchen to overlook the economy of her household, and the steps before me would lead of a surety to the heart of the mansion.

(To be continued.)

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### THE NEWEST BATTLE-SHIP.



N view of the enormous fleet of steel-clad vessels with which Britannia rules the waves, it is difficult to realise that our navy was a wooden one only forty years ago. It was in 1860 that the French startled this country by building an ironclad frigate, the *Gloire*. Our answer was the production of a similar vessel called the *Warrior*, at that time the largest ship afloat, with the exception of

Brunel's *Great Eastern*; but what a feeble instrument of warfare does this first of our metallic walls appear to be when compared with the *Russell*, the battle-ship lately launched, which has the unprecedented speed of nineteen knots! This vessel will be provided with a 7-inch belt of Harveyed armour, equal to 14 inches of the older make. It will carry four 46-ton wire-wound guns—the most powerful in the world, having the extraordinary range of twenty miles. Besides these monsters there will be a multitude of smaller guns, Maxims, and four torpedo-tubes.



The *Russell* will be lighted by about nine hundred electric lamps, and will carry six search-lights, each of 25,000 candle-power. The hull will be divided into no fewer than three hundred and twenty water-tight compartments, so that, in spite of ram, torpedoes, or rocks, she will be practically unsinkable. The vessel is as perfect as human foresight can make her; and yet, in the nature of such things, rapidly introduced improvements will probably put her out of date before many years have passed.

#### THE MAYO LIFEBOAT.

A new form of lifeboat has been invented by Captain Mayo of the United States Life-saving Service, and a line of steamers sailing from Chicago has already been equipped with them. The boat is shaped like a cylinder with blunt-pointed ends, and is large enough to accommodate fifty passengers. The shell is made of 3-inch oak covered with steel or aluminium plate, and at each end are capacious air-chambers. It is intended that this lifeboat should be blown or rowed ashore, according to circumstances. The vessel is completely closed, except for openings at each end, holes for oars, and strong windows; but all these orifices can be closed from the inside should an emergency arise. The seats are so fitted on an inner revolving cylinder that, although the vessel should turn over and over, the passengers will remain upright. There are lockers for food to last thirty days, besides ample room for water-storage. The revolving seats can be locked into a fixed position when the sea is calm enough to allow of oars being used. Until this novel vessel is put to actual test in a storm-swept sea it is impossible to judge of its fitness for the purpose designed.

#### ELECTRIC *versus* STEAM-LOCOMOTIVES.

'The Supersession of the Steam by the Electric Locomotive' was the title of a very able paper read by Mr W. Langdon, superintendent and engineer of the electrical department of the Midland Railway, before the Institute of Electrical Engineers. He held that the question was primarily one of profit and loss, and that the railways were managed by business men who would not be slow to give up steam for electricity if economy would result from the change. Careful calculation of the various expenses attending electrical working as compared with steam locomotion, based on figures obtained from Midland Railway returns, showed that the former would result in a saving of about twopence per train mile. This, in the case of the figures for 1899, would mean a total saving on the Midland system of no less a sum than three hundred and sixty-four thousand pounds. It was further estimated, as a matter of national interest, that if all our railways were worked by electrical agency three million tons of coal would be annually saved.

There would also be many minor advantages. There would, for example, be no need for water-tanks and pillars at wayside stations, turntables would become obsolete, and electricity would bring with it unwonted cleanliness.

#### AN ELECTROCUTION.

Solomon's aphorism as to the want of novelty in everything under the sun extends even to such a recent thing as electrocution, for nature long ago furnished certain creatures with an electrical apparatus wherewith they are able to slay their enemies or secure their prey. It is not often that an opportunity presents itself of witnessing this interesting operation; but a correspondent of the *Times* recently told how he had at the Zoological Gardens watched the process. A large electric-eel was swimming in its tank with more activity than usual, when a big cockroach fell into the water, and in its efforts to get out made a disturbance of the surface, which attracted the attention of the eel. 'The eel turned round, swam past it, discharged its battery at about eight inches off, and the cockroach instantly stopped stone-dead. It did not even move its antennae after.' The eel then proceeded to swallow its victim; and the narrator goes on to point out the curious circumstance that the fish, which weighed about twelve pounds, should find it worth while to fire its heavy artillery at a creature an inch and a half long, when it could easily have swallowed it *sans façon*.

#### SIGNPOSTS.

Pedestrians, cyclists, and all other travellers on our high-roads must often have deplored the meagre information supplied by the ordinary rural signpost. Very often these indicators are in the last stage of senile decay, the legend upon them being all but illegible; and even when this is not the case, the information given is simply the direction of the town named, without any clue to its distance. The Automobile Club of America has determined to place substantial signposts on the leading highways of that country. These will be of iron and practically indestructible, and will point out clearly the best roads between the principal points. Surely something of the same kind might be done in Britain, especially now that the universal use of cycles and the increasing number of motor vehicles are bringing the highways into greater prominence than they have enjoyed since the establishment of railways. It is obvious that an improved form of signpost might be the means of affording much useful information to the traveller by road.

#### THE RIFLE OF THE FUTURE.

Under the above title a *Times* correspondent deals with the shortcomings of our present

service-rifle, which he asserts to be much inferior to other modern arms; but the main purpose of his letter is to call attention to the latest of all Continental inventions in military small arms—namely, the Mannlicher-Schönauer 1900 model, which he believes to be the most perfect clip-loader so far produced. The principal novelty in this weapon is a magazine, or rather carrier, which is drum-shaped, and turns like the chambers of a revolver, each cartridge lying in a separate groove, so that jamming is quite impossible. Firing this rifle from a rest at a range of one hundred and ten yards, the writer was able to put the five bullets of the first clip in a space smaller than a gentleman's card, and this result was achieved with coarse military sights. With fine beads and lighter pull, Bisley's 'highest possible' would, he believes, become an everyday event. A new service-rifle is now being considered by our Small Arms Committee, and of course this Continental model will be carefully examined. The correspondent referred to complains that hitherto 'all the breech-loading rifles adopted by the British army have been patchwork, the result of a desire to economise by fitting new inventions to old parts.'

#### TESLA'S WIRELESS LIGHT.

Nikola Tesla, the great electrician, has lately authorised the publication in an American paper of an account of his new system of electric lighting; but unfortunately he gives no promise as to the date when it will be available to the public. The lamps are glass tubes which can be bent into any shape or device, and which will give any amount of light desired from fifty candle-power upwards. As the lamps will require no renewal, unless broken by accident, there will be no loss from that source. The current will be drawn from the ordinary street mains, but will be transformed, before use, by an 'electrical oscillator' of peculiar construction into electrical oscillations of very high frequency. There will be no heat from these lamps, and therefore no loss of energy in that form. The light afforded will have the appearance of sunlight, and will act as a curative agent in the destruction of germs. No wiring will be necessary, and the lamps will be cheap to manufacture. M. Tesla writes: 'While I am not prepared to give exact figures, I can say that, given a certain quantity of electrical energy from the mains, I can produce more light than can be produced by the ordinary methods.'

#### MODERN ORGAN-BUILDING.

The ordinary church organ is built upon much the same lines as it was a century ago, although, of course, many improvements have been introduced, such as pneumatic and electrical action. At the base of the instruments are the bellows and their feeders, next comes the key mechanism

or action, and above all is the wind-chest and sound-board upon which most of the pipes stand, the wind under pressure being conveyed to the chest by means of a channel called a wind-trunk. A system has found favour in America which is known as Austin's 'universal air-chest,' in which the wind-trunk is dispensed with, the whole of the action being enclosed in a large wind-chest. It is said that by this system equal pressure is secured upon all the pipes, whether many are sounding or only a few, and that as each pipe is 'voiced' to a certain pressure, and is apt to be flattened or sharpened if the pressure is reduced or increased, a purer tone is secured, and certain faults common to the older system entirely eradicated. About fifty organs built on the Austin plan have been erected in America. Further particulars can be obtained from Mr J. Austin, Kunston, Wellingborough, Herts.

#### DANGERS FROM ARSENIC.

'Arsenic in Beer and Food' was the subject of a recent lecture by Mr W. Thomson at the Society of Arts, London, and it attracted much attention in consequence of the recent scare with regard to poisoned beverages. Although arsenic is very widely diffused in nature, it has not many applications in the arts and manufactures. A certain proportion is used to confer rotundity upon shot for sporting purposes; it is used for a green pigment which should be carefully avoided for household decoration, and it is largely employed in Devonshire for making buttons which when polished assume a silvery lustre. Altogether from six thousand to ten thousand tons are used annually in Great Britain. It is generally found in coal, and soot therefore contains a large proportion of it; for that reason it may be almost regarded as a natural constituent of beer, for the malt from which the beer is made is dried by means of fires kept up with coal and coke, and the arsenical vapour condenses on the grains of malt. This, of course, can be avoided by drying the malt by a different method; but the contamination from this source shows that the advocates for pure beer have not necessarily found an antidote against poisoned beer. Immense quantities of sulphuric acid are made from Spanish copper pyrites, and as a consequence usually contain as much as from 0.2 to 0.4 per cent. of arsenic; and one sample used in the manufacture of sugar was found to contain 1.4 per cent.

#### NEW PROCESS OF STEEL-ENGRAVING.

It is a matter for constant regret that photographic processes have killed the art of the steel-engraver, as they have that of the engraver on wood; but it would seem from a demonstration lately given of the Johnston die-press that steel plates may again come into vogue, not engraved by hand, but by a mechanical process, and printed

by a new method at the rate of one thousand copies per hour, as against the two hundred or three hundred per day possible under the old conditions. The company formed to engineer this new steel-engraving and printing process produced some sketches of the return of the City Imperial Volunteers, line engraved, in two days, which if they had been engraved by hand would have occupied many months. There is a good future before such a quick process for book illustration, and the company also anticipate the production of three-colour pictures engraved on steel plate; but this branch of the business is as yet only in an experimental stage.

#### ECONOMY IN RAISING STEAM.

It is well known that even in the most perfectly constructed steam-engine a large proportion of the heat expended in turning the water into vapour is wasted, and it has always been the endeavour of engineers to reduce this loss to a minimum. Great success in this direction seems to have been attained in the machinery fitted to the two steamers *Inchdune* and *Inchmarlo*, constructed at the Central Marine Engine Works, West Hartlepool. These engines are a modification of the quadruple five-crank type, working in combination with a new design of superheater and special means of feed-water heating designed by the manager, Mr Borrowman. The draught is induced by two powerful fans, the working pressure of the boilers has been increased to 267 lb., and the steam is superheated to a temperature approaching 500 degrees Fahrenheit. During an extended trial the coal consumption was less than 1 lb. per indicated horse-power. If this be increased to 1 lb., it works out to 15½ tons per day for a ship carrying 6170 tons at nine and a half knots. In other words, one ton is carried one nautical mile on an expenditure of about one-third of an ounce of coal. Taking coal at fifteen shillings a ton, one ton of cargo is carried over five hundred and fifty miles for an expenditure of one penny for fuel. We are indebted for these figures to *Engineering*, in which an illustrated description of the engines appeared lately.

#### THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

Preparations have been going on for two years for this Exhibition, which will be opened early in May, and it promises to be one of the most remarkable and extensive ever held in this country. An Exhibition held in Kelvingrove Park in 1888, on the same site, was opened by the Prince of Wales, and was visited by over six millions of people. The surplus from that successful Exhibition has been expended on the new Art Gallery and Museum, which is to be the future home of the art and science collections of the Corporation of Glasgow; and, enriched by loans from royalty and many of the corporations of England and

Scotland, it will form not the least interesting feature of the Exhibition. This permanent Art Gallery forms a portion of the present Exhibition. The exterior of the Exhibition buildings is designed after the style of an Eastern palace, with four main divisions, for fine art, industrial and applied art exhibits, machinery in motion, and entertainments and refreshments. The Russian Government has voted thirty thousand pounds for the pavilions where the Russian peasant will be seen at work; Canada, Australia, South Africa, France, Denmark, Austria, Japan, Mexico, and many other countries will all be represented. The archaeological department, towards which many of the leading noblemen of the country have contributed, promises to be a rich collection. A vessel on Parson's turbine principle will be running on the Clyde, described in this *Journal* (page 219); while those who gather here for the annual meetings of the British Association, Institute of Mechanical Engineers, Society of Engineers and Shipbuilders, and the International Association of Journalists, will have more than the usual amount of instruction and recreation placed before them in a multitude of object-lessons which will be easily understood and, it may be, longer remembered than some scientific papers.

#### DR KEITH ON SANITARY MATTERS.

Dr George Keith, whose *Plan for a Simpler Life* was noticed in this *Journal* on its appearance in 1896, has published a volume of miscellaneous papers on *Sanitary and Other Matters* (A. & C. Black), in which he returns to the charge that we still eat far too much and too often of improper food, and that many illnesses would be more easily overcome by rest and little food rather than by the doctor and medicine. Some of Dr Keith's recommendations are revolutionary, such as the substitution of earth-closets for those flushed with water, 20 per cent., he says, of the Edinburgh water-supply being used in this way. At his own residence at Currie, Midlothian, Dr Keith refused to have his drains connected with the main drainage system of the Water of Leith Commissioners in view of the risk of dangers from sewer-gas, and adopted the earth-closet system, which he says is also in use at Dalkeith Palace and Menmore.

It may startle some to know that when scarlet fever appeared in a house in which Dr Keith was medical adviser, if the sanitation and health were otherwise good, he used to advise that every facility be given for the spread of the disease amongst those liable, and so get done with it. Dr Keith is a standing witness against the evil of stuffing at hydropathies, on ship-board, and elsewhere. One paper gives sensible hints on making the most of a sea-voyage, where, in cases of sea-sickness, he has seen the benefit of liquorice, or liquorice and peppermint lozenges, in allaying



the irritation of acrid matters in the stomach. The 'Rice Meal' article, which first appeared in this *Journal* (1900), is a really valuable contribution towards the prevention or mitigation of future famines in the East. In his 'Story of an Eye' the value of self-massage is explained, Dr Keith having cured a tendency to rheumatism by perseverance in its use. He says: 'As it is mostly done in bed, I know no better exercise for an old man, especially in a cold climate.' In a paper on the 'Rapid and Progressive Deterioration of the Young,' chiefly amongst the higher classes, he condemns the use of so much strong animal food, and of other foods which wear out the system without strengthening it. Altogether, Dr Keith's little book is another plea for moderation in all things.

#### SCHOOL GARDENS.

We are told that there are two ways of setting boys to work at gardening: they may either cultivate a plot in common or each boy may be provided with a plot of his own, the last plan being considered the best. In the Buscombe School Gardens there are plots for twelve boys, where they work for two afternoons a week, to the great increase of their general knowledge and the advantage of their physical development. School gardens may therefore be considered a part of general as well as of technical education. An inspector in a letter to the *Times* mentions that continuation-school garden-work was initiated by the Surrey County Council at Banstead in April 1892. Only strong youths who have ceased day-school attendance are eligible for this teaching, and during a period of seven years over two thousand gardens have been cultivated by them under the guidance of practical men. The plots are one rod in extent, and every useful kind of vegetable is grown in them, also a few flowers. Upwards of forty thousand crops have been raised and brought to maturity on these plots; and one hundred and twenty of these one-rod educational gardens in Surrey have shown an average value in produce of thirteen shillings and threepence each, or one hundred and six pounds an acre, so that the actual work of trained youths is considered very encouraging.

#### REV. W. H. FITCHETT ON SUCCESS IN LITERATURE.

The Rev. W. H. Fitchett, of Hawthorn, Melbourne, author of that popular book, *Deeds that Won the Empire*, has sent the following literary recipe to the editor of an Australian magazine. As it is quite as good for home consumption, we make no apology for quoting it here: 'I know of only one "secret of success" in literature, as in any other vocation; and that is hard, tireless, methodical work. To create a resolute habit of application is a tonic to the intellect as well as to the moral character; without it boy or man is but a poor fibreless creature, sure to be beaten

in every race. For literary success, what may be called a sense of style—of balance and music in language—is necessary, and I think it may be cultivated. The best method I know is to saturate the memory and the imagination in the best literature. Read good writers, and hate and shun bad ones. De Quincey, Ruskin, and Stevenson are models of style, the two first more even than the last. The chief virtue of a literary style is clearness—not musical cadences, not fine words, not pretty metaphors, but simple, straightforward clearness. Short sentences and short words help to make the meaning plain. Clear thinking is, of course, the first requisite to clear writing, and even a graceful style will not make amends for rambling logic and inexact knowledge.' Sir Henry Irving's advice as to excellence in his art is to much the same effect: that it must be cultivated with unremitting industry, an industry that ceased only with the power of work.

#### MUSICAL SAND.

In connection with the article on 'Mysterious Music' which appeared in our number for October 1900, it may be interesting to mention that an instance of the existence of sand possessing a musical quality occurs on the south coast of England, at Studland Bay, near Poole. Here is to be found a patch of sand some seven yards wide which runs parallel with the trend of the shore for several hundred yards, and differs from the sand around it in possessing the quality of emitting musical sounds under friction. Mr Cecil Carus-Wilson, F.G.S., who has made extensive and valuable researches on the subject of 'musical sand,' found that on drawing over the surface of the patch a thick deal rod with a resonator fixed to its end, the sand gave out varying notes. The fine sand on the sea side of the patch gave notes of a high pitch, while the coarse sand on the land side emitted notes of a lower pitch. He succeeded in obtaining musical sounds from portions of this sand when removed from its natural surroundings, and has demonstrated by a series of ingenious experiments (*Nature*, Aug. 6, 1891) that this musical quality is due to the rubbing together of millions of clean, rounded grains of quartz, and not to any accident of locality.

#### A CASE OF OPEN-AIR SELF-CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

Twice recently we have printed papers on the open-air cure of consumption: the first, in 1899, describing the treatment at Nordach Sanatorium; the second, in 1900, on the outdoor cure at Falkenstein. Miss Clarrie Thompson, a teacher, residing at 234 Ripon Street, Otley Road, Bradford, has now favoured us with details of the process by which she effected her own cure, and also mentions the case of a gentleman who has been equally successful; but as we have not space for

the whole article, with Miss Thompson's permission we give an outline of the case to encourage those persons of limited means who cannot afford the cost of treatment in a sanatorium.

Miss Thompson thinks that, with patience and perseverance, patients may accomplish what had seemed impossibilities; for her case at first appeared desperate. She had been given up by the doctors, and was confined to her room in constant pain and weariness, more often in bed than out of it, yet resigned to what seemed to be the inevitable end. Then she heard of the open-air cure, and determined, as a last resource, to try its main provisions: fresh air, overfeeding, rest, and baths, as these were known to her. Accordingly she commenced the treatment in February 1899; but, as she had not taken flesh-meat for years, she began with a small piece, increasing the amount daily, and adding eggs, vegetables, and milk to her diet. The windows in her rooms were opened gradually, until the upper sash was half-way down, and a little exercise was attempted in two sunny rooms close by. A cold sponge-bath was taken in the morning, and a warm one in the evening, although complete exhaustion was felt after this treatment. Indeed, as an apparent result of the first stages of treatment, she felt exceedingly ill and depressed. An article in the *Nineteenth Century*, by a man who had been cured, now came in her way, and the rules there laid down assisted her further in her self-treatment. A fortnight afterwards she went out, well wrapped up, with face exposed, but walked only half-a-dozen yards. Each day she was able to advance farther, until she could dispense with assistance. The result was that she gained flesh as if by magic; the baths were invigorating, the night-sweats ceased, and rest was more refreshing. For a time she entered a sanatorium commencing on a small scale, and then practically lived out of doors until she could report that she was 'bright and well, able to walk ten or twelve miles without being unduly fatigued, and not a trace of disease in me.' It is to be hoped Miss Thompson may publish the full narrative of her story, with diet-tables and treatment, for the benefit of other sufferers.

#### THE KING IN A SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

During his visit to the Empress Frederick at Cronberg, our King, Edward VII., spent three-quarters of an hour in a sanatorium for consumptives. The King, accompanied by the Duchess of Sparta, Sir Frank Lascelles, and Dr Laking, drove in a sleigh to Folkerstein, some three miles from Friedrichshof, and inspected the sanatorium which was founded there in 1874 for the treatment of pulmonary and consumptive diseases, and of which Dr Dettwiler is the consulting physician. The King and his party went over the building, Dr Hess acting as guide. His Majesty, on seeing one of the patients standing bareheaded, bade him in German not to trouble. The man addressed

responded in English, and said he was an Englishman. The King spoke with him for some time, and also to other patients. His Majesty showed a lively interest in the working of the apparatus and heating appliances, particularly in the table heated to keep the plates warm, and inspected various rooms and hygienic appliances. His Majesty also examined tuberculosis bacilli through a microscope, and devoted attention to the electrical lamp which the doctors use, fastened over their eyes, for examining patients' throats. It is said that thirty similar but free institutions exist in Germany. Before leaving, the King expressed to Dr Hess his great satisfaction with everything he had seen, and signed his name in the address-book, 'Edward R.'

In connection with the above it may be mentioned that a young man named Hamman, twenty-two years of age, suffering from tuberculosis, was sent by a New York journal to Dr Hoff, Vienna, early in January of this year; and at the end of February, in passing through London, he was examined by a specialist, who certified as to his cure.

#### DARKNESS AND DAWN.

As seamen from a distant land  
Lean silent on a vessel's side,  
Shading their eyes with sunburnt hand  
As slowly drifting with the tide,

Turn soft-eyed as they dimly trace  
The smoke rise from the roofs of home;  
Whilst sheer across the ocean waste  
The sinking sun lit up the foam:

When dropped the dark, awoke the breeze,  
And they their fitful duties plied;  
When morning dawned, the curling seas  
Had rolled them to the harbour-side;

So, oft in life a vision falls,  
Dream-born athwart the ways of men,  
Of summer lands and golden halls  
Transcendent in their beauty—then

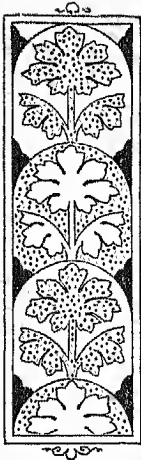
Falls down the dark of mind distress;  
Yet vaguely trust they in the hope  
That, through the doom of darkness blest,  
They with their omens ill may cope:

When morrow's dawning comes, they find  
All golden is the land around.  
Darkness had fallen; but night's wind  
Wafted them to their Dreamland's ground.

ROBERT W. BUTTERS.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chamber's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### A ROMANCE OF QUILL'S INN.

By F. G. AFLALO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

**T**HE bronzed young man sitting alone in a compartment of the mail-train out of Paddington, bound west, had ruminated during the last three hours over recent episodes in a normally uneventful life. His meditations started with the arrival in the Thames of the old *Jehunga* that misty May morning a month ago, and his regrets at the time that he had come to so rapid a determination to run home—it had been his first crossing of the Line, but England was always 'home' to him—and the circumstances of the visit inspired the free-born young colonial with misgivings.

For the last five years he had been away in the back blocks, and a series of successful operations in sheep had laid the foundation of a modest fortune. Then, on his last run down to Brisbane, had come the sudden news from an old school-chum, son of an eminent Melbourne lawyer, of the princely legacy left to him, Newton Ferrars, under conditions peculiar if not onerous. When his father, long dead, had been in communicative vein, he had heard time and again of that old family feud, of the preference of a new home and congenial outdoor life to the alternative of a hated profession and enforced marriage with a bride elect of the family. Prominent in these simple family archives had been the eccentric figure of the maiden aunt, at once the hope and despair of her lawyers, gifted with marvellous vitality, and a passion, unprecedented even in fiction, for redistributing her very considerable worldly possessions. There had always been a presentiment that the sole survivor of this pre-historic maiden's testamentary progeny would endeavour to play some trick on the disgraced brother's family; and, in fact, after having triumphantly endowed and disinherited a lying-in hospital, a lay-monastery, and three royalties, the malignant virgin finally bequeathed her thou-

sands jointly to two bachelor nephews, strangers to her and to each other, on condition that they lived together in her town house. On the marriage of either, the whole went to the celibate, house and all.

To Newton Ferrars, one of the nephews in question, these conditions, appropriate enough to stage farce, seemed nothing more than a last grim joke on the part of a senile relative, towards whom, knowing her gift thus double-edged, he felt very little gratitude. Two years had passed since the morning on which Miss Tabitha Ferrars had been found dead in her high arm-chair, only three hours previous to an appointment with Mr Jeremiah Gothem, her solicitor, for the undoubted purpose of effecting yet another change; but Newton had come to a knowledge of the facts, or part of them, only three months ago.

As already mentioned, it was during one of his short visits to Brisbane, this time connected with the sale of his entire farming interest in the Toowoomba district, that, after five years of nomadic life in the wilderness, he had heard of the lady's last joke, and then he had hurriedly formed a plan for running home by the next boat and without announcement of any kind, and seeing for himself how the land lay and what manner of man his relative and co-legatee might prove. He chuckled at his own freedom from any matrimonial disqualification, and knew his good aunt had not reckoned on one, at any rate, of her heirs being already, by his own industry, sufficiently endowed with this world's goods to enable him, if so minded, to flout both her conditions and her money. At the same time, the moiety of eighty thousand pounds is not to be sniffed at, even on terms; and the cousin might prove a 'white' man. There might even be 'cousinesses,' a speculation not wholly displeasing to one who, with the exception of a not very sympathetic married



sister living in Western Australia, had lost all his relations in the south.

The Melbourne firm employed by the London solicitors had long since given up any hope of finding this mysterious and unappreciative Mr Ferrars, who persistently refused to come to the great city and 'hear of something to his advantage.'

Having booked a passage direct home from Brisbane—the steamer starting, moreover, within two or three days of his chance encounter with his friend—he had thus no opportunity of touching at Melbourne and learning from the agents much that might have altered his plans. So he had come home on the *Jelunga*; and the change of name to Frank Newton—at first assumed only on the impulse of the moment in order to keep his real name out of the passenger-list that he knew was telegraphed on from the last port of call—stuck to him, and proved more than once a source of embarrassment to his unready memory among his new-found friends on board.

He had spent one week, and another, and yet another, at an hotel in the neighbourhood of the Thames Embankment, and had not yet made up his mind to take the plunge and introduce himself to his family's lawyers. They no doubt would be expecting him, as his friend would take back to Melbourne the news of his departure; but his new name would save him from annoyance as long as he cared to lie low. Not only were there all the distractions of the world's Metropolis for one who, with a full purse, had yet never known anything above Sydney, and very little indeed of that; but he was every day aware of a growing distaste for the whole business, with none of the pleasurable anticipations of a man given a chance of doubling or trebling his income on conditions by no means preposterous.

This frame of mind may seem eccentric to a degree, and is perhaps incomprehensible to those who have never succumbed to the mystic influence of the bush. Ferrars, it is true, was by no means the typical colonial, the caricature of a bush-ranger, usually encountered in modern fiction. He was not unacquainted with the use of the evening-suit and the razor, though choice and compulsion combined had kept him during the best years of his youth far from the amenities of civilisation. Yet, although the glamour of London in the season caught him in certain moods, he found himself more than once regretting the underworld of gum and wattle, with the cry of brush-turkeys, the leap of the wallabies, the scuttle of the wombat. Day after day he postponed the unpleasant duty of placing himself in the hands of the men of law; and, with his assumed name, had he been a criminal his aversion for the silent and sober vicinity of Quill's Inn could scarcely have been more pronounced.

All these vicissitudes our traveller mused on in a comfortable corridor compartment. Bristol

lay behind as his thoughts brought him to the actual reasons of his presence in that train, the praises sung by an hotel acquaintance of the west-country, of the fishing and cream and junket and pretty girls of the little duchy called Cornwall; then his own strange resolve to put duty aside yet a little longer, and give himself a week on that wild coast, which might perchance recall his own colony. So he had got a hopelessly unnecessary and elaborate outfit of correct and incorrect tackle at a Strand shop; then he settled his bill, left his heavy luggage at the hotel, and went off to Paddington.

The journey had been long and not particularly interesting. At Exeter a benign-looking old cleric entered the compartment, and the two soon got on friendly terms and even shared the lighter element of Ferrars's luncheon-basket. The train slowed down as the shadows were lengthening ahead of the locomotive, jolting over yet another little shaky bridge on approaching the hamlet which Ferrars had been advised to make his headquarters in his short campaign against the cream and pollack. His travelling companion, he had already learnt, was vicar of the parish, devoting himself to the comfort of such few of the inhabitants as did not find deeper consolation in one or other of the iron chapels so common thereabouts; and he now collected his sticks and rugs from the rack and gave the young man a parting invitation to look in at the Vicarage any evening when he had nothing better to do, and give an old bachelor the benefit of some more of his travelling experiences and tales of the far-off colonies.

Uttering the commonplace thanks appropriate to the occasion, Ferrars mentally resolved, without unkindness, that his week would be a failure indeed if he had to contemplate spending its evenings in a whitewashed vicarage parlour. True, the aged Vicar was a kindly pterodactyl; but his prosy reminiscences of prehistoric Cornish lore might, however bearable in the enforced companionship of railway travel, prove less agreeable with escape available. He had owned himself a bachelor, too, and there would probably be a contemporary housekeeper of opposite sex to assist at these sittings with a familiarity born of long devotion. No; he could surely find better occupation after the day's fishing in studying the Celtic muriner in the village inn, or, perchance, even the Celtic beauty on the village green.

The train was now at a standstill; and he stood aside to let the older man pass out, only to see him taken immediate possession of by a couple of attractive young ladies, the more alluring by reason of their complete contrast in face and form. The shorter and fairer of the two embraced the new arrival without any eye for the many interested passengers seated in the train. Ferrars, the only other passenger to alight, attracted to his service the solitary porter—Porth Gwarriek

does not, even later in the summer, do a great traffic in tourists, most of whom, appalled by the unmistakable odour of rejected fish wafted on the sea-breeze, elect to remain in the security of the mail-train that shall bear them to the overcrowded but adequately drained resorts a little farther west—and directed him to take the two bags and bundle of rods down to the 'Ship,' at which rooms had been booked by wire.

'Who are those ladies who met the Vicar?' he asked the official, with an assumption of indifference that fairly deceived the yokel, who, eyeing him askance, as with pity for his ignorance of the great ones of the earth, replied in a sing-song drawl, 'That un be Miss Tabrun, passon's niece. T'other, she be 'er vriend as is staying up at Hall.' Regarding, in the absence of a more definite classification, the fair girl as 'passon's niece' by reason of her greater demonstrativeness on the occasion of his arrival, there remained the tall and dark-eyed Diana, unnamed, and designated as 'staying up at Hall.'

Ferrars found himself criticising somewhat numerically his holiday programme, more particularly as regards the evenings. After a plain but substantial meal, he had more than one pipe out on the old sea-wall, watched the dancing yellow constellation out on the waters that betokened the whereabouts of the drifting pilchard fleet, made all arrangements for a henchman for the week's fishing, and turned in.

This, he said to himself next morning, was better than town. He had bathed from the rocks, absorbed a breakfast more worthy of old bush-days than the finicking performances of an appetite recently jaded by London hours and London ways, and then got aloft with a grarled old sea-dog who knew all there was to know of the handling of his lugger and the haunts of the rock pollack. The coast was not wholly unlike that of his native shores; and yonder bluff, but for the softening crown of shorthorn cattle grazing to its very edge, might well have been the Heads, under the lee of which, rolling lazily in the long Pacific swell, he had many a time hooked great schnapper and other mighty denizens of the southern ocean. Slowly, and in long tacks against a head-breeze, the lugger drew out to the fishing-grounds, every tack opening up the beautiful coast-line with new contrasts. At length the red sails were furled, the anchor down, the hooks baited for the fray, the relic of Trafalgar's days busy chewing tobacco up in the foresheets. Sport was excellent; the pollack bored in vain, for they had an experienced fisher, albeit from other climes, to deal with; and a goodly pile of handsome fish soon flashed and rolled in the well. Then, braced by the pure air, Ferrars yearned for another meal, and the boat had a straight run with a fair wind for the little white harbour, looming more and more distinct over the tossing waters. As they ran in under the lifeboat slip he noticed several people on the

quay, and he noticed, too, the Vicar's niece and her stately friend, and much regretted, chiding himself even as he did so for his uncharitable reflections of yesterday, that the old gentleman was not also present to have effected an introduction. It was evident to him, from the way in which both girls were looking at his little craft, that the Vicar had not been silent last evening on the subject of his travelling companion.

'Tell me, Silas: how do the people get their fresh fish round here?' he asked the superannuated A.B., a dim project forming in his mind, to be encouraged by the reply that 'most all the fresh fish went off to Bristol or Lunnon, and you could not often get so much as a whiting in the village; though times, to be sure, the jouders 'awked 'em through the streets.' As a result of this information, Silas was presently sent trudging up the hilly road to the Vicarage with a string of mackerel and pollack and a card bearing Mr Newton's compliments.

With an inward groan, Ferrars remembered that he had inadvertently, and in ignorant indifference, given the *other* name in the train, and he did not dare trust to a possibly failing memory by substituting the truth.

There came back from the Vicar a note begging that Mr Newton would do him the pleasure of taking tea that evening at seven, and that he would come as much earlier as he liked.

Smiling inanely at his change of mood since the day before, Ferrars sent an equally brief acceptance, and at once reviewed his limited wardrobe. He had never bothered about dress out in Queensland; but in London, even though he bore no introductions, a well-known tailor had supplied a few suits. These had, however, been left at the Embankment hotel, and he had to content himself with some hybrid arrangement that at any rate included a black jacket. He had removed his beard on arriving in England, with a strange fancy to make himself as unlike the Australian as seen in *Punch* as possible. This evening he shaved very carefully and paid more attention to his toilet than he ever remembered doing before.

'Come in! come in!' said the genial old Vicar, meeting him in the little porch, half-hidden in clematis and honeysuckle. 'My niece will be in very shortly; but she has her old school-friend, Beryll Chesney, staying up at the Hall, and I don't see very much of her nowadays.'

Ferrars could not for the moment think where he had once, long ago it seemed, heard the name of Chesney. No, he had never, so far as he could remember, known any one of the name; and yet!—

'Ah! to be sure; there they come,' said the Vicar, interrupting his musings; and there, true enough, came the girls through the long grass down the hilly field behind the cottage. The visitor was presented to them in turn.

Madge Taberham was fair and frolicsome; a

merry girl, with never a thought hitherto beyond her uncle's parish and parishioners, particularly the four-footed ones; a jolly Cornish maid, heart-whole, able to take the tiller when a sea came into the little bay, able to ride and drive up and down appalling hills, loving her horse and her cows and fowls, and even two hives of droning bees, to which she would attend in person, mysteriously masked and gloved.

Miss Taberham's school-friend was in strange contrast. Her education scarce 'completed' on the banks of the Rhine, Beryll Chesney had been whirled away to be presented and take her place in the ranks of London beauties (toasted, unknown to herself, as the blackest-eyed of them all). Long orphaned and deprived of her only brother, a promising young man of science who had found a dreadful death two years ago in an Alpine 'chimney,' she had enough of this world's goods to atone in part for the bitter-sweet memories of a somewhat saddened young life. Her parents had already left her, even in her minority, well provided for; and then her brother had left a will, made some time previous to his death, in which she was nominated sole legatee of his money. There was, it is true, some mystery connected with this bequest of his, and for some reason or other it was known that she would not touch one penny of it until this mystery had been cleared up; and as she had more than enough for her own immediate and subsequent wants, there was no good reason for her guardian, when he handed over his trust, to attempt to shake her resolution.

They were a merry party round the Vicarage table that evening, the dainty cakes and excellent junket made by Madge calling forth the visitor's warm approval; and Ferrars soon found something peculiarly sympathetic about Miss Chesney. Time and again he puzzled over her name, and why it seemed so strangely familiar to him; but his absence of mind was beginning to be obvious, and he dismissed these fancies, only feeling that she was somehow like an old friend. There seemed, indeed, some subtle, unexplained bond of sympathy between them; a fantastic notion, certainly, considering that their acquaintance had endured perhaps a couple of hours at most. Yet who ever studied such incidental considerations in a question of sympathy between man and maid?

'Please tell me all about Australia, Mr Newton,' said Beryll. Madge had gone within to see to some coffee and cream, and the others were seated in the little veranda in front of the Vicarage, watching the long line of boats creep out to the night's fishing in the crescent bay at their feet. 'You see,' she added, 'I am interested in the country. I know some one, or of some one, there'—Ferrars, not observing the correction, gnashed his teeth—'and I should like so much to know about the country.'

'But Australia, Miss Chesney,' answered the

young man, forcing a merriment that the turn of the conversation did not warrant—'Australia is rather a large order, as we should say out there. What particular colony, if I may ask, does your—your friend live in?'

Beryll flushed deep red as she replied, 'Oh, that is just what I do not know;' and he, mistaking the cause of her embarrassment, bit his lip till he started with the pain. 'I only know that he is somewhere in Australia, and may be coming to England any day,' she added.

Ferrars raged inwardly; but the only outward result of his confusion was quite lost on his audience, as it took the form of a Munchausen-like account of the land of his birth, wherein it transpired that wallabies roosted against the back-door of every other house; and gum-trees of abnormal height, and dingoes as big as wolves and twice as fierce, wove themselves in this remarkable narrative with such luxuriance that the young man presently roused himself from his unwelcome thoughts to take the coffee that was handed to him, and to realise that, all-unsuspected by his indulgent hearers, he had been making a regular ass of himself. The conversation then took a more local turn, and both he and the Vicar presently walked with the ladies as far as the gates of the Hall, depositing there the owner of the most maddening eyes he had ever looked into.

As, at a later hour, having walked back with the Vicarage party, he took his stumbling way down the single street of the village, paved with cobble-stones and unilluminated by a single lamp, Ferrars pondered much on the strange anomaly of the detested exile, for whom, while their owner did not even know his own precise whereabouts, those wondrous eyes could doubtless shine with another light.

The next fortnight passed most pleasantly. Ferrars was taken up to the Hall by the Vicar, and presented to old Sir Ralph Fotheringay, quondam guardian of the now emancipated Beryll, but ever her dearest guide and counsellor; and the genial old squire, who had seen service in India under the Honourable John Company, had views on the efficiency of Australian horses in war, and thus found a congenial topic of conversation with the stranger. Many a conversation, too, Ferrars had alone with Beryll, for Madge had a hundred occupations about the parish, and once or twice he escorted his Diana on horseback, an exercise of which she was passionately fond, riding almost as well and as fearlessly as the colonial, who had spent a large portion of both night and day in the saddle for weeks together. On one occasion, too, there had been a broken bridge over a little torrent, and the cavalier had to dismount and lead, and there had been a meeting of eyes, and words unspoken perhaps, but plainly expressed for all that. These pleasant interludes received a sudden interruption



on the third Friday by the departure of Beryll with the Fotheringays, the squire having to preside at the meeting of a sporting committee in London the next day, and Lady Fotheringay having made this the opportunity for closing the Hall until the shooting. Although not wholly unexpected, this collapse of his paradise came on Ferrars as a shock; and that Friday evening all the glamour was off the Cornish landscape. Mighty fish, long neglected, once more challenged his skill without much enthusiasm by way of response; the sunset on the bluff did not attract; the genial chatter of the old Vicar reminded him again of the train; and Madge, admirable though she might be as a type of robust womanhood, the healthy mind in the healthy body, jarred on him in her almost obtrusive strength and independence. So he resolved, as usual on impulse, to return to town and make the plunge. He now saw in this flight of his from a pack of lawyers, who, after all, only wished to endow him with a large sum of money, a poor performance for one who had gone through the Brisbane floods, not to mention bush-fires innumerable and a brush or two with the blacks. Now, at any rate, he would keep dark no longer. London was not

such a bad place after all. His co-inheritor might prove a capital fellow, and altogether England might prove good enough for a time.

Once more he thought of those black eyes that had flashed at him from the corridor of the up-express—he had quite accidentally been at the station, to make some inquiry that he had totally forgotten half-way from the inn, as the party from the Hall, with their man-servants and their maid-servants, took their places in different parts of the train—and the die was cast. He wired to the hotel on the Embankment. He walked over to the dear little Vicarage to take leave of the old man and his niece, inventing for the occasion many ostensibly sound regrets at his forced sudden departure. The good Vicar, at any rate, was satisfied; and if one fair bosom smothered a sigh, if one white brow was for a moment furrowed with a suspicion of the truth, as the soldierly young Australian walked for the last time down the winding path and turned at the little gate to wave his cap, he knew nothing of it. Women have to stifle regrets and smooth the brow every day of this old earth's spin, yet none vote them heroines.

(To be continued.)

## SOME ODD ASPECTS OF AN ODD BUSINESS.

By W. B. ROBERTSON.



WAY down east—past the Tower of London, past the Royal Mint, past the St Katharine and the London Docks—is that notorious thoroughfare, Ratcliffe Highway. It gained its notoriety in the days when sailors were looked upon as legitimate prey for those cormorants called crimps, who, with the dark and lawless brood that gathered round them, infested the neighbourhood. Within the easy memory of the middle-aged it was nothing in broad daylight to meet in the Highway a reeling sailor linked in the arms of shouting women. Every one knew—and, knowing, took no notice—they had been spending the previous night in one or other of the dancing-saloons that were common annexes of the public-houses there, and were now making for some den where the best that would happen to the helpless mariner would be to have his pockets picked quite clean. Other possibilities in front of him would be the loss of his clothes, and even the loss of his life.

All this is altered now. The same old thoroughfare is there; but it is no longer known as Ratcliffe Highway, and has become quite respectable under the title of Saint George Street. The crimps have gone; the drunken sailors have gone; the ribald women have gone; the dancing-saloons have gone; in short, as one of the last of the crimps some years ago told me, 'The neigh-

bourhood is ruined; all business is gone, and I'm going too.' He did go, and that very effectively, for he died a week later.

Though the business of the neighbourhood had thus gone—killed, according to some, by the Suez Canal, according to others by the supersession of sailing-vessels by steam, and according to others by the Board of Trade's 'forwarding' system enabling sailors to receive their pay at their several homes—there remained, and still remains, one business whose roots were too widely spread to be seriously affected by merely local conditions. That was the business of Charles Jamrach, now conducted in the hundredth year of its existence by his son, Albert Edward Jamrach. In its early days it had to be near the haunts of seamen, for it was an emporium whither they brought their rarities—strange objects or strange animals—to exchange for gold. Lucrative deals were made at Jamrach's then; and tales were current in the fo'c'sle of sailors who had retired on fortunes made in the irregular traffic in animals and articles such an establishment encouraged. This irregular traffic, though carried on to some extent, is now forbidden by English shipowners.

The beginnings of Jamrach's business belong to Hamburg, where the grandfather of the present Jamrach was chief of the river police. In his official capacity he was in the habit of boarding arriving vessels, and so was attracted by the

curiosities the sailors brought home. He took to buying such of those as took his fancy. Then his friends wanted him to procure similar curiosities for them, and thereafter his friends' friends were seized with the same desire. The upshot of all this was, that he saw an easy and a profitable business in these rarities; for the more they were distributed the greater the number of people that wanted them, and the more he bought from the sailors the greater were the quantities they continued to bring him. Accordingly, he resigned his office in the police and announced to the public that he was prepared to supply them with rarities of any kind from any shore; for the crew of every ship that sailed were now practically so many agents for him. Wonderful shells and birds of gorgeous plumage were his chief commodities; for these there was a constant market, and as long as the sailors were well remunerated there was an ever-increasing supply. It was not easy to glut the market with natural rarities in those days, for the world was wider than it is now, and the products of distant lands comparatively unknown.

Others soon entered the business; and, as there was always a market for a rarity, competition between the rival dealers centred round the sailors. The great point in this competition was to acquire early knowledge of the arrival of rarities in the docks; and for this purpose the dealers employed the loafers round the quayside to 'run' to them with such news, the 'runner' being rewarded in proportion to the importance of the information he brought. I have seen the late Charles Jamrach pay a runner as much as five pounds, and I have seen him pay as low a sum as one shilling. Besides employing runners, one dealer took to going out to meet expected ships; another dealer did the same, and went farther next time. This was capped by other dealers going farther and farther. The next innovation was to steal away unobserved in the night—a trick that came out in course of time, and then the rival dealers used to have one another's movements watched by night as well as by day.

The masterstroke that killed this irksome competition for the time being was inflicted by Jamrach when he sent his son Charles to London, there to reside and buy up the rarities and animals, and send them to him on the Continent. This practically gave Jamrach a monopoly; for then, there being no Suez Canal, English ports were always those first touched by homeward-bound vessels. Enjoying this virtual monopoly, Jamrach could now tell captains of ships what to bring him without any fear of what they brought falling into rival hands. Thus it came about that if even a European monarch wanted a rarity—as did once the Emperor Joseph of Austria, who for years sought for what Jamrach got for him in as many months: namely, a lion with a particular kind of mane—his best plan was to go to Jamrach. Jamrach's accordingly became known as a

place where anything could be procured, 'from a needle to an elephant,' as I have often heard it put. These were the good old times of the animal and curiosity trade, with an expanding world, so to speak, to draw supplies from; with people eager to know more and more of new countries; and with the institution and growth of menageries, of zoological gardens, and of museums. There was then a boom right along the whole line of the trade, and deals with long profits and small initial outlay were of weekly occurrence. Booms there are still, now and then; but they are confined to particular objects or particular animals, and arise in rather odd ways sometimes.

At the time Theosophy was attracting attention, for instance, a stranger dropped into Jamrach's shop. He was received courteously rather than cordially. 'To tell you the truth,' said Jamrach to me about the time, 'I thought he was some dock-clerk out of a job, and under the pretence of wanting some rarity, had come in to pass the time with a look round.' People that come in just to have a look round usually begin by asking for some fanciful rarity, such as a parrot that can say the Lord's Prayer backward or do a sum in addition. This particular stranger began quite differently. Had Mr Jamrach any symbols connected with the religion of Buddha? Mr Jamrach had; and the stranger, being taken into the museum, bought various images and religious carvings. He then wrote out a cheque, and the name he put to it showed him to be the representative of one of the oldest families in England. This gentleman came several times after that, making similar purchases, and told Jamrach that he was furnishing a Theosophic temple, and that he was endeavouring by a close study of the images and idols to discover the thoughts of the artists that produced them. How far he succeeded is not our concern. It is our concern simply to point out that articles that had lain in Jamrach's museum for a quarter of a century, perhaps more, and were considered unsaleable almost, had a market value suddenly 'precipitated' upon them by the far-distant Mahatmas.

From thus selling deities or delicate Japanese carvings, Jamrach may turn next minute to selling a panther to a showman, a python to a snake-charmer, a monkey to an organ-grinder, a rare deer to a duke. One morning last spring a gentleman came in to buy a brown Brahmin bull that he had heard of. He bought the bull, and then going round the stables, he took a fancy to a leopard. He bought that also. Then he bought two hyenas, four brown Russian bears, four Sambar deer, three Persian gazelles, some black swans, and emus. What was a Worcestershire squire—for so he turned out to be—to do with all these animals? This question would seem to have arisen in his own mind on completing his purchases; for, turn-

ing to Jamrach, he suddenly remarked, 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll build dens for them, and when they're finished, you come down and see that they are strong enough, and all right. Meanwhile, you keep the animals for me.' This was agreed to, and in about a month Jamrach sent one of his men down to Malvern with the strange freight. Most people are fond of animals—fond of possessing them at any rate; and if we all had country estates and plenty of money we should without doubt be often found indulging our fancy in quite as expensive a way as this Worcestershire squire. A notable example of this is furnished in the case of Captain Marshall, who died a few years ago. He had a wild-animal farm in a meadow on the banks of the Thames at Great Marlow. Among his animals, which included the finest collection of cranes ever got together, were three or four elephants—I forget the actual number. Now and then, just for the fun of the thing, he would go up the river in tow of one or other of these. He had an old lion, too, that used to follow him by day like a dog, and sleep at the foot of his bed by night, until it took to licking his face when he was asleep. A lion's tongue is as rough as a file, and scarcely to be endured on the human hand, to say nothing of the human face.

Young men inheriting fortunes frequently begin to show their independence by heavy purchases in the animal world, and give a fillip to prices. One such appeared some years back with a fancy for snakes. One afternoon about this time I was having a quiet cigar with Jamrach in the back-room that serves for an office. He was telling me of an extraordinary snake, reported to be twenty feet long, that he had lost through not going down to the Docks as soon as he had heard about it and purchasing it. It had been brought over for Jamrach by the captain of a steamer from China; but, no Jamrach appearing, the captain grew nervous with it in his possession in the Docks, and let it go for twelve pounds. 'Foolish fellow!' exclaimed Jamrach. 'If he had waited just over night—for I went down next morning—I'd have given him forty pounds or fifty pounds for it. The strange thing about it, too, is that nobody knows where it has gone, and it's exactly a week to-day since it was sold.' Not many minutes after he had thus spoken, a runner burst in upon us. 'Mr Jamrach!' he cried excitedly, 'do you want to buy the big snake?' 'Certainly; and I'll give you a couple of sovereigns if I buy it.' 'Come on, then,' returned the eager runner; 'we haven't a minute to lose.' Off they hurried in a cab. I afterwards learnt that the snake was remarkable for size, and proved to be the rare reticulated python from Java. The lucky purchaser of it for twelve pounds had been holding it for one hundred pounds. Being a man in a small way, he got apprehensive, and began to fear the snake might die on his hands as the one

hundred pounds didn't come as quickly as he had anticipated; so he had practically sold it for forty pounds to another dealer before Jamrach got there. The dealer was coming that very night with the money. 'Here, my good man, is forty-five pounds,' said Jamrach on hearing the price he had been offered, 'and I'll take the snake away with me now.' 'All right, sir; the snake is yours.'

There was a boom in kangaroos some years ago. It will be remembered that a boxing kangaroo was exhibited in London at the Aquarium. It drew such crowds that every other place of entertainment had to have its boxing kangaroo; but kangaroos were not to be had in such numbers, and some resorted to the clumsy expedient of clothing a man in a kangaroo skin. Even so, the demand remained unsatisfied, and cables were sent out to Australia to agents and the captains of ships lying there to bring over as many kangaroos as they could find. Kangaroos consequently, which before were practically unsaleable, bounded up to one hundred pounds apiece; now they are again unsaleable, and are heard of only in connection with a rather rich soup that is made out of their tails.

A leading animal buyer in this country is the Hon. Walter Rothschild. He is a keen naturalist, and buys everything that is specially rare. The results of his observations and investigations he publishes from the Tring Zoological Museum in his journal, *Novitates Zoologicae*. Not a week passes without telegrams or letters between him and Jamrach. It is the latter's habit, as soon as he lights on a novelty, to send off a telegram to a likely customer; and often an animal that has been travelling for weeks will be sent on a journey again an hour or two after its arrival, and when it has been seen to be all right. Once 'Carnivora'—Jamrach's truculent telegraphic address—wired to a client that he had two lion cubs, just arrived, price fifty pounds. Would he send them? Back came the reply, 'Don't want any live pups at any price,' the first telegram having evidently been mutilated. To return to Walter Rothschild: he has for some years been making a special study of the cassowary, and the Christmas before last brought out a book on that bird, magnificently illustrated with coloured plates. Very little is known of cassowaries; even experts cannot always tell the male from the female. On one occasion Jamrach sold a cassowary that all concerned regarded as a male. A few months afterwards he received from his customer this telegraphic message: 'Your male cassowary has laid an egg.' Again, there are only some four or five species known to science. Walter Rothschild has established the existence of fifteen species. This has involved an enormous outlay which no mere man of science could have borne. It entailed, to begin with, the purchasing of hundreds of live cassowaries, which sometimes cost as much as one



hundred and fifty pounds each. Then these cassowaries, which were young birds, had to be kept until they came into colour, the owner knowing all the time that he should derive no profit from his outlay. Previous students of the cassowary had to content themselves with the study of the mere skins, and could command only such skins as good luck might place in their way. Walter Rothschild, on the other hand, was able through Jamrach—whose hearty co-operation he recognised by presenting him with two copies of the elaborate book, which is for private circulation only—to institute a systematic search for cassowaries; and the officers of every ship that sailed for New Guinea and other haunts of the bird knew that good prices awaited them for every specimen they found.

There is always a more or less steady demand from zoological gardens for animals. Even collections that may be complete get broken into by

death and require recruiting. To this extent death may be regarded as the friend of the animal dealer; but it is as often his foe. 'There's one hundred and sixty pounds gone,' said Jamrach to me once as he handed me a telegram. It ran, 'Will accept tapir at 160,' and was from Barnum & Bailey. The tapir had died two days previously. Jamrach succeeded in saving ten pounds, however, which he got from an animal-stuffer for the carcass. Sometimes, too, a dead animal can be used to feed other animals with. The vultures and hyenas, for instance, had the pleasure not long ago of feasting on a Ceylon pigmy bull worth forty pounds. The last thing Jamrach does at his place of business before going home is to record the day's deaths in the death-book. Opposite each animal he puts its cost price; and the losses reckoned on this basis run from one hundred and fifty pounds to two hundred pounds a month.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

By JOHN FINNEMORE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(continued).

**I** DREW off my shoes, tied them together, and hung them round my neck; and Jan hastened to do the same. Then he came to me, and waved his hand joyfully at sight of the open door. We crept softly up. The stairs wound and wound about, and creaked till we were terrified at the noise we made, yet the most perfect silence reigned when we stayed to listen, and at last we came to another little door at the top. Here again there was a most cautious peeping, followed by a bold entrance, for it opened into an apartment as desolate and empty as the kitchen below. The walls were full of doors. The place seemed a central knot from which passages led to every part, and, for our purpose, a most convenient spot to have discovered. Some of the doors were locked; some were not. The unlocked ones I tried in turn, the first leading to a long gallery where dusty portraits hung in rows, their painted eyes following us as we moved past as if demanding by what right we intruded upon their domain; the second to a labyrinth of small rooms, servants' places, and the like; and the third to a large sleeping-apartment. The fourth admitted us to a narrow matted passage, smelling intolerably musty. The farther mouth of the passage was closed by a curtain. I pushed it aside and found myself in a gallery along the front of which another curtain was drawn. The size of the place, the gallery itself, the dim light pouring through stained-glass windows, told me at once I had reached the chapel.

I turned and saw Jan at my shoulder, his lips opening to speak. Suddenly I raised my finger sharply, though I saw by his eyes the caution was not needed. A vigorous 'Hem!' from some one below rang through the place. Had a pistol been discharged at my ear I could scarcely have been more startled. The place seemed so lifeless, so desolate, that that brisk sound of life had a most surprising effect. It seemed to pluck at one's nerves as sharply as a player plucks at the tight-drawn strings of a mandoline. I crept softly forward and peeped through a rent in the curtain, hoping to catch sight of him who cleared his pipe so confidently, and I saw the man plainly. To my surprise, it was a clergyman in full canonicals, a big, flourishing parson in great white peruke, and spotless bands, and flowing robes clean and shining—the greatest contrast in his bravery to the dingy, dusty chapel which he slowly paced, his finger thrust in a book as if to keep a place. More; I knew him. He went commonly by the name of 'Parson Hazard,' being a passionate gambler, and devoted to that game, which he followed madly as long as he could raise a penny-piece, and when he had no cash he was ever found watching more fortunate players. His real name I shall not write. Since those days he has deserted the green table and obtained good preferment. He now lives in an odour, if not of sanctity, yet of respectability, which I do not care to disturb. I have heard that he spent his youth as chaplain in a great family where his patrons were devotees of the card-table, and this, till he was removed from their influence, was his ruin.

Matters stood thus for some minutes, 'Parson Hazard' moving up and down a clear space before the altar below, and we peering at him from above, when of a sudden the clergyman turned his head and looked down the chapel, as if he heard some one approaching. In another moment an old woman, with smooth white hair and handsomely dressed, came towards him, and he smiled.

'Well, madam,' said he, 'and is your charge in a more amenable frame of mind?'

'I can scarcely say that,' she replied; 'she seems strangely insensible to the honour intended her.'

'It's a queer thing, certainly,' chuckled 'Parson Hazard.' 'I know ladies of high degree who would give their ears almost to become Countess of Kesgrave, were it only to plunge their fingers into my lord's deep coffers to meet their losses at play; but that a young person in little better than rags should object seems to me passing strange. 'Twill be a lively day at court when he comes to present her.' And 'Parson Hazard' laughed roundly.

'My Lord Kesgrave pursues his own fancies without regard to other persons' opinions,' said the old lady stiffly.

'Why, as to that, dame,' said 'Parson Hazard,' 'he can do as he likes for me. He has offered me a great sum to marry him here in an odd fashion this morning. What care I? I might have refused, indeed, had not luck cleared me out of my last farthing; but as it is, I shall marry him truly and tightly. I told him plainly I'd take no hand in hanky-panky work. I'll play no tricks in my gown—that's going too far.'

While the careless, jovial chaplain was saying this, and pacing idly about the chapel, the old woman was watching him; and, her face being in full view, I was watching her. An egg is no fuller of meat than was her face of evil. It was in her thin lips, now curved in a smooth, sneering smile as she listened to his heedless, outspoken talk; it was in her wrinkles, every one of which was unkindly; it was above all in her dark eyes, peering edgewise at 'Parson Hazard,' and her satirical, lifted brows.

'I think it would be an excellent thing to make matters easier, your reverence,' she said in a soft tone, 'if you told the young woman of these matters yourself. She would then see she was to be dealt honestly by.'

'Bring her here,' he cried; 'bring her into this chapel, and let her perceive for herself that all is being done decently and in order; that she will leave this place an honoured wife. It shall be my care to reassure her.'

The old woman slipped away, and I had a pause to collect myself. It was a marriage that was in hand; the Earl of Kesgrave of the one part, and of the other—who? I had no doubts on this score, and waited eagerly to see my love appear. Suddenly I found Jan's mouth at my ear.

'Whatever happens, Captain,' he breathed in a voice as much below a whisper as a whisper is below a shout, 'let all their cards be on the table before we move, or, mayhap, we'll spoil everything.'

I nodded my agreement to my wise Jan's strategy, and looked eagerly again at the rent of the curtain.

'Come, come, my girl,' called out the parson cheerily down the chapel, 'do not fear anything. I assure you that honest dealings are meant for you.'

A tall, slender figure came into sight, and moved swiftly up to him. I had to hold myself down by main force, as it were. It would have been so easy to swing myself over the gallery and drop down at her side. But we were walking a narrow and dangerous way, and for her sake, above all, I kept a strong command upon myself, and waited to see how things would go.

'Sir,' said Cicely, 'by what right am I detained here?'

'Faith, my girl,' said he, 'I thought you had settled that with his lordship. So I understood. At any rate, you need be under no uneasiness. I perceive your suspicions. In the circumstances they are not unnatural; but there is no bogus work about this, I assure you. I will marry you as truly and tightly as ever woman was married. I am So-and-so, chaplain to the Earl of Such-and-such.'

I do not, as I said before, write such names as will identify 'Parson Hazard;' but he gave them roundly, his own and his patron's name, and that he spoke truly I know very well.

'I do not follow you,' returned Cicely. 'Why should you try to reassure me as regards suspicions which I have never entertained, and which I do not understand? I do not think you can marry me against my will.'

'Parson Hazard' turned and looked at her fixedly. Her face was still screened by her cloak in a great measure; but the voice had astonished him. Perchance at her first speech he had not remarked the rare sweetness of her utterance, the purity of her accent. Certainly he had observed them now, as one saw by his interested look, by the surprise which shone in his eyes.

'Do I understand that this marriage is forced upon you?' he said. 'I fancied it was a mere freak on the part of his lordship, in which you joined, greatly to your advantage.'

'To my advantage!' said Cicely, dropping her cloak. 'It is most repugnant to me. I was carried away by him from my friends last night; but endure the form of a marriage with him I will not.'

'Parson Hazard' was staring at her open-mouthed. Then he recovered himself with a start. His former manner was gone, as if its careless patronage had never been.

'Madam,' said he, 'there is more here than I can fathom. I took you for a person of low degree. I understood so. I ask your pardon.'

The last words were on his lips when a rattle of feet sounded below us, and some one came into the chapel. Cicely turned, and now I saw her face. No wonder 'Parson Hazard' had put a little more polish into his manner. Her lovely face was glowing like the rose. Her courage had risen with the danger which she believed to be all around her, and her eyes sparkled like jewels, her cheeks were filled with brilliant colour, her whole aspect was shining and dauntless.

'Parson Hazard' bowed as if in answer to a salutation from the new-comer. She did not move, but kept her eyes steadily upon the latter.

'How fortunate that I find you ready!' said a voice below, a voice at which I started, oddly like

the Earl's, oddly unlike, a little deeper, a little harsher.

'I fear the young lady is not entirely willing, my lord,' exclaimed 'Parson Hazard.'

My lord stepped forward, and I ground my teeth in a spasm of rage and indignation. My eyes could not be deceived. Here was no Earl of Kesgrave; here was Colin Lorel in his stead and in his guise. Lorel wore a magnificent suit of sea-green velvet, richly embroidered. All his fineries were of the completest, the most splendid. The handle of his sword blazed with diamonds; a great ruby shone on either foot in his shoe-buckle; his fingers were loaded with rings. Apart from the Earl, his slightly greater height and bulk did nothing to betray him; but I had seen them together too often and studied them too closely to be deluded. I knew him for Colin Lorel by a dozen signs.

## THE TOBACCO-FIELDS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

By ROWLAND W. CATER, Author of *Cultivation of Vegetable Silk, Vanilla-Gathering, Coffee-Culture in Central America, &c.*



EVERY one knows that the choicest tobacco comes from Cuba; for years past she has supplied the weed to all countries, and every judge of tobacco insists on having Cuban 'smokes' or none at all. A few years ago, however, owing chiefly to the continual political disturbances in the island, the price of Cuban tobacco rose to such an extent that the legitimate Havana was practically taken out of the reach of all except wealthy smokers; and this led to widespread experiments and attempts to produce elsewhere a fine quality of leaf at a reasonable price.

One of the most successful countries, from this point of view, appears to be Mexico. During the ten years' rebellion in Cuba many refugees from that island settled down on the mainland and taught the natives—who had grown the plant for their own use even before the discovery of America—how to cultivate and cure the leaves to better advantage, with the result that Mexican growers have more than begun to make a name for themselves. Already their produce to some extent fills the gap left by the decrease of the Cuban production. The future of Mexican tobacco is assured; for, whilst it is considered by many unbiassed authorities to be equal in quality to the Cuban leaf—especially when grown from Cuban seed—the price is much lower, and the article thus comes within the reach of moderately circumstanced consumers.

In each of the five republics of Central America, too, tobacco is raised. San Salvador and Guatemala, with British Honduras, produce a very good quality, but barely sufficient in quantity for home

consumption. Costa Rica and Nicaragua some years ago went into tobacco cultivation extensively; but lately that industry has declined there owing generally to the more remunerative character of coffee-growing. In some of these countries the industry is a Government monopoly; but permission to export one's crops is always procurable.

Probably the best variety of Central American tobacco is that grown in the district of Copan, Spanish Honduras; but, lacking the opportunities the Mexicans had of learning from past-masters in the art how to cure the weed properly, Honduranian planters do not attempt to export their produce, but aim merely at catering for the home markets, as in the sister republics.

Here, then, is an excellent opportunity for men of energy and capital, who with cheap land and abundance of cheap labour, and given a few Cuban overseers to superintend, should not find it difficult to surpass the tobacco of Mexico and even equal that of Cuba.

There are from thirty to forty different varieties of the tobacco-plant; but the most widely cultivated is that known to botanists as *Nicotiana tabacum*. It is a herbaceous plant, from three to five feet high when full-grown, with long, wide leaves wrapped round the stem at their base after the manner of a banana sucker, and covered with extremely fine hairs like those of our common stinging nettle, but less perceptible. The plant is a hardy one, but it prefers a warm and humid climate. A lime-impregnated soil considerably augments the quantity of leaves borne on each stem; but these are invariably of inferior quality to the leaves of plants raised in light, loose, and somewhat sandy soil; if the soil contains a



certain amount of potash the result is better still. But it is on the curing of the leaf that the value depends.

The details of cultivation, although they vary in some minor points according to country, climate, and soil, are to all intents and purposes the same. In Central America the first step taken when laying out a new plantation is the formation of nurseries. Carefully selected seeds are sown in well-prepared beds, on which brush-wood has been burnt some time before, both to fertilise the soil and destroy all existing weeds. Half-an-ounce of seed, judiciously handled, should suffice for one acre of ground. Small furrows, about an inch in depth and running the whole length of the beds, are made by dragging a pointed stake with slight pressure along them; and in these furrows, at about eight inches apart, the seeds are sown and covered up with a thin layer of earth. Fine ashes, with vegetable manure, are mixed with the thin covering of earth; and not only does this dressing act as a fertiliser, but it serves to keep at a distance the several species of ants, the dread enemies of young tobacco-plants. The beds are usually made in such a position that the trade-winds cannot reach them; and if not naturally shaded by overhanging foliage, artificial shade is erected over them. Then, with an occasional watering to keep them moist, but at the same time avoiding soaking, they may be left to themselves. Within three weeks usually the young shoots appear, and the beds are allowed to enjoy a little more sun.

In the preparation of the plantation, as distinct from the nurseries, the same plan of hoeing in ashes should, as far as practicable, be adopted. The burning of all the smaller trees, the branches of larger ones, and the underbrush will supply these; for, as the seedlings when set out in the plantation do not require shade, the land must be completely cleared. The larger trunks are hauled away by horses, mules, or oxen, either to a neighbouring river or to an unoccupied spot where they can be burnt at leisure, cut up for firewood, or allowed to rot from continual exposure to the extremes of the weather.

Ploughing under these circumstances is not practicable as a rule, on account of the stumps and enormous roots of the trees which have been felled. In such cases the field is hoed or the earth loosened by the best available means, and furrows made three feet apart. The earth is banked up on either side of the furrows, and where roots or stumps obstruct, the furrows are discontinued and recommenced on the other side of the obstruction in the same direct line. Of course these roots could be dug or blasted out; but the operation is very costly when dealing with a plantation more or less extensive, and many will rot in the natural course, while the remainder can be dug out gradually at the

planter's leisure, until in a few years scarcely any will remain.

Transplantation, although a very important stage in tobacco cultivation, is a very simple one. It is generally performed in the month of September; but the time varies with the locality. The seedlings are ready when each has six leaves visible, or in about fifty or sixty days after planting. Their removal from the nurseries is found much easier on a wet day. To plant them out, small holes, eighteen inches apart, are made along the furrows, and into each a seedling is placed, care being taken that the lower leaves do not touch the earth. For this work, too, a showery day should be chosen.

One of the most interesting operations, to my mind, in connection with tobacco-planting is that of 'topping and suckering.' It consists in nipping off with the finger and thumb the bud which encloses the flower at the top of the plant, and in removing the young shoots or suckers which appear at the junction of the leaves and the stem. The topping operation, called *la poda* by the natives, prevents the plants from running to seed; and both this and the 'suckering'—*el desahijo*—are performed so as to divert all possible nutriment into the leaves.

The planter has now but to wait maturity—that is, for from five to seven months from the time the seed is sown, according to locality. In Cuba, for instance, the crop is almost invariably harvested in five months from planting, so that planters manage to gather two crops annually. Whilst awaiting maturity, however, the planter must occasionally examine his plants and keep a very sharp lookout for grubs, ants, and caterpillars. Not long ago, on my last visit to Spanish Honduras, chance brought me to the capital—Tegucigalpa. It stands—this collection of heavily-tiled *adobe* houses interspersed with unsightly churches—in the midst of a naked and dusty plain surrounded by numerous hills richly veined with silver, gold, and copper, for the most part untouched. Of its thirteen thousand inhabitants the women appear to be the chief workers. Either by washing clothes in the Choluteca—the river running through the town—or by hawking food-stuffs from house to house in such loads as would make even an ox stagger, they manage to earn enough to maintain their respective households, while their husbands do little else than fight in the frequent revolutions or talk of fighting in the rare times of peace.

Here I made the acquaintance of a native merchant, who was also the owner of a tobacco plantation in the Copan district. I had, indeed, no reason to regret this acquaintance; for, when eventually I set out towards Copan with a view to seeing something of their methods in the treatment of tobacco, I did so armed with the merchant's order to his overseer to put himself, his house, and everything else at my disposal.

In the whole of the republic, which has an area of nearly fifty thousand square miles, there are but forty miles of railroad, and these are on the Atlantic side of the country. In consequence all travel in Honduras is done on mules. Thus mounted, and with a guide, I set out from Tegucigalpa. I did not ride hard; in fact, I could not, for the way was too hilly, as the reader will gather from the very name of the country—Honduras being Spanish for 'depths' or 'valleys.' After about ten or eleven hours' ride I reached the small town of La Paz. Here I obtained permission—in the absence of an hotel or anything resembling one—to swing my hammock between two of the pillars supporting the veranda of a private house, and passed a fairly good night.

Starting early next day, we travelled somewhat faster, for between the rocky hills we occasionally came on stretches of comparatively level track, and, the moon being well up, we kept on until long after dusk, as we were still a long way from our second resting-place—Intibuca, the usual conglomeration of bird-cage huts and *adobe* dens—which we did not reach until past midnight. Here I rested the whole of the next day, for the long, hot, and dusty ride had tired me considerably; otherwise I certainly should have made a point of visiting the Erandique opal-mines, which are within a comparatively easy ride of Intibuca, and from which it is reported opals have been taken weighing over one hundred and fifty carats.

I reached the plantation at the close of the fifth day, and was royally received by the overseer, who the next morning provided me with a horse and commenced to show me over his lord's domains.

As I rode through the tobacco-fields I saw much to admire. The symmetrical appearance of the plantation and the regular intervals between the plants were very pleasing to the eye; while the arrangement of occasional paths to the curing-house, cutting up the fields as it were into sections for the convenience of the labourers, and, indeed, the curing-house itself, reflected great credit on whoever had handled that part of the plantation.

The harvest was just commencing, and for the next two or three days I watched the busy gangs of labourers cutting the twelve or fourteen leaves from each stalk with sharp, curved knives, and carrying them in bundles to the curing-house. But this process soon became somewhat monotonous, for it was the same thing day after day without the slightest variation, so I suggested to the overseer that a little sport would afford a very agreeable change. I was not in a hurry. The harvest would not be concluded for some days yet; and, provided I was back in time to watch their methods of curing, I did not mind. It mattered little where or how far we went, or what kind of sport we sought. I felt equally

ready for a climb into the mountains in search of pumas, jaguars, and other big game, or for a tramp through the lowlands, where we might hope to run down a tapir, a wild-bour, or some of the smaller game which abounds there.

The result was that the overseer arranged a little expedition into the bush. We were to make the best of three or four days, taking a couple of his *mozos* with us, and the necessary provisions; but as the next day was Saturday, their pay-day, he could not absent himself from the plantation; so that a start could not be made until Monday.

We did not have to wait so long for the expected sport, though not strictly according to our programme; for early the next morning a tawny-skinned woman, the wife of one of the *mozos*, came running up to the house tearing her hair and yelling with lungs of fifty horse-power, '*Señor! señor! Pobre mi hijito—my poor little son. He has been killed.*'

It was useless asking how it happened, as her replies, coming as they did between sighs and sobs, were wholly unintelligible. We managed at last, however, to make out that while pursuing her daily occupation of washing clothes—seated, as is customary there, up to her waist in water, pounding the soaped garments on a boulder—her child, a four or five year old boy, who was dabbling in the water near her, had been seized by a huge alligator. Later we gathered that the woman, hearing a gurgling sound behind her, had looked round just in time to see the child disappearing beneath the water; and thinking that he had merely overbalanced himself, she sprang to her feet, clutched him, and endeavoured to pull him out. But he seemed to be offering resistance to her efforts. She could feel him gradually slipping from her grasp; and a terrible tug-of-war ensued, made the more terrible by the fact that the poor mother was entirely ignorant of the cause of the resistance. Seizing the child more securely, she redoubled her frantic efforts to wrench it free; and suddenly, when she least expected it, the hold of her invisible adversary seemed to relax, and she fell shorewards upon her back, with her boy, or rather a portion of his body, in her grasp. The huge reptile had bitten the child's body in two, retaining the lower portion. The little victim, of course, expired almost before the distracted mother could take him into her arms.

This tragedy had been enacted in the Santiago River—a tributary of the Ullon—which runs quite close to the plantation, and the story filled me at once with eagerness to be on the track of the monster. The sport itself would be enjoyable at any rate, I anticipated; and if we were successful in killing him there would be one alligator less to menace the inhabitants in the future. Although we could not restore the poor child to its grief-stricken mother, I knew enough of human nature to convince me that she

would be consoled, to some extent, by the slaying of the cause of her bereavement.

It did not take long to arrange matters. With the overseer, two *mozos*, and a black boy, I went off next morning in pursuit of the *lagarto*. Knowing that when one of these brutes has secured a victim he will remain in the vicinity for some days afterwards, we started from the very spot, armed with two rifles and two alligator-lines.

We did not see him that day, nor did he touch either of the baited lines we left throughout the night. However, next morning, when we were preparing to return to the hunt, a little girl ran to meet us, and informed us that the *lagarto* was asleep on a small sandbank in the river, just in front of her *tata's* house. On arriving at the water's edge, sure enough there he was, basking in the sun on the sandbank close to the opposite shore; and deciding to attack him simultaneously from both sides of the river, we separated. I, with the two *mozos*, crossed to the far side by means of some stepping-stones in the shallows a little distance up-river; while the overseer, with the black boy, paddled straight to the sandbank in a dug-out, which, on landing, they drew noiselessly after them.

Just as I, with the *mozos*, reached the little island of sand from our side of the river, we unfortunately startled a number of *piches*—a species of waterfowl very common on these rivers—and their clatter and squealing as they rose woke up our quarry. His first movement was followed by the crack of a rifle. It was the overseer who had fired; and the black boy, confident in the accuracy of the overseer's aim, rushed excitedly forward in his anxiety to be first in at the death. But the bullet had not hit a vital spot; it had merely entered the reptile's mouth and torn away the hard flesh at its corners.

Maddened with pain, the brute commenced to plunge furiously, lashing his powerful horny tail from right to left, and beating up thick clouds of sand; and although alligators are, as a rule, so very timid when out of water that they seldom attack creatures of any kind, least of all human beings, this one seemed to lose all fear in his frenzy of pain. Suddenly raising himself on his massive limbs, he espied the black boy close by; and, with its ugly and bleeding jaws wide open, made towards him. Naturally, he started off at a run; and the reptile, following closely, commenced to chase him round the island.

Although in reality the boy was in grave danger, the sight of a thick-lipped and white-eyed negro, yelling with fright and running at his highest speed, pursued by an oily, dirty-brown alligator, was so very ludicrous that, forgetting the boy's peril for the moment, we all burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter, in which the little band of women and children on the river-bank joined.

My merriment was short-lived, however; for, as in one of their turns round the small arena the boy and his pursuer passed uncomfortably near the spot where I was standing, I jumped backwards a few feet to be out of danger, hoping also that by so changing my position I might get a clear shot at the reptile without fear of hitting the boy or the overseer in the distance, as each time I had attempted to fire either the one or the other was in my line of sight. Forgetting, when I jumped, that I was on the very edge of the sandbank, I fell backwards, heels over head, into the river. When I came to the surface of the eight or nine feet of water into which I had fallen, with my eyes, nose, and mouth half-filled with sand and mud, I saw one of the *mozos* standing on the sandbank with a rifle held out towards me so that I might grasp it and pull myself on to the bank again. I did so; and peeping between my matted eyelashes as I crawled out, I saw the overseer, the black boy, and the other *mozo* standing round the dead alligator in the centre of the little island. The overseer had killed it, putting a bullet behind its shoulder when, in one of the turns in the chase, the brute had appeared to be dangerously near the dusky youth.

How I could have kicked myself for letting the *lagarto* fall to another gun! My stupid and thoughtless leap had lost me the prize—and such a beauty, too, for he measured fully fifteen feet in length. My chagrin was by no means lessened, either, by the very apparent fact that the natives were struggling fiercely to suppress their laughter at my woe-begone appearance; and as I rode back to the plantation in my wet and muddy clothes, I vowed that in future I would religiously confine my hunting expeditions to *terra firma*.

To return to my subject. On the following day I went to examine the curing-house—a solid edifice with doors and windows on all sides to admit of a free current of air, and a number of horizontal rails arranged inside as supports for the poles on which the tobacco-leaves are hung when brought in from the fields.

In curing, and while they hang over the poles in saddle-bag fashion, the leaves are huddled up together and allowed to ferment slightly for three days. When they approach a yellow tint the fermentation is checked by merely separating the poles so that the leaves on one are no longer in contact with those on another. Then, by the heat of the sun or by long-continued hanging in the well-ventilated house, the leaves are thoroughly dried. In testing their dryness the mid-rib or vein should not be overlooked; it should be quite free from moisture.

When in this state the leaves have had sufficient sun, they must be left hanging on the poles in the curing-house for two, three, and sometimes four months, until, under the influence of the atmosphere, they become soft and pliant. Then they



are straightened, bundled, covered with plantain-leaves, and put into the press.

The press consists of a substantial box of the required size, with a loose top on which heavy weights are placed; or, in lieu of the box, a hole dug in a shady part of the ground is substituted in some regions—this in the dry season only. If perfectly dry, the leaves run no risk whatever while in the press, and they may be left there anywhere from eight to thirty days; but it is advisable to unstack and examine the contents of the press occasionally to see that no moisture—which would cause firing or putrid fermentation—has penetrated.

As to the duration of these various processes of curing, it is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules, since they depend so largely upon the locality and climatic conditions. The novice, therefore, cannot do better than experiment constantly, and finally adopt such measures as, according to his experiments, give the best results.

On removal from the press, the leaves, still pliant, are ready to be sorted, being classified according to quality. Usually the qualities are four: first-class and second-class outside 'wrappers,' known as *capas* by the natives; and first-class and second-class 'fillings,' called *tripa*. The remainder of the crops—in the shape of inferior leaves, broken ones, and pieces of vein or rib, which cannot be included in either of the four qualities named—is known as 'funk,' or *desperdicio*, and is serviceable for little else than snuff, bad cigars, and native cigarettes. Sometimes, however, it is steeped in rum or alcohol, and the solution, when strained, is sprinkled over the good tobacco—a process which the natives believe to enrich the quality of the leaves; and when such a procedure is adopted the leaves must again be thoroughly dried. Thus sorted, the tobacco may be baled and shipped to market.

With reference to the cost of cultivation and profits, an eminent writer on the tobacco industry in Vera Cruz, Mexico, puts the annual cost of a hectare (2·47 acres) of land under tobacco cultivation at one thousand seven hundred and thirty-one francs, or, say, seventy-two pounds sterling, and

the yield at four thousand four hundred pounds of tobacco. Thus the cost of the raw weed is, roughly, fourpence per pound. In any of the Central American countries the article can be produced at the same figure, and even in the native markets—especially where its sale constitutes a government monopoly—it sells at prices leaving very handsome profits for the growers. Indeed, the latter can often boast of an annual 150 per cent. on their working capital. For although one would expect tobacco to be wonderfully cheap in countries where it is abundantly produced, with the protection of home industries as a pretext, the governments levy such high duties on foreign tobaccos as to entirely exclude them; and, thus freed from competition, home-growers command the markets and are enabled to maintain prices.

Let us suppose the planter prefers to export produce. To do this he must improve its quality by growing from the very best seed and by employing thoroughly efficient labour. This will naturally increase the cost of production—perhaps it will even double it; but with the prices here at home for really good grades of tobacco ranging from one shilling to eight shillings per pound, he would be fully compensated, and experience no difficulty in securing profits equal to, and even greater than, those reached by non-exporting growers, and that after deducting the usual amounts for interest, depreciation, freight, and all other expenses.

As imported into Europe for manufacture, the leaves are usually very stiff and brittle, although pliant enough when shipped; but when slightly damped they are easily flattened out. Each leaf will give on an average two 'wrappers' or outside covers for cigars, and when used for such the remainder of the leaf is used for 'filling.' A really good cigar should be made so, with the same quality of material throughout; but too often a good *capa* encloses extremely poor *tripa*, and thus those who attempt to judge a cigar by merely smelling it do not discover their error until they put a match to the weed, for, to paraphrase a familiar proverb, 'The proof of the *filling* is in the smoking.'

## THE BLIND MAN AND THE SALMON.

### A TWEEDSIDE STORY.

**T**HE numerous piscatorial articles in the magazines and the newspapers show that an account of a day's sport at the waterside possesses an interest for all lovers of the 'gentle art'; the great difficulty is to make the story interesting to the general reader. For my own part, I confess that a description of the run of a salmon or how Tom or Harry killed a heavy trout always has a charm for me. Every angler

has his own experiences to recount; but, though these may be interesting to kindred spirits over their grog and pipes at evening in the riverside inn, they are not generally worthy of publication. Nevertheless, the killing of a salmon by a blind man being a rare occurrence of which I was an eye-witness, I will give only a simple, unembellished narrative.

The principal person concerned, old Mr Rankin, died many years ago, and the incident occurred

in the early seventies; but I have still a vivid recollection of every detail of the adventure.

It was in the beginning of May, when, with the purpose of having a day's trout-fishing, I went down to St Boswells, Roxburghshire, by the evening train. After I had found my way to that charming and picturesque little village from Newtown Station, and had left my fishing gear in my lodgings at the east end of the village, I proceeded to call on Mr Rankin, who, though he had been blind for many years, was a keen fisher, and a better and surer guide where to go and what lure to use than most anglers on Tweedside. I had known Rankin for some time, and had been in the habit of buying fishing-tackle in his small shop in the village. He always advised me in the selection of the most suitable flies, and the like. More extraordinary still, he was able to pick a particular fly out of his well-assorted collection. His neighbours asserted that he could distinguish the differently-coloured flies by touch. Certainly he had some unknown way of discriminating, as he could handle the contents of his portfolio as well as if blessed with sight.

When I had knocked at his door the old man came and greeted me cordially by name; and on my expressing surprise that he knew me before he heard my voice, he smiled and said, 'Know you! Why, Mr Frederick, I heard you pass my house half-an-hour ago, and knew your footstep quite well. I was looking for a call.' Now, I considered this not a little wonderful, as I am neither club-footed nor shuffling in my gait.

I told my friend Rankin I had come down to give the river a try, and he at once proposed to accompany me. It was accordingly settled that he should call for me at eight o'clock next morning, which was quite early enough, he said, as the mornings were still cold, and trout would not be on the feed sooner.

I was up betimes and ready when Rankin appeared, a creel slung over his shoulder and a rod in one hand, while the other held in leash a good-sized, rough, but intelligent-looking terrier, accustomed to lead his master about when he went on fishing excursions, but whose services he usually dispensed with in walking about in the village.

It had been arranged that we should cross the river, as we were more likely to find undisturbed water on the north side. We therefore took the Kelso road, which crosses the river by Merton Bridge, about a mile and a quarter from St Boswells. Immediately after leaving the village the road skirts the grounds of Lessuden House, the residence of the Scotts of Raeburn. The house is visible here and there through the trees. It is recorded in Sir Walter Scott's diary that he went to Lessuden to attend the funeral of his cousin, the Laird of Raeburn, with whom he had not been on very friendly terms for some time, though he could give no reason for disagreement.

The morning was beautiful, and the hawthorn

hedges and trees which line the road on both sides were beginning to look bright and green. It was a glorious day. Ah me! I cannot recall it even now without a sigh, for was I not then in the first flush of manhood, 'when hope beat high and life was young'? The country, too, was full of life, and, as Byron says, 'the spring came forth her works of gladness to contrive, with all her reckless birds upon the wing.' But this is a digression, and I must come back from fancy's realms to my tale again.

We soon reached Merton Bridge, and here I had a look at the water, Rankin standing at my side and eagerly inquiring if 'she was on the heavy side or no,' as there had been pretty heavy rains in Peeblesshire during the previous week. I told him it was on the big side for fly certainly, but would, I thought, fish well with worm. He, however, asked me to tell him if it was clear enough to distinguish the stones under water. On my saying they were dimly visible, he declared that it was in fine order for minnow; and as he had a jar containing about a dozen preserved ones, he advised that we should give them a trial. I told him I had never fished with minnow before, though I had considerable experience both with fly and worm. He, however, stuck to his opinion that minnow would prove the most attractive lure; and on his promising to give me a lesson, I gladly agreed to see what I could do with it.

On crossing the bridge we turned sharply to the left and reached the height above the mill. Here the path led along the verge of the precipice hanging over the river above the cauld. The path here and there was completely worn away, so that it was necessary to turn aside frequently to avoid a slip over the cliff into the river about one hundred feet below. I now insisted with Rankin that he must let me take his arm till we got past these veritable mantraps, when he replied, with a laugh, 'Never fear, sir. I am in no danger. I have my dog on a short leash, and when it swerves I know there is something to be avoided, and I swerve too.' I must say I was not altogether satisfied with this assurance, and could not help watching my companion until all danger was past.

Shortly afterwards, when we had reached the water, Rankin said, 'Now, Mr Frederick, if you begin to fish here I'll go up to that clump of whins, about three hundred yards up, and begin there.' 'Good gracious, Rankin!' I said, 'you talk as if you saw the whins.' To this he replied, 'You see, sir, I did not lose my sight until I was twenty-three years old; and as I was then a keen fisher, I knew every stream on the Tweed hereabout, and I remember all these things as if I saw them no farther back than yesterday.'

We now got our rods up, and off trudged Rankin, laughing gleefully at the warning I shouted out to him to take care and not fall in. I began fishing, casting my minnow well across-stream,

and working it partly across and partly against the current, as Rankin had directed me; but every now and then I looked up the water to where my friend had begun operations, as I could not divest myself of a feeling of anxiety on his account, although I knew he frequently went out alone to fish. He had cast his dog loose, and the sagacious animal was sitting on the grass quietly watching his master, and keeping within a few yards so that he might be ready if at any time he was wanted.

My attention was soon called off. I had been fishing for about half-an-hour when I hooked and landed, after an exciting run, a fine trout which scaled two and three-quarter pounds. I was so pleased with my success that I felt tempted to go and tell Rankin what a beauty I had got; but I had just got the hook out of my captive's mouth when I heard him shouting in the most excited manner, 'Mr Frederick! Mr Frederick! come here.' I thought my comrade had fallen in, so I threw down my rod and ran to the rescue; but I was soon undeceived, for I saw the little man trotting down the bank, holding his rod with both hands, the rod being bent almost double. I was soon alongside Rankin, asking eagerly what he had got. Rankin replied, 'It's a salmon, sir; it's a salmon, and a good fish, too. I fear he'll be over heavy for me, as he's got most of the line out already.' Thus far the fish had not shown himself, but was going down-stream in a steady, determined manner, Rankin following at a sort of trot, and trying to recover line whenever the fish made the slightest pause in his impetuous rushes. After a comparatively quiet interval the salmon dashed off again, taking the line out with great rapidity, and flinging himself high in the air when he felt the strain too severe. I suppose Rankin knew he had shown himself, for he kept crying, 'What's he like, Mr Frederick; what's he like?' 'A beautiful fish, Rankin, and like a bar of silver!' I exclaimed, quite as excited as he was. 'That's right, sir. I only hope I shall be able to land him; but he will take a lot of tiring, this one, before I can get him, as he is full of fight.'

The contest went on for some time between the blind man and the salmon, and I thought when I saw the end of the rod bending to the tug-tugging of the fish, and beheld the anxious look on Rankin's face, that the odds were in favour of the salmon. The struggle had now lasted fully fifteen minutes; and old Rankin, who was by no means a strong man, was beginning to feel pretty tired. Gradually, however, the rushes became less frequent, and there was less strain on the rod. I could see the fish was displaying himself now and then on the surface when he rolled over and over on his side helplessly, as if he were getting sick of the fight. Rankin felt this too, and began to recover line rapidly, the fish now making only short and feeble efforts to break away. After winding up till the fish was within a few yards,

he said, 'Now, Mr Frederick, I must find a bit where I can bring him close up, and then you can get behind him and throw him out.' 'Well,' I said, 'bring him in here; you can't get a better place, and I'll do all I can.' I got into the stream accordingly, and watched Rankin guide his fish with a firm but steady hand close to the edge of the water. It was an anxious moment, and I did not know exactly what to do; but I placed myself behind the fish, and then got my hands well under his silvery body, and with a sudden heave he was landed in safety on the bank. 'Well, Rankin, he is a beauty,' I said, 'and you should be proud of your catch. I don't think I could have played him half as well as you did. I know if I caught a fish like that I should never be done talking of it.' 'Oh, I've often killed a salmon before now,' he replied; 'but this was a game one, and no mistake. I thought at one time that he was going to break me, as I was not prepared for anything so heavy. But now what are we to do with him?' 'Do with him?' I said. 'Why, carry him home in triumph.' 'No, no, sir; I can't do that. We are not allowed to take salmon here; but I grudge giving this one up; and if there's no one about I feel greatly tempted to take him home to the wife. He would be a real treat, and feed us all for some days. I must be careful, however; so please look round and tell me if you see any one about.' I looked, and on my assuring him there was no one within sight, he said, 'Then, Mr Frederick, you might hide him in the rushes, and I'll get him across in the evening.' This I carefully did, and we then sat down, had some refreshment, and talked over the run while I smoked a pipe in quiet enjoyment.

We had scarcely begun fishing again when we were joined by a friend of Rankin, to whom we related our tale, and he readily undertook to get the fish safely home, which he did; and I was afterwards told by Rankin that it was as good a salmon as ever bent a rod.

#### A SPRING MORNING.

O! FAIR the glorious morning wakes to life,  
With all its chirping birds and lowing flocks,  
Its greening fields and moss-bespangled rocks,  
And all the floating scents on breezes rife!  
Cares may have pressed; and, sharp as is a knife,  
Friends may have left us sad; or, careless, all,  
The crowds have passed; but this great festival  
Has power to glorify the toiler's strife!

I look from glowing headlands bathed in fire,  
Far to the sloping coast which breakers kiss;  
And all the view—a boundless scene of bliss—  
Calls, like a trumpet-voice, 'Aspire! Aspire!'  
Life is not low while beauty girds the view;  
And, though men fail, God's seasons still are true!

WILLIAM JOSEPH GALLAGHER.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### 'THE PIONEER OF A FREE PRESS.'

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

**T**HE article by 'A Working-Man' which appeared in the *Journal* for April 14, 1900, recalled to mind the olden time when our household was greatly influenced by *Chambers's Journal*.

In the hurry-scurry of modern life, with its abundance of cheap literature, one forgets to be grateful for what is common. Reading is now one of the necessities of life—as needful to the mind as food is to the body; yet we seldom give a thankful thought to those who brought such a blessing within our reach. It should be interesting to cull from elderly readers some reminiscences of the effect produced on themselves and their circles by the introduction of the cheap magazine; therefore I venture to give some of my own recollections as an addition to those of 'A Working-Man.'

Our father said *Chambers's Journal* was 'the pioneer of a free press.' He meant by that a literature freed from the prejudices of sect as well as the trammels of party; a literature giving to all sorts and conditions of men reading on every subject which interests humanity; a literature not encumbered by technical details, but within the comprehension of general readers; a literature so cheap that the poorest can procure it—a free press indeed!

Our home was in the remote Shetland Isles, where, in those days, even such reading matter as that which 'A Working-Man' says came to his parish had difficulty in finding its way. Letters reached the Shetland Isles by a sailing-vessel when weather permitted. Sometimes the mails of six weeks arrived in one budget, and were read like history.

Our mother was the wife of a country physician, and the mother of many children; consequently her woman's wits were often at their end in the effort to find food and raiment and education for the little ones. That dear mother had been the granddaughter and young com-

panion of the Rev. Dr Johnstone, of North Leith, who, as she said, 'by prayer and persistent begging founded the Edinburgh Blind Asylum.' The worthy old divine had ever impressed on her girlish mind a strong belief in the efficacy of prayer—a belief which her Celtic temperament, with its religious and romantic tendencies, readily received. So, on a day when her bairns wanted shoes badly, and money was scarce—the majority of the fisherfolk being able only to reward the doctor 'in kind,' some not at all—she asked God earnestly to show her a way by which she might add to her husband's light purse. That was almost like asking that a miracle might be performed, for the only paid employment open to women was teaching. Ladies were ashamed fifty years ago of earning money except as governesses, an occupation our mother could not possibly adopt outside her own doors.

Well, a week after her prayer—'and the bairns' shoes,' I remember she told me with tears in her soft gray eyes, 'were a collection of holes'—she got a letter from an old acquaintance, Robert Chambers. He and my mother had formed an intellectual friendship over books when she resided at the manse of North Leith, I think, and he was an earnest and enthusiastic student 'beginning life with a high aim,' she said. He wrote telling of his own and his brother's great project, the *Journal*, no less! He said: 'I have thought that your islands, so little known and so interesting, should supply excellent material for magazine articles.' So he asked her to join the staff, and promised a prompt and liberal honorarium.

Of course she replied at once, joyfully agreeing; and thus our mother had the honour of being one of the contributors to the earliest volumes of the *Journal*. When telling this story in later years she added, 'From then I have never feared for the future.'

That happened when I was a very young child, and of course we bairns knew nothing about it. We only knew that *Chambers's Journal* came

regularly to the house, and was hailed with rapture. How we fought for 'first read'! How we gloated over its pages! I early found my way to the poet's corner, and there I first met many beautiful poems which have become household words since. I think Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' was one of them. It is still my habit to turn to the verse-column first: so strong is the chain of early habit.

Long after our mother had ceased to contribute to the *Journal*, when her pen lay idle beside her Keble and medicine-bottles, *Chambers's Journal* continued to gladden our home; and though the host of cheap magazines and papers followed in its wake in an ever-increasing flood, the dear old *Journal* kept its place as a teacher and a friend. From our home to those of our humble neighbours, athirst for 'something to read,' it went, until the volumes wore out.

Our household has scattered to form other homes; but still the *Journal* comes. Mine, after every word has been read, goes to Canada, where it is passed from hand to hand by the prairie boys. Now it is following descendants from the old home in the Shetland Isles to 'the front' in South Africa. To our elder brother's manse in Perthshire it has come for forty years. A short time ago he sent me all the 'back-volumes' to distribute among the lending libraries I was trying to establish in our isles. He wrote, almost pathetically I thought: '*Chambers's* is excellent reading, and forms a library in itself of all sorts of useful knowledge. Though many of the volumes are so old, there is nothing obsolete in them. I often dip into them with profit; but the young people prefer the new. I think the old *Journals* could do good service yet if circulated among our Shetland folk.' These forty-year-old volumes were heartily welcomed and read.

I am afraid those 'back-volumes' serve another and less praiseworthy purpose sometimes. When my eldest boy visited his uncle's manse he used to spend much time in an attic poring over those same *Journals*. A short tale he found there attracted his attention and remained vividly in his mind. A year or two later, in a prize-essay competition at school, he was, of course, very much disappointed when the master announced that his essay was only second in order of merit. The first, the master said, was so exceedingly good that he was afraid the boy who sent it in must have had some help in the composition, which was against rules. He then read a few of the opening paragraphs. What was my son's surprise to hear in this 'essay' the beginning of the tale which had so interested him two years before. Without consideration, and forgetting that his

essay came next, and if the first was put out of court he would have the prize, he called out, 'I've read that in print.' There was a commotion of course. The master requested him to tell 'what came next,' which he did; but the would-be author declared he had 'talked of his tale to lots of fellows.' My son's awkward position as second in the contest, and a certain *esprit de corps*, caused him to hang back when requested to produce proof, and the matter dropped for the time. But another lad discovered the story (very slightly altered) in the pages of a quite lately issued boy's paper! When next my son visited the manse he hunted up and brought in triumph the original tale. No doubt the young essayist had cribbed it from the later version, and it had been stolen from the ancient *Journal* by some unscrupulous writer.

When I entered my teens, and my indulgent parents had assured themselves that I was born without a golden spoon in my mouth but assuredly with a pen in my hand, my mother wrote to Dr Chambers telling him that she thought one of her younger daughters was taking up the family weapon, 'the mighty instrument of little men.' She sent him some of my crude effusions, asking for an opinion of them. His reply was: 'The stones are rough, but will take on a polish. The quarry is good. Let your daughter go on quarrying, and some day she may build a Temple of Fame for herself. Tell her not to be discouraged.'

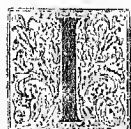
I have always kept his words in mind. It was a proud day for me when I saw myself in the pages of *Chambers's Journal*. That was many years later, when my poor 'stones' had gone through so much rubbing that I feared they would never polish enough to appear in the fine setting of those columns. My dear mother and her friend Dr Chambers had gone beyond my ken by that time; but I love to think that she shares my literary triumphs, and that he knows that his great literary achievement has borne a harvest beyond his most sanguine dream.

*Chambers's Journal* opened a door through which the ocean of intellectual light has flowed freely and continuously in the shape of cheap wholesome reading. But the flood which followed it has not swamped the sturdy old *Journal*, which holds its own in face of illustrated and highly-spiced new-man and new-woman periodicals; and the *Journal* will be in our homes when these have been swept on by yet more up-to-date literature. A book of the present is not often a book of the future, and yet more seldom a book of the past. Up-to-date reading dies, as a rule, with the times of its birth; but the good, solid, kindly reading which can find a place 'but and ben,' in the study and the nursery, will live on and renew its youth eternally.



## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—'PARSON HAZARD' STANDS OUR FRIEND.



It may argue great simplicity on my part—especially among those who know the world—when I confess, as I must, that I was astonished beyond measure at this foul trick being offered. I had believed that Kesgrave himself would come without fail to this forced bridal. I had not dreamed but that he would consider the hand of Cicely Plumer a reward great enough for the proudest earl. Now I saw that he was a knave in grain. The whole plot flashed through my mind. At this moment, without doubt, the Earl was showing himself at some distant spot so that no marriage could be proved against him even if 'Parson Hazard' were willing to testify to it. It was easy for the dullest to see to what use he intended to put the likeness his half-brother bore to him.

At the idea of this vile plot against my love—a plot laid at once against her peace of mind, her name, against all that made life sweet and of good repute—my blood surged into flame, and I could hold back no longer. I tore the mouldering curtain aside, swung myself over the gallery rail, and sprang full upon the counterfeit earl as he stood almost directly below me. 'Parson Hazard' set up a shout of surprise at my appearance, and pointed. Colin Lorel glanced up, but could do no more. Before he had time to move I dropped clean upon him, my knees falling upon his shoulders, and down we crashed on the floor, he underneath. His body broke my fall, and I was up in an instant and had my knee in his back and my hands about his throat; but I had no desperate foe to contend with at present. My weight and the flying impetus of my leap had beaten the breath out of him, and he had struck his head, too, against the end of an oaken seat. He lay stunned and helpless.

'Keep the door, Jan,' I cried; and Jan, who had dropped from the gallery after me, darted to the door and stood on guard.

'George,' cried Cicely, and flew down the chapel towards me. I smiled up at her; but I looked down again as Lorel stirred under my knee. I dragged his hands back and bound them behind him with his own cravat. I took a firm grip of his splendid coat, tore a great strip out of it, and bound his ankles, then tossed him on one side.

All this passed so quickly that 'Parson Hazard' had only time to recover from his astonishment and advance towards us as I straightened myself and put my arms round Cicely.

'Who are you?' said he. 'And what does this mean? Have you killed him?'

'Far from it,' I replied. 'You see he begins to stir now.'

I looked about the place, and marked that the finely-dressed old woman had not escaped. Jan, too, was watching her. There was neither sign nor sound of any creature about the place save we who stood in the chapel.

'Parson Hazard' came nearer. 'Make room,' he cried, 'and let me pass. Here is strange villainy.'

'You speak very truly,' said I; 'but not on our part, nor indeed, I believe, on yours. I beg of you to listen for a moment, and you shall be satisfied on every score.'

'Parson Hazard' looked keenly at me.

'You people are not what you seem?' he said.

'We are not,' I returned. 'We are quite other than we seem. I enjoyed, in more fortunate days, the pleasure of your acquaintance, yet I scarce think you can name me now.'

'No riddles,' said 'Parson Hazard.' 'Speak out!'

'I will,' said I. I had resolved to confide in him. 'We have the misfortune to find every man's hand against us.'

'You are obnoxious to the law, then?' he asked.

'We are,' I replied. 'I am George Ferrers of Whitmead, in Hampshire.'

'Captain Ferrers! Captain Ferrers!' murmured 'Parson Hazard.' 'Ay, ay, you have his bigness and figure, and now I know it I can recognise your features. It was said on every hand you had fled. Why on earth have you tarried in this country? Your life is not worth a penny-piece.' He looked upon me in utter astonishment.

Before I could take up the word Cicely broke in. 'The fault is mine,' she said. 'Captain Ferrers would have been far from danger if he had not stayed to search for and help me. Oh, sir! aid us to escape. Your sacred office calls upon you to assist those who are helpless and in distress. We have done nothing that we can recognise as crime. We have but fed the starving and brought help to the sick and needy.'

'Parson Hazard' bowed gravely. I saw he was deeply affected. He would have been of other clay than man is made of had he remained unmoved. The words I have written were nothing to the manner in which Cicely uttered them—her low voice full of music; her lovely face now pale, now rosy with flushes of flying colour; her great lustrous eyes full of pleading. 'Parson Hazard' glanced from one to the other of us. I saw the unspoken question in his look.

'We are plighted lovers,' I said, and told him who Cicely was, and sketched her adventures in a few words. 'The Earl of Kesgrave was my rival,' I added. These words caused him to look down on the bound figure.

'This is not he,' said I; 'this is his man, Colin Lorel, his body-servant.'



'Not the Earl—not the Earl?' repeated 'Parson Hazard.' 'Why, it must be. I have seen him half-a-dozen times.'

'Then you have never seen him and his man together,' I returned, 'or the wonderful resemblance between them would have shown you how easy it is for one to personate the other.'

'Parson Hazard's' face grew very red. I am certain that he was and is a perfectly honest man; and if he had a weakness for play, he sure there are plenty of his cloth who have it too without the qualities which redeemed his character.

'How—how?' he cried out. 'This is a very serious thing you are saying. I fully believed it was the Earl. If it is not, here has been a foul plot hatched, and a fine share in it assigned to me.' He turned to the old woman. 'Who is this?' he demanded. 'You must know. Is this your master or not?'

She had seated herself very comfortably, and was watching all that went on. She made no answer, only laughed maliciously and shrugged her shoulders.

'I will offer a final proof,' said I. 'Only yesterday afternoon I played a backword match with this very man and touched him on the forearm and shoulder. The wounds must be green yet.—Jan, can you fasten that door?'

'The key is in the lock, Master George.'

'Well, turn it and put it in your pocket, and come hither.'

'Parson Hazard' was whistling through his teeth. 'Why,' said he, 'all the town was ringing with the affair last night. It was said that a porter and the Earl's man fought with the back-sword, and the Earl betted five thousand guineas on his man's head and lost the wager.'

'I was that porter,' said I, 'and there lies the man. He touched me once; here's the cut.' I showed my sword-wrist. 'I touched him twice. The wounds will speak for themselves.—Jan, strip off his coat.'

It was done in a twinkling. Colin Lorel was still too dazed with the ringing crack his head had fetched against the bench to offer opposition. Next the shirt was torn aside, as it was fast at his wrists. The two cuts were plainly to be seen. They were so slight he had not troubled to dress them.

'Do you still hold doubts?' I asked.

'It is impossible,' said 'Parson Hazard.' 'It all tallies. Upon my soul, Captain, I'm heartily sorry for your plight.'

He had a good heart in his bosom had 'Parson Hazard.' His concern was unfeigned. No hypocrite could have looked upon us with that pity which filled his honest eyes, which clouded his open English brow. He faced round so that his broad back was towards the old woman.

'Is there aught I can do for you?' he whispered. 'What do you think of attempting?'

'We can do nothing but fly as far and as fast as we can,' said I.

'Do you fly together?' he said.

'Of a surety,' I replied. 'Tis sink or swim with us now, and hand-in-hand we must go to it.'

I drew Cicely a little closer, and she pressed against me and looked up into my face with a heavenly smile.

'Then,' said 'Parson Hazard,' 'you must be married.'

We looked at him and each other.

'I am quite serious,' said he, wagging his great peruke; and he held up thumb and forefinger. 'If you do not come clear—which God forbid, but everything must be looked at—if you do not come clear, I say—tapping his thumb now—no harm has been done. It may even be a comfort to you. On the other hand—tapping his forefinger—if you do come clear, as many have done out of as desperate strait—and God grant it, I say heartily—you will bless me a thousand times over for saving you from the assault of foul, railing tongues. You know the world, Captain: it blackens the whitest thought, puts ever the worst construction on the most innocent act; and you are young—you have a long time to live in it after these dark days are overpast.'

'You are right,' I said; 'you are very right.'

I thought for a moment.

'We have no license,' I went on; 'and where dare I show myself to get one?'

'Parson Hazard' drew up his gown and thrust a hand into his coat-pocket. He fetched out a large shagreen pocket-case, spread it, and showed half-a-dozen blank licenses.

'I am never without them,' he said. 'I am a surrogate. My patron obtained the post for me in this deanery. The sale of these furnishes me with a full half of my subsistence; though, I assure you,' he added as if in self-defence, 'I do not hold a public market for them as many surrogates do.'

There was a standish near, with ink and quills, and he began to fill in the license, asking me the usual questions. These I could answer freely and truthfully, that both parties were consenting, that there was no impediment, and so forth, and then I asked a question myself.

'And a license taken out thus,' said I—'will it hold fully and everywhere?'

'Fully and everywhere,' repeated 'Parson Hazard,' casting pinches of sand upon the wet ink. 'Ordinarily I may not act out of my court; but upon necessity such action as this is completely covered by the clause in my patent *aut per se, aut per sufficientes deputatos*. It will stand beyond challenge in any diocese in England. The practice is as common as the calling of banns.'

I looked at Cicely. We spoke no words to each other. Our eyes met, and we knew that we were ready to link our fates even at this dark, hopeless moment.

'Come to the altar,' said 'Parson Hazard' in a deep, solemn voice, and we followed him. We knelt before him, and were married then and there. I had Cicely's little ring safely about me, and was ready with it when the time came to place it on the book, and so it went back to her finger as her wedding-ring.

'I will spare you the homilies,' said 'Parson Hazard' as we rose and stood again, Cicely trembling on my arm. 'This is surely no convenient occasion. Captain, you must go and lock up this place, so that none of us can escape.'

'You as well?' said I in surprise.

'I most certainly,' he replied. 'I must figure as the captive of your bow and spear. In no other way can I save my credit. As for marrying you: how dared I refuse anything to so redoubtable a swordsman armed with a weapon which could fell Behemoth?'

'It seems most ungrateful,' I said.

'Ay; but we have to do the best we can for ourselves all round,' returned the good parson. 'Come, make the place tight, and be going. Every moment is precious to you. If these folks say naught, be sure I shall say naught; but the service has given them your names pat enough, and once they are loose they can raise all London on you. I warn you no hue-and-cry flies to-day like one against a rebellion affair. Do you and your man see to your business while I see to mine.'

Everything had been provided for making a record of the marriage, and he took pen and paper to draw out a certificate of the ceremony, while Jan and I made swift search to see that no other doors opened from the chapel save the one below and that which led to the gallery. There was none, and Jan swarmed into the gallery, locked the door there, and brought away the key.

As I went down the chapel my eye fell upon Colin Lorel. He had fully recovered his senses, had dragged himself to the wall near the spot where he fell, and was leaning back in a sitting position. His eye burned furiously as it encountered mine, but his voice had its usual cool insolence.

'So, Captain, it was you all the time—was it? A deep and bloody reckoning for this, Captain—a deep and bloody reckoning.'

I knew this was likely enough; but I paid no heed to him, and searched busily over the place.

'I feared it—I feared it,' said 'Parson Hazard'; 'this rogue and his master will set the hue-and-cry on you, Captain.'

'That shall we not, Sir Priest,' said Colin Lorel haughtily. 'We do not hand our revenge over to a dog hangman. If he escapes us, he escapes all. If—— He paused on the word significantly, and then went on: 'Fly where you like, 'tis all one to us. You may put the day off a little. You cannot escape us in the end.'

'Master,' said Jan, 'shall I quiet him once for all? He means you desperate mischief, and I

had as lief cut his throat as not. 'Tis for our safety.'

'Let him be, Jan,' said I. 'Go through yonder door, have the key in readiness, and wait for us.'

'Away with you,' said 'Parson Hazard,' 'and good luck go with you. Stay no longer. If some person sent to report the progress of affairs should come, it might easily happen that your escape was cut off yet.'

This was true, and we made a hasty leave-taking of the good man, for so I will call him, though he would cheerfully wager the gown on his back. We looked the door, and Jan pointed to a staircase running up to the left.

'Does not that seem to run towards the matted passage which led to the chapel, Captain?' he said.

'It does,' I replied. 'We will try it. The way we came in is certainly the quietest road out.'

We went up the steps, and at the top found, as we had hoped, a door opening into the matted passage. We hurried along it to the kitchen, thence to the cellar, where Jan ran swiftly across the floor and sprang through the grating.

'All quiet,' he said, and I helped Cicely through. We threaded swiftly the tangled maze of shrubbery back to the broken palings, and stepped into the lane, which was as solitary as ever. Jan, his rags and tatters fluttering in the fresh morning wind, went ahead as guide. Cicely took my arm, and we stepped quickly after him.

'Oh,' she whispered, 'to think of this! I never dreamt of so happy, so fortunate an ending to this miserable adventure. How did you know where I was?'

I told her how Jan had tracked the carriage, and then she told her story. Save for the forcible removal to the carriage no incivility had been offered to her, and she had been lodged in the desolate old house under the care of the woman now locked up in the chapel. Besides her, Cicely had not seen a soul about the place.

'Oh, a horrible old woman she was!' said Cicely, shuddering.

'Never mind, dearest,' said I; 'here we are safe and sound for the moment, and that's something. Now, what shall we do?'

'What do you think best?' she asked.

'We must shake the dust of England from our feet in some fashion or other,' said I, 'or we are lost.'

'Do you think that man spoke the truth?' she said.

'About their purpose?' I returned. 'Why, I am half-inclined to think it likely. It would be quite to their minds. I only hope he did. For it would mean a slow, leisurely tracking of us down, and much might happen in that time. Whereas, if the hue-and-cry is raised against us every loop-hole is stopped at a breath.'

'Oh!' she said softly, 'and I am leading you into all this danger. You might have been safely away in that ship you sent Tom Torr off in.'

'Do you suppose,' I cried, 'I'd exchange this moment for all the safety in the world? No, my love; it was right I should be here, and here I am. No more of that. All's well at present, and surely we have some hours' law. It will be odd if we cannot use them to show a clean pair of heels.'

While we talked we had been moving swiftly back towards London, and soon came among houses. Here Cicely took her hand from my arm; but we were not long in public streets where we ran the risk of notice, for Jan, who knew every highway, byway, court, and blind alley, led us by obscure routes until we came to the place where I lodged.

Luckily there was no one at home but the widow who kept the house, a decent, trusty woman, and I begged her to provide us with a meal. While it was preparing I took stock of my forces, and

found I had, what with my little store in hand, what with Major Temple's purse, what with Sir Peter's five guineas, a total sum of forty-three guineas and some shillings. To be sure it was no great amount to travel abroad upon; but needs must when such reasons drive. I had talked on the road with Cicely as to what we should do, and now she went out with Jan as guide to buy necessities for the journey. I went on my own account to the shop whence Jan had fetched my porter's rig, and where every kind of cast clothes was to be obtained. Here I bought a gray suit, ill-fitting, it is true; but as I had my long, hanging coat to cover all, it mattered but little. Further, I furnished myself with a bob-wig and some other trifles; and when I had returned, trimmed my ragged hair, and attired myself in my newly purchased clothes, I had the air of a decent citizen of the middle orders.

## THE COALFIELDS OF CANADA.

By JAMES CASSIDY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.: IN THE EAST.



It is not until the treasures of the earth are undergoing the various processes of extraction and refining required to fit them for use that they attract the attention of the general public. Let the trees be cut down, the grass-lands stripped of their quiet growth of greenery, and a beginning made with the erection of machinery and houses, followed soon after by an influx of miners and labourers, and the people of the soil will suddenly evince an interest in these first indications of mining operations, as there is flashed upon them the conviction that practical benefits are about to accrue to the farmers, carriers, manufacturers, and others among them who are to find employment in feeding and clothing the innovators.

We Britishers are apt to forget that our nearest colony has other riches than those offered to the devotees of agriculture. Nor is this forgetfulness matter for wonder when we consider the boundaries and vast area of Canada—an acreage nearly equal to the whole of Europe—and its scattered population, which together conduce to dwarf the prospect of her mineral resources. The latest figures given by the late Dr George M. Dawson, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, attest that since 1886, when the value of the minerals produced in Canada amounted to about eight shillings per head of the population, the increased development of mining is such that at the present time it is about thirty-two shillings per head. That this remarkable increase depends very largely upon the gold output, and particularly upon the great amount of alluvial gold that has in late years been drawn

from the Klondike division, in the Yukon district, there is no room for doubt.

Here we quote Dr Dawson: 'Gold-mining, and especially the working of rich alluvial gold deposits, is, from its nature, an industry that may be successfully carried on in tracts very remote from ordinary means of communication. Its prosecution attracts population and leads to permanent settlement, affording a means of opening up new regions to possession and agriculture; but more general profit to the community undoubtedly results from the systematic working of less intrinsically valuable minerals, requiring for their proper utilisation a greater amount of labour and skill. Mining industries of the last-mentioned class can scarcely be undertaken successfully elsewhere than in well-inhabited districts, or at points on the coast to which free access may be obtained by sea. Such industries, therefore, in a new country extend with the spread of settlement and occupation of the land. They are of slower growth, but more permanent; and in all parts of Canada where railways, roads, and water-routes have been opened up, industries of this class are now being rapidly established.'

Particularly is this true of coal, which is abundant, and extensively worked on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. To afford some idea of that abundance is the object of the present article; and we have thought it best to treat of the coalfields of the Dominion under the sub-titles of 'The East' and 'The West'—natural divisions into which they seem to group easily; there being little or no known coal in the central provinces.



The total developed coal-areas of Canada to-day are no less than ninety-seven thousand two hundred square miles, an area nearly twice that of England and Wales. The most recently developed areas are in the west; those of the east, so far as Nova Scotia is concerned, being mentioned in 1672 in a geographical and historical notice of the American coasts by Nicholas Denys, who says that, 'on some mineral concessions on the island of Cape Breton,' there were mines of 'a coal equal in quality to the Scotch.' More than a hundred years elapsed before underground work was attempted at Cape Breton, the yearly quantity of coal—which never exceeded 4500 tons prior to the underground mining—being procured from the outcrops. It was not until the first part of last century that the minerals of Nova Scotia attracted any considerable attention, the year 1830 seeing the first deep shaft of the General Mining Association sunk on a coal-seam. During the seventy years that have elapsed since that early operation, so rapid has been the development of the coal production of Nova Scotia that 3,148,822 tons of coal were mined in 1899, of which nearly 3,000,000 tons were exported. By far the most important output was from the mines of Cape Breton, and was worked from the Sydney coalfield, although those of Pictou and Cumberland districts are vast and well worth our consideration.

Cape Breton Island, as everybody knows, lies to the north-east of Nova Scotia, separated from it by the Strait of Canso; Cape Breton lies to the east of the island. Its coalfields comprise four large areas: first, east and west of Sydney Harbour, on the coast; second, in Inverness county; third, a basin on River Inhabitants; and fourth, a tract in Richmond county, near the mouth of River Inhabitants.

The Sydney coalfield alone is responsible for 1,700,000 tons of coal annually, almost two-thirds of the entire output not only of Cape Breton Island, but of the whole of Nova Scotia, and considerably over one-third of the total coal-output of the Dominion. In this field lie all the mines at present worked at Cape Breton.

Concentrating our attention for the time on the coal-measures of the Sydney coalfields, we find that the land area occupied by coal-bearing rocks is between two and three hundred square miles, and in addition to this there is an immense submarine area containing large seams of easily accessible coal in a workable condition. Within this area there are nine or ten different seams, varying in thickness from three to twelve feet, and these dip at low angles, five degrees to twelve degrees, seaward. On these, eleven collieries are now working. The coals are highly bituminous and coking, many of the seams yielding coal well adapted for gas-making, as the returns of practical working show from eight thousand to ten thousand feet of gas of fifteen and a half to sixteen and

a half candle-power to the ton. It is also, as appears from numerous certificates, almost equal to Welsh steam coal. Several of the seams enjoy an enviable reputation as good domestic coals for grate and range purposes; and the following analysis shows their general character:

Moisture.....	1.26
Volatile combustible matter.....	35.514
Fixed carbon.....	59.111
Ash.....	4.115
Sulphur.....	1.3

Mr T. Bell, Editor of the *Canadian Mining Review*, writing of the Sydney coal-bearing rocks, says: 'These are regular, and rest everywhere upon the millstone grit,' with a single exception, due to a fault occurring at the western edge of the coalfield.

A study of the map of Nova Scotia reveals the fact that the whole coast is deeply indented by bays and channels, which afford in the sea-cliffs numerous natural exposures of the coal-seams, and constitute excellent harbours; of these, Sydney Harbour is one of the finest in the world. The cliffs range from thirty to a hundred feet high, and there is nothing sudden or abrupt about them. On the contrary, they are of a gently rolling character, seldom exceeding in their highest altitudes two hundred and fifty feet.

Placed at the mouth of the St Lawrence, and overhanging the eastern coast of America, the position of Nova Scotia marks it out as a halting-place on the highways of the sea; and its numerous and deep harbours permit the approach of vessels to within a few miles of every locality yielding mineral or agricultural wealth. This facility of access years ago gave rise to an extensive exportation of coal and other minerals to the United States, and since the confederation its trade of mineral exportation is flowing into Quebec and other Dominion provinces in steadily increasing volume. The natural position of Nova Scotia indicates that she should be the workshop of Canada, for here alone in the Dominion are found in juxtaposition coal, iron, fluxes, gold, &c.—a boon conferred by nature on very few countries. It is due primarily to the mineral wealth of the province and its favoured position that the miners here constitute a distinct class in the community.

The geographical position of the peninsula leaves nothing to be desired; indeed, it is not easy to imagine one more favourable as regards accessibility. It is owing to this fact that the numerous steamers navigating the Atlantic call here constantly for supplies of coal.

Seven years ago a coal-mining company was organised which is to-day the most extensive coal operator not only in Nova Scotia, but in the Dominion of Canada. Considering this company's mines as typical of the best state of things existing in the average go-ahead collieries of the coalfields of East Canada, we give some account

of their equipment—an equipment that has entailed a large expenditure of capital, the directors recognising from the commencement that success could only be ensured by production, transportation, and shipment at the lowest possible cost, as otherwise they could not face the keen competition of American coal both in Montreal and the New England States; for let it not be overlooked that there is a heavy duty on all Canadian coal imported into the States. The first outlay had a threefold object: first, new piers for shipping; second, a railway from the terminus of the International Railway at Bridgeport to Louisbourg, a fine winter port when the more northerly harbours are obstructed by ice; and third, the equipment of the mines with modern machinery. So admirably has the first of these projects been achieved that the new pier erected in Sydney Harbour is at the present time the largest shipping pier on the Atlantic coast; it is equipped with steam-cranes and movable loading-towers, which, in connection with a huge bucket, lower the coal into the hold of the vessel before dumping it, and so save breakage—an important consideration, as one of the main difficulties to be overcome with Cape Breton coal is its tendency to fall to pieces by rough handling or exposure, in consequence of the films of carbonate of lime running through it. The capacity of the pier is sufficient to accommodate ten thousand tons of shipping in twenty-four hours, and this capacity can be increased, if required, by adding to the mechanical appliances. By means of a large bunkering-pocket, capable of holding three hundred tons, large vessels can be bunkered in an hour. Both full and empty wagons run by gravitation, the approaches to the pier being graded for upwards of half a mile. The system of loading is by pockets and chutes; and the electric light is installed.

The special adaptation of the pier to the requirements of Louisbourg as a winter port is no doubt destined to bring to ancient Louisbourg a commercial prestige which will vie with its military glory of former days; as with the development of New England trade, which is confidently expected, the shipments will no doubt reach a very large figure. It is not a little singular that the place which was the first in Cape Breton, nearly two hundred years ago, to import coal for the use of its garrison should now by a turn in the wheel of time be preparing for a large export trade.

The railway from Bridgeport to Louisbourg is well and ingeniously planned. One noticeable feature is that its branches run into all the mines on the route; the roads are easy of grade, well ballasted, and laid with heavy rails; the rolling-stock is excellent, and the locomotives weigh from 20 to 100 tons, one of them being capable of hauling 1000 tons over the whole length of the line.

Very diversified in character is the work at the mines, the most ingenious mechanical appliances

being in use for cutting, hauling, hoisting, and screening the coal. One of the secrets of the production of cheap coal is that of cutting it by machinery; and coal-cutting machines are in full operation at most of the mines of the company. One of the newest of the mines is laid out entirely for this class of work, and fitted accordingly. An 'endless' haulage system has been substituted for animal haulage, and over twenty miles of haulage-rope in the mines under notice have proved an efficient economiser. The work of hoisting has also been so greatly accelerated that a delivery of 180 tons an hour is not by any means uncommon in a well-organised mine. Electric signals are used in the operations.

The past season has been remarkable for the excellent condition in which the coal was shipped, and this was in great part due to the use of an appliance known as a 'picking' belt, forty feet long by five feet broad, capable of hauling 2000 tons per day. By means of this belt the coal is thoroughly picked, and delivered into the wagons practically free from impurity.

We now turn our attention to the most westerly of the Nova Scotian coalfields—that of Cumberland—with its two coal-producing areas, one near the coast and the other about fifteen miles east of it. That near the coast rejoices in the name of the 'Joggins' coal-basin, and possesses seven seams ranging in thickness from two and a half feet to nine and a half feet; that fifteen miles inland is known as the 'Springhill,' and contains eight seams with thicknesses of two and a half feet to thirteen feet. There are well-equipped collieries in both fields, worked by slopes driven on the seams. The total production of the Cumberland field for the past year amounted to little short of 450,000 tons. The location of the field is the most westerly of the coal districts of the province, for the most part adjacent to Chignecto Bay, the more northerly and westerly of the two arms into which the upper part of the Bay of Fundy is divided. The coal-measures outcrop on the shores of the Cumberland basin, run eastward into the land for about eighteen miles, and outcrop again before they enter upon the return outcrop, running westward to the seashore.

The general composition of the coals of this district is approximately as follows:

Moisture.....	1.46
Volatile combustible matter.....	33.69
Fixed carbon.....	59.35
Ash.....	5.5

They are very extensively used as a locomotive fuel and for coke and domestic purposes. The bulk of the output in 1899 was furnished by the Springhill mines. As a certain amount of gas is evolved in these mines, no explosive is used in getting the coal.

We may say here that the presence of coal in Cumberland county was known at an early date,

and the annals of the county contain references to measures taken to prevent people from stealing it from the cliffs. There were a few attempts made to lease the Joggins seams; but no systematic mining was carried on. The fuel was not in great request, as abundant supplies of cheap wood were available, and people generally preferred it as cleaner and more readily handled in the stoves of the day.

The possibilities of the Cumberland coal-district are attractive, and so far enough has been done to assume many years' output on a scale much larger than has hitherto been attained in the district. Practically speaking, the story of the coal-trade of Cumberland county is that of the Joggins and Springhill mines. Very recently the Canadian Geological Survey made discoveries which are very important, as they assure an apparently limitless supply of coal, and inspire confidence in the future of the town of Springhill and of all interests depending on the extraction and transportation of coal in Cumberland county.

Turning from a consideration of the Cumberland field to that of Pictou county, we quote the opinion of Richard Brown, F.G.S., in his sketch of the coalfields and coal-trade of Cape Breton Island. He observes: 'In connection with the discovery and development of the coal-mines of Pictou county, there are more remarkable, interesting, and thrilling incidents than in connection with the opening up and carrying on of coal-mines in any part of the province, if it may not be said of the American continent.'

Nearly a century has passed since John McKay, known as 'Collier,' obtained a license to dig coals for the inhabitants, and at a later day to export. McKay and his father discovered what is now known as the big seam. John McKay worked at this for a time, selling the coal at the pit-mouth, and shipping it in lighters down the river. In the year of the battle of Waterloo 650 chaldrons were exported to Halifax, the price there having risen during the war; but after peace was proclaimed the price fell rapidly, and McKay failed.

According to the Rev. Dr Patterson, the historian of the county, coal was first found on a brook near the present town of Stellarton, formerly known as the Albion Mines, in 1798; but the main seam was not discovered until some years later.

Some of the most interesting features of the field are due to its intricate structure. Many of the seams are of remarkable thickness, ranging as high as forty feet. Great deposits of black and brown shale, and the marked changes that both undergo in comparatively short distances, together with the heavy and ever-changing dip at which the measures lie, and the faults of greater or less magnitude that traverse the fields in many directions, call for the student's earnest attention and reflection.

The coals from the different seams vary some-

what in character and composition, but are of the bituminous coking variety; all are comparatively high in ash and low in sulphur, and an excellent coke is made from some. They are chiefly in demand for steam-raising and domestic purposes, and have been used in a raw state for iron-smelting. Some have been used for gas-making, yielding as much as ten thousand four hundred and fifty cubic feet of fifteen candle-power per ton, in tests made at the Gas Light and Coke Company's Works, London. The slack coal from some of the seams is held in high repute for blacksmithing purposes.

With a few observations on the coalfields of New Brunswick we shall conclude our sketchy account of some of the leading coal-measures of East Canada.

There can be but little doubt that among the minerals of New Brunswick bituminous coal was one of the first to attract attention, and it is probable that the first discoveries were made of Grand Lake, where it is conjectured that coal was obtained in 1782.

Dr Bailey in his Survey, printed for the Department of Crown Lands in New Brunswick, records some instructive observations on the Grand Lake Deposits, mainly that of the Newcastle basin, which he estimates at a hundred square miles. The development of the mines has been very slow, and their history shows an almost total lack of combined and persistent effort. 'For many years,' writes this geologist, 'the removal of coal was effected in a most desultory way, each farmer upon whose land the seam was exposed devoting a portion of his winter's leisure to getting out what was needed for his own use, or occasionally hauling a load on sleds to Fredericton. A considerable quantity was also sent to the same place, or to St John—mostly the former—by wood-boats, obtaining a ready sale. Little or no care was, however, taken in the handling of the coal. Screening, if undertaken at all, was very imperfectly done, and no attempt whatever was made in the direction of system or economy. To a considerable extent the same state of things now prevails, all tending to give the coal a reputation considerably below its real value. . . . Even at the present time, so slight is the attention paid to preserving the quality of the coal that it is often loaded and unloaded several times, in surmounting the low swells of the surface which intervene between the pits and the wharf, while at the latter it is not even dumped upon a platform, but thrown upon the ground, to be mixed with earth or crushed with the wheels of passing vehicles.'

The estimated capacity of the Newcastle coal-measures—Grand Lake—if the associated areas of Salmon River and Coal Creek be included, is 155,000,000 tons, of which it is probable that from 100,000 to 125,000 tons have already been removed.



## A ROMANCE OF QUILL'S INN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

**M**OST unusual course! Most unusual! ejaculated Mr Jeremiah Gotham as he glanced over his gold-rimmed spectacles at his partner. 'Has been in England already five weeks, he says, and this is his first intimation to us. Depend upon it, Sharp, this Australian client of ours will prove a rum job before we've done with him.' The dictum was distinctly light and unprofessional, and Mr Gotham permitted himself to unbend thus to the language of earlier struggles on the ladder of the law only when closeted with his partner.

'Ha! ha!' exclaimed the latter, an interjection he allowed himself on an average of twenty times an hour. 'I dare say, Gotham, the fellow has got a little dazed with the attractions of our gay city, and wanted his fling before coming to the business of his visit. He has means of his own, so those Melbourne people—with a derogatory sniff for colonial colleagues—'tell us; and—well, we were young ourselves once, Gotham. Ha! ha!'

Mr Sharp was a much-married lawyer, and could permit these allusions to past indiscretions, that had never, indeed, had any existence out of his own imagination, without a pang. Mr Gotham, however, was a bachelor; he would not admit regret of a youth that had not wholly fled, a man being the age he felt; and he would not, moreover, be pacified by any such improper precedent in his view of the irregularities of the Australian's conduct. He turned to a bundle of papers, white and blue, tied with pink tape, and extracted therefrom a photograph from a well-known Sydney studio of a frank, sunburnt face. It was Ferrars, in fact, bearded as of yore; and the photograph, which had been the property of his old Melbourne friend, had been taken in the free-and-easy costume affected in the days when, as he would have expressed it, he was occupied in 'piling' money, not in 'knocking it down.' The decent and orderly Jeremiah groaned at the bare thought of the front step of No. 4 Quill's Inn being desecrated in a few minutes by the living effigy of a bushranger, at an hour, too, when the sometimes silent square would necessarily be thronged by a multitude of professional and unprofessional critics.

'Shouldn't wonder if he turns up in a blue flannel shirt and red scarf, with a pistol stuck in his belt!' he grumbled dejectedly to the junior partner, vague visions of a hybrid between Ned Kelly and Daniel Morgan flashing across his mind's eye; and the responsive, but not encouraging, 'Ha! ha!' was this time punctuated by a loud double stroke of the knocker, which sent

the youngest and leanest clerk in the front office bundling off his high stool. A card was then brought in to the partners; and after a due pause demanded by the self-respect of a busy firm—a professional fooling with which, by the way, Ferrars had made early acquaintance even among the lesser legal lights of the Southern cities—the visitor was shown into the inner sanctum. Here was no blue shirt nor red scarf, not even a beard, though a furtive and hasty glance at the photograph, replaced face downwards on the table, convinced the practised eye of Mr Jeremiah Gotham that the case would be complicated by no doubt of identity. Here was, instead, a well-built young man, the picture of health and vigorous intelligence; well, though certainly not fashionably, dressed; gentlemanly in appearance, though the very reverse of foppish.

'I owe you an apology, gentlemen, for having delayed so long in making your acquaintance. The fact is—he hesitated, but the kindly faces of the two men, already favourably impressed with the winning charm of an almost boyish manner, encouraged him to proceed—'the fact is, I have more than once thought of cutting the whole concern and leaving my cousin, the other man—a very slight movement on the part of both his auditors did not escape an eye accustomed to bush-tracking—'my share as well as his own. You see,' he went on, in somewhat illogical explanation, 'I am not much of a figure at this sort of thing. I have enough of my own down under, and we are not afraid to put our shoulders to the wheel again if things go wrong. Anyway, I'm not fit for life in these Old World cities.' He spoke, however, without his old deep conviction, though the lawyers could have no appreciation of the contrast.

'Most improper!' Mr Gotham's lips were already framing the words, but an unprofessional impulse of friendliness for this lonely fish out of water welled up in his dry old bachelor heart, and he found himself saying instead, 'Well, well, Mr Ferrars, things are not quite so bad. It is not to be denied that the will, under which you inherit from your late aunt (estimable woman!), was peculiar, as were—ahem!—most of that lady's parchment offspring. But why, even if the inheritance were on such terms distasteful, have you allowed so long a period to elapse without a sign of your whereabouts or intentions? The money has, of course, accumulated; and, seeing all the changes that have occurred in the family during the two years since your aunt's demise, the complications have threatened to become almost distressing.'

'Ha! ha!' remarked Mr Sharp, as was his

wont, fair weather or foul; then, correcting himself of such irrelevance: 'Very! Quite!—that is to say, quite distressing!'

Then Ferrars had to give them an explanation of his wayward life in the bush; how for months together, even years at one period of his life, his business, combined with fitful attacks of an enthusiasm for amateur exploring of the land of sweat and sorrow, had kept him out of touch with the outer world—the world of lawyers and the submarine cable; how, in fact, he had set sail from Brisbane within a week of hearing for the first time a very meagre account of his questionable good fortune.

'Now,' he concluded, 'you will perhaps tell me what manner of man is my partner in the claim, for, if we are to occupy the same diggings, the sooner we know all about each other the better.'

Mr Jeremiah Gothem cleared his throat and looked for support to Mr Sharp; but that gentleman merely bleated an unemotional 'Ha! ha!' without the customary robustness of that perennial aid to conversation, and the senior partner reluctantly took up the narrative.

'Well, you see, Mr Ferrars, it's like this. I alluded just now to complications. The fact is'—he rushed nervously into the disclosure that could no longer be put off—'your co-heir, or partner in your claim, as you call him, Professor Chesney, the promising young biologist, of whom you have perhaps heard'—Ferrars had not heard of the exploits of his distinguished relative; but the surname sent the blood to his head, and now, of course, he remembered where, long ago in his father's lifetime, he had heard the name—'met with a fatal accident on the Jungfrau some two years ago—in fact, within a week or two of your aunt's death. His remains were never recovered from the "chimney" down which he fell, and his sister inherited under an old will of his made soon after he came of age. My partner and I have been wondering,' he continued, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, 'how all this affects the provisions of the will. You see, you were to have occupied the house in Cadogan Square with Dr Chesney, for whom, in his lifetime, his sister kept house; but obviously—ahem!'—The most conventional dweller on Barnes Common trembled on the verge of an indiscretion, from which, in his unimpaired modesty, he drew back as from the verge of a precipice.

Ferrars's brain was in a whirl. Could it be? The notion was absurd; such coincidences happened only on the stage. Yet he had heard from the Vicar of more than one fortune coming to Miss Chesney. He was roused from his reverie by a remark, uttered innocently enough by Mr Sharp, that yet caused him to drop his heavy crumpled Malacca cane on that gentleman's foot. The remark was merely:

'Have you Miss Beryl's letter there, Gothem?'

'Is—that my fair cousin's name?' asked Ferrars,

as if there could any longer be a reasonable doubt of it.

'Why, by all means,' Mr Gothem replied; 'and I may say, Mr Ferrars, having known her since she was so high'—indicating the recovered Malacca—'one of the handsomest young ladies in London.' The old dog here caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror opposite and straightened his necktie, the outward manifestation of an ancient instinct whenever he rendered willing homage to even absent beauty.

'Ah, yes. Her letter? Here it is, Sharp. She says she will meet her new relative here any afternoon this week if we will make the appointment.—What afternoon will suit your convenience, Mr Ferrars? For we may presume—oh?—that you will not at any rate irrevocably determine to forego the property until you have had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of your new relative?'

Whether Mr Jeremiah Gothem's celibate understanding was arriving by a circuitous route at a very simple solution of the firm's difficulties, involving no rival services in the future administration of a portly estate, the chronicler of this brief history can only surmise; but it may, without prejudice, as Mr Jeremiah would himself have put it, be placed on record that he contrived, while Ferrars was stooping for a wax match, to wink over his back in the direction of his partner, a demonstration met by the response of a skeleton and inaudible 'Ha! ha!'

It almost seemed as if the Australian's mind had not busied itself solely with the feat of recovering the lucifer, for he replied, on again standing upright:

'If you will let me think over it, as I have an engagement or two, I'll write you an appointment for the lady's convenience from the hotel this evening.'

'Most unusual, but no doubt unavoidable,' retorted the worthy Jeremiah; while the junior partner uttered, as an aftermath of sympathetic tribute to the mention of the suggestive 'engagement or two,' his favourite parenthesis in peculiarly distinct and diabolical measure.

The further discussion of a few technicalities of the case brought this singular interview to a close, and the senior partner saw his new client to the door.

'If we can be of any immediate use to you, command us,' he said at parting.

'Thanks,' replied the younger man, warmly grasping his extended hand. 'I shall know more of my plans by to-morrow.'

He returned forthwith to the hotel, made a reference to the Directory, and despatched to Miss Chesney, at the address of the Fotheringays, a long telegram, the contents of which do not immediately concern us, though it may be noted with regret that he signed it 'Gothem.'

It was not a trick he cared about; but matters,

he told himself, were getting desperate, and that confounded change of name under which he had made himself known down at Porth Gwarrick necessitated, like most lies, other lies to cover it.

The enclosure that faces the Royal Academy was crowded that June afternoon with as much of London's beautiful and London's mainly as had no engagements elsewhere, and a continuous stream of carriages moved in and out of the archway past the Post-Office. From a secluded post beneath one of the side arches, Ferrars watched the endless throng, the meetings and collisions of those who, of all classes, from the 'lower-middle' up, turned out of the Piccadilly sunshine into the quadrangle that leads to art and the chosen lung. When the hands of his watch pointed to three, and a note sounded from the church opposite to indicate that they lied not, the watcher became notably more attentive, scrutinising with care each unit of the well-dressed crowd. At length he started as, her face half-hidden by the black lace border of a yellow sunshade, Beryll Chesney joined the inward stream. She drove alone, and noticing the fact, on which he had relied, Ferrars strolled quietly into the opposing line. Then a sudden meeting and surprise, feigned on one side, real enough on the other.

'What! you, Mr Newton! This is an unexpected meeting,' and a small gloved hand was extended, the shapely wrist taking the pose of a swan's neck, for Beryll was London maiden enough to bow to London custom, however unlovely. 'Who would have thought of seeing you here? You soon left Porth Gwarrick, then?'

Now, this was merely a question and in no way a misstatement, though, as a matter of fact, Miss Beryll had even then in her pocket a long and rambling letter from her dear friend Madge, in which, with a bare statement of the Australian's rapid departure for London only twenty-four hours later than herself, were woven a number of ingenious speculations, such as are offered by one maiden mind only for pasture by another, and over which the male pen shall not sacrilegiously scratch its inquisitive trail. Even as she implied her ignorance of his recent movements, Beryll's hand involuntarily pressed the outer edge of the pocket that screened the precious document. The advent of the Röntgen rays has implanted new instincts in our consciences on their defence. The flush on her face, mounting tell-tale from the amber velvet ribbon that hid the whiteness of her neck, told that he had not been wholly banished from her maiden meditations.

'I see you are alone,' was his inconsequent rejoinder. Then, as though conscious of an uttered indiscretion, 'Of course—I see—you must have an appointment here.'

She blushed a deeper red. He no longer had any misgivings, for he had long since arrived at the agreeable conclusion that he himself must be

the Australian acquaintance in whom, clinging to his unknown personality as one who might fill her lost brother's place, if no dearer one, she had shown that extraordinary interest at their first meeting.

'Well, yes, I have; and a strange appointment, too. It really is vexing,' she added, betrayed to a candour that delighted him, the more so as it apparently escaped herself; 'I should so have liked to show you one or two of the best things.'

'But,' he urged, 'could we not at any rate look at the pictures until your friends arrive?'

'I am already late for the appointment,' she objected regretfully, 'and I am quite sure they would not be late.'

Her assurance on the matter, however, proved unfounded, for arriving at the head of the staircase, the appointed rendezvous, there was apparently no one waiting for her.

'I am certainly surprised,' she exclaimed; 'but then of course—Mr Newton,' she broke off rather disconnectedly, 'are Australians punctual to their appointments as a rule?'

'Well, I do not know,' the young man replied, beginning to wonder how he was going to bring this somewhat embarrassing adventure to a satisfactory close, 'that punctuality or the reverse is a national characteristic. I, at any rate—this with a long look straight into her black eyes, that fell before his gaze—'I would not be late at such an appointment.'

'Oh, but this, you see, is a business appointment,' and she stopped short, as if the implied contrast were too pointed.

They strolled through the rooms, keeping clear of the struggling rabble that had paid a shilling for the right of fighting as in a football scrimmage from clamb to masterpiece and back again, and ever and again they went back to the staircase for the expected arrivals.

Ferrars had meant to make a momentous confession, perhaps two if there were sufficient encouragement in the reception of the first; and he was just beginning to feel desperate, when a sudden resolve on the lady's part gave him an opening.

She announced her intention of taking a cab to her lawyers. Who were her lawyers? Oh, Gotham & Sharp, of Quill's Inn. That was strange indeed; but they were also his lawyers. He, too, had business with them; and—would she accept his escort so far?

Beryll glanced at him full in the face for an instant only, and then, with a kind of proud confidence, assented to his proposal. He was sure that he would find it easier, he told himself, to get that confession over in the cab, without the ordeal, albeit a very pleasant ordeal, of those glorious eyes looking into his.

The hansom bowed along past the Criterion, and turned off up Shaftesbury Avenue, and instinct served Ferrars in the absence of familiarity with London streets and told him that his minutes were numbered. Somehow—he never, try how he



would, quite remembered the preliminary skirmish—he had possessed himself of the girl's hand, and he took courage from the fact that it was not withdrawn. Out it came:

'Miss Chesney, do you think it very wrong for a man, without good reason, to take another name than his own—I mean to say, without the possibility of its hurting any one in any way?' He felt an incoherent ass, and awaited her reply. It soon came, in a low voice:

'That depends, I should say, Mr *Newton*—was it only his fancy, that ominous stress on the surname?—on the reasons for such a course.'

'Oh, well, you know,' he went on more freely than ever, 'I have heard of men doing it just for the fun of the thing; and in fact, I myself—Beryll, I love you, dear.' The two confessions that had shaped themselves in his mind that morning were now hopelessly jumbled. 'I know I have no right to take advantage of your trusting yourself with me in this cab; and, if you wish it, I'll get out at once. But if I do not at once explain matters and clear myself in your eyes, there might never be another chance of my doing so.'

As he uttered his impassioned declaration the cab passed beneath an archway, and brought up with a jerk at a dingy doorway, whereon some white letters intimated the presence within of Messrs *Gothem & Sharp*, Solicitors, Commissioners for Oaths in certain colonies, &c.

Still the little hand lay impassive in his; and, with a quick movement, he raised it to his lips and then handed the lady out of the cab and tossed the cabman a coin representing five times the proper fare. For this the smart gentleman on the box set him down as inebriate.

Up that dimly respectable staircase—it was a very ladder to Paradise this afternoon—and once again the knocker on the first-floor door brought the lean young clerk to the threshold. 'Yes; Mr *Gothem* was in and alone.' Ferrars merely handed in his card, and was given a chair; but the young lady, evidently a privileged person on the premises, at once followed the scraggy apprentice across the sacred mat and through the frosted-glass door. But in less than a minute that same door was flung open again somewhat violently, and Mr *Jeremiah Gothem* emerged, with an air as closely bordering on excitement as the social obligations of *Barnes Common* and professional status of *Quill's Inn* would permit.

'My dear Mr *Ferrars*,' said the little man, with outstretched hand, 'this is a most extraordinary coincidence—most extraordinary. Your cousin, Miss *Chesney*, is with me; you must have come up the stairs together.' They had, but Ferrars did not say so. 'Permit me, my dear sir, to introduce you to—ahem!—be the humble means of remitting a divided family.'

Now be it remarked that the excellent Mr *Sharp* was at that moment far away at a client's

sale; and yet, so insistent is habit, every clerk in that office could have sworn to a ghostly 'Ha! ha!' from within.

Feeling anything but comfortable, and remembering how the rush of warmer feelings had nipped his confession of fraud in the bud, Ferrars followed the 'humble means,' looking at that moment the very reverse of humble, into the inner room. Beryll had, at sight of them, risen to her feet, her cheeks pale but for a single spot of red on either. She could not help hearing what had passed between them, for Mr *Jeremiah Gothem*, though the most discreet of practitioners, was not gifted with a small voice. 'I suppose this is not intended as a joke, Mr *Gothem*; but this gentleman, as I understand it, is Mr *Newton*!' Then, remembering with a touch of remorse, as she saw the dismay on both their faces, that the younger man had been on the brink of confessing some such prank when—when more intimate and certainly more interesting information had intervened, she smiled in encouragement of any defence the culprit might have to offer. Frankly, then, and to the amazement of both his hearers, Ferrars explained the whole mystery, and how his assumption of a false name had been part and parcel of his resolve to come unknown and see for himself how matters stood. The young man showed considerable tact in gliding over the sad incident of Dr *Chesney's* death and the embarrassment thereby introduced in the substitution of an heiress for the heir; and at last he asked to be forgiven so humbly, and Beryll extended her now ungloved hand so impulsively, that the old bachelor's thoughts reverted to that simple solution of the family difficulties that had before suggested itself to him.

Those two left the lawyer's office together, and the pallid but omniscient janitor smiled knowingly. It was arranged that *Newton Ferrars* should present himself in his true colours next afternoon at the *Fotheringay* mansion.

'And mind, *Newton*,' said the lady as they parted a few doors from that establishment, 'you must tell your story all over again, just as you told it just now; and you must ask forgiveness, sir, just as meekly as you did then, and then Lady *Fotheringay* may forgive you as—as—perhaps I have done.'

He stood bareheaded as she walked a few steps and disappeared within the portals of her ex-guardian's house.

'Well, Beryll dear,' asked Lady *Fotheringay* somewhat anxiously a few minutes later, 'what sort of creature is this new Australian acquisition? Does he wear gaiters and a beard. And'—nervously glancing in the direction of some expressionless *Dresden* shepherdesses and a gilt clock that had not changed its mind these ten years—'will he put his feet on the mantelpiece?'

'Not at all, dear,' said Beryll. 'He is quite

charming, and I am sure you'll soon look on him as an old friend. 'I should not wonder,' she added demurely, 'if you fell in love with him at first sight, just as you did—oh, yes, you know you did—with his countryman, Mr Newton!'

A little later Mr Jeremiah Gothem was relating the events of the afternoon to the junior partner, just returned from his sale.

'Mark my words, Sharp; there'll be a match of it before we're many weeks older. A very admirably adapted couple I should think our young friends will make,' added the worthy old

attorney, plunging fearlessly, so great was his relief at this agreeable manner in which two steeped in the priceless folly of youth had come to the help of a lawyer in difficulties, into a problem of natural selection, on which his celibate mind should have dwelt with appropriate hesitation.

'Ha! ha!' sighed Mr Sharp, who had three unmarried daughters and an only son who had failed twice for the army, and was now groping his way darkly up the back-staircase of the militia. His favourite ejaculation did not again escape him that day. Mr Sharp was thoughtful.

## MILITARY PRISONERS.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, Author of *Mr Thomas Atkins*,  
*How to be Happy though Married*, &c.



WE have heard and read so much about the self-sacrifice, devotion to duty, and goodness of heart of our soldiers during the Boer campaign that some will be surprised to read in these pages that they are not always like this; that, in fact, soldiers occasionally behave badly, and are punished for doing so, when not in front of an enemy. Indeed, it would not be far from the truth to say that the best side of British soldiers comes out in war and the worst side in peace. When things are peaceful Mr Thomas Atkins is liable to get slack as a soldier and a man. Then the war-cure comes to brace him up and make him think less of himself and more of others. I know of many soldiers who were made other men by the hard living, hard work, and enforced abstinence from alcohol which they experienced in the Boer war. Seeing comrades falling out of the ranks for the last time makes men think seriously who never did so before.

We would point out, too, that those who do time in military prisons are very different from captives in civilian establishments. Every kind of conduct which in the opinion of the authorities is 'to the prejudice of good order and military discipline' is called in the army a crime; and men who are anything but deeply dyed villains may find themselves in military prisons for breaking out of barracks, losing their kit, desertion, fraudulent enlistment, making a false statement on attestation, insubordination, and other military 'crimes' which a civilian could not commit.

The inmates both of military and of civilian prisons are sometimes more sinned against than sinning. They had no chance; they were round men in square holes. They were wretched and out of harmony with their environment, and this

drove them to do what they ought not to have done. As in an ordinary trial a prisoner may object to a jurymen who, he thinks, has some prejudice or grudge against him, so at a court-martial he is always asked if he is satisfied with the officers selected to try him. One Tommy, when the president asked him this question, looked at the officers sitting solemnly before him, and answered, 'I object to the 'ole blooming lot of yer.' Men often do what is wrong not so much because they have altogether decided for the devil as because they wish to protest against the nature of things. They 'object to the 'ole blooming lot' of things as they are.

Some men, however, seem to object to everything on principle. They are like a man who thus stated his qualification for an eldership in a Scotch church. He said he could 'aye object.' One of this disposition, whom I sent out to the west of Canada with the assistance of the Prisoners' Aid Society, got an excellent situation. In a letter telling me of his success, having nothing else to grumble at, he took serious objection to the paving of the streets and to the elevated railways of New York, through which he had passed. Another man was rather too easily pleased. He deserted from a prisoners' ward in a military hospital. When he was caught, tried by court-martial, and put into a military prison, speaking to him of his escape from hospital, I asked, 'But what did you do for clothes to replace the hospital kit?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I stripped a scarecrow in a potato-field, and gave it my blue things in exchange.'

It would not be true to say that all the inmates of military prisons are bad soldiers. Many of them would fight bravely if they had the chance; and, as a matter of fact, most of those who were in prison at the time did volunteer for the Boer war. Crime is often only misdirected

energy; and this explains the fact that some of the best fighters drink, are insubordinate, and otherwise troublesome. The train went wrong because the engine had got off the lines. Here are two instances of this which I take from the Peninsular war, so as not to divulge up-to-date secrets. At the battle of Nivelles, a position walled with rocks two hundred feet high had to be taken by our 43rd Regiment. Napier, who commanded them, afterwards wrote: 'I was the first man but one who reached and jumped into the rocks, and I was only second because my strength and speed were unequal to contend with the giant who got before me. He was the tallest and most active man in the regiment; and the day before, being sentenced to corporal punishment, I had pardoned him on the occasion of an approaching action. He now repaid me by striving always to place himself between me and the fire of the enemy. His name was Eccles, an Irishman.' Writing of the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, the same officer said: 'I was a field-officer of the trenches when a 13-inch shell from the town fell in the midst of us. I called to the men to lie down flat, and they instantly obeyed orders, except one of them, an Irishman and an old marine, but a most worthless, drunken dog, who trotted up to the shell, the fuse of which was still burning, and, striking it with his spade, knocked the fuse out; then, taking the immense shell in his hands, he brought it to me, saying, "There she is for you now, yer 'anner. I've knocked the life out of the enter."' "

As I have mentioned a prison garb, I ought to say that by a recent order military prisoners now wear the uniform of the corps to which they belong instead of the ugly brown fustian in which they used to be clothed. The change was made to prevent a jail-bird stigma destroying self-respect, and to mark the distinction which has been explained between military and civilian crimes.

Many are the interesting life-histories which a chaplain learns when visiting prison cells. When I got to know the occupants of them I discovered that not seldom they had hearts warm with domestic feeling, and that, whatever may have been the case before trouble came, at least afterwards they were not deaf to the call of religion. In fact, I came in my own mind to divide mankind very much into two classes—the caught and the uncaught, or actual and potential criminals—and to consider that those inside prison were more unfortunate and less cunning, but not much worse morally, than those outside. Some of my imprisoned flock were so penitent and so anxious to do better in the future that when I compared them with myself and others who were living in triumphant, respectable wickedness, I was inclined to stand hat in hand before them in an attitude of respect and reverence. Of course there were some who protested too much. Scoundrels

would cant about their 'experiences' till I wondered that they did not fall dead for their hypocrisy, and then would suggest that the chaplain had much influence with the Governor, and could—Here Mr. Facing-two-ways used to be stopped, and told that he could show the power of religion by taking his imprisonment patiently; and that, to a man so full of Christian joy as he was, 'Stone walls do not a prison make,' &c. One should steer a middle course between believing nothing prisoners say and swallowing the fat lies some of them tell, apparently for no other reason than to keep their powers in that direction in practice. A troublesome prisoner poses as a conscience-stricken man, and asks the warder in charge of him to bring him before the Governor. 'Well, what is it?' questions the Governor. 'I see, sir, by the dietary-board that I am only entitled to three-quarters of a pint of cocoa, and I get a pint,' says the prisoner. The Governor replies, 'You may safely take all that you get.' 'Well, sir,' continues the prisoner, 'it goes against my conscience; and will you please keep this bit of tobacco for me? I know that it is a prohibited article.' 'Where did you get it?' the Governor asks. 'This warder,' answers the prisoner, pointing to the nearest officer, 'gave it to me.' The warders were not sorry when this professing casuist and practising liar left the prison.

The first Sunday I took a service in the chapel of one of our largest military prisons I was surprised at the hearty way the prisoners answered the responses. They were not afraid to speak or sing out, as are so many other congregations. When I congratulated the Governor after service upon having such religious men under his charge, he took away all illusion with a word of explanation. He told me that the men, being on the silent system, were only allowed to use their tongues in church, and that to do so was a great relief to them. This, too, is the reason why military prisoners are as communicative as they are with chaplains. It is not because they like us particularly or think that we are agreeable to talk to, but because any use of the tongue is better than none.

It is not by any means always true that people are more afraid of punishment than of sin. I believe that suffering punishment is a positive relief to the conscious sinner. A prisoner surrendered himself for a military crime of which he would most probably never have been convicted. He had enlisted in another corps, and was being promoted to be a non-commissioned officer; but he gave himself up, for, as he told me in prison, he 'did not like being thought to have a better character than he had.'

Full of human nature, and that of a queer sort, are some of the letters which military prisoners write to their friends and their friends to them. Before me is a copy of a letter which a soldier when in prison wrote to his mother:



'DEAR MOTHER,—I am sorry to say that I have overreached myself at last, and have dug a pit for my own feet to fall into. I am in a military prison for striking my superior officer under great provocation; but what is done cannot be undone. Who can make the dead tree green or look upon last year's light? That which time swallows up cannot be recalled. It is very hard, my darling mother, for you to lose your eldest son thus just at a time when he should be helping you; but none knows where the shoe pinches, only the wearer, and God's will be done. It is fate, the great wheel of fate, which like a Juggernaut crushes us all in turn, some soon, some late, one way or another. In this way we are all crushed; and then, as I do now, we cry for forgiveness. Fate sometimes puts us in very ironical positions. I asked my Colonel for advice, but he ignored my application; he is as merciless as political economy. Remember me to all inquiring friends; but as to my whereabouts, I prefer to remain incognito,' &c.

'Merciless as political economy' is good.

A friend of mine who is the Governor of a military prison has allowed me to copy the following letter which he received from a girl evidently in the costermonger line. It was written to thank him for allowing her to write to her imprisoned lover, and was addressed 'To the 'ead One of — Prison:—'

'DEAR SIR,—Just a line to thank you for the kindness you have show (*sic*) me by allowing me to write to my Friend Private G—. I cannot be too grateful to you for the kindness you have shown me. Would you kindly accept of a half-dozen of cucumbers or anything in the way of fruit if so would you write and let me know as I do not like to take the liberty of sending them to you without your permission?—Believe me, dear Sir, yours obediently, —'

A prisoner remarked at the end of a letter to his uncle: 'I don't know what part of India my regiment is in; but I hope it is near the Cape of Good Hope.' Frequently prisoners' letters conclude with rhyme, if not with reason; as thus:

The hills are high and lofty,  
The sea is wide and deep;  
I often think of you, my love,  
When I ought to be asleep.

One more specimen:

Oh friends, dear friends across the sea!  
For my own sake do pity me,  
That I, so young, with heart so bold,  
Should do two years in a prison fold.

When writing my name one morning in the visitors' book at the entrance to a military prison, I was much startled by hearing behind me a great thud on the stone floor. This was a prisoner who had leaped from the top gallery, more than fifty feet high. Of course, a

crowd of warders got round him, and he succeeded in making the fuss he had intended. He never meant to commit suicide, for he had been a sailor, and knew how to fall upon his feet without hurting himself.

It is a mistake, when some one tells you, as is often the case in prison, that he is going to commit suicide, to appear shocked and alarmed, and to implore him not to do anything so terrible. Rather talk the matter over in a cold-blooded, indifferent way, and take from it all romance by going into minute details as to the best way of doing it. 'It is a thing,' you may observe, 'that can be done any time, and so you had better put it off until you leave prison, and not make a nasty mess here with your blood. The cell has lately been whitewashed, and it would be a pity to soil the walls.'

Flogging has now been abolished in the army, except in extreme cases, during active service, on board ship, and in prison, when the greatest number of lashes that can be given is twenty-five. Nor is it easy to see how discipline could be maintained amongst military prisoners if the 'cat' were not in the background as a last resource.

The Governor of a military prison lately showed to me a 'cat' and a birching instrument that had been supplied. I asked him when the 'cat' was used and when birching was administered, and which form of punishment was more severe. He said that the latter was supposed to be less derogatory to a man's dignity, but that when artistically applied there was not much to choose between the two instruments of punishment. My friend then drew attention to the way the handle of the 'cat' was covered with black cloth, as though it were in mourning for the work it had to do. As I looked, however, into the kindly, humorous eyes of my friend, I knew that in a prison under his government there would be no need for the last resource of the 'cat.' My friend governs by a sympathy which takes the trouble to understand.

#### AFTER MANY DAYS.

There is a noble river making glad


The City of our God. Its waves find rest  
Within that harbour where we fain would be;  
Its springs lie deep within each human breast.  
Cast thou thy treasures on these watery ways,  
And thou shalt find them—after many days.

The vivid gladness of thy dewy morn,

The fresh expansion of thy lifetime's spring,  
Thy shin' ideals and thy buried hopes:

All these, and more, the forceful tides shall bring.  
Cast thou thy treasures on these watery ways,  
And thou shalt find them—after many days.

ANTONIA KENNEDY-LAURIE DICKSON.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### HAYTI UNDER NEGRO GOVERNMENT.

**M**R HESKETH PRICHARD'S entertaining and suggestive book, *Where Black Rules White*,\* recalls attention to that mysterious land of mingled tragedy and farce whose secrets were first unveiled to us by Sir Spenser St John a few years since.† A century ago Hayti was a name more familiar to the colonising nations of Europe than it is to-day; for under French rule the country was to France what Jamaica was to England: a rich and prosperous colony whither enterprising men resorted to amass a fortune through the fertility of the soil and the forced industry of the negro. That day is long past; and for nearly a hundred years Hayti has been serving as a stage for the negro to prove his hopeless incapacity for self-government on civilised lines.

We must briefly outline the events which led the negro population to declare its independence of French dominion. The slave had suffered much at the hands of the planters; but the well-meant schemes of the French National Assembly to ameliorate their condition were so ill-conceived and mismanaged that whites, mulattoes, and negroes alike were estranged from the mother-country, and the colony was plunged into a race-warfare that lasted for some ten years. The history of Hayti during this period was, in Sir Spenser St John's words, 'a history of horrors; . . . murder, torture, violation, pillage, bad faith, and treachery met you on all sides.' Napoleon's hands were fully occupied in Europe, and the several factions in the colony were left to fight out the question of predominance among themselves. The sickening tale of atrocity and bloodshed is redeemed by the grace of a single figure, and that a negro's. Toussaint L'Ouverture, born in slavery, by his own energies and ability rose to be leader of the blacks; and when Toussaint's

skill as a general had restored peace to the country, it was this wise, humane, and upright negro who, with the concurrence of the remaining whites, undertook the herculean task of winning administrative order out of chaos. He made men of all colours equal before the law, and promulgated a constitution which is described as a 'model of liberty.' All was going well, when, in an unfortunate hour for Hayti, Napoleon, now at peace, bethought him that the time was come to recover the colony to France and restore slavery. Toussaint had submitted his constitution to Napoleon for approval; but he refrained from declaring himself independent, and has been blamed for the omission. It is a very open question, however, whether the middle course he adopted affected the event. General Leclerc, with thirty thousand French troops, attempted the reconquest of the colony. He captured Toussaint by treachery; but climate and disease almost annihilated his forces. Leclerc himself and twenty of his generals died, and the men were literally swept away in thousands. War breaking out between England and France at this time, the English fleet finished what yellow-fever had left for it to do. Leclerc's successor surrendered with the remnant of his force to the British Admiral, and Hayti in 1803 was left to work out her own destiny under negro rulers.

The theory and practice of government as initiated by Dessalines, the man who declared Hayti independent and procured his own election as Governor-General, was simple in the extreme, and has been faithfully followed ever since. When Dessalines appointed any one to a post in the public service his instruction was to 'pluck the fowl, but take care it does not cry out;' and the first maxim of those in authority was that 'it is not theft to take State money.' All appointments in the government service were held, as they have been since, by negroes, and in some cases by mulattoes; and the feeling towards the whites is such that no ruler of Hayti has ever dared even to modify the laws which are hostile to foreigners,

\* Archibald Constable & Co., London, 1900.

† *Hayti; or, The Black Republic*. Smith, Elder & Co., London (2nd ed. 1889).

lest his opponents should hurl him from power with the cry that he was selling the country to the whites.

With occasional intervals of peace, conspiracy and revolution have made up the history of Hayti as an independent state. The lot of the rulers has not been happier than the merits of the majority deserve; but the few good Presidents have fared no better than the worst, probity and enlightenment making for unpopularity. Excluding President Sam, who now holds office, and those of his predecessors whose tenure of the chair may be measured by a few weeks or months, there have been fourteen Presidents or Emperors since 1804. Two died natural deaths; nine abdicated or fled the country, hunted refugees; two were shot; and one took his own life to escape a worse fate. One speculates on the nature of President Sam's feelings when he reads the record of his predecessors.

Let us now glance at his people and their social condition.

Port-au-Prince, the capital, is—by consent of all who have had opportunity of comparing it with other cities—the filthiest place in the world. The town was laid out by the French, and the streets are wide; it is only their great width that makes them passable; for the roadway before his dwelling is every householder's rubbish-shoot, and slab-sided pigs and starveling dogs perform all the sanitary offices for the town of Port-au-Prince, save in the rainy season, when a heavier storm than usual comes to flush the open drains. In consequence, the populace live in an atmosphere of combined cesspool and ashpit, which by all the laws of hygiene should produce chronic plague.

The free and independent negro leads the life that most nearly approaches his ideal. They have a proverb in the country that 'only white men, black women, and asses work;' and there is truth in it. The black man lies around all day sleeping in the sun; his utmost effort is to play dice or watch a cock-fight; but sleep is his favourite occupation, and he can do that better than anything else. In the country districts the old plantations have long since slipped back into the luxuriant overgrowth of the forest; in town any trading done is by the women and by foreigners. Undisturbed by the white man—to whom he is insolent—the town-bred negro is pacific enough; the only exertion demanded of him is to avoid the attentions of the police.

The police system in Hayti is peculiar. The force consists of soldiers who are told off to keep the public peace, armed with heavy wooden clubs for the purpose. For various reasons, convincing to themselves, the Haytian police are averse to making arrests, and, for reasons equally conclusive, are at pains to make arrest as painful as can be accomplished by misapplication of their clubs. In the first place, their zeal for the public welfare is stimulated by the payment of capita-

tion fees for every arrest made. Their pay is nominally two pounds ten shillings a year; but the amount passes through many hands ere it reaches theirs, and is apt to arrive very late and in very attenuated form. Policemen must live. It is easy to convince a man that arrest is unpleasant if you employ a stout stick as the argument; and, as the capitation fee is only about sevenpence-halfpenny, the price of freedom is not necessarily high. It goes without saying that, in a country so free, the police do not wait till a man commits an offence to arrest him, unless indeed it be reckoned an offence to possess eatables in the presence of a hungry policeman.

There is no attempt to curb the gross brutality of these men; and an accused person who fails to come to terms with his captor always enters the prison suffering from wounds inflicted during his progress thither. Cases are recorded of men dying from the effects of club-caused injuries; but as a general rule the unfortunate man recovers without the opportunity of declining surgical aid, and sleeps away the days amid the foulest surroundings, waiting his turn for trial. His capacity for sleep is useful here, because the authorities in Hayti are never in haste to try prisoners. It is said that the Port-au-Prince jail shelters men who have lain there for years awaiting trial, and who never will be tried, the police having forgotten for what offence these prisoners were arrested. The condition of the prison-yards and cells defies description; the more respectable even among the Haytians are ashamed of these pestilential dens. Our consul once found in a single cell nine negroes chained by the ankles to an iron bar set into the walls; the state of the place when the door was opened was so appalling that he questioned the jailer, and this functionary admitted that for more than a week he had not unchained any one of the nine prisoners, nor had he thought of having the cell cleaned out.

The judicial system is founded on the French model; but law is administered for the most part with an eye to the personal profit, either pecuniary or political, of the judge. There have been a few bright exceptions to the rule; but legal procedure throughout the country is such that few have any confidence in the decisions of the courts. In cases where two blacks are the contending parties, the longer purse usually carries the day; and a white man knows better than seek reparation in the courts against a black. The white man may obtain 'justice' if he pays enough for it; but it is an axiom among the foreigners in Hayti to endure any injustice rather than appear as a suitor in court. On the other hand, the negro before a judge and jury of his own race can always face a white opponent with a light heart. Is there not a good old saying that 'the whites possess no rights in Hayti which the blacks are bound to respect'? Would any negro judge so far forget



what is due to his own colour as to find in favour of a mere white? Negro notions of justice are best shown by two examples following. During Sir Spenser St John's residence in the country an elderly Frenchman was summoned for assaulting a negro, and the evidence was so much in favour of the white man that even the Haytian magistrate was about to acquit him, when shouts rose from all parts of his court, 'What! are you going to take part with the white?' The magistrate, thinking better of it, sentenced the white to pay a fine. This open display of deference to the popular voice was too much even for the Haytian authorities—probably they feared intervention by the French consul; for they allowed the verdict to stand, but forbore to require payment of the fine. The other example of negro justice was the trial of two blacks for the murder of a Frenchman, their benefactor. The evidence against them appeared so overwhelming that even their negro advocate was at a loss for arguments to refute it. At last he glanced round the crowded court, and turning to the jury with a broad grin, said, 'After all, it is only a white man the less.' The exquisite humour of the suggestion that it was but a trivial offence to reduce the white population by one came home to the jury; there was a roar of laughter, and the prisoners were triumphantly acquitted.

When we come to pry more deeply into the nature of the negro as betrayed by his superstitions, we marvel less at his travesties of civilised life than at his success in maintaining those travesties at all. *Vaudoux*, or snake-worship, shows the black as he is, whether in the forests of the Congo or in the groves of Hayti. *Vaudoux* or *colun* signifies an all-powerful supernatural being, personified by a non-venomous snake, which is credited with knowledge of the past and present and prescience of the future. The mouthpiece of the *vaudoux* is a high-priest chosen by the members of the sect, and a high-priestess who owes her elevation solely to the love of the high-priest. The woman is the more venerated 'medium' of the two; but both are held in the utmost awe. There are two forms of *vaudoux* worship: one, comparatively innocuous, though sufficiently degraded, which requires the sacrifice of white goats and white cocks; the other has earned terrible notoriety by the sacrifice of 'goats without horns'—that is, children—and by the cannibalism which is a leading feature of the orgies. Observance of *vaudoux* rites is not confined to the ignorant lower classes; at least two Presidents have openly given their adherence to *vaudoux*, the last being President Salnave, whose disastrous term of office closed in 1870. The educated classes profess to disbelieve in the existence of cannibalism in Hayti; but the practice has been proved past refutation over and over again, and there is the best reason to suppose that there are firm adherents of *vaudoux* among the apparently en-

lightened members of Haytian society, who most strenuously deny its ugliest features.

The true *vaudoux* worshippers—that is, cannibals—meet secretly at the dead of night in some remote spot, and with every precaution against intrusion by the uninitiated; but in the days when those highest in power were known to be in sympathy with *vaudoux* worship less care was taken; and adventurous Europeans, assisted by black friends, have been eye-witnesses of the most ghastly of the rites. In 1869 a young French priest, with blackened face and arms, disguised as a peasant, saw all but the actual murder. A white cock and a white goat having been sacrificed, a negro came forward, and kneeling before the *mamaloï*, or high-priestess, as she stood on the box containing the sacred snake, petitioned her to grant the assembly as a favour 'the goat without horns' to complete the sacrifice. The *mamaloï* assenting, the crowd in the temple fell apart, and revealed to the horrified *cure* a child sitting on the ground tied by the legs to a rope which ran through a block secured to the roof. As the people thus made way for the *papaloï*, or high-priest, to approach the victim, knife in hand, the rope was tightened and the child swung into the air. Realising what he was about to see, the *cure* forgot his disguise and promise to keep silence, and cried, 'Oh, spare the child!' He was instantly hustled away by his friends, and escaped to the town in spite of pursuit. He went at once to the police; but they would do nothing, except that next morning, under the priest's guidance, they went to the scene of the sacrifice and found the boiled skull and other remains of the child, which had been cooked and eaten.

Sir Spenser St John succeeded in ascertaining the name of an American gentleman who contributed to the *New York World* an anonymous account of a sacrifice he witnessed in the spring of 1886 near Cap Haitien, one of the principal cities of the colony. This gentleman and a friend from the adjoining Spanish colony of San Domingo, duly disguised, were taken to a meeting in a *vaudoux* temple by some negroes with whom the Dominican was a *persona grata*. On this occasion, after over two hours of singing and dancing, during which the people wrought themselves into a state approaching delirium, two children, a boy and a girl, had their throats cut, and their bodies were cut up, cooked, and eaten. It is needless to recount more of these horrors. One of the most shocking cases of child-murder in the name of sacrifice was investigated by a Haytian court of law in 1864, Sir Spenser St John being present throughout the whole proceedings. For the credit of the community let it be said that the presiding judge was an exceptional man, who had the courage to do his duty, and eight of the prisoners were found guilty. The President of the Black Republic at that time was Geffrard, one of the few enlightened and upright

chief magistrates Hayti has known; and though warned that he would forfeit the regard of the masses if he permitted the law to take its course, he remained firm, and a public execution did something, for a time at least, to check human sacrifice. It is a suggestive fact that in the old days of slavery these horrors were much rarer than they have been since; it was then difficult to procure victims, as the children of slaves were all carefully registered, and could not disappear without the knowledge of their white owners. *Vaudoux* worship is by no means the only excuse for cannibalism: the murder of children and traffic in their flesh is one of the standing evils of the country, and one which the authorities prefer to ignore rather than attempt to suppress.

In no country on the face of the globe does any one class wield such absolute power over the masses as do the *vaudou* priests in Hayti. As interpreters of the will of the serpent-god, their influence is great; but they owe the unquestioning obedience of the people more to their knowledge of certain herbs which in their hands reveal qualities with whose effects civilised science is, as yet, unable to cope. The secret of preparing the drugs used by the *papalou* are most jealously guarded; but their powers are only too well known. At will the priests can strike down with paralysis in various forms or with insanity any one who offends them; they can produce death-like sleep with narcotics; they can inflict death quickly or slowly and painfully; and as they possess the antidote for each one of their poisons, it is not wonderful that their power should be absolute. The narcotics are the drugs which appear to be applied to the worst use: when the potion is administered to the victim he falls into

a condition so death-like that he is believed to be dead and is buried; then at night the emissaries of the *papalou* exhumed the coffin, restore the suspended life, and have their will of the victim. It is averred that these ghastly practices were in vogue during slave-times as means of procuring children for sacrifice who could not otherwise be obtained without suspicion. The horrible crime is still practised; and facts have been brought to light in criminal trials which, says Sir Spenser St John, 'lead to the supposition that the population is being eaten down by this society of children-poisoners, which is scattered through every district of the republic.' These poisoners drug children into a trance from which they are awakened to be killed and eaten. In June 1887 a woman was forced by the police to restore to consciousness in their presence a child which was supposed by its mother to be dead. It is probable, as Mr Prichard suggests, that these people are expert hypnotists as well as druggists.

The presence of white foreigners in the country is the one factor that retards its backward progress. These become fewer and fewer each year, for between political disturbances and the consequent insecurity of life and property, and the too popular recognition of the maxim that whites have no rights that blacks need respect, business of every kind is conducted under difficulties. Retrogression has been rapid of recent years; and in all probability the time is not far distant when Hayti will throw off for ever her ill-fitting disguise of civilisation, and relapse into confessed barbarism. That she has not far to go along this path seems proved by the observations of Sir Spenser St John, which have lately been confirmed by Mr Prichard.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER XIX.—ON BOARD THE 'LUCKY VENTURE.'



WITHIN a couple of hours we were on the march again, Jan carrying our slight baggage, and our faces turned towards the river. We went down to the nearest stairs, hired a boat, and bade the waterman pull for the Pool of London.

After we passed London Bridge I kept my eyes about me, and presently, near the Tower Stairs, saw a ship in that bustle and confusion which marks the nearness of departure. We landed, I paid the man, and then we went to the quay beside which the ship lay. Her people were running to and fro with bags and bales, carrying them to the ship, where the seamen received them and stowed them away; or rolling barrels up the gangway, which creaked and lurched as the vessel rose on the tide, and shouting and calling orders one against the other; while the captain stood at

the head of a flight of stairs running from the deck to a platform above, and roared loudest of all.

I stood to look on for a moment, and in that instant made myself a friend. At the fore-part of the ship a party of sailors were busy with the rigging. What exactly they were doing I cannot say, for my ignorance of a ship and its handling is almost complete. Yet I saw this plainly, that one man on the quay was hauling at a stout rope, hoping to pull a spar within reach of his friends on the ship.

'Pull harder, Jack,' they shouted.

He put his feet against a mooring-post and pulled with all his strength; but the stubborn spar still swung beyond their reach. I stepped forward and took a grip of the rope and hauled with him, and we had it down in no time.

'Well hauled, brother,' growled the seaman,

loosing the rope and fetching a deep breath as his friends secured the spar. 'Well hauled, I say; and thank ye kindly for your aid.'

'You are very welcome,' I replied. 'Will you tell me what ship is this and whither she is bound?'

'The *Lucky Venture*, bound for Lisbon.'

'And does she go thither straight?'

'Oh no; we put in at Calais, Nantes, and Bordeaux.'

'And when do you start?'

'With the turn of the tide, an hour hence.'

I thanked him for his information and returned to Cicely, and told her what I had learned. 'I had a hundred times rather find a ship going to Holland,' I said; 'but time is precious, and here is a ship casting loose in an hour. Better for us to be set adrift in France than be clapped into bilboes at home.'

She looked up at me from under her deep hood, and her eyes spoke for her.

'I do but jest,' I said. 'It is a chance we ought not to let slip. I will go and bargain with the captain.'

I went at once, and was lucky enough to find him at leisure for the moment.

'Can you carry my wife and myself across to Calais?' I said.

'Why,' said he, 'you could not have a cabin to yourselves; but here are some other women crossing, and your wife can go with them if you will be content with rougher quarters.'

'Anything will do for me,' said I.

'Where is your baggage?' he asked. 'There is but little time to spare if you are not ready.'

'We are quite ready,' I replied; 'there stands my wife, and the porter has the baggage.' Jan had got himself up very passably as a porter.

The captain rubbed his chin and looked at me with much less favour than he had shown up to that moment. The slenderness of our baggage lay at the bottom of this change.

'What do you charge for the passage?' said I. He named the sum.

'I will pay you at this moment,' said I, and I drew out my purse and proffered him the money.

This made a difference, and his brow cleared. Still, he did not treat me as politely as he had begun by doing; but I cared nothing for his respect or disrespect as long as we had a corner of his ship to cross the narrow seas in, and this was secured.

I returned to the quay and related how things had gone.

'Then I am to carry the things aboard, Master George?' said Jan.

'Yes,' said I; 'and, Jan, I hope no harm will come to you from helping me.'

'Never fear for that, sir,' he laughed. 'I would indeed you were as sure of being as safe wherever you may go as I shall be in London.'

Again I attempted to press money on him, but

in vain. He refused to take a penny. 'No, no,' he said, 'I can get plenty; and may the same always happen to you. I'll warrant you've little enough, Captain, to be taking such a journey on.'

So we could give him nothing but our thanks; and he had those, as he deserved, in full measure. True to his character as porter, he then carried the baggage on to the ship, set it down, and departed. Not that he went right away, for we saw him posted in a corner of the quay to see us off.

As we stood on the deck the captain came by and saw us.

'Jack Horne,' he cried to a man near at hand, 'do you show these people where to stow themselves;' and he gave him some directions.

Jack Horne proved to be my friend of the rope, and he bestirred himself on our behalf with the greatest good nature. He drummed up two of the dames who were going to Calais, and repeated what the captain had said as to Cicely sharing their cabin; and they proved good, kindly Englishwomen, very civil and obliging. Next Jack showed me where to settle myself. Our small preparations were soon completed, and then Cicely and I stood together in a quiet corner of the ship towards the stern and watched the sailors casting loose the great ropes which held the *Lucky Venture* at her moorings beside the quay. Others spread the sails, and as the wind blew gently down the river all was fair for sea.

'Now,' I whispered, as with a smooth glide the ship slipped away and the quay seemed to recede—'now we're afloat, and no one can touch us. In the next land we step upon, King James's warrants will not run.'

Cicely was holding my hand in a fold of her cloak, and she pressed it and nodded joyfully. Soon we were out in mid-river running steadily before the wind. On we went, and the medley of steeples and chimneys behind us grew indistinct and faded in the western sky. We passed Greenwich, and now a cold, chill air breathed upon us from the Essex marshes. It marked a change of the wind and checked our headway so that the vessel scarcely moved through the water. She was not a fast sailer in any case, this broad-beamed merchantman, and as she tacked to and fro her blunt round nose beat upon the waves with a loud swashing noise.

Now that we had seen the city of our dread fade from our sight I began to take more notice of our present quarters. Right amidships was built a sort of house running across the deck from side to side, some nine feet high, but how deep I could not see from where I stood. To go to the fore-part of the ship, a broad flight of stairs with a massive handrail ran up on one side and so over the top of this structure. At the door of this place a great heap of luggage was piled, and near at hand a couple of travelling-carriages were tightly lashed to iron rings in the deck. It was clear that some person of consequence was going abroad



in the *Lucky Venture*, and now three men in livery came from below and began to arrange the luggage. The livery of gray and silver seemed somewhat familiar to me, but I could not recall in whose service it was worn.

'I half-fancy I know that livery,' I said to Cicely; 'but I cannot just remember where I have seen it.'

'Was it in London or the country?' she asked.

'In London,' I returned; 'and very likely I have seen it in the street behind the coach of some stranger to me.'

'Look,' she said, 'how thick and misty it seems down the river!'

'Thick and misty indeed,' said I. 'It is an autumn fog coming in from the sea.'

The wind died down; the ship lost her way altogether, yet the fog crept on and soon enfolded us thickly. We did not go below, for there it was close, and we had no fancy for company. Cicely's main purchase had been a great cloak and hood, and in these she was wrapped snugly. I had my stout coat of camlet, and we remained by the side of the ship and braved the fog.

Soon a man came and began to coil up a rope trailing from the bulwarks. It was Jack Horne.

'This is thick weather,' said I.

'It is, brother,' said Jack. 'We'll have to lie-to till morning if this holds, even if the wind favours us, for we should but knock into somebody in this crowded fairway. Hark to yon!'

He lifted his finger, and now we heard a bell tolling heavily through the fog.

'Tis some vessel lying in the track up and down,' he said, 'and warning folks to sheer off her.'

'What do you call that building reaching across the deck there?' I asked.

'They're the state-rooms,' replied Jack, 'where the captain berths when we've no quality aboard. But there's a lord and his people in them now. They're going to Calais same as ye.'

'What's the lord's name?' I said.

'That I can't tell ye,' replied my friend. 'I've heard it, true; but forgot it again.'

He was now hailed by some officer, and ran away crying, 'Ay, ay, sir.'

The fog held all the rest of the day, and Jack Horne's words proved true. We lay at anchor in the river with bright lights burning and a watch set fore and aft. So it was when night came, and still the warning bell rang out when I lay down to sleep in a hammock which Jack Horne's ready hands swung for me.

I needed little rocking to sleep that night. Many and divers things and frequent journeyings had been my portion since last I lay down. Indeed, on thinking it over, it seemed strange and wonderful that I had not closed my eyes since the keeper of the coffee-house beckoned me to carry his parcel. It seemed a far-off moment, yet it was but yesterday.

## THE COALFIELDS OF CANADA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II: IN THE WEST.



BETWEEN the Great Plains and the Kootenay country, in the province of British Columbia, lies the Crow's Nest Pass. Since the early cutting out of the practicable trail and the building of bridges across several of the larger streams, the Pass has become the scene of active industrial life.

The eastern end of this wonderful Pass is well marked by the Livingstone or outer limestone range of the mountains cut through by the Middle Fork, in a deep, narrow valley. This valley is usually designated 'The Gap.' Within the Livingstone Range, the valley of the Middle Fork is wide and open, as far as the Crow's Nest Lake, for about eight miles. 'This part of the valley,' observes Dr Dawson, 'is characterised by wide grassy terraces, and many of the hills bounding the valleys to the north are open and grassed to their very summits. Those on the south are, however, generally wooded; and north of the valley the whole country becomes either densely wooded or covered with burnt woods and windfall after the first two or three miles.'

Middle Fork Valley does not materially differ in natural appearance from other valleys in the eastern part of the mountains, being equally attractive with its grassy meadows bordering crystal streams. Standing alone in magnificent grandeur, leaving far behind it the lower hills, the mountain of the Crow's Nest rears its majestic head. Not that it is by any means one of the highest peaks of the district, being less than 8000 feet above the sea, except for one of its peaks which attains the height of 8600 feet; but it is rendered prominent away in the plains by its nearly conical outline and its isolated position. Its Cree name is *Kah-ka-oo-wut-tshis-tun*.

In the Gap Valley, from amongst the sandstone rocks, a brook which crosses the trail proceeds from the north. In this stream, years ago, fragments of coal were observed, rolled smooth and round as stones. The observer commenced a search higher up the brook, on the banks, and came upon the seams from which the fragments had been derived.

Since the western summit on the Crow's Nest Pass has become a travelled route, its appearance

is extremely desolate, its forests having been swept away by repeated fires. The summit serves as a watershed to the head-waters of Michel and Coal Creeks, tributaries of the Elk River. The mountains and valleys, the rocks and the rivers, abound in weird legends, some of which we are tempted to relate, and are only deterred by recognising the limits entailed by our title.\*

It was on 1st August 1891 that Dr Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, accompanied by Colonel Baker, camped at the east end of Crow's Nest Lake, and on the following day reached the coal-prospecting camp situated about 1200 feet above the trail, on a ridge of rocks which runs north-east between Marten and Michel Creeks. From the ridge to the trail descend spurs, with steep intervening gullies, and in these, and on the intervening ridges, the travellers observed a wonderful series of coal-seams—'twenty seams in all, showing a total thickness of 132 feet of coal,' all visible as outcrops in a distance of about two miles. These experts computed that there is in the Crow's Nest Pass, between the eastern summit, 4330 feet above tide, and the valley of the Elk River, in British Columbia, an area of not less than 144 square miles that is destined to be one of the most valuable and most productive coalfields in Canada; and, at a rough calculation, the quantity of coal is estimated to lie at nearly fifty million tons to the square mile.

The opening up of the magnificent coal deposits of the Crow's Nest Pass has been rendered possible by the completion of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, which affords an outlet not only to British Columbia markets, but also to those of the North-West Territories, and eventually to those of the North-Western States. Particularly will the East and West Kootenays benefit by this development, which regions, lying away from the coast, have not hitherto participated in the advantages enjoyed by coast-towns supplied readily by the Vancouver Island mines. Until the development of the Crow's Nest coal deposits and the opening up of the railway, the coal and coke for the Kootenays was brought by long up-grade haul and a series of inconvenient transfers from the Vancouver Islands, the journey necessitating very heavy carriage charges. All this is altered now, thanks to Canadian enterprise, and coal from the Pass can be delivered into the heart of the Kootenays without breaking bulk, carried in cars loaded at the mine, and hauled down an easy grade to all points of consumption. The ideal situation and mode of occurrence of the Crow's Nest coal further admits of its being mined and delivered on the cars at a minimum of cost. It is interesting to note

that one of the conditions on which the grants were made to the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company was that 'run of mine coal' should be sold at the mine for a price not to exceed two dollars per ton—a guarantee for cheap coal in perpetuity.

With regard to the analysis of the coal—an analysis, by-the-bye, of an ordinary commercial sample, not of an extra superfine sample specially chosen to make a good appearance in tabular statement—it is all that could be wished, and decidedly superior to anything one should have expected considering the probable age of the strata.

The following table of analysis of a commercial sample is returned by the provincial assayer:

Water.....	1.80
Volatile matter.....	18.70
Fixed carbon.....	72.08
Ash.....	6.70
Sulphur.....	0.72
	100.00

It will be seen from this analysis that the coal makes very little ash, and that the ratio of fixed carbon is very high. Particularly is this true of the Elk River series of coal, where the ratio reached is no less than 76 per cent.

In an elaborate statistical statement read a few years ago before the American Institute of Mining Engineers, Crow's Nest coal compared favourably with samples selected from the bituminous coal districts of the world. The 'total fuel' or 'total combustible matter,' for instance, of our Welsh coal is 93.75, while that of Crow's Nest coal taken on the same basis works out at 97.27, and in the lowest instance (that from the Peter seam of Martin's Creek Colliery) at 93. We are of the opinion that sufficient has not hitherto been made of this point, the importance of which cannot easily be overestimated.

Undoubtedly the most perfectly developed mines of the Crow's Nest Pass are those situated in Coal Creek Valley, five miles east of Fernie, from which latter place the miners are brought by a free train service at every shift. The Coal Creek mines are situated on the north and south sides of the valley, a thousand feet apart. The two tunnels are on the same level, but are not working the same seams; they are connected by a fine trestle bridge, forty-five feet above the Creek. The object of this bridge is to concentrate the surface labour and minimise the shipping plant. On it, at an equal distance from each mine, are erected 'Gurney's' scales for weighing the coals, 'Mitchell' tipplers for dumping mine-cars, mechanically driven shaker-screens for eliminating slack and sizing coal, travelling picking-table for the separation of impurities, and loading arrangements to facilitate shipping into railway cars.

The quantity of work accomplished by these

\* The reader is referred to American folk-lore generally, and to that concerning the Old Man River specially.

mechanical appliances may be gauged when the fact is known that during the year 1899 no less than one hundred thousand tons of coal were produced from this mine—a portion being shipped to the coal-ovens at Fernie for the manufacture of coke, thirty thousand tons being turned out during the same period. The coal and coke of the Creek Valley Colliery find ready markets, which are ever widening. The distribution in 1899 embraced the Territories (east to Winnipeg), the United States, and British Columbia, in addition to large consignments delivered to the Royal Navy on the Pacific Station.

But vast as was the output of the mines for 1899, it was probably more than doubled during the past year. The coke-ovens at Fernie present a very interesting scene when viewed for the first time. There are now some two hundred of the beehive shape, with a diameter of twelve feet; they stand in double rows, with open tops. The quantity of slack coal deposited in each oven per charge is six and a quarter tons (the Canadian ton is two thousand pounds' weight), and the yield of coke about four and a half tons. The time of burning the charge is from sixty to seventy-two hours, the average daily output of each oven being about one ton five hundredweight. At this stage of the Company's manufacture all the by-products are allowed to waste; their recovery is doubtless an economy of the future. Before drawing the coke from the ovens it is cooled by watering inside the oven, a process which causes considerable loss of heat, and cannot be good for the internal lining of the oven; but it has this great advantage, that coke thus made invariably contains less moisture, which is a decided benefit to the smelters and other consumers, at the expense of the Company, who are nevertheless determined to keep up their standard and produce the best coke it is possible to manufacture. The coking coal is conveniently stored in considerable quantities adjacent to the ovens, the largest bin having a capacity of four thousand five hundred tons. It cost £5000 to build, and three-quarters of a million feet of lumber was used in its construction.

Another bin holds five hundred tons. They are all self-discharging. The provisions for screening the coal are very elaborate, the screens being fitted with interchangeable steel wire bottoms of various meshes, to size the coal for all markets. These screens are mechanically driven, and work at the speed of a hundred strokes per minute, by six-inch stroke. By one screen all slack is eliminated, and by another the slack is separated into coking, smithing, and domestic coal. By means of travelling picking-tables the whole of the large coal is conveyed from the screens to the cars. Alongside the table stand men and boys whose duty it is to pick out from the coal stones and other foreign substances. Whites,

Japanese, Chinese, and Indians work side by side at the mines.

An instructive and interesting account might here be given of the operations of 'Dumping,' 'Haulage,' 'Coal-cutting' by machinery, together with the method of working the seams known as 'Pillar and Stall' system; but with a few words on the latter we pass on to consider briefly the vast and important coal-mines of Vancouver Island. 'Pillars of solid coal,' says Mr Smith Curtis, Minister of Mines, in his latest report on the method of working the coal of Creek Colliery, 'are left in the first working to support the roof, and are arranged in blocks ranging from ten to fifteen yards square. The pillars are being rapidly increased in size as the workings extend to the south and the north into the mountains, which here rise very precipitously to a height of fully 2000 feet above the tunnels. It is desirable to have the pillars left as large and substantial as possible to enable them to withstand the enormous superincumbent pressure of overhead cover. Considering the accessibility of the seams, it is highly improbable that the pillars will be extracted until the "upper seams" are either exhausted or are being developed simultaneously with the lower seams in the section.'

It is said that Dr W. F. Toline was the first to make known the occurrence of the coal in Vancouver Island. The original coal-mine was at Snquash, to which Port McNeill was the nearest convenient and safe anchorage. The east coast of the island has so many producing collieries that the joint output for 1899 amounted to, and was certified at, 1,203,199 tons 15 cwt., an increase of some 85,285 tons on the previous year's output.

The coal is of high quality, and sells readily both in the home and foreign markets. There are six leading companies operating on Vancouver Island at the present time, one of the latest of these being at work at Quatsino, on the west coast of the island, where coal, although known to exist for between thirty and forty years, had not until recently been worked. Serious prospecting at many points of the island has recently been carried on, and there can be no doubt that important developments will follow.

The oldest of the collieries is that of Nanaimo, the original charter of the Vancouver Island Coal Company dating from 1862, when that Company took over the coal-mines at Nanaimo (then owned by the Hudson Bay Company) and a large area of the surrounding coal lands. These areas have since been added to, until now the New Vancouver Coal Mining and Land Co., Ltd., holds about thirty thousand acres of coal lands, the output for 1899 being 614,773 tons, and the miners and entire staff of workers employed totalling up to 1317. The collieries of the island are all fitted up in a most complete manner; but none of the appliances



surpass those of the Crow's Nest Pass collieries, which we have already dwelt on.

Subjoined are a few details digested from the latest obtainable reports of the various Inspectors of Mines concerning accidents occurring in the collieries of Vancouver Island. They serve to show that the accidents are very similar to those befalling the workers in the English and Welsh collieries:

January 1899: H. C., miner—slightly burned on face and one hand by gas; Jap., pusher—leg cut slightly. February 1899: F. G., miner—back hurt by fall of rock; W. L. W., miner—severely burned by powder explosion caused by spark falling from lamp. August 1899: B. G., miner—killed by a fall of rock from the roof while removing pillars. October 1899: A. McK., miner, and Chinaman, and helper—burned by igniting a feeder of gas which came from a break in the roof in their working-place.

We should like to give some account of the far North-West Territories, and their richness in the economic mineral; but, our space being limited, we content ourselves with observing that, in spite of the fact that (in Manitoba and the North-West Territories) very large tracts of the prairie country overlie coal-beds varying in quality from lignite in the east to bituminous in the

west, as the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains are approached, only 8 per cent. of the entire output of Canadian coal is owing to the development of the district. To those who are continually deploring the failure of the world's fuel-supply and prophesying unpleasant things we would commend these facts. The small percentage of developed coal in the North-West Territories when compared with the entire output of the Dominion is soon to be remedied. We quote in support of this statement no less an authority than Elfric Drew Ingall, M.E., who says: 'The production of coal in the North-West Territories has increased rapidly during the last two years, the increase of 1898 over 1897 being 27 per cent.—a larger percentage increase than in any of the other coal areas of Canada. The largest proportion of the shipments comes from the Galt Mines at Lethbridge and from the mines of Anthracite and Canmore. Smaller amounts are mined in the vicinity of Edmonton and along the Souris River, and at other places. Over 60 per cent. of the total production is used by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The output is limited in each case only by the requirements of the available market, for the productive capacity of the deposits in the aggregate is enormous.'

## KAN THE SOFTY.



**E**ZRA MAKIN was a hard-working farmer of the old school of men who worked from dawn till dark with their field-hands. His wife did the same with her two rough, red-armed maids. They had a numerous brood of boys and girls, who were destined to follow in the steps of their parents, and in all probability did so—with one exception: the sixth child was of a different stamp.

Elkanah Makin came into the world sucking his right thumb. When the local Mrs Gamp observed this she gave an expressive grunt, and said, 'Hey-day, missis! it be a fine fat lad; but I reckon he'll be a lazy loon, a-quiddlin' at his thoomb.'

The old nurse was right in her surmise, for Elkanah Makin grew up fat, flabby, and unwholesome-looking; and while his elder and younger brothers and sisters were climbing, shouting, racing, and tumbling about like hardy young colts, Elkanah—or Kan, as he was called—still sucked his wizened thumb, and made mud-pies at the back-entrty of the old farmhouse. As every one went in and out by the back-entrty, Kan was often stumbled over and kicked against, being the cause of many 'bad swears' from the men-folks and much forcible language from the

women, who 'dratted the young image' and lifted him out of the way with sundry shakings and slappings, demolishing his mud pastry with vigorous brooms and slushings of water.

Kan didn't care a straw; he went on sucking his muddy thumb, and flopped over on the grass in the sunshine, the veriest drone of a boy that ever existed.

By the time Kan was ten years old opinions differed considerably about him in the household; and at festive seasons like Whitsuntide and Christmas, anxious looks and head-shakings were freely bestowed on the lad.

'Ain't got all his buttons on,' said one old aunt.

'No, pore thing! bit of a softy,' said another relative.

'Don't know t'other from which,' asserted Jim Gunn the carter.

'Oh, don't he, though?' cried his elder brothers and sisters derisively.

'Just see him pick out the best bits of victual,' said Tom.

'And the thinnest bread and butter,' cried Betsy.

'And the graviest dripping-sop,' shouted Bob.

'And the jamiest tart,' piped Susan.

'And the biggest pears,' cried Jim. 'Oh! he's a softy—Kan is.'

'An' the cream! Oh my!' groaned old Molly the dairy-woman.

Such was the estimate in which unfortunate Elkanah was held. He was without honour in his own household.

The years slipped by without much alteration in Kan. He left off dabbling in mud, and having sucked his thumb nearly away, discarded that delicacy for peppermint-stick, a piece of which generally hung from the corner of his mouth. He was oftener asleep under a haystack than at school; but it did not much matter, for the master said Kan was the biggest dunderhead he had ever come across. When set to weed the courtyard he would cut the heads off for a while, and then curl up in the wheelbarrow to rest and sleep. If this happened in the morning, the first stroke of twelve on the kitchen clock had the faculty of waking Kan up with a yawn that lasted till the clock had finished striking, when he would rise from his lair with a prodigious stretch, and move slowly towards the kitchen, where dinner was being served up. Kan was first at table, and had got through his first dumpling before the other young fry of the family were in from school; and, in spite of chaff and insulting remarks, worked stolidly to the end of the meal. Kan would then dawdle to the sunniest corner of the haystack in summer, or drop into the warmest nook of the chimney-lug in winter, where he would sleep till tea-time; or sometimes he would vary the entertainment by cracking nuts he had taken from the secret hoard of his brother Bob, and when found out would escape from public view till the row had blown over.

When Kan was about twelve years old there was an outbreak of measles amongst the young ones, and it was a source of tribulation as to whether 'poor Kan would take them;' but the disease ran its usual course, and Kan escaped, not from any extra care, because none was taken; and, that being considered 'a good sort,' the children mixed with each other without let or hindrance, and caught or escaped the disease as luck happened.

Kan, however, found that the invalids were cosseted up and fed on sweet gruel and nice things; and one morning he was missing at breakfast. The consternation was great, so Aunt Deb and his mother hurried to his room to inspect the new patient.

Kan was hot and flushed, and Kan was drowsy and stupid; and the doctor was sent for in haste, who chuckled at having to treat this 'chunk of humanity,' as he called Kan. With great care and anxiety the doctor examined Kan's tongue and throat and felt his pulse; then, shaking his head solemnly, said:

'Very dangerous case, ma'am—very. Your son is suffering from functional derangement of the abdominal viscera and gorged liver-ducts.'

'Oh lor!' Pore soul!' sobbed Aunt Deb.

'Gracious, doctor! All that?' said Mrs Makin.

'I thought 'twere measles.'

'Nothing of the sort, ma'am; ten times worse. Measles is a flea-bite to it.'

'What is to be done? Be it catching?'

'No, ma'am, not at all; but I shall want mustard and turpentine for a big poultice, a tub of hot water for a bath, and we'll soon have Kanah better. I'll see to him if you'll fetch the things,' said the doctor, briskly slipping off his coat and turning up his shirt-sleeves. 'Oh, and a jug of cold water and a slice of dry crust.'

He hustled the women out of the room, and as he did so caught a glance from Kan's right eye that was full of abject fright.

When the doctor heard the women struggling upstairs with the tub he went outside the door, carefully closing it after him, and waited in some amusement ready to open the door for them; but when the bath was ready and he turned and stripped off the bedclothes, Kan had vanished. Mrs Makin stood open-mouthed, staring at the empty bed, and the doctor laughed till he almost choked.

'Case of "mizzle." Oh! ha! Capital things mustard and turps—ha! ha! ha! There's nothing the matter with Kanah, ma'am. He was "shamming Abraam" to get extra good grub—ha! ha! But where's the rascal gone—eh?'

The two women looked blankly at each other.

'Lawks, doctor! be that true?' asked Mrs Makin.

'Quite true, ma'am, I assure you.'

'The nasty greedy-guts,' snapped Aunt Deb; 'and his breeches be gone. I reckon you'll find him in the old back'us. There be a step-ladder going down under that there window.' Flinging open a cupboard door, she said, 'I reckon I'll find the greedy toad.'

Whether Aunt Deb found Kan history saith not; but as the doctor turned the corner of the house he caught sight of Kan himself, as he passed the pantry window, a huge lump of bread and bacon in one hand and a dumpling in the other. The doctor stepped back and gave a war-whoop at the window: 'Da-ath ready, Kan-ah.' Kan grinned and stuck out a big red tongue. So the doctor shook his fist at the 'chunk of humanity,' and departed, his jovial face puckered with laughter.

As the years passed, first one and then another of the elder Makins drifted from the farm to other villages and made homes for themselves, till Elkanah was left eldest at home, and the younger children were fast growing into men and women. Kan was eighteen, and he dawdled and droned his days away pretty much as he did when a boy. He was bigger and fatter, the sugar-stick was exchanged for a short clay-pipe, and his words were of the fewest. One thing only did he excel in:

he had become the village mole-catcher. He tracked the moles from hedgerow and ditch with unerring certainty, over fallow fields and meadows, under walls and through gardens, with as true a scent as a ferret tracks a rabbit. Often Kan would be lurking in the fields all night, coming home in the early dawn laden with moles and mushrooms, for in tracking the former he found the other growing all round him. Many villagers declared Kan watched them grow till just the correct size for picking.

Sometimes his old father would look despairingly at his drone of a son, and 'wonder whatever he'd be fitten for.'

'He can't help how he's bin borned,' said his mother sharply.

'Naw more he can, 'oman,' replied Aunt Deb. 'It's his misfortin' to be a born wastrel. He'll ne'er do no good as long's his name's Kan.'

'Happen some wench 'ull marry him to look arter him; he ain't all ugly,' said his father reflectively.

Aunt Deb grunted and cackled till she nearly choked. 'He! he! ha! Happen some wenches be born fules enough to marry scamps aften; but they don't take up wi' softies as I ever seed. Haw! yaw! haw!'

'They might do wuss. You ain't none o' you fair to Kan, I take it,' said Bessie Makin as she came from the dairy. 'Where u'd we all be, now all the boys be gone, if 'twaren't for Kan. He does all the dirty jobs 'bout the place. He'll elurn by the hour, dig the taters, see to the pigs, fodder the beasts, chop the wood, and no end o' things; besides most riddin' the country of the mools, night after night away from his'n bed as he is. He ain't all ugly, by a long chalk, as father says.' The strapping lass tossed her head and turned up her nose at Aunt Deb, adding, 'You'll all find out some day Kan's 'bout as sharp as t'others—that's all.'

Leading from Makin's farmyard was a long lane with deep ruts and high hedges, in many places overhung with trees, and too narrow for two carts to pass each other. It was rarely used save by the farm-hands, and ended at a thick wood. It was a solitary place; but Kan Makin generally went along it when going on his mole-catching expeditions. Travelling tinkers and gypsy caravans also would camp there in summer when on their rounds from fair to fair. It was a favourite ground for those brown-skinned, black-eyed gentry. The wood provided them with food and firing, not to reckon the contributions levied upon the hen-roosts and stackyard; and the use of the clear spring that bubbled up in the farmer's orchard and went meandering down to the mill-pond came in very handy to the women-folks belonging to these itinerant tradesmen.

No one interfered with the gypsies. The

farmers' wives thought it brought ill-luck to be hard on them, and a few eggs and a chicken or two didn't matter much when there were scores of fowls picking up their own living without trouble or expense. The gypsies' children had milk when they liked to fetch it; and the farm-girls would sneak off in twos and threes to have their fortunes told by the withered old crones, who for a new sixpence promised all sorts of good things in the future to the giggling village maids.

Down this lane one misty evening between eight and nine came Kanah Makin. He was supposed to be in bed; but the step-ladder under his window was quite as convenient to him at twenty as when a boy of ten, and the 'chunk of humanity' could 'mizzle' through the backus' as well now as from the docter years before. Kan had four mole-traps with him, slung over his shoulder, his clay pipe hanging in his mouth; and he groaned in a monotonous undertone two lines of a favourite hymn:

'Cou'd ye but stand w'ere Mo-ses sto-o-od,  
Aand v'iew tha' laand'—

Kan got no farther, but commenced again at the beginning; and about the middle of the lane he stopped short and listened and sniffed, then muttered, 'Lawks! they gypsies be come a'ready. The pungent scent of a wood-fire stole on the misty atmosphere, and Kan heard the sound of two voices raised in a quarrel, one high and shrill, the other loud and gruff. Kan grunted dissatisfactorily; he walked a short distance, and then halted under the hedge. He could now see the fire and catch the odd mixture of Irish brogue, tramps' lingo, and Romany that poured forth in a stream. Kan, however, did not understand a word.

'Lawks! whaat a bletler!' he said to himself. Then a girl's voice rang out in a stifled scream, and he heard the sound of heavy blows.

'They be bad 'uns,' he muttered again, and was turning into the field, when something came flying up the lane, tilted full upon him, and both rolled into the deep ditch. The first thought of Kan was that a big dog had been set on him; the wet hair was all over his face. Instinctively he put up his hands to throttle the supposed beast, and found instead a warm, soft neck and the panting form of a girl.

'Lawks a-mussy!' Kan said.

'Hush! oh, hush! Don't 'e spake, don't 'e stir now. Dan'l be after me. He'll kill me; he said he 'u'd.'

'Lawks!' said Kan, 'here's a go;' but he did not move except to put both arms round the girl and get into a more comfortable position.

The girl trembled, and sobbed under her breath, 'Don't 'e let him ha' me.'

'I ain't agoin' to,' whispered Kan. 'Don't 'e cry now; don't 'e. Be ye hurted?'

'He beat me—he did. I hate him,' she sobbed



viciously. 'My arms are black wi' bruises, and they hurts dreadful.'

Kan felt a hero, sitting there with this sobbing, soft creature in his arms.

'There—there; don't 'e cry. He sha'n't ha' 'e no more;' and Kan laid his cheek down on the wet face that was close to him. It was only for a second, but a queer sort of feeling came over Elkanah. He turned hot and cold, then he boldly kissed the girl's warm, wet cheek and quivering lips. She gave a half-stifled laugh and sob as she struggled to loose herself and stand upright.

Kan held her fast. 'Hush!' he whispered; 'sommatt's a-comin'.'

The girl crouched down fearfully as a woman called softly, 'Sally! Sally! where be yer?'

'It's Peg Tull,' the girl said in a relieved tone. 'I reckon Dan'l 'ull be arter the birds.'

'Be ye agoin' to the 'oman?'

'That I sha'n't; no fear.'

'Wait a bit,' said Kan, 'an' I'll hide ye saafe.'

'Will ye, then?' she inquired eagerly.

'You be sure yer won't go back to they gypsies—not never?'

'Never—never—never.'

'Coom on, then; creep quiet-like 'longside o' hedge; now then, jist cloomber th' baank. There ye be saafe an' s'und.'

'Where be agoin' to taak' me to?' the girl asked, trying to look in Kan's face in the darkness. As Kan tried to do the same their noses came in contact.

'Lawks!' said Kan.

The girl giggled.

'What's that the 'oman called ye?'

'Oh! Sally—Sally Snaape's my name. What's yourn—eh?'

'Kanah Makin. I lives up tha' farm you.'

'Lor! be you him they calls tha' Softy 'bout here?'

'S'pose I be,' reluctantly said Kan. 'Come on; we's most there now. Gi'e us yer hand.'

Kan guided the girl through the orchard and rickyard, and along a narrow path to the back-us' door, lifted the latch, and drew Sally inside, bolting the door after him.

'Staan'd were ye be wi'le I get a can'le.' He went straight in the darkness to the shelf, struck a match, and lighted a candle stuck in the neck of a bottle; then he turned with it in his hand, and looked at the girl. His eyes opened and his mouth too.

'Lawks! but 'e be bate and hurted, poor wench! Was it Dan'l?'

'Yes, it war' the nasty beast.'

The girl's arms were waled with broad purple stripes, there was a black mark on one cheek, and her black eyes blazed as she stood before Kan.

'Be I to stay here?'

'I'll show ye; coom uppen this 'ere lather.'

Kan preceded the girl into the room, and, while she stood looking round curiously, he fastened the door with a big nail and hung some old clothes over the cracks. Then he scanned the girl again, and said in a whisper, 'Thare be my bed. Ye can slape onto it an' welcome.'

'I ain't agoin' ter tanke yer bed,' she said sharply.

'I tanke it ye're 'bout done up wi' all them thare bruises; an' I waren't agoin' to slaape thare anyhow. I war' goin' a-moolin' a' night; th' traps be i' the ditch.'

'Oh! that's it. 'Well, I don't care. I be done up, that's certain.'

'Ye can bolt this 'ere door, an' then nobody 'ull know ye be 'ere, an' I'll knock three times w'en I comes back in th' mornin'.'

Sally looked curiously at Kan as she sat on the bed; something tickled her fancy, her eyes sparkled, and she showed her teeth in a broad grin.

'Lor', Kan! and they call ye a softy. W'at fules folks must be!'

'Well, it don't matter, Sally; get tha' ter bed. Good-night and God bless tha', Sally.'

Kan looked sheepishly at Sally as she stared hard at him and muttered a sharp 'Good-night'; and when Kan had disappeared down the ladder she bolted the little door, and throwing herself on the bed, cried herself to sleep.

Kan stole silently down the lane, found his mole-traps, and went along the side of the field towards the wood. He wanted to find out if the woman was looking for the girl, so he moaned his favourite hymn over and over as he went along in the misty darkness. As he neared the camp-fire a voice called out:

'Be that you, Sally?' and a woman came through a gap in the hedge and laid her hand on his shoulder.

'Lawks! who be you now?' growled Kan.

'Ha' ye seen a young wench down th' lane?' said Peg Tull, removing her hand and peering into Kan's face.

'Aw didn't coom dahn th' lane.'

'Where did ye come, then, ye fule?'

'I say, just ye keep a civil tongue—can't yer? Whaat's it matter to you?' growled Kan surlily.

Peg Tull seized Kan by the arm and dragged him to the light of the fire.

'Naw then, who be you? Blest if it bain't th' Softy!' she cried, suddenly loosing her hold of Kan's arm, when he staggered, and the traps fell noisily to the ground at her feet. Then she exclaimed angrily, 'Oh! you be no good, 'cept for moolin'. Get out o' this an' be off.'

Kan stared vacantly at Peg, then, shouldering his traps, muttered, 'Dom the 'oman! ye pulled me 'ere,' and slouched into the darkness again, over the fields to where he wanted to set his traps. Having done this, he went into a cow-

house and lay down among the straw, and was sound asleep in two minutes.

It was barely light enough to see the dew on the grass when Kan woke up with a start. The sheep-dog had failed to find Kan in the back premises, and had hunted him out to the shed, and now stood sniffing discontentedly over him.

'Whaat be th' matter, Tops?' growled Kan as he yawned and stretched out his arms and legs, shaking off the straw and rising to his feet. He took down an old basket from the rack and dawdled over the fields with Tops at his heels till he came to the pastures where the mushrooms grew thickly. Kan filled his basket, and then visited the traps, killed the 'varmint,' and set them again, dropping the moles into his capacious pockets. By this time it was broad day, and sounds of waking life began to be heard. Kan muttered to himself, 'Tha' wench must be near clemmed; her'll want some victual. I knows I does. Tops, come on, and quiet now.'

Kan made his way into the pantry, emptied his mushrooms into a milk-tin, where his mother would be sure to find them, and filled the basket with half a loaf, a lump of pork, a piece of cold jam-pudding, and half-a-dozen eggs; then he reached a mug and helped himself to a drink of ale. Sounds from the upper rooms now warned Kan to be off; so he hastily picked up the food, dipped the mug into a pail of water and rinsed it out, and filled it with milk from one of the pails the man brought into the dairy. With a knowing wink and grin, the two men passed each other without speaking, and Kan vanished into the back-us', where no one ever cared to follow; even Aunt Deb fought shy of the place since Kan had filled it with weasels, stoats, and other live-stock from the woods and fields. Bessie alone made an occasional raid on the bedroom to give it a turn out. Putting up the heavy bar at the back-us' door, Kan mounted the ladder and knocked three times at the little door. A sleepy 'Yes' answered him, and Sally tumbled off the bed and unbolted the door, facing him with heavy eyes and crimson cheeks; she was still more than half-asleep.

Kan opened his eyes with a wide stare at the pretty gypsy-faced girl, who rubbed her eyes and yawned into his face from under a tangled mat of curly black hair.

'My, Sally! but tha' be a beauty, an' no mistake. Ha' ye had ouy sleep now, an' be ye ready for some victual?'

'Oh! ain't I though, Kan. Ha' ye got some grub? I'm 'most famished,' the girl replied.

'Naw then; get and ha' some.' He spread the food on the window-seat and brought a knife and fork from a shelf.

Sally pounced upon the jam-roll pudding and drank greedily of the milk. 'My word, Kan! it be good, just. I ha'n't had nothin' sin' yesterday mornin' brekfust.'

'Lor', naw, ha'n't yer?' replied Kan, with staring eyes. He could not realise being without his victuals above three or four hours, and he sat silently, watching Sally dispose of the food, with vacant admiration.

'I say, Kan, whaat be yer goin' to do wi' me? I ain't agoin' back to Dan'l and Peg Tull. I'll die fust.'

'I dunno, Sally. Can't ye wait 'ere a bit till they be gone funder on?' said Kan insinuatingly.

Sally glanced slyly at Kan from under her tangle of hair, and her black eyes sparkled with laughter as she said, 'You ain't half a softy, Kan—be ye? But whaat 'ull yer folks say—eh?'

'Sha'n't tell 'em,' he replied.

'They'll find out, I know. 'Sides, I can't stop up 'ere day an' night, arter living most all day outdoors.'

Kan cogitated over this speech in silence, his eyes fixed on the girl's pretty face; then he thought of the warm softness of her neck and cheek the night before as they crouched together under the hedge, and he could hardly believe he had kissed her in the dark, she looked so different from the frightened, sobbing creature of the night before, with the black-and-blue marks on her arms.

'How's them places on yer arms, Sally?'

She pulled up her sleeves quickly and showed the wales and scratches.

'The nasty, eruel beast; I hate him!' she cried. 'Look there, Kan.'

'Pore Sally! I be sorry, Sally. Sally, could yer—could yer?'—coming nearer the girl sheepishly.

'Could I whaat?' she asked, looking sideways at Kan.

Kan sidled nearer and nearer till he stood at her elbows.

'Sally, Sally, don't 'e go off agen. I want yer, that I do. Will 'e ha' me naw, Sally?' Kan put his arms round the girl and rubbed his cheek on her soft one.

Sally pushed him away in anger. 'No, you don't, Kan—not if I know it. Whaat d'yer mean, ye fule?'

Kan sat abashed before the scornful looks of the little spit-fire; then he said sullenly and slowly, 'I knows I be softy-like, Sally; but I knows I likes 'e, Sally. Won't ye ha' me?'

'Softy indeed! Do ye mean to marry me—really—truly—now—in church?'

'Course I does, Sally,' Kan said.

'Well, then, Kan, if yer does I'll ha' 'e, 'cos ye be downright kind an' good to me—that ye be. Nobody ever was afore.' There was a sob in Sally's voice.

'Don't 'e cry naw, Sally—don't 'e,' said Kan as he cuddled her up in his arms and kissed her cheek and lips over and over. 'I'll allus be good to 'e, my wench—that I 'ull.'

'All right, Kan, I'll taake ye. There's nobody

got any right to me. Dan'l an' Peg be jest gypsies, an' I hate 'em.'

'Then yer'll stay here a bit, Sally?'

'I dunno. I'll think about that. Somebody's calling ye, Kan; go—do go.' She almost pushed him down the ladder, and bolted the door after him; then she hid her face in the sheets crying and laughing at once. 'Poor softy Kan; not much of the fule about you.'

The next night Sally slipped out in the darkness and disappeared. Kan went about with his usual apathy all day, speaking only to Bessie and his mother; but no one knew where he spent his evenings. Aunt Deb reckoned he'd gone to the public, and had taken up with the poachers.

'Not he,' said his father. 'He baint no use enuff fur poachin.'

'If ye ast me w're Kan be, I u'd say as how he went ter th' parson's by Ship's End,' said Jim the carter slowly.

'Whaat! Lor', Jim, be ye gone dotty?' cried the women-folks.

'Wall, I seed Kan there t'other night for sure; cu'dn't mistake *him*, I reckon; knowed he too long.'

'What on earth can the boy want at the parson's?' said his mother.

'He! he! he!' cackled Aunt Deb. 'Kan be gone to be turned his "Read-a-maddeasy," I deesay.'

'An' I seed a wench there as well—a purty un she war', too,' continued Jim, with a snigger.

Jim was greeted with such a chorus of chuckles and roaring laughter that he took offence, and retired to the stable in disgust, muttering, 'If folks tells truth they baint believed. They may jist find out fur theirsens. Dommed if I'll let on to un agen. Kan ain't sich a fule as some folks thinks.'

A few days after this conversation Bessie thought she would 'turn out' Kan's room and loft; so, armed with broom and pail, she went

down the long passage to the room where the doctor had seen Kan for the measles. The door was fast locked. With an impatient exclamation, Bessie set down her pail and broom, and went downstairs to go to the old back-us' to get through the trap-door. That was fastened also; but Bessie, strong and hardy, put her shoulder to the rickety door and lifted it off the iron hinge and went in. Bessie started and gasped out, 'Lor', now!'

The stoats and weasels, rabbits, birds, and puppies, even the hedgehog, had vanished; so had two old chairs and a round table, sundry pots and pans, and washing utensils; indeed, the back-us' was stripped of its usual belongings. Then Bessie ascended the step-ladder into the bedroom above, and was not surprised to see it in the same condition; every scrap of its contents had gone. Bessie sat down on the window-seat and laughed till she cried.

Kan had done them all, for, with his slow crafty ways of slipping in and out at will through the old back-us', he had quietly moved all his belongings during the night to an old cottage in the next hamlet; and there Kan and Sally were at that very time just sitting down to breakfast, they having been married the day before. The Softy had outwitted them all. Bessie hunted up Jim, and with a little coaxing found out all the truth.

'Yes, Kan war' married right enuff—saw it meself, I did; and he'd got work on th' squire's land, an' her war' the purtiest wench as ever clapped eyes on, and that handy as ever I see.'

'Where on earth did Kan pick her up?' queried Bessie in amazement.

'Dunno, an' Kan won't tell. Reckon it's bin agoin' on some time.'

Bessie went to the house and told her tale, at which there was a great outcry of derisive scorn.

'I tell you it's all true, and I'm just going to pay the wedding visit;' and Bessie put on her sun-bonnet and went.

## SOME REMINISCENCES OF INDIA.

By Mrs MONTAGUE TURNBULL.



At a dinner held at the Hotel Cecil on 28th June 1900, in honour of the Volunteers, the chairman—Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, then Commander-in-Chief—when replying to a toast, expressed his pleasure at seeing before him so many members of the force which sprang into existence in the year 1860. The Calcutta Volunteer force, however, came into existence before that date, being raised during the early days of the Indian Mutiny in 1857; the infantry was commanded by General Sir

Orfuct Cavanagh (then a colonel), and the cavalry by General Montague Turnbull (at that time a major).

When first offered, their services were refused, Lord Canning and his Government declining to believe that Volunteers were soldiers efficient enough to be of service; but shortly afterwards the offer was gladly accepted, and the Volunteers formally enrolled. After a graceful and suitable speech, Lady Canning presented their colours, with great ceremony.

Upon Colonel Cavanagh being appointed Gover-



nor of the Straits, he left for Penang, after which Major Turnbull commanded the whole brigade. In the ranks were men holding high position both in law and the Bengal Civil Service; and many of the troopers have since distinguished themselves. The present Sir Stewart Bayley was one, also Mr Broughton, Administrator-General in Calcutta; and I think both Sir James Lyall and Auckland Colvin were members. All rode their own horses, high-bred animals of value. Major Turnbull used as one of his chargers his Arab horse Hermit, afterwards so famous on the Indian turf, and described as the Eclipse of Bengal by General Tweedie in his important work, *The Arabian Horse: his Country and his People*. General Tweedie was for many years British Resident in Turkish Arabia and Bagdad.

The Calcutta Volunteers were fit and ready for any service. One author, Malleson, in his *History of the Indian Mutiny*, describes Major Turnbull as his 'beau ideal of a cavalry officer.'

However, the Volunteer Brigade had no opportunity of seeing service in the field; being required to protect Calcutta, the troops on arrival from England were moved on to the north-west. At that critical time there was actually not one whole British regiment in Fort-William for the protection of the supreme capital, with native troops in mutiny at Barrackpur, only fourteen miles distant. Had it not been for the Volunteers, the panic might have been very troublesome. Many of the inhabitants were spending the night on board the vessels in the river, and others sitting up with loaded revolvers by their side. However, all anxiety was relieved by the Volunteer cavalry parading the streets at night, which they did under the direction of Mr Wauchope, Bengal Civil Service, the Commissioner of Police, whose complete knowledge of the position, and promptness in command of the police force, assisted by the Volunteers, prevented any disturbance occurring in Calcutta during the terrible time of the Mutiny. Mr Wauchope belonged to the old family of Niddrie, and was related to the famous General of the same name who lost his life in South Africa.

In addition to commanding the Volunteer Brigade, Major Turnbull held the permanent appointment of Director of Military Clothing, and was thus responsible for the clothing of the whole army, neither of the other members of the establishment being at hand: Colonel Tucker, agent for the North-West Provinces, was murdered at Aligarh during the first outbreak of the Mutiny; and Colonel Pelham Burn, the other agent, was unable to leave the Himalaya Hills, the road being closed by the mutineers. Major Turnbull was also a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Governor of both Military Orphan Schools. Lord Napier, the Governor, being absent, such duties required a good deal of management at that critical time.

The regiments on arriving were hurried through

Calcutta as quickly as possible. At the urgent request of Lord Canning, the 1st Madras Fusiliers arrived, commanded by Colonel Neill. When leaving by train, there being a slight delay in getting the men into the carriages, the station-master threatened to start the train without them; but their commander drew his sword, and walking up to the station-master, said, 'This sword shall not be sheathed until every man is seated in the train.' I never heard if any reply was made, but I remember that no more objections were ever raised when troops were leaving the terminus for the seat of war. Colonel Neill, afterwards General, one of the most distinguished heroes of the Mutiny, was described by a writer on Indian history as a 'born leader of men,' and proved himself to be so. He was killed when leading his troops into Lucknow—a fit climax to his many victories.

Only last summer the English public were astonished to hear that the military manœuvres and field-days were countermanded at Aldershot on account of the hot weather, followed by announcements with the startling headings, 'Fatal Manœuvres' and 'Fatal Field-Days,' and by lists of 'casualties.' The Calcutta Volunteers held their drill-parades and field-days under the rays of a tropical sun, doing duty day and night at the hottest season, and wore small pith helmets which were both useful and soldier-like. All those who remember the Indian Mutiny must also recollect the work done by the troops in the North-West Provinces, where the hot winds blow in addition to the scorching sun.

When Sir Hugh Rose, afterwards Lord Strathnairn, took his army by forced marches through Central India, many of the native camp-followers dropped dead from heat-apoplexy. Although Sir Hugh had sunstroke twice, he remained in India five years afterwards as Commander-in-Chief. We had much pleasure in Sir Hugh Rose's friendship; and when he was leaving Calcutta for England, he asked us to take charge of two fine Tibet dogs, and have them sent to him by a sailing-vessel. At the same time, knowing our love for animals, he offered to give us a beautiful aged Arab mare, together with a foal at her side, presents to him from a native prince. On my begging to be allowed to send the mare to him in England, he replied, 'Shoot her;' but, after some conversation on the subject, he added, 'Do as you like—good-bye,' and went away rather cross. But we did send the mare to him, together with the dogs, in Messrs Green's ship *The Marlborough*, and they arrived all safe in England. Sir Hugh afterwards rode the Arab in the Park for many seasons, and she was the dam of all the best horses he ever bred. The last time we met Lord Strathnairn was at Crabbet Park, the residence of Mr Wilfrid and the Lady Anne Blunt, when we had a long talk about the old mare Loo Loo and our

common admiration of Arabs. Mr Blunt is well known for his determination in keeping up the pure Arabian breed; and as this entails a considerable pecuniary loss, he deserves the gratitude of all lovers of horses. When in India we owned many beautiful Arabs in addition to Hermit the racer, and brought one home which we had in England for twenty-six years unshod. He died at the age of thirty-three, perfectly sound, with feet models of beauty. I nursed him to the last, and he tried to please me with his pretty ways. Our Arab horse Hermit was the godfather of the English horse of that name. Mr Chaplin was in Calcutta during the race-meeting of 1863-64, when he saw the old Arab run such a fine race that he promised the next good two-year-old he could get should bear the same name, and kept his word with the winner of the Derby, afterwards so celebrated in other ways.

Racing in India thirty years ago differed very much from the English turf. No bookmakers or professional race visitors were there, and horses ran in the interest of their owners, with very little betting. Nevertheless, it was an expensive amusement, and very unprofitable, although Hermit won for his owner thirty-four races at all distances and weights. General Turnbull raced under the name of 'the Major.' He was a member of the Jockey Club, and joint-editor with Lord Ulick Browne and Colonel Nassau Lees of *The Bengal Sporting Magazine*. General Turnbull's *nom de plume* was 'Dumb Jockey;' Lord Ulick Browne's, 'Pegasus;' and Colonel Nassau Lees's, 'Harfis.' The magazine was quite a success, thanks to many sporting contributors. The present Marquis of Huntly, when on a visit to India, contributed many sporting articles, signing himself 'The Aristocrat Tout;' and he on one occasion amusingly described a visit to us in Calcutta. Keeping an engagement to luncheon, he arrived at the appointed time, and found the house quite empty. Not a servant was to be seen except the *durwan* (lodge-keeper) at the gate, who said that the *sahib* and *mem sahib* (master and mistress), and every one else, were in the stable with a sick horse; and so he found us, and he did not remember getting any luncheon that day.

Lady Jeune in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review* highly extols the very modern girl, who has escaped from the old-fashioned chaperons on the wings of her bicycle, and she is very severe on the girls of the past generation, believing that they were shy, shrinking, narrow-minded, faded reproductions of the narrow society in which they lived; while the 'new girls' of to-day are bright, intelligent, clever, graceful, interesting, frank, well informed, spirited, eager, and sounder in constitution than the girls of fifty years ago. Dentists and opticians can disprove what she says about constitutions. But I confess that I was very awkward and clumsy during the

early forties; and even for many years after my marriage I often said and did foolish things, from a shyness, which was very painful at the time. Nevertheless, I made loving friendships, lasting for a lifetime.

Our marriage took place in the Church of St James at Delhi in 1841, and although the church was destroyed by the mutineers, we ourselves lived to celebrate our golden wedding and three years beyond. At the time of our marriage my husband was a cornet, and six years before his death had attained the full rank of General. But all happiness ended; and as I have nothing to look forward to, in sadness I look back, and find comfort in Byron's lines:

The strength that said,  
With nothing left to love,  
There's naught to dread.

The Delhi church was built by Colonel Skinner, known as Suecunda Sahib, who also built a Mohammedan mosque and a Hindu temple in the same city. Although the church was destroyed, perhaps the mosque and the temple still remain as edifices of worship. Colonel Skinner commanded the fine regiment of 'Skinner's Horse,' in which the late Lord Loch served for a time when a subaltern, after being aide-de-camp to Lord Gough. We had much pleasure in his society when on Lord Gough's staff, and with pride I add his name to the many distinguished friends we made in India.

#### A MOTHER'S SONG.

While you sleep, I—watching—hear,  
Little hearts, how strong you beat  
With the pure young life-blood, sweet,  
Unpolluted yet by fear:  
Till my own proud pulses leap,  
While you sleep.

Hide behind the fast-closed eyes  
What entranced dreams must lie!  
Many a lovely fantasy  
Veiled from us who are grown wise—  
We, who sometimes watch and weep  
While you sleep.

Little hands, that closely hold  
Favourite toys which soothed your rest:  
Here a doll clasped to the breast,  
There a book with tale oft told—  
All your treasure safe to keep,  
While you sleep.

While you sleep, the calm dark night  
Passes by so cruelly fast.  
Little hearts! Time seems so vast,  
Love is fain to hold you tight.  
One more kiss: away I creep  
While you sleep.

CONSTANCE FARMAR.



# Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

## GOLDEN MELBOURNE.

**F**IFTY years ago the gold-fever had fairly broken out in Australia, and had taken hold of the community which had evolved the earliest Melbourne—a city of wooden bungalows—from an area of primeval swamp. A bit of the unreclaimed land is, indeed, preserved to this day within the precincts of the beautiful Botanical Gardens: a few acres of marshy ground with the native *Grevillea*, *Banksia*, and other plants, more suggestive of the age of sanrians than the environment of an up-to-date Anglo-Saxon colony just developing into a great nation.

The historic rush towards the precious reefs of Ballarat was already in full swing when a surging mass of struggling humanity pressed forward, armed with picks and shovels, pots and pans, and the like, ready and eager to join in the mad search after wealth untold. Where the splendid Melbourne cattle-markets now stand—one of the sights of the world on a clear summer morn—a scene of indescribable confusion and excitement daily presented itself, as every kind of vehicle at the time available threaded its way amid the motley pedestrian throng along the arid and dusty road which led to the golden land. There are many living who can recall these scenes; and it would not be without interest if the world knew something of the impressions produced on the mind of one Robert Cecil—destined to be great amongst the most powerful Ministers of the brilliant Victorian reign—who shouldered his pick with the rest, sought and found the gold, and left a reputation for kindly deeds to his fellow-miners which is still spoken of from father to son in many an Australian home. Did the visions of a world-wide empire then flit through his mind, embryonic ideas of the vast Commonwealth which was to shape itself in concrete form—*Te duce*, my lord—as an integral part of the British Empire some fifty years after the impulse given to productive energy through these epoch-making discoveries of

gold? Who can tell what destiny may bring forth in the future of men and nations? Gold mining, *per se*, has probably caused more loss than gain to those actively engaged in it, and sheep-farming has been the real backbone of Australian wealth; but there can be no doubt that the development of gold-fields contributes largely to the welfare and material progress of a country, and also serves to stimulate the commerce of the world.

A new Melbourne has now arisen as the Queen of the Southern Ocean and the undeniable emporium of Antipodean trade—a city of spacious streets, palatial houses, and the centre of commercial activity whence everything financial for Australia is dominated. The opening of a Federal Parliament representative of the united Island Continent by the Duke of Cornwall and York must rank as an event of great historical importance, cementing the future of the world's most extended Empire by the solemn enactment of our people beyond the seas. The dream of fifteen years ago thereby becomes the significant reality of to-day. This integral portion of the British Empire, it should be remembered, includes a vast country, beyond belief rich in natural resources, two thousand four hundred by one thousand nine hundred and seventy miles in extent; a land very partially developed, which still cries out for people willing to devote themselves to agricultural pursuits rather than to herd in the already overcrowded cities.

The Heir-Apparent visits the Australia of to-day, a united part of his future Empire; and the nations of Europe can hardly fail to recognise the significance of the fact. In Australia itself the political evolution is the sure herald of a renewed period of prosperity and trade expansion beyond the dreams of a hundred years ago.

This magnificent city of Melbourne, so easily reached in these days of fast steamboats, is most admirably situated, at the head of a vast land-locked bay—Port Phillip—some fifty square miles of sheltered water, surrounded by many charming



watering-places and entered by a narrow channel between the Heads at Lonsdale Point. Once a ship is through the tearing rush of the tidal channel which communicates with the surging Indian Ocean, she is safe in tranquil waters.

We can follow the course of the royal vessel as it approaches the Heads. To the left, facing the Indian Ocean, lies Ocean View, a popular summer resort, nestled away amid the virgin eucalyptus bush; and very shortly the narrow entry to Port Phillip is safely passed. To the right lies Sorrento, an ideal spot, surrounded by deep red cliffs and a luxuriant vegetation. It has two beaches, the one facing the ocean with splendid reaches of sand, and the other forming a miniature bay within the bay. Behind Point Lonsdale, on the opposite side of the channel, lies the fashionable resort of Queenscliff, perched for the most part high on the steep cliffs of the bay. The bathing-places are necessarily surrounded by palisades at these favourite resorts on account of the presence of sharks; but a curious example of the indifference engendered by an ever-present danger was shown by three sisters of my acquaintance, who, when they were young enough to paddle in the tidal pools at Queenscliff, allowed the baby-sharks to nibble gently at their bare feet in water where at any moment a big shark might have snapped off a limb.

Behind Queenscliff lies the thriving port and town of Geelong; but the royal flotilla will hug the opposite shore after passing Sorrento and the Quarantine Station, following the deep channel for a couple of hours sufficiently near the shore to obtain a fair view of such well-known spots as Brighton and St. Kilda, separate townships although suburbs of Melbourne. By the time that the *Ophir* approaches Port Melbourne the guns of the ironclad guardship will thunder forth the royal salute, bunting will be freely displayed from the dressed ships, and white-sailed yachts of every shape and size will skim the waters, threading in and out with hazardous skill. What matter if a centre-board boat stands too near to the wind, and consequently capsizes; the amphibious crew simply tread water until help arrives, splash about to drive away the sharks, or clamber on to the keel of the upturned vessel, whose mainsail floats broadside on the water. Nobody cares for such a slight *contretemps*, and the fun waxes fast and furious.

Behind the confusion of shipping gathered together from every quarter of the globe, the domes, spires, and towers of the more prominent buildings proudly stand against the ethereal blue skies, backed by the mountain ranges of Macedon and the more distant Victorian Alps, well-nigh lost in the blue haze. The Governor's residence, with its square tower, somewhat dominates the city, standing in the midst of the domain or public gardens. This will probably be the place

where the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will be entertained during their short stay in the Victorian capital. The adjacent Botanical Gardens form a perfect dream of semi-tropical loveliness and a blaze of brilliant colour. You may see the slender branches of the scarlet Eucalyptus bright against the horizon, with the flame-trees of Queensland, the delicate blue trumpet-flowers of the Jacaranda, lovely scarlet and crimson Bignonia, tall Oleanders, and hedges of dazzling Hibiscus, blazing beneath a torrid sun. But no words can paint the beauties of the landscape gardens; and those who have not been within the tropics can hardly realise the lavish wealth and resplendent colours of the flowers.

The city proper of Melbourne—like the City of London—occupies about a square mile of ground, with the main arteries intersecting each other at right angles—broad and spacious thoroughfares such as London knows not. Collins Street, indeed, might almost be compared with the Champs-Élysées of Paris, and the name seems hardly significant enough for so imposing a thoroughfare. The Parliament Houses and the Treasury Buildings might grace any city in the world; and it will be a grand spectacle as the royal procession passes over the Yarra Bridge from the Governor's house into Collins Street, and thus to the spacious flight of steps to the Houses of Parliament. Probably no public man in Melbourne could state the cost of this purely classic pile of buildings; but the effect, down to every detail of the capitals and ornamentation, stamps the architect as a genius in the ancient Grecian branch of his art. If the expense has been lavish, the creation is at least perfect.

The Stock Exchange, situated in Collins Street, is the very heart and pulse of Australia. The whole of the West Australia mining boom, for example, was financed from Melbourne; and the scenes of excitement during the more stirring periods cannot be exceeded even on the Paris Bourse.

I happened to land from a Peninsular and Oriental liner in Melbourne fourteen years ago, on the very day when the original twenty pounds Broken Hill silver shares reached the phenomenal price of four hundred and twenty pounds or more. The whole space outside the Exchange was occupied by a roaring mass of wild humanity—lawyers, architects, tradesmen, every section of society in fact, mingled with the commercial men, jobbers, and brokers, yelling the prices, and dealing wholesale in the street for all they were worth. Everything boomed; land and house property trebled and quadrupled in value; and the banks overlent indiscriminately, thus leading to that terrible reaction and panic a few years later when nine banks suspended payment in a single day, and absolute ruin overtook a large section of the Melbourne community. The mania for abnormal speculation had set in, uncontrollable and uncon-

trolled. A man who drove a hansom, having put his small savings into Broken Hills, found himself that day with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. A leading physician retired with an enormous fortune in consequence of the silver boom. The excitement in Melbourne during these days was only exceeded during the period of the great gold rush.

Through family connections, I had a curious side-view of the situation which is worth relating as an illustration of the times through which Melbourne was then passing. The Little Sisters of the Poor—the well-known Roman Catholic charitable order—had purchased a piece of land some three miles out of the city, in a bare and somewhat desolate tract of country separated from Melbourne by a dry creek. It was purchased for six thousand pounds, the greater part of the money being found by a leading bank. The silver boom set in, and the ravine was bridged by the city municipality. This gave the necessary impetus to rising values in the district. The man who sold to the Little Sisters almost went down on his knees to offer twenty thousand pounds for land which he had sold to them for six thousand pounds. They might easily have resold two-thirds of the estate for sixteen thousand pounds, leaving themselves ample space for buildings, gardens, and paddocks. But no! it could not be; the explicit rules of the order forbade any commercial traffic in land beyond the bare requirements of the community. I spent an hour with the courtly Archbishop Carr in the futile effort to persuade him to interfere in the matter, on the ground that the entire house might thus be fairly established in a solid manner free from all debt. But the fiat was inexorable; and thus it came to pass that a profit of fourteen thousand pounds, fairly earned by the foresight of the sagacious superior—a sister of the writer—had to be sacrificed.

Travellers in new countries naturally turn their attention to educational affairs, where everything is organised on the most enlightened and advanced principles; and Victoria is not behind-hand in this respect. So far as both learning and technical education are concerned, every boy and girl has an equal chance for the acquisition of knowledge, whether possessed of money or not. There are the elementary schools in every township in the colony, where teaching is obtained at a nominal cost; and in the large centres are the various secondary and intermediate schools, which in turn pave the way for the universities and higher schools. Every man, woman, and child is fairly well educated in the Australia of to-day, and is thus far better equipped for the battle of life than the average boy and girl of the poorer classes at home. The university buildings of the various denominations in Melbourne are finely situated in park-like gardens, the different schools being absolutely up-to-date. The Jesuit schools,

in the suburb of Richmond, must also, as testified by the government inspectors, be allotted a high place in thorough efficiency and completeness, more than rivalling the purely secular State schools. The community forms a little town to itself, admirably organised for the training of boys and girls from the kindergarten stage to the borderland of manhood and womanhood. A study of the Richmond schools enables one to understand why the Roman Catholics are so evidently gaining ground in the city of Melbourne; and observations in society generally recall the eloquent warnings of the late Dr Moorhouse, Bishop of Melbourne and Manchester, who incessantly proclaimed the increasing dangers of a State education from which the very name of God might be eliminated. There are certain not wholly admirable characteristics in Victoria to-day which may well be attributed to the want of religious and moral teaching in the schools.

Few people, I imagine, can sail on the bay without gazing at the distant ranges wrapped in blue haze, and longing to penetrate the gullies of Macedon and the Dividing Range. The convenient railways quickly transport you to the base of the mountains. At Mount Macedon the Governor's summer-house is delightfully situated on the mountain-side, and there also many of the wealthy Melbourne merchants have established their country residences. The whole of the mountainous locality is eucalyptus forest, which, except for the summer residences, might well be in the heart of the Island Continent. One gentleman, very famous for his exquisite flower-gardens and a vegetation principally introduced from New Zealand flourishing in his grounds, had a very trying experience during the hot season in which I visited Macedon. A bush-fire threatened to envelop his house and gardens. For ten hours relays of volunteers worked their hardest, beating back the flames with thick branches of trees until partial success crowned their efforts. Half the gardens and the house were saved, and the flames were either subdued or deviated by incessant exertion. It was not till evening that the danger had passed and a score of smoke-begrimed and parched men and women were able to take their rest in safety. Those who have read *Geoffrey Hamlyn* will appreciate the struggles against bush-fires; but only those who have experienced their horrors can comprehend the extreme danger which arises on such occasions.

Leaving Mount Macedon on the left, there is a track across the range at the foot of the peak known as the Camel's Hump to an hotel on the far side—about three hours' walk—called Balmoral, from which superb views are obtained of a pastoral plain beyond the range. The bush, however, is somewhat lifeless, and the giant eucalyptus becomes somewhat monotonous after the novelty of the surroundings has worn off.

The railway from Melbourne to Healesville, a

distance of less than eighty miles, lands the traveller at the foot of the magnificent Black Spur Pass over the Dividing Range, and from thence it is a drive of about six hours by coach through most delightful scenery to the small township of Marysville, in the very midst of the Victorian Alps. This splendid road, one of the show-places of Australia, winds through stupendous gullies, skirting precipices and rounding sharp corners after the manner of a Swiss pass, and mounts some two thousand feet above the sea-level. It was constructed in the early days by convict labour, and remains as a monument of patient industry. Sometimes the road passes at the extreme edge of a gully a thousand feet deep, where the thick forest bush is enveloped in mist and the foot of man has apparently never penetrated. The monotony of the eternal eucalyptus gives place to a more varied and rich vegetation, supported by the abundant moisture of the numerous rivulets and streams. Here we find groves of giant tree-ferns, glades of sassafras—the so-called native beech—a very handsome forest tree, intermixed with every variety of wattle and acacia, from the blackwood to the silver-leaved wattles, now a mass of golden flower. Living for a fortnight at Marysville—in a one-storied, veranda-sheltered house, a very bower of roses and creepers—one is able to appreciate more completely the extreme beauty of the environment, to explore the many lateral gullies and the course of the Stevenson River, and to ascend such prominent heights as Mount Bismarck, which is no mean achievement when the sun causes a sweltering heat of ninety-four degrees in the shade.

Within a mile of Marysville lies a narrow gully almost hidden away amid a most profuse vegetation. A labyrinth-like footpath leads to the Swallow Falls, a series of fine cascades which would be accounted grand at home, but attract little notice in a land of gigantic scenery and natural phenomena. All these gullies are within easy reach of Wood's Point, a gold-mining centre, where quite large nuggets have been found and the deep-level mines are still productive.

One day I was wandering in these parts with a professed botanist in search, nominally, of rare tree-ferns (*Todea*) and certain trees of economic value. To my astonishment, I found my friend busily employed in the river-bed washing the gravel and sand with the customary pan employed by miners and prospectors for the purpose. Truly his botanical tastes covered a wider area than I had any idea of; and it came rather as a startling suggestion that we might even then be treading on gold-reefs.

Men live in the wilds of the Australian bush in such continuous solitude that they well-nigh lose their powers of speech; but their powers of observation thereby become wonderfully acute. With a small party I made a special expedition to the summit of Mount Bismarck to visit a

Scotsman who had lived there quite alone for ten years as a trapper and woodman. We found him very reticent but a most courteous host. He showed us the rare black tree-fern, and taught us how to snare the wallaby by spring-traps made from supple sassafras striplings arranged in the tracks of the animal, with a running noose attached. In his company we shot the black opossum and the flying phalangers. He showed us the echidna in its native burrow, the pig-like and sluggish wombat waddling towards the river at eventide, and many other objects of interest where we had thought the forest lifeless. He knew the call of every animal and every bird, the best ground for shooting an old-man kangaroo, and everything connected with woodland art.

After a fortnight in the bush I was once more in busy Melbourne, of which, by the way, the best general view is obtained from the watch-tower of the Central Fire-Station, which dominates the entire city from elevated ground near to the finely situated Roman Catholic Cathedral. Day and night a sharp lookout is kept, and the fire-drill is sufficient to demonstrate how rapidly a call can be answered, whether it is received by telephone or originates from the town itself. The Free Library is an imposing institution in the very centre of the city. It is not without interest to observe that the books can, with very few exceptions, be taken direct from the shelves by any one. Ye gods! Fancy such a time-saving and simple procedure in our libraries at home.

In bidding adieu to the environs of Melbourne, it is difficult now to realise that Victoria ceases in the present year to be simply a colony, but is surely merging itself in a United Australia, having already a population which approaches five millions and an area of nearly three million square miles. At the present rate of progress it is evident that a great and powerful nation is rising in peaceful emulation with the rest of the world, destined, perhaps, to be a dominating factor in the welfare of the Anglo-Saxon race. Bound by seemingly inalienable ties to the mother-country and to the extended British Empire, will the great Commonwealth remain as an integral part of the Empire, or will the future bring a peaceful separation? Who can tell? War there can never be between Britain and Australia—that is certain; but the future generations of people here and there will assuredly work out their respective destinies according to their own requirements. For the present we have full and convincing proof that the people of Australia intend to stand by the old country whenever danger threatens her Empire; and the fact that Greater Britain can very easily raise an army of five hundred thousand men, with transport and full equipment, for any part of the world cannot be without its influence on the attitude of European Powers in times of crisis.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

## CHAPTER XIX.—(continued).



WAS wakened the next morning by the plash and dash of water against the planks near my head. My hammock was swinging, and I could tell by the motion of the ship that she was moving steadily forward. I hastened to arrange my dress for the day, and was soon on deck. It was still early, but broad daylight; and it was plain that the ship had been sailing for some time, since we were now at the mouth of the Thames, and the dim shores trended away northward and southward.

I had slept in the fore-part of the ship, and after a glance round at our position, hastened to reconnoitre the stern, where Cicely and her travelling companions were bestowed. All was quiet there; indeed, no one was moving save the captain and two or three of the seamen. The captain, wrapped in a great frieze coat, stood on the poop and constantly swept the horizon with a perspective-glass. Now and again he called out an order anent the sails, and the seamen flew to do his bidding. I leaned against the side of the vessel, busy with my own thoughts. These were put to flight soon by seeing Cicely trip up on deck, and I went to meet her.

'Where are we?' she asked. 'Have we far to go now?'

'We are just at the mouth of the Thames,' I answered, 'and have the Straits to cross yet.'

She slipped her hand under my arm and we paced about a little, then came to a stand in lee of the deck-house, for a shrewd air was blowing from the north-east.

'And we are now on the open sea?' she said.

'Fairly out,' I replied. 'Are you a good sailor?'

'Now how should I know that?' she laughed; 'and why should you ask, since you know as well as I do that I have never been on the sea in my life? I feel very well. That is all I can say.'

'It is not every one that is affected by the motion of the sea,' said I; 'for when I went to Lisbon it did not inconvenience me in the least, and we had some very rough weather.'

'How your brows were knitted when I caught sight of you a little while ago!' she said. 'Pray, what were you thinking about so diligently?'

'You,' said I, 'and in what manner I am to maintain a lady of high degree when we get to France.'

'A fine lady indeed,' she laughed, a blush creeping up her cheek; 'a lady in a canvas petticoat and clouted shoes, remember, no longer ago than yesterday.'

'Upon my soul,' said I, 'it never struck me till

now what a waster in the world I am. Stripped of my accidents of fortune, what can I turn to? I see nothing for it but a porter's knot again. If I have no wit in earning a livelihood, I have strength, and must employ it as best I can.'

'But then you must stay in crowded, dirty towns,' she said.

'And why not?' I laughed. 'What pleasanter than a lively, bustling town to folks who have been shut up deep in the country? And again, I am forgetting other ways of earning a living. Should any one wish to learn how to manage a horse or handle a sword, I should be very much at his service. I fancy I could play the part of a riding or fencing master indifferent well.'

'What pleasanter than a town, indeed!' replied Cicely, with a gay little toss of her head. 'Why, the sweet, fresh country. I have seen your London. I never wish to see again ten houses standing together. No, no; listen to me, George. Let us keep to green country lanes and wander from village to village. Country-people are always kind to wayfarers who speak them fairly and do no mischief; and I will sing for them. I know a store of French ditties I learned from my father, who loved the tongue and spoke it as easily as he did English. Listen! Would not this please them, and earn our welcome?'

She glanced round to be sure that no one was within earshot. The deck at hand was quite deserted. So she began to sing to me, in the softest tones of her rich, sweet voice, a gay little *chanson* in which Colin reproaches Jeanette and flings off her chains, only to accept them again and bind them faster about him when she throws him a crumb of hope.

She cast back her hood to give herself play, and rendered the little ditty with the prettiest archness—Colin's despair, Jeanette's coquetry, her final relenting, and Colin's renewed ardour. She did it to perfection in a tiny thread of voice, exquisitely delicate.

'There!' she said as she finished, a lovely colour, partly of earnestness, partly of a charming confusion, filling her cheeks with a dazzling bloom.

Before I could speak we were startled by a laugh—a dry, chuckling laugh. It was above our heads, and we glanced up. A window in the deck-house—a window which we had not perceived—had been thrust softly open, and a man was leaning through it, head and shoulders.

For a moment I stared at the leering face in sheer wonder; then I knew it, and ground my teeth. There was no mistaking that scamed, horrible visage, the brutal jowl, the huge tongue thrust in derision between the loose, baggy lips.



It was my Lord Viscount Damerel. This, then, was the lord, our fellow-passenger. More, he knew us both. I had made myself too respectable. I had cast away my incognito. Cicely recognised him at once. Who that had seen that satyr-like visage ever forgot it? And she had reason above all. For a moment she stared up at him, her face blanched of all colour, her great dark eyes opened widely. Then she flung her hood over her face with a swift motion and stepped nearer to me. He laughed again.

'So, Mr Ferrers,' said he in his thick, purring voice, 'we meet once more; and in your company my beauty of the ditch. By all that's wonderful, I can scarce believe it. So that was why you made such desperate play for her yonder night. Lord! Lord! what a queer little world it is, and how one runs up against people!'

Again he gave his malicious, mirthless chuckle, then went on: 'Sweet little singing bird, you shall carol for me yet; and for a reward I will take thee in the coach to see yon tall bully's head blackening on London Bridge or above Temple Bar.'

Instinctively my hand flew to my sword-hilt. His head shot back, the window was drawn swiftly to by a cord, and all was quiet again. But what a change! What an ending to the merry song! The shore of France was many a mile away yet, and Viscount Damerel was here and all-powerful for mischief.

I looked at Cicely. The colour was slowly coming back to her face.

'What shall we do?' she asked.

'Nothing,' I replied. 'What can we do, dearest? 'Tis the worst of a ship. No prison in the world is like it.'

At this moment we were hailed by one of the seamen with the news that breakfast was spread in the cabin.

'Come,' said I, 'we'll go to breakfast. Whatever's to be done will be done the better for meat and drink.' And to breakfast we went.

The meal was nearly over when there was a bustle on the stairs which led to the cabin. I suspected that it concerned me as nearly as any one, and I loosened my sword in its sheath, and prepared to keep folk at a distance if they threatened my freedom. A group of four entered—Viscount Damerel, his left shoulder still in bandages and his coat huddled over it; two of his men; and the captain of the ship. The men were armed with sword and pistol, and the captain had buckled his hanger about him. There was an outcry of wonder among the passengers to see this armed force enter the cabin, and I stood up in my place.

'That's the man,' said the Viscount, pointing to me with his sword. 'He is guilty of treason, of aiding and abetting Monmouth's rebels. There are warrants out against him, and a price is set on his head. The King will be especially pleased

with his capture, for the rogue was but lately one of His Majesty's officers, and to make an example of him will be useful beyond common.'

The captain scratched his whiskers and eyed me uneasily. It was plain he did not like his task. Any one with half an eye could see that.

'What is your name and condition?' he asked.

'Have I not paid all you demanded for the passage?' I returned. 'I do not see that it is necessary to furnish you with such information.'

'Will you deny that you are George Ferrers, late a captain in His Majesty's service?' broke in Viscount Damerel.

'First,' said I, 'I must be satisfied of your right to question me.'

'An ample right,' he replied; 'I am a magistrate, and here is a ship-captain who will be deeply compromised if it comes to the ear of the Privy Council that he has afforded facilities for a traitor to fly the realm.'

The captain winced at this, and the Viscount's cruel eyes fired as he saw this discomfiture. I felt certain that the captain, gruff and surly as he was, relished very little the idea of handing me over to the law. He was a short, stout man, with a red face and a stubbly red beard. His face was redder than ever, and he tugged at his beard in evident perplexity.

'Will you yield yourself?' he said to me.

'Certainly not,' said I.

'I don't see what I can do, my lord,' he said, turning to Damerel, with a face twisted into the queerest expression of discontent. 'Here I am in charge of all these passengers, women, and what not, and you invite me to set on foot a desperate skirmish with a man who looks able to handle a weaver's beam, and is armed with a great sword.'

'Well, Master Captain,' replied Damerel scornfully, 'you had best do something to save your own skin. I tell you plainly that if you suffer this traitor to escape I will make such report of you to the Privy Council that you shall show your nose in no part of England without being seized and your ship made forfeit.'

The captain wriggled again, and it was plain to see that Damerel had him in a cleft stick.

'I am a loyal subject,' he said slowly.

'Then prove it,' said the Viscount sharply, his fierce eyes beginning to burn and sparkle as he found the captain stubborn on his hands. 'Do as I bid you, or find yourself denounced as a traitor.'

'Good people all,' began the captain, 'avoid yonder man's presence, and come from this cabin.—You,' he said to me, 'will stay here, and I bid you not to advance to this door on your peril.' He drew his hanger and flourished it, as if to give point to his remarks and prove his firmness in dealing with a rebel.

The women and one or two men passengers

seated at the table made haste to obey the captain's orders, and all of them, save one, tumbled through the doorway and vanished. The exception was a cherry-cheeked lass of nineteen or twenty. Short as her acquaintance with Cicely had been, she had taken a great fancy to her, and now she stayed beside her, murmuring words of sympathy.

'Come, Jenny,' said the captain; 'come this instant;' and Jenny was forced to go.

Damerel's men covered me with their pistols

steadily; but I did not move from my place. I sat down again, and Cicely sat close beside me, holding my hand.

'This room is your prison,' said the captain, still with as unwilling an air as ever a man bore; 'and if you attempt to break it you will do so at the risk of your life.'

With a wary eye on me, all four filed out of the cabin, and the heavy door was clapped to and bolts shot on the farther side.

(To be continued.)

## THE 'TĀNIFA' OF SAMOA.

By LOUIS BECKE.



ANY years ago—in 1873—at the close of an intensely hot day, I set out from Apia, the principal port of Samoa, to walk to a village named Laulii, a few miles along the coast.

I was bound on a pigeon-shooting trip to the mountains, and intended sleeping that night at Laulii with some native friends who were to join me further on. Passing through the semi-Europeanised town of Matautu, I emerged out upon the open beach. With me was a young Polynesian half-caste named Alan, about twenty-two years of age, and one of the most perfect specimens of athletic manhood in the South Pacific. For six months we had been business partners in a small cutter trading between Apia and Savaii—the largest island of the Samoan group. Now, after some months of toil, we were taking a week's holiday together, and enjoying ourselves greatly, although at the time the country was in the throes of an interneine war.

A walk of a mile brought us to the mouth of the Vaivasa River, a small stream flowing into the sea from the littoral on our right. The tide was high; therefore we hailed a picket stationed in the trenches on the opposite bank, and asked them in a jocular manner not to fire at us while we were wading across. To our surprise—for we were both well known to the contending parties and on very friendly terms with them—half-a-dozen men sprang up and excitedly bade us not attempt to cross.

'Go farther up the bank and cross to our *olo* [lines] in a canoe,' added a young Manono chief, whose family I knew well. 'There is a *tānifa* about. We saw it last night.'

That was quite enough for us—for the name *tānifa* sent a cold chill down our backs. We turned to the right, and after walking a quarter of a mile came to a hut on the bank at a spot regarded as neutral ground. Here we found some women and children, and a canoe; and in less than five minutes we were landed on the other side, the women chorusing the dreadful fate

that would have befallen us had we attempted to cross the mouth of the river.

'*E lina gafa lē umi!*' ('Tis five fathoms long!') cried one old dame.

'And a fathom wide at the shoulders,' said another lady, with a shudder. 'It hath come to the mouth of the Vaivasa because it hath smelt the blood of the three men who were killed in the river here two days ago.'

'We'll hear the true yarn presently,' said my companion as we walked down the left-hand bank of the river. 'There must be a *tānifa* cruising about, or else those Manono fellows wouldn't have been so scared at us wanting to cross.'

As soon as we reached the young chief's quarters we were made very welcome, and were obliged to remain and share supper with him and his men—all stalwart young natives from the little island of Manono, a lovely spot situated in the straits separating Upolu from Savaii. Placing our guns and bags in the care of one of the warriors, we took our seats on the matted floor and filled our pipes; and, whilst a bowl of *kava* was being prepared, Li'o, the young chief, told us about the advent of the *tānifa*.

Let me first explain, before giving the chief's statement, that the *tānifa* is a somewhat rare and greatly dreaded member of the shark family. By many white residents it was believed occasionally to measure from twenty to twenty-five feet in length—as a matter of fact it seldom exceeds ten feet; but its great girth and solitary, nocturnal habit have invested it, even to the native mind, with fictional powers of voracity and destruction. However, although the natives' accounts of the creature are exaggerated, it is really a dreadful monster, and is the more dangerous to human life because of the persistency with which it frequents muddy and shallow water at the mouths of streams, particularly after a freshet caused by heavy rain, when its presence cannot be discerned.

Into the port of Apia there fall two small streams—called rivers by the local people—the Mulivai and the Vaisigago. I was fortunate enough

to see specimens of the *tānifa* on three occasions, twice at the Vaisigago and once at the mouth of the Mulivai; but I had never seen one caught, or even sufficiently exposed to give an idea of its proportions. However, many natives—particularly an old Raratongan named Hapai, who lived in Apia and was the proud capturer of several *tānifa*—gave me a reliable description, which I afterwards verified. A *tānifa* ten feet long, Hapai assured me, was an enormously bulky and powerful creature, with jaws and teeth much larger than an ocean-haunting shark of double that length; and its width across the shoulders was very great. Although it generally swam slowly, it would, when it had once sighted its prey, dart along under the water with great rapidity, without causing a ripple. At a village in Savaii, a powerfully-built woman, who was incautiously bathing at the mouth of a stream, was suddenly swept away by one of these sharks almost before she could utter a cry, so swiftly and suddenly was she seized. Several attempts were made to capture the brute, which continued to haunt the scene of the tragedy for several days; but it was too cunning to take a hook, and was never caught.

The *tānifa* which had been seen by the young Manono chief and his men the preceding evening had made its appearance soon after darkness had fallen, and had cruised to and fro across the mouth of the Vaivasa till the tide began to fall, when it made its way seaward through a passage in the reef. It was, so Li'o assured me, quite eight feet in length and very wide across the head and shoulders. The water was clear, and by the bright starlight they could discern its movements very easily; once it came well into the river, and remained stationary for some minutes, lying under about two feet of water. Some of the Manono men, hailing a picket of the enemy on the opposite bank of the river, asked for a ten minutes' truce to try and shoot it. This was granted; and, standing on the top of the sandy trench, half-a-dozen young fellows fired a volley at the shark from their Sniders. None of the bullets took effect, and the *tānifa* sailed slowly off again, to cruise to and fro for another hour, watching for any hapless person who might cross the river.

Just as the *kava* was being handed round, some children who were on watch cried out that the *tānifa* had come. Springing to his feet, Li'o again hailed the enemy's picket on the other side, and a truce was agreed to, so that 'the white men could have a look at the *matie*' (shark).

Thirty or forty yards away was what seemed to be a huge, irregular, wavering mass of phosphorus, which as it drew nearer revealed the outlines of the dreaded fish. It came in straight for the mouth of the creek, passed over the pebbly bar, and then swam leisurely about in the brackish water, moving from bank to bank

less than a dozen feet from the shore. The stream of bright, phosphorescent light which had surrounded its body when it first appeared had now, owing to there being but a minor degree of phosphorus in the brackish water, given place to a dull, sickly-greenish reflection, accentuated, however, by thin, vivid streaks caused by the exudation from the nostrils and gills of a viscid matter common to some species of sharks, and giving it a truly terrifying appearance. Presently a couple of men, taking careful aim, fired at the creature's head; in an instant it darted off with extraordinary velocity, rushing through the water like a submerged comet, if I may use the illustration. Both of the men who had fired were confident their bullets had struck and badly wounded the shark, but were greatly disgusted when, ten minutes afterwards, it again appeared, swimming leisurely about at thirty yards from the beach.

Three days later, as we were returning to Apia, we were told by our native friends that the shark still haunted the mouth of the Vaivasa, and I determined to capture it. I sent Alan on board the cutter for our one shark-hook—a hook which had done much execution among the sea-prowlers. Although not of the largest size, being only ten inches in the shank, it was made of splendid steel, and we had frequently caught fifteen-foot sharks with it at sea. It was a cherished possession with us, and we always kept it and the four feet of chain attached to it bright and clean.

In the evening Alan returned, accompanied by the local pilot (Captain Hamilton) and the master of a German barque. They wanted 'to see the fun.' We soon had everything in readiness. The hook—baited with the belly portion of a freshly-killed pig, which the Manono people had commandeered from a hush village—was buoyed to a piece of light *pua* wood to keep it from sinking; and then, with twenty fathoms of brand-new whale-line attached, we let it drift out into the centre of the passage. Making our end of the line fast to the trunk of a coco-nut tree, we set some children to watch, and went into the trenches to drink some *kava*, smoke, and gossip. We had not long to wait—barely half-an-hour—when we heard a warning yell from the watchers. The *tānifa* was in sight! Jumping up, and tumbling over each other in our eagerness, we rushed out. Alas! we were too late; for the shark, instead of approaching in its usual leisurely manner, made a straight dart at the bait, and before we could free our end of the line it was as taut as an iron bar, and the creature, with the hook firmly fastened in his jaw, was ploughing the water into foam amid yells of excitement from the natives. Then suddenly the line fell slack, and the half-dozen men who were holding it went over on their backs.

In mournful silence we hauled in the line.

Then, oh, woe! the hook—our prized, beautiful hook—was gone, and with it two feet of the chain, which had parted at the centre swivel. That particular *tānifa* was seen no more.

Nearly two months later, two of a much larger size appeared at the mouth of the Vaivasa. Several of the white residents tried night after night to hook them, but the monsters refused to look at the baits. Then appeared on the scene an old one-eyed Malay named 'Reo, who asserted he could kill them easily. The way he set to work was described to me by the natives who witnessed the operations. Taking a piece of green bamboo about four feet in length, he split from it two strips, each an inch wide. After charring the points he sharpened the ends carefully; then, by great pressure, he coiled them up into as small compass as possible, keeping the whole in position by sewing the coil up in the fresh skin of a fish known as the *isumutu*—a species of the 'leather-jacket.' Next he asked to be provided with two dogs. A couple of curs were soon provided, killed, and the viscera removed. The coils of bamboo were then placed in the vacancy, and the skin of the bellies stitched up with small wooden skewers. That completed the preparation of the baits.

As soon as the two sharks made their appear-

ance one of the dogs was thrown into the water, and was quickly swallowed. Then the second followed, and it was quickly seized by the second *tānifa*. The sharks remained cruising about for some hours, then went off as the tide began to fall.

On the following evening they did not turn up, nor on the next, and the Malay insisted that within four or five days both would be dead. As soon as the dogs were digested, he said, the thin fish-skin would follow, the bamboo-coil would fly apart, and the sharpened ends penetrate not only the sharks' bellies, but protrude through the outer skin as well.

Quite a week afterwards, during which time neither of the *tānifa* had been seen, the smaller of the two was found dead on the beach at Vailele Plantation, about four miles from the Vaivasa. It was examined by numbers of people, and presented a curious but horrible sight; one end of the bamboo spring was protruding over a foot from the belly, which was so cut and lacerated by the agonised efforts of the monster to free itself from the instrument of torture that much of the intestines was gone. That the larger of these dreaded fish had died in the same manner there was no reason to doubt; but probably it had sunk in the deep water outside the barrier-reef.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.



THE International Exhibition at Glasgow, which opens its doors to the public in May, promises to present a number of interesting features both to the ordinary sight-seer and the more critical student.

It covers a space of seventy-three acres, of which the main buildings occupy more than one-fourth. The exhibits are classified as follows: (1) Raw material—agricultural and mining; (2) industrial design and manufactures; (3) machinery, motive-power, electricity, and labour-saving appliances in motion; (4) locomotive and transport; (5) marine engineering and shipbuilding; (6) lighting and heating; (7) science and scientific instruments, education, and music; and (8) sports and sporting appliances; also the Women's Section, Fine Art, and Scottish History and Archaeology. All the more important foreign countries will be officially represented, and some of them will have special pavilions erected. Canada has a special building; and Rhodesia, Western and South Australia, Queensland, British South Africa, and India will all contribute exhibits, so that our colonies will be well represented. America has taken considerable space in the Machinery Section; and France alone is represented by four hundred

exhibitors. During the continuance of the exhibition a number of scientific and other societies, including the British Association, will hold their meetings in Glasgow.

### PROGRESS IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The most recent advances in wireless telegraphy were announced by Professor J. A. Fleming to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce in the course of an address on the adaptability of the system to lightships and lighthouses. It will be remembered that for some time Mr Marconi has been carrying out private experiments between stations at St Catherine's, Isle of Wight, and Poole in Hampshire. The line in space connecting these two places is crossed by another, quite as intangible, belonging to the Admiralty—that is, between Portsmouth and Portland. Mr Marconi has found it possible to send and receive two messages simultaneously between his stations without in the least interfering with the Admiralty tests. A more wonderful feat, however, remains to be told: a wireless telegraphic station has been established at the Lizard in Cornwall, and messages have been freely exchanged between that point and St Catherine's, two hundred miles distant. It is noteworthy that the first aerial communication between these two places was made on the first day of the reign of King Edward VII, and it is now possible to



send messages in both directions simultaneously. Professor Fleming strongly urged upon Chambers of Commerce and other bodies the advantages of establishing this means of communication between lightships and lighthouses and the shore.

#### A CURIOUS MUMMY.

A most interesting addition has recently been made to the collection of mummies which forms such an attractive, if weird, feature of the Egyptian Galleries of the British Museum in London. It is the body of a man (with a lock of fair hair still remaining on the scalp) curled up in an oval pit which is an exact reproduction of the grave in which the mummy was found. This is believed to be the oldest mummy known, and was taken from a neolithic grave, where it was found surrounded by flints and pottery. The body is supposed to be that of an aborigine of Egypt. That country was conquered by Asiatic invaders about 8000 B.C.; and the natives having afterwards intermingled with their conquerors, the foundation of the race known as Egyptians was laid. The hands and feet of this old dweller on the banks of the Nile are small, and the intellectual characteristics of the head warrant the assumption that the man belonged to a superior race.

#### PICTURE POST-CARDS.

Although we in this country have not yet been smitten with the mania for collecting picture post-cards which possesses some of our Continental neighbours, the use of these cards is steadily increasing, and many are issued of artistic quality. The new craze has had a curious sequel in Turkey, for the authorities have forbidden the introduction into the Ottoman Empire of picture post-cards bearing drawings of the Kaaba and other religious buildings or of Mohammedan women, the word drawing, of course, including photography and every other pictorial process. The police in Turkey have orders to seize all such goods in the possession of native dealers, and to purchase those belonging to shopkeepers of other nations. The Customs, too, have orders to stop all importations of such goods. These stringent proceedings are founded upon the prohibition in the Koran against the use among the faithful of any representation of either animal or vegetable life in any drawing or decoration. Travellers will be much disappointed at a regulation which bars them from transmitting home such pleasant souvenirs of their wanderings.

#### A STEAM BOILER WITHOUT FUEL.

Many have been the attempts to harness the sun so that our great luminary shall give up some of its heat in order to work an engine. The last and most successful of these contrivances has been erected at a farm near Los Angeles, California. It has the appearance of a huge umbrella, open and lying on its side, with

its stick cut off short and pointing towards the sun. The contrivance has a diameter of thirty-three feet, and is lined with mirrors that concentrate the solar heat upon the boiler, which is the stick. This boiler holds one hundred gallons of water, and has an additional steam-space. One hour will, under favourable conditions, raise the water to boiling-point, and the steam is conveyed by a flexible pipe to an ordinary compound engine and centrifugal pump. The best record yet obtained is the raising of fourteen thousand gallons of water per minute from a depth of twelve feet, a quantity sufficient to irrigate a large extent of land. The whole apparatus weighs more than eight thousand pounds, and is tied together by steel rods. The chief difficulty which it seems to present is the resistance of the pressure of a high wind.

#### A NEW STAR.

It would seem almost impossible that any astronomer, however keen he may be in the pursuit of his splendid field of inquiry, should know the sky so well that he can at once detect any addition to its galaxy of shining orbs; and yet this is true of Dr Anderson of Edinburgh, who, nine years ago, was the first to discover a new star in Auriga, and has now again been the first to note the brilliant 'nova' in Perseus. The news was quickly telegraphed to Greenwich, and as soon as absence of clouds made it possible the new star was plainly seen. No star was known in that particular place; at least, if it had previously been there, it must have been below the tenth magnitude, in which case it had now suddenly blazed up with a light of ten thousand times its former radiance. At any rate, it quickly assumed the position of a first magnitude star; and when measurements are obtained from the various photographs which have been taken, its brightness in comparison with well-known stars will be more accurately fixed. A strange interest attaches to these sudden outbursts of light in distant orbs, chiefly because no one can hazard more than a guess as to what they signify.

#### THE SUPERSESSION OF THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.

The electric motor is usurping the place of steam in so many industries that we may surely look forward to the time when the long trail of white vapour from our railway trains will be no longer seen. The first European main line to make the change from steam to electricity is a railway about sixty-five miles long in the neighbourhood of Lake Como in Italy, which connects together the towns of Lecco, Colico, and Sondrio; and the energy for feeding the dynamos is procured from a waterfall fifteen miles distant from the last-named place. This line is also remarkable for being the first to adopt a current at so high a tension as twenty thousand volts, which

for working purposes is reduced by transformers, placed at intervals of six miles along the track, to three thousand volts. The electrical equipment for this railway is furnished by Messrs Ganz of Budapest, who have also contrived an efficient block-system, by which it is impossible for two trains to approach one another on any one section without the current being immediately cut off. Very fortunately situated for electric railway schemes are towns within reasonable distance of waterfalls. Britain has few such advantages to boast of; but as a matter of fact one of the first electric railways known was established at Portrush, in Ireland, and is still worked by a natural fall of water.

#### LONDON BRIDGE.

Twenty years ago it was estimated that two hundred thousand persons crossed London Bridge daily, one hundred and thirty thousand on foot and the rest in vehicles. With the growth of population these numbers have almost doubled, in spite of the relief afforded by the building of the Tower Bridge half a mile down-stream. It has, therefore, become an urgent matter to increase the capacity of the older bridge, and it has now been decided to accomplish this by means of granite corbels which will carry the footways as projections over the water on each side of the bridge. This will increase the width of the structure from fifty-three and a half feet to sixty-five feet. The present solid parapet will be removed, and an open balustrade will take its place, an alteration which will compensate to some extent for the extra weight of the new corbels. There are already two tube electric railways beneath the Thames, and a third is in process of construction; but the relief to traffic on the bridges, although it must be great, is not perceptible.

#### WHERE STEAMSHIPS RUN DOWN WHALES.

Mr C. F. Holder, in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*, gives an interesting account of the manner in which steamers not infrequently come into collision with whales in the deep waters which separate the mountainous islands on the coast of Southern California from the mainland. This is a famous breeding-ground for whales, the most common being the Californian gray variety. The abundance of these creatures in this neighbourhood forms a great attraction to passengers on passing steamers, for the animals seem to have little sense of fear, and often come up close to the vessels to blow. Sometimes there is a collision between ship and whale, and the shock is sufficient to throw people down on the deck, with the conviction that a sunken rock has been struck; and several such instances are quoted. The steamer generally gets off without damage; but the blow is fatal to the whale. It is believed that if the history of all missing ships could be

made known, it would be found that not a few have come to grief through collision with one of these enormous cetaceans.

#### AN ECCENTRIC BEQUEST.

A few years ago the French Academy of Sciences received a legacy from a lady who held the belief, with a great many others, that the universe contains other worlds than ours which are populated with beings like ourselves. The bequest amounted to the handsome sum of four thousand pounds, which is to be awarded to the first person who succeeds in establishing communication with one of our neighbours in space; but, for some unexplained reason, the planet Mars is not to count. At first the French society hesitated to accept this conditional gift, but they have now determined to do so; and, as the discovery of a means of communication is expected to be long delayed—unless, indeed, Marconi with his wireless system or Tesla with his oscillatory currents of electricity quickly solves the problem—the interest on the money is to be devoted every five years to some work which will help the progress of astronomy. In this way, at least, the eccentric bequest may be expected to be productive of some good results.

#### THE WORLD'S TIMBER-SUPPLY.

'The Outlook of the World's Timber-Supply' was the title of a valuable paper read before the Society of Arts in London by Dr W. Schlich, and it has since been published at length in the *Journal* of the society. In this paper it is conclusively shown that Britain must look forward to a time when the supplies of pine and fir timber from the countries round the Baltic, and perhaps Canada, will fail us. These timbers form the very staff of life to our building trade. We imported in 1899 timber to the value of twenty-five million pounds sterling, and the imports are on the increase; while all the time, according to Dr Schlich, we have sufficient surplus land at home to produce all this timber. Not a single acre of our existing woods need be touched; what is wanted is the creation of additional forests on surplus lands, to be managed on economical principles, for the production of timber. Dr Schlich urges that the study of forestry should be taken up far more widely than it is, and that we must realise that successful forestry, like agriculture, should be based upon research.

#### OREGON PINE.

An indication of the great rise in the price of timber is found in the recent arrival at Leith of the sailing-vessel *Solide* with a large cargo of Oregon pine planks. This material, which in quality, figure, and dimensions stands without a rival among the soft woods, is intended as a substitute for Baltic deals, the supply of which shows a constant decrease. Oregon pine comes

from British Columbia, Vancouver, and the Northern Pacific States of America, and the transport by sailing-vessel occupies about six months. Hitherto it has not been found profitable to export the wood to this country; but the general rise in the market price of timber has entirely altered the conditions, and we may consider the present shipment as the first of a series. The wood weighs about twenty-five per cent. less than pitch-pine, it has not the inflammable properties of the latter, it is of handsome appearance, and, unlike Baltic deal, planks up to twenty-four inches wide free of all defects are by no means uncommon.

#### SUBMARINE WARFARE.

An Admiralty contract for the building of five submarine torpedo-boats was some time ago placed with Messrs Vickers, Sons, & Maxim, of Barrow. They are to be of the American (Holland) type, about fifty-four feet long, with a weight of seventy tons, and a speed of ten knots above and eight knots below water. Each boat will carry a crew of seven men, and the armament will consist of five torpedoes. As the first of these boats will very shortly be launched, our naval experts will soon be able to find out by direct experiment whether the much-lauded submarine torpedo vessel is or is not a desirable addition to the resources of our fleet.

#### OIL-LIGHTED BUOYS.

There are many situations round our coasts where it is necessary to place buoys which can be made plainly distinguishable at night by means of some form of illumination. Hitherto compressed oil-gas has been largely used for this purpose; but that method is cumbersome and expensive, as it necessitates the establishment of gas-making and compressing apparatus on the shore. Mr Wigham, a well-known lighthouse engineer in Dublin, has contrived a buoy which bears a petroleum lamp of simple construction; and admirable results have been secured at a very small cost for management and maintenance. The chief difficulty was found in obviating the tendency of a wick fed with mineral oil to clog and char at the point of ignition, with consequent extinction of the flame; as any lamp to be of real service for the purpose indicated must burn for many weeks at a time without attention. This difficulty was surmounted by an entirely new arrangement of the wick, which is now made to travel over a roller at the point of combustion, instead of being fed upwards as in ordinary paraffin-lamps. This new form of buoy is already in use in many harbours and estuaries in Ireland, and in many cases has only needed attention at intervals of three months.

#### THE OTTER AND ITS PREY.

It is a mistake to assume that otters live entirely on fish, for they have been known to

vary their diet by a young rabbit, a water-hen, or a wild duck; indeed, they would seem to have rather a partiality for a varied menu. It now seems, according to the story told in *The Anglers' News*, that the otter is also responsible for raids on his neighbours' poultry-yards. For some time past such outrages have been common at the village of Satterthwaite, which lies between Lakes Windermere and Coniston, and Master Reynard was suspected as the thief; but for once the cunning fox has been wrongly accused, for the crimes have been traced to a fine otter, which has been shot *in flagrante delicto*. A gentleman who happened to be out with his gun discovered on the bank of the river a poor duck, still alive, but with its head terribly mutilated. The dog in attendance gave signs that the depredator was near at hand, and soon unkenelled the otter, with the fatal result stated.

#### AN EXHIBITION OF ANTIQUE SILVER WARES.

This exhibition, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in London, is stated by experts to be the finest ever held; and doubtless this is true in spite of the fact that the rules of the British Museum and other homes of many of the treasures of the silversmith's art prevent the inclusion of these exhibits. The collection includes historic plate from Windsor Castle, the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, the Inner Temple, many City companies and provincial corporations, and private collectors. Perhaps the principal exhibit is the famous 'Nautilus Cup and Cover' from the late Queen Victoria's collection; but connoisseurs will turn to earlier specimens. A beautifully preserved specimen of Greek art is a libation cup or *phiale* ascribed by its owner, Mr Cecil Smith, to the fourth century B.C.; it is saucer-shaped, six inches by one and three-quarter inches, and the under side is occupied by narrow lanceolated leaves, the alternate ones being gilt and partly concealed. Amongst other utensils, now happily obsolete, is a 'bleeding dish' with a curious flat pierced handle. The collection of salts is varied, and includes many 'standing salts' with covers, of rare designs in imitation of steeples and bells. These 'standing salts' were placed before the host, and contained one or more receptacles for salt or spices, from which the 'trencher' salts used by the guests were replenished; the covers preventing the surreptitious addition of poison by traitorous hands. Many of the cups and bowls bear inscriptions; one (dated 1567), 'Remember the Poure;' another:

A Proctor for the Poore an I,  
Remember them before thou dye;

thus indicating the charitable designs of their donors. 'Gourd' cups, and cups in the shape of melons, and mounted ostrich-eggs are also included in the series. Reference has been made to only a few of the many interesting objects on view at this exhibition, which is open until April.

Admission is by order procured from a member of the club.

#### STRANGE FATE OF A CELEBRATED COPPERPLATE.

About three years ago a small exhibition of curios took place in Palmerston North, New Zealand, in aid of All Saints' Church funds. The centre of attraction was a very fine engraving of Rembrandt's 'Christ Healing the Sick,' exhibited by Mr Bailey, a young lawyer newly settled in the town. At the time the owner, who valued this heirloom at about two hundred pounds, gave the following particulars: A Captain Bailey, of his family, went at the beginning of the nineteenth century to the Flemish countries to study the art of engraving. Among the copper-

plates at his teacher's he discovered Rembrandt's 'Christ Healing the Sick,' which he purchased; and after engraving an inscription at the lower margin, he printed fifty copies, which were probably sold at high prices. The copperplate was afterwards cut in four equal squares, some of which are still in the possession of Colonel Bailey, of Blenheim, New Zealand. As to the value of those magnificent prints, an example, in the first state, supposed to be the only one existing, at Captain Holford's sale, was sold for twelve hundred pounds. The auctioneers, Messrs Christie, Manson, & Woods, say, however, that this example was practically unique, and that an ordinary impression of the subject, even if original, is only worth a comparatively small sum.

## A MARRIAGE WITHOUT A WOOING.

### A TRUE STORY.

We sat there, spirit-stirred,  
In the rainy Hebrides,  
And heard  
The wash of the windless seas.

—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

#### I.



OWARDS the end of a week in the early spring a rumour went through the parish that Colin, the son of Domhnall Ban, who lived beside the church at Balmenach, was to be married at last, and that the proclamation was to be made on Sunday. The news created the greatest interest; for everybody was much interested in Colin's forthcoming marriage, and the interest was intensified by the fact that, though it was well known that Colin meant to get married, none knew who was to be the bride, and some went so far as to say that even Colin himself did not know. Nobody in all the district was so much interested as the minister, for he was so young and inexperienced that the day when he performed the marriage-service was still a red-letter day with him; and, besides, Colin was his nearest neighbour.

Every time the minister looked out of his window he saw Colin's house, with its gable-end towards the road and a green hillock before its door, and beyond it the deep-blue shimmering sea. The minister was fond of looking from his window at the wide expanse of weltering waves that filled the Minch—the ever-varying pictures he saw reflected there as in a mirror were his only companions; and ever in the foreground he saw Colin's house, and often on the green hillock before his door he would see Colin himself standing like a statue looking westward to where the heavens, bending low, touch the hills of Barra, making in the sunset an arc of glory overhanging

a sea of gold. Whenever the minister looked westward in the evening, and saw Colin on his hillock with his eyes also fixed on the emerald sky and shining sea, he felt a touch of sympathy for Colin: doubtless he also was a lover of the sea.

To the minister Colin's house was a source of continual wonder. The first time he visited it—he was fresh from the Divinity Hall of a great city—he felt that the centuries were blotted out, and that he was back among the primitive ages. Its low, thick walls were built of rough, unhewn stones that were held together with earth and clay—there was no trace of lime. The roof was of thatch, which was kept in its place by heather ropes weighted with heavy stones, that hung over the walls, forming a girdle round the house. The first room as one entered at the door near the gable was Colin's hospital for his cattle. There he kept any cow or calf that required special attention; and the hospital, truth to tell, was never without a patient. A rough wooden partition separated this room from the kitchen; and the door between had no lock, but by pulling a string that peeped out through a hole the visitor could lift the wooden latch and gain entrance. In the centre of the earthen floor, on a hearth built of rough stones, raised slightly above the floor-level, the peat-fire always glowed brightly; and, there being no chimney, the smoke hung heavy overhead and filled all the room, its only outlet being a barrel out of which the bottom had been knocked, fixed in the thatch overhead. One pane of glass set in the thatched roof admitted all the light that was required. From a rafter above the fire hung a chain black and thick-crusted with the soot of many years, and by it the three-legged pots were suspended over the fire. In a third room, which was entered from the kitchen, were two wooden beds and a table. This was the



superior room of the house, for it had a four-paned window, fixed, not in the thatch, but in the rough wall.

When the minister went to the parish, Colin's father, Domhnall Ban, lay dying in this inner room. He had lived in the same house all his days, and he was now over ninety years of age. When asked how old he was, the old patriarch answered, 'The days of the years of my pilgrimage are fourscore and twelve years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.' The reek always lay heavy in the four corners of the room and hung like a dark cloud overhead, and from beyond the hallan there usually came the sound of a cow softly chewing her cud—a soothing, restful sound suggestive of clover-fields and summer days; and the minister often thought, when he visited the dying man to read to him the words of eternal consolation by the light of the glowing peat-fire, that he was never in a more solemn place.

This house of Colin is not a thing of the past; strange to say, in this age of progress, it still stands unchanged, and many such can yet be found in the lonely Hebrides, where the lives of the people are untouched by the march of that civilisation which leaves white-walled cottages in its wake. In it Colin's father lived for over ninety years, and Colin hopes to equal the number of his father's days. For, if the house be rough and bare and unadorned, is not the grandeur of nature all around it? Does not the great sea sing hour by hour to the shore? The air is soft and clear, and the perfume of the thyme is in it; the green grass grows all around, the murmur of running water is near, and the hillsides are flecked with heather. A poor, miserable house; but, remembering the horrors of a one-roomed house down in the slums, we think that Colin sitting by his bright peat-fire is in an enviable position, even though the peat-reek hangs in clouds around him.

After Domhnall Ban's death the daughter that so long had cared for him married, and Colin was left alone to manage the croft and cattle. For a few months he struggled on bravely; but things went from bad to worse. As the spring advanced it looked as if Colin would soon have all his cattle under his own roof, for one by one he was bringing them in to his hospital.

The house had to be approached with caution; and one evening, when the minister went to see him, Colin began to tell of his troubles. The spring work was beginning. He had none to work after the crooked spade and put the potato-seed in the furrow. 'I will tell you what it is, minister,' he exclaimed. 'I am like Murachadh Og when he lost his gray mare. You know what Murachadh said when he looked at the carcass of the mare?'

'No,' said the minister, 'I never heard.'

'What! never heard that?' said Colin. 'When Murachadh looked long at the dead mare he cried, "Oeh! oeh! There is no help for it now, but I must get a wife." I am like him, minister; I must get a wife.'

Now, Colin was at least fifty years of age. He was big in stature, rugged in face, with straggling beard and scanty hair—loose-jointed and shambling in gait. He always wore homespun and a blue Kilmarnock bonnet. Not even his mother could say that his appearance was in any way captivating.

The minister, though he encouraged Colin, thought that perhaps he would not get a wife so easily as he fancied; and so it turned out. Colin did not lack zeal in his quest; but the quest after a while seemed doomed to failure. For this the minister was sorry; though Colin was un-couth, yet he had watched tenderly over his old father, and he had a good, kind heart. So, when the news came that the wife had been found at last, the minister looked forward to his interview with Colin with much interest; and when, late on Saturday night, he heard voices at the manse-door, he knew it must be Colin; and Colin it was. Holding his blue bonnet in his hand, and looking like a man who had been through much trouble and had not known sleep for many nights rather than an expectant bridegroom, he was ushered into the minister's study. Then, without uttering a word, he sat and gazed moodily at the fire. It was only when the minister, at last, said, 'I am glad to hear that you are getting married,' that Colin found his voice.

'Getting married, am I?' he said. 'If I am, it is myself who am the miserable man. Listen to me, and I will tell you all about it.'

## II.

'You remember, minister,' he said, 'advising me to get a wife. I tried to follow that advice; but I did not find it easy. Last week, however, Seumas Ruadh, the merchant over in Minginish, sent me word that he had a wife ready for me. It is myself who was glad when I heard it; and on Tuesday I put the cows in early and fed them, and smooored the fire. Then, as the shadows were creeping on, in the mouth of the night [*ann am bheul na h'oidche*] I set out for my eighteen miles' tramp to Minginish. Soon it got very dark, and the cries of the sea-birds died down; and as I walked through the black darkness I could hear nothing but the wash of the waves on the pebbly shore. When I was passing the inn at Dunskeith I thought I would get a bottle of the good *uisge-beatha*, so in I went. "Give me," said I, "a bottle of your real Talisker. I am going to a *reidich*" [*betrotthal*], said I; "and if you give me any of the poison you give the drovers I'll pay you out." You know the stuff, minister?'

'Yes; the whisky that makes a man feel, when he has taken a glass, as if a torchlight procession had gone down his throat,' said the minister.

'Never heard of that kind of light,' said Colin; 'but the innkeeper disappeared, and he soon came with a black and dusty bottle, and he said I would have to pay six shillings for it. Six shillings for a bottle of *uisge-beatha*! Who ever heard of such a price? I gave him five; and, stuffing the bottle into my pocket, I struck out again for Minginish.

'It was eleven o'clock when I got to Seumas Ruadh's house; and Seumas was gone to bed, and his wife said I could not see him till morning. "Go you up to him," said I, "and tell him that the man from Trotternish, for whom he has got a wife, is here; and tell him that if he is not down here immediately I'll come up where he is, and we will see what will happen then." So up she went; and in about five minutes down he came buttoning his coat, and he said he was glad to see me. He sent a messenger to the house of the woman he had found for me, and in a little while Seumas and I stepped out into the night; and about twelve o'clock we came to her house.

'Sitting at a bright fire we found a pleasant-faced old man and woman, and they bade us welcome, saying it was a cold night, and inviting us to sit close to the fire. "It is raw and cold indeed," I said; "but I have a drop of the real Talisker, and you will not think me forward if I offer a taste all round?" They said they seldom tasted the good liquor, but out of courtesy they would take some from me, and that all the more readily because they knew my father—the good old man, who had gone home—peace be with him! So I gave them all a taste of the good liquor, and I took some myself. My! but that *uisge-beatha* was good, if it was dear. It went down to my toes and up to my hair; it ran through my veins and loosened my tongue; and when we looked at each other after drinking it we seemed one to the other to be much younger; and in the eyes of the old man and woman there came a look of other days.

'Then Seumas Ruadh began to speak. He told them what a decent man I was; how my father died, and my sister married, and I was left alone with three cows and a croft, and how much I needed a wife. After he had said all the good he could imagine about me, he then said that I had heard what a good, dutiful daughter Mairi was, and that I had come in the hope that they would give her to me for wife.—"So there," exclaimed Colin, "was that darned merchant (begging your pardon, minister) asking their daughter for me as my wife, and I had never seen her in my life. They said they were both agreeable, knowing that I was a decent man; but that I had better ask Mairi herself. In a little Mairi came in, and when she did—well, when I saw her wasn't I sorry that I

had left Trotternish in the mouth of the night, and didn't I wish myself back again!'

'Why, what was wrong with her?' asked the minister.

'Oh, she was that black,' said Colin. 'Her hair was like the soot on the barrel on the top of my house, and her skin as brown as that of a Hindu. Now, I always liked a fair skin and yellow hair,' continued the sentimental Colin; 'but, ach! she was that black.'

'Black but comely,' put in the minister.

'Comely! Nothing of the kind. She had hardly a nose to speak of; and her face was marked—I am sure she has had the smallpox—black and pock-marked!'

'Was that all?' asked the minister.

'Not nearly all!' exclaimed Colin. 'She was short and plump, and had no waist—just like a sack of wool with a string tied round the middle.'

'Surely you saw something nice about her, Colin,' said the minister.

At this Colin looked into the fire and thought a little. 'Well,' he resumed after a pause, 'yes, she had nice brown eyes, and she looked kind when she smiled. But when I saw her it was myself who was the miserable man. What was I to do? I felt that I didn't care whether she accepted me or not, so I asked her straight, "What Church are you of?" "Free Church," said she. "Well, I am a Moderate myself," said I, "and you will have to come to the Moderate Church with me if you marry me." "But my conscience won't allow me to do that," said she. "Your conscience!" said I. "If it is your conscience you are to obey and not your husband, then I will be bidding you good-night, and going back to Trotternish just as I came." "But there is no life in your Church," said she. "No life in our Church—isn't there?" I replied. "What life is there in yours? I am hearing that your professors have proved that all our life has come to us through gorillas and monkeys from the sand-worms that are on the shore below my croft; and if that be the life in your Church, you are welcome to it." And so I put on my bonnet to start for home, full of rage,' concluded Colin.

'That was a queer way to woo a wife, Colin,' said the minister.

'Queer! Well, so it was; but it was as good as any other. For she no sooner saw how determined I was than she said that wherever I went she would go. At this I sat down, and we had another taste of the good and generous *uisge-beatha*. When I had taken another mouthful of it, oh! I declare to you, minister, Mairi looked beautiful and young in my eyes. Strange thing the *uisge-beatha*! And the old man, warmed by it, became generous, and he said he would give Mairi his best cow, and the old woman said she had a trunk full of blankets and clothes for Mairi; and ere I knew where I was or how it happened I found myself on the way home in

the gray dawn of morning, having agreed to marry Mairi first week. She is to be proclaimed to-morrow in the church at Minginish; and, oh, minister! I have changed my mind. I cannot go on with it; she is that black. It is myself who am the miserable man.'

'She is to be proclaimed to-morrow at Minginish, you say,' asked the minister; 'and are you not to be proclaimed here and go on with it?'

'Not if I can help it,' said Colin.

'Then that will be very dishonourable,' exclaimed the minister.

'It is all very well for you, minister,' said Colin; 'but you have not seen her, and I have; and it is not you who are to marry her, but me.'

'Well, Colin,' answered the minister, 'if you do not go on as you promised, I will tell you what will happen. You will be summoned before the sheriff for disgracing that woman in Minginish. You will have made her the talk of the island, and the end of it will be she will get some twenty pounds damages off you.'

At this he gasped. 'Do you really mean it?' was his anxious query.

'Yes, certainly,' said the minister; 'and you will have richly deserved it.'

Then there was a long pause, and at last Colin said, 'What must be, must be. You will proclaim us to-morrow, minister, and marry us on Thursday.'

So it was arranged. Colin rose heavily and passed slowly out; and as he descended the stairs the minister thought he heard him mutter, 'Twenty pounds if I don't marry her, and she is that black! *Mo truaigh mise!* It is myself who am the miserable man!'

On Thursday the minister married them; but that is another story. On Sunday, Colin and Mairi came to be kirked, and Mairi sat very close to Colin—perhaps she felt a little afraid, never having been in a Moderate church before; and Colin looked as proud and happy as if he had been a bridegroom of thirty who had wedded and won the love of his youth after much waiting.

Not long after Colin's marriage the minister left the parish, and three years passed before he returned to see his old friends. When he did so, among the first he went to see was Colin. Colin was standing on the green hillock as of yore, facing the great sea, where the lights and shadows came and went. He was no longer alone, for he had with him a smart little boy dressed in a tartan kilt, who ran after the cows and the fowls. The minister soon found that it was useless to talk to Colin about anything but the boy.

'Look at him now,' exclaimed Colin; 'did you ever see a boy two years old quicker than that boy? Isn't he a wise one, now? He knows the cows by name and runs after them from morn to eve. I tell you, minister, I never knew the

Gaelic was such a sweet language till I heard that little chap call me *paba*; it was like the song of larks and the ripple of our brook rolled into one. There is only one thing that troubles me now, and that is the thought that in all probability I cannot live to see that little man grown up. I wish I had married years ago.' Then, pointing with his hand to the house, where the reek ascended as of old through the barrel that had no bottom, he said, 'Minister, that little man's mother is the best wife in all Trotternish. She is all-white and golden—she is. Lucky the day it was for me when I married her, though I had never so much as seen her when Seumas Ruidh in Minginish asked her for me from her father. That was a good turn Seumas did for me. The old house with wife and bairn is very different from the place as it was when you used to come to see me.'

When the minister saw Mairi and spoke to her of Colin, she answered with shining eyes, 'It is the good and kind husband that Colin is to me, minister; never a better in all Trotternish.'

#### A SONG OF WIND AND SEA.

THE wind comes down to the gray-walled town—

A wanderer to and fro—

Seeking for room in the glare and gloom,

Choking and panting and ruefully ranting

Where never a gale can grow;

And I fain would be on the great North Sea,

Where the wind is free to blow.

For a full breath, a cool breath,

A breath that is sweet and strong,

Keen with the lust of life, clean of the dust of life—

Oh, how I labour and long!

I dream of the dip of a beautiful ship

Embraced by the waves in turn;

I dream of the hiss of the sea's wild kiss,

The passionate pressing, the eager caressing,

The tears that fall icy and burn;

And I fain would be on the great North Sea

With my shattered desires astern,

For a cool breath, a full breath,

A breath that is sweet and strong,

Keen with the lust of life, clean of the dust of life—

Oh, how I labour and long!

J. J. BELL.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### A HALF-CROWN FORTUNE.

By MARY STUART BOYD, Author of *Our Stolen Summer*, *A Beggar who Chose*, *The Unique Mrs Spink*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

**T**HE soft glimmer of the fairy lamps, vaguely illumining the interior of the caravan, picked out sharp facets of light on the sequin-broidery of the fortune-teller's gypsy theatrical costume, and cast a roseate tinge over her features. It irradiated, also, the eager face of Christine, as she bent forward, her whole being absorbed with the craving to wrest the secret of her destiny from the segments of coloured eard-board artfully grouped on the table before them.

Raising a heavily jewelled hand, the sibyl disguised a yawn. This client did not interest her. To the acute perceptions whose prophecies had gained a small mint of silver to swell the funds of the great Charity Bazaar the history of this faded creature was a foregone conclusion. That she was a spinster was evident; a seamstress, too, the scarred and pricked first-finger of her left hand attested. Her poverty the shabby black gown and meagre cloak proclaimed. The hollows round the patient eyes and the droop of the gentle mouth betrayed that her life was cheerless and full of mortification.

The cards themselves—those silent witnesses which, at the gypsy's request, Christine had drawn from the pack in an access of nervous agitation—gave promise of nothing more auspicious in the future. To judge by their ascribed import, a length of sordid gray misery, unbroken by even a fugitive gleam of brightness, stretched before her.

'You are unmarried,' began the soothsayer, 'and your days are passed in some sedentary occupation—perhaps,' tentatively, 'in needlework.'

Christine drew a rapid, panting breath. Of a surety this was necromancy. The dim atmosphere of the caravan, the flagrant unreality of the hideous Japanese spider fixed on the canvas wall, even the stuffed black cat perched on the table, added to the sense of mystery. She thought of Saul's visit

to the Witch of Endor, and trembled for what the next few minutes might hold.

'Many sorrows, bravely endured, have been yours.' At the memory of what these few chance words meant, of all the years of mute misery they covered, two unbidden tears swam in Christine's eyes; and one escaping fell, in tangible confirmation of the gypsy's words, on the seven of spades.

A sting of compassion smote the oracle. The mainspring of her frivolous temperament was humanity, and she rarely hesitated at an insincerity that would assuage, however temporarily, the heartache of another.

'Yes. The past has been gloomy in the extreme; but your troubles will soon be over.' She spoke with reassuring conviction. 'Circumstances will shortly arise to render your life pleasant, even affluent. There is a man who loves you devotedly.' Oh, lying prophetess! when the presence of no one of all the kings and knaves which denote suitors graced the table! 'He is tall, fair, and handsome. He lives near your home, and has admired you secretly for some time. Within six months he will confess his love to you, and before midsummer you will be married. Thereafter you will have a long, prosperous, and happy life together.'

Christine's usually pallid face was flushed now. Incredulity and conviction struggled for supremacy.

'Oh! oh!' she gasped, 'do the cards really tell that? Which of them is it that says that?'

'Oh, they all do,' replied the gypsy ambiguously, picking up the tell-tale vouchers, and hurriedly shuffling them among the others; 'all of them—that is, taken in connection with the others, of course.'

Christine had risen to her feet, and stood



motionless, tightly clutching her threadbare cotton umbrella. Fear of giving trouble warred with her reluctance to quit this temple of visionary delight before attaining all the information possible.

'That—that *man*,' she faltered, 'near my home, you know. Do you think it at all likely that his name might begin with an *A*?'

'*Extremely* probable, I should say,' lied the sorceress glibly. 'That will be half-a-crown, please.'

Overwhelmed with the belief that the sum, hard though it had been to scrape together to this end, was entirely disproportionate to the value received, Christine paid the coin, and, descending the caravan step, passed between the gaily-decorated line of stalls and sought the outer world. She found it marvellously changed. A cloud of glory seemed to encompass her path, as, unconscious of the turbid November air, and of the slippery and noisome streets, she walked eastwards, back to where her maudlin father and her never-ceasing toil awaited her.

To Christine all was radiant; for did she not carry the assurance that, of all things, the one she most strenuously craved would soon be hers? There was no doubting it. The description was too clear. Adam loved her—Adam Nicolson the Scotch carpenter, whose manly strength had long ago roused a feeble, fluttering ardour in her virgin soul; a startling passion which, all unwittingly, he had nourished by casual service rendered in relieving her weak arms of an occasional burden; kindnesses encouraging Christine to accord his mother, who kept house for him and a younger brother in an adjacent flat, sundry trifling civilities. The good woman, who dearly loved a neighbourly chat, had come to regard with something like affection the quiet, reserved girl whose youth was passing while she toiled at a sewing-machine to satisfy the unreasonable demands of her disreputable father. By no word or sign had Adam revealed his affection; but he would soon tell her, and she knew that if adoration could ensure happiness there would be no doubt of Adam's.

The hearth was cold when at last she reached home, and the chill, clammy air made the fire difficult to relight; but neither that nor the physical exhaustion following her unwonted exercise troubled Christine Dalkin now. In her new hope she carried an amulet against all petty woes.

Changing back to her working-dress—which was only a degree more mean and paltry than

her outdoor gown—she began preparations for tea. Viewing all the familiar accessories from a new altitude, she regarded even the worn earthenware and chipped teapot tenderly, because of her inward ecstasy.

The perfunctory meal over, she proceeded with a fresh zest to the task which, in order to recoup her for the time lost over her afternoon's expedition, must be accomplished before she slept.

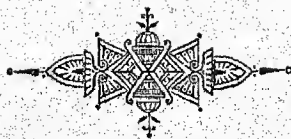
When at length her father stumbled in, as usual mazed and incoherent with drink, she uttered no chiding word, but, setting his chair close to the warmth, sank on her knees and began to unlace his heavy boots.

A *tap, tap* at the door interrupted her labour, and hastening thither a-quiver with expectancy, she opened it to Adam's mother, a brisk, comely north-country woman. A parcel of stiff white linen was in her hand, and she was evidently labouring under some unwonted excitement.

'Oh Chrissy, my woman,' she burst forth, 'such a to-do! I've been up seekin' ye twice this afternoon, but ye were out. Oor Adam's gaun to be married on a servant lass—a second housemaid, nae less, at a big house where he's been workin' off and on all autumn. An' he has askit her to come to her tea next Sabbath, so I just ran out to buy this new table-cloth; my old ones are ower far through—it's a real good one; I gave five shillings for it; just feel it!—and I'd be real much obliged if ye'll give it a hem up with your sewing-machine. My eyes are that bad now for white-seam.'

When the proud mother had at length exhausted her tale, Christine re-entered the room to find its whole aspect changed. The transient brightness had fled. A whiff of smoke from the stubborn chimney greeted her. In his arm-chair her father had sunk into lethargic slumber, and, with head thrown back and mouth agape, was snoring spasmodically. On her work-table the pile of tiresome sewing awaited the straining of her declining energy, as it did yesterday, as it would to-morrow, and indefinitely. For a moment Christine felt dazed, uncomprehending. Then her glance fell upon the package she held, and she realised that her brief dream had been but a fantasy—that stern Fate had decreed it her part to hem the cloth which decked the betrothal feast of Adam and his bride.

Dropping into a chair, Christine buried her face in the harsh folds of the new linen, and burst into a storm of hard, tearless sobs.



## THE WEST INDIAN NEGRO.

By H. LEWIS NEVILL.



At a time when the West Indian problem is attracting so much attention from the British public, with apparently so much divergence of opinion, and with apparently so little success in the discovery of a satisfactory solution, it may not have occurred to some to pause and inquire into the character, needs, and conditions of life of those who form by far the larger portion of the population of the islands. There are, as everybody knows, three great sections of West Indian society—the white, the coloured, and the black. The white section is a very small minority indeed, and comprises chiefly the Government officials, planters, and some of the professional men; and in the garrisoned islands it includes the naval and military element. The coloured population includes the remainder of the professional men and most of the merchants; while to the black section belong the remaining classes of society.

There are various grades of 'colour,' ranging from white to black, which it may be of interest to enumerate. Taking the two extremes first: the offspring of a white and a black is a mulatto; the offspring of a mulatto and a black, a sambo; the progeny of a white and a mulatto is termed a quadroon; and that of a white and a quadroon, an octoroon. Thus, ranging between white and black, we have the octoroon, quadroon, mulatto, and sambo. It may not be amiss here, while enumerating the various grades of colour to be found in the West Indies, to correct a very prevalent but erroneous idea held by a large number of people as to the significance of the term 'creole.' The common idea is that a creole is a native of half-breed; but nothing could be more fallacious. A creole is a pure white, and is the term applied to a child of white parents born in the West Indies. It is, however, chiefly of the last of the three main divisions of West Indian society—the black section—that it is proposed to present a sketch; and in this connection it must be understood that it is to the hills and country districts that one must look to see them as they really are by nature, and not to the towns, where they are subject to extraneous influences.

One frequently hears the fate of the 'poor negro' in the West Indies held up as an object for the sympathy and even the generosity of an ever-liberal public; but it is seldom that those who have not had an opportunity of studying him for themselves have presented to them a true picture of the West Indian negro in his native home. The consequence of this absence of information is that an exaggerated idea of his

poverty and an absolute misconception of the happiness or unhappiness of his life is too often the rule rather than the exception. Poor he undoubtedly is; but in a climate where a minimum of clothing sufficient for decency is all that is required, where a dwelling of bamboos and banana-leaves suffices him for a covering by night, and in a country where Nature rewards his most meagre attentions to her with a most bounteous hand, his poverty is not by any means oppressive. The West Indian negro is practically a vegetarian—yams, plantains, and bananas, and in their season mangoes, being among his favourite articles of food. Meat he practically never touches; but fish, especially a preserved variety known as 'salt fish,' which has a most powerful odour, is exceedingly popular. His clothes on ordinary days are practically anything he can get hold of that is light; but on Sundays and great occasions he presents a totally different appearance. Tail-coats and tweeds take the place of calico or flannel; a collar and the brightest of ties adorn his ebony neck; any jewellery he is fortunate enough to possess is displayed to its fullest advantage, and around him is diffused the pungent odour of some powerful perfume. The women wear white or coloured cotton dresses on weekdays, and in the country a red handkerchief by way of head-covering; but, like the men, they have their Sunday clothes as well, made in European style and of the brightest colours, of which they are exceedingly proud. Both sexes on ordinary occasions go barefooted; but *en grande tenue* their feelings of comfort give way to their notions of the dictates of fashion, and boots are worn. In the evenings at their dances all endeavour to array themselves in proper evening-dress, and the dignified air they put on is most amusing to witness.

Of the two sexes, there is no doubt that the women are by far better specimens of humanity than the men. Taking them all round, they are honest, contented, and industrious. They carry everything on their heads, and walk erect with a fine swinging gait which the men would do well to copy. In the early morning they come down from the hills to the markets carrying their baskets of fruit and vegetables on their heads; and when their day's work is done, they cheerfully replace the baskets on their heads and set out for their homes, which often they will not reach till they have left at least some ten miles behind them. The curse of the men, on the other hand, is their consummate laziness, and it is to this failing that the majority of their shortcomings may be traced. With the fewest of needs, they will only do the minimum of work required to satisfy them; they live entirely for the present,

and no cares for the future disturb them; they are firm believers in the principle, 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' Though, of course, there are men to whom one might trust anything, they are as a rule deceitful and dishonest in what are usually called 'little things'; they have no moral qualms about invading a neighbour's yam-patch by night and helping themselves to what they fancy, or about stealing poultry or pilfering fruit. It is simply because they are too lazy to earn the small sum necessary to purchase what they require, or to take the trouble to devote the very small amount of labour necessary to cultivate their own vegetables and fruit, that they prefer to take advantage of the industry of their neighbours. It is this want of security for outdoor produce that is ruining the West Indies more than anything else. A man naturally hesitates to start the cultivation of vegetables and fruit, or the rearing of poultry for the market, when he knows there is a likelihood that he may never reap the fruits of his labours. How often does one hear the small landowner's all too common reply to suggestions for agricultural experiments: 'What is the use? They would all be stolen.'

It will naturally be said that it must be a very bad state of society in which this kind of dishonesty is so rife, and that the police system must be urgently in need of reform. Undoubtedly; but it is far easier to discover the presence of a flaw in a machine than to locate and repair it. It is not altogether the fault of the police. Take the island of Jamaica for example, where the population given in the *Official Hand-book for 1899*, from a census taken in 1891, is 639,491, and where the constabulary force all told numbers only 819. How can this handful of men, even with the utmost vigilance and energy, hope to cope with an evil of this kind, where public opinion among the negro inhabitants does not restrain, or even perhaps winks at, the evil in its midst? In a community such as exists in negro villages in the West Indies, where every man knows what his neighbour is about, it should be a matter of small difficulty to effect the capture of persons so ignorant of the difference between *meum et tuum*. It is true that occasionally an offender is brought to justice, and then he is severely punished; but for one instance in which he has not succeeded in avoiding detection there have probably been a dozen others in which he has proved successful.

As an artisan under good direction the negro is by no means wanting in skill; but in every trade, with the exception of those in permanent employment, no negro will work as long as he has sixpence in his pocket. It is this indifference to anything beyond his present needs that so paralyses West Indian industries and works of improvement. It enormously increases the cost and time required for the construction of roads,

railways, or telegraphs; and even when he is at work he requires unremitting personal supervision, or scamped work will be the result. When his work is done without superintendence, what meets the eye will seem good enough; but remove the outer garment, and the rents and blemishes in the coat beneath will at once appear. A good example of the manner of work of West Indian negroes is contained in the following story: An Englishman living in the neighbourhood was passing some men engaged in the construction of a mountain road, and saw the workmen rolling the rocks and stones cut out of the hill down the slope. Knowing there were paths below, he stopped and asked one of the men whether people never walked along those paths. 'Oh yes, sah,' replied Quashie. 'Then might not somebody passing below be hit?' 'Oh, they hear them coming,' was the characteristic reply, illustrating his supreme indifference either to the state of the paths below or to the safety of any one using them.

As to the capacity of West Indian negroes as household servants, it is exceedingly difficult to find satisfactory men or women; but when one is fortunate enough to discover any, they are as a rule very good indeed. They are nearly always honest in their dealings with their own masters and mistresses; but it is as well to keep an eye on one's pocket-handkerchiefs and other small articles of wearing apparel, which they are sometimes unable to resist the temptation of appropriating. Candles, matches, and tobacco are other things they are apt to find fatally tempting; but money or jewellery they seldom or never steal, though in common fairness it is as well not to try them too far.

The West Indian negroes are very superstitious, and in the dark their fears of a *duppy*, or ghost, are sometimes exceedingly ludicrous. The result of this trait in their character is that there are of course people who trade on it; and in spite of all efforts on the part of Government to stamp it out, and liability to severe penalties, the practice of *obeah*, or witchcraft, at any rate in Jamaica, is very common. As long as people can be found foolish enough to believe that any good can be derived from this ridiculous and disgusting practice, and are willing to pay their fee to the 'wise men,' as they are called, for the benefit of their advice or assistance, so long, in spite of all precautions, will there undoubtedly be persons anxious to gratify this foolish fancy. The 'wise men' are supposed to be able to exercise some occult influence over people for the benefit of those that consult them. This remnant of barbarism was, of course, much more common formerly than it is now, and then it was a serious thing for a man or woman to have *obeah* put on them, as they were shut up and denied all food by their barbarous neighbours. It is not that the clergy are any less zealous



as to the spiritual welfare of the people than in other more favoured lands. Far from it; with miserably inadequate numbers, and often in districts where there may not be a white man, still less another of their own profession within miles, how can they be expected without assistance to succeed in stamping out an evil which exists only in holes and corners? The people are a race of Pharisees who 'make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter.' They attend divine service with commendable regularity; but their piety is only part of their showy Sunday attire, and is as carefully put away when a new week begins. Not infrequently, however, 'wise men' are caught by the police, and, with all their wisdom, are unable to escape the exemplary punishment that is justly meted out to them; but it must be said that in nine cases out of ten it is not the police that can take to themselves the entire credit for the capture. In the majority of instances convictions are obtained by the assistance of persons who for one reason or another turn 'King's evidence,' and give information to the police. It is in matters like this that the West Indian negro shows that the savage instinct has not yet been eradicated by the progress of civilisation, and that, though usually dormant, it is still liable to break out with all its former violence as soon as the restraining influence of the white man is removed.

Among such a people it would be idle to expect to find a high standard of morality; but it is probable that the standard that does exist, if indeed one can be said to exist at all, would be a matter for surprise to persons acquainted only with the rigid code recognised in more temperate climes. Quite 75 per cent. of the annual births are illegitimate; legal marriage is regarded as quite unnecessary. Their argument is that if they get tired of the man or woman they live with, as the case may be, they can get somebody else and spare themselves the unpleasantness and expense connected with the only remedy open to more civilised races. It must be confessed that there is something to be said in favour of the woman's argument in defence of her position. Her plea is, that as long as she remains unmarried she can devote all her earnings to herself and children; but that if she marries, her husband will appropriate them for his own purposes, and only allow her and her children what he thinks necessary. As a set-off against their moral failings, it is pleasing to note one form of vice which cannot be laid to their charge—that is, drunkenness. Drunkenness as a habit is practically unknown among the type of negro chosen; and, on the principle that a demand will always create a supply, the best proof of this is to be found in the comparatively small number of rum-shops that exist in the country districts.

As regards education, many of them display a considerable aptitude for the cultivation of knowledge of all kinds; they are fond of sport, and generally exceedingly musical. They are, however, quarrelsome, and inclined to be cruel to animals. A negro quarrel is not as a rule a very alarming affair; there is seldom anything more than a great deal of noisy abuse, though when a fight does once begin it often becomes a serious affair. A *machete*—a sharpened weapon some two feet long and curved at the tip—or a razor tied on to the end of a stick is the favourite weapon when business is meant; and the latter, in a practised hand, is a most formidable thing to encounter. The West Indian negroes are very vindictive, and will hesitate at little to gratify their spite, generally avenging themselves by doing some damage to their enemy's property by setting a cane-field on fire, ham-stringing a horse, cutting a cow's tail off, or stealing the poultry. They are very fond of taking legal proceedings whenever they think they have an excuse, and delight in airing their views in a witness-box. Charges for assault and defamation of character are exceedingly common, and the damages claimed are generally out of all proportion to the gravity of the case.

Their language is, of course, English; but in the islands that have been at various times in the possession of another Power—notably, St Lucia—traces of the French language are to be found. It is often exceedingly difficult, and to a stranger sometimes impossible, to understand a conversation between two negroes, as their pronunciation is peculiar, and they use phrases the meaning of which is not always at first sight apparent. It is a very rare thing to find a negro a good judge of time or distance; unless pressed he will never name a figure, and even then it may be well not to place too much confidence in his estimate.

As regards their soldierly qualities, officers of the West India Regiment who have commanded on active service in West Africa speak very highly of them; but it is impossible for the men to be smart on parade—they have not got it in them. There can be no doubt whatever that service in the army does the negro an immense amount of good. The majority of recruits are ill-developed, ignorant, and without a notion of what discipline means; and when their time expires they leave the service well-set-up, fine-looking men, more or less educated if they have made good use of their opportunities, and with respect for authority. If they have served long enough and maintained a good character, they do not return to civilian life unrewarded for their services.

It may be asked, 'What of the people living in the towns. Do not the points considered apply to them as well?' The answer might be either 'yes' or 'no'; neither would be altogether accurate. The townsmen as a general rule possess all



the faults without the virtues of their brethren in the hills and country districts, and in addition have acquired little besides their vices from their closer contact with Europeans. They are a slothful, vicious, and dishonest class. Idleness is to them a pleasure, squalor a habit, and vice a recreation. Drunkenness, practically unknown outside the towns, flourishes within them; rum-shops of the lowest class may be counted by scores in places of any size. Unlike the negroes of the hills, who are civil and good-natured enough, those in the towns are insolent to a degree; they do not possess the low standard of good manners that might be expected even from such a low class of humanity as this, and their every act of service is rendered only for the dole that they think it is likely to bring them.

With regard to the coloured section of the inhabitants of the West Indian Islands, the foregoing remarks may be said to apply equally to them, at least to the lower classes, who are on the same footing as the black population. Intermingling of the white and black races cannot by any means be said to produce good results; it is too often that half-breed children inherit only the vices of their parents, and are to be found among the worst specimens of a degraded class. There are of course a large number of coloured people, just as there are often black, who are conspicuous exceptions; but it is to be feared that they exist only to prove the rule. Many are to be found in every island who by their ability, perseverance, and general good qualities have risen and become prominent leaders

in the affairs of their native islands. Such men as these one cannot but admire; and one cannot help feeling that they, having their country's interests at heart, are the best men to know what is required for the improvement of its moral and political condition, and therefore for the good of the Empire.

Such is a brief sketch of the lower classes of the West Indian population. Thrice blest by Nature, their wants are few, and these, if they will, they can easily satisfy. Do not, therefore, be deceived, gallant sir or gentle madam! There are hundreds and thousands of our own countrymen living in the darkness of the slums of our great cities infinitely more in need of your sympathy and generosity than these West Indian negroes. Charity begins at home! The objects for your charity at home are far from exhausted yet; do not hasten to let your charity begin abroad before it has really begun at home. The cold of a winter's night is unknown in the West Indies. Is it so at home? If a negro's house is destroyed by fire or tempest, how long do you think it will take him to build another? Nature will give him food almost for the asking, his life is spent amidst the most beautiful scenery, and disease does not decimate him as it does the poor at home. I do not say that there are not many very deserving objects in the West Indies for the charity of the British public—far from it; but I venture to plead that as long as cold and hunger are felt, and the work of our hospitals is paralysed for want of funds, our fellow-countrymen have the first claim to our liberality.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

By JOHN FINNEMORE.

CHAPTER XX.—THE KING'S OFFICER.



He drew a long breath and looked at each other. Cicely kissed me with trembling lips, and I smiled.

'Cheer up, dearest,' I said. 'For the life of me I cannot see what they will do with me. They are not likely to turn back now; and when we reach Calais, mayhap we'll get ashore in spite of them yet.'

I looked about the cabin and saw there was but the one door. We heard steps pacing up and down the passage. They had set a guard.

We crossed over to the cabin windows and looked out. By the appearance of the distant land the ship was keeping her original course straight out to sea.

'You see,' said I, 'they are holding to their proper course. There's more fright than hurt at present.'

'What a dreadful place is a ship!' said Cicely,

her bright eyes turning swiftly in every direction. 'Were we free of this room there is nowhere to turn.'

'Nowhere,' said I.

Suddenly a soft whistle came from the door, then a hoarse whisper. 'What cheer?' it said. I went quietly towards the door, and found there was a hole in it where a knot in the wood had come out. 'Brother,' came the voice again, 'it's me, Jack Horne. I'm on guard here with a boarding-pike to keep you in. But with no goodwill, mind that. This is a Protestant ship, brother, true blue all through. But this lord will settle all our hashes if we don't look out.' Jack broke off abruptly, and I heard his feet begin to beat their steady tramp up and down, and I shot back from the door and told Cicely what I had heard.

'Friends! We have friends on the ship?' said she. 'Oh George! may we not hope? Will they not give us a chance?'

'It looks a great deal better for us,' said I. 'So that was why the captain was so glum, and had to be driven to his task. He himself is at heart no friend to the King.'

Jack Horne's whisper began again, and I slipped down to the door.

'One of his men just came to take a peep and see how things were going on,' reported Jack. 'I had to step up and down a bit. But they can't take me unawares. I'm in the dark, they're in the light, and I keep a bright lookout. Brother, it ain't using ye kindly, but don't take offence.'

'I do not, indeed,' said I. 'You can do nothing else, or you are lost.'

'There ye are,' said Jack Horne, 'an' that's gospel truth. We must look sharp on ye now to get a chance of serving ye. I was afeard at first that great lord would demand the ship should put back to land ye. I don't know what's in the wind now; but keeping right on our voyage seems to me bound to give ye a chance somewhere.'

'That is what we have been thinking,' I replied.

Jack Horne withdrew suddenly from the knot-hole, and I went back to the cabin window where Cicely was seated. At least a couple of hours passed before he hailed us again with his hoarse, 'What cheer?' During this time the *Lucky Venture* slowed and slowed until she scarcely moved on the face of the water. The day brightened and brightened into one of those calm, windless days of autumn when sea and land sleep in a dreamy yellow haze.

At Jack Horne's first whisper I was back at the door, eager to hear how things stood.

'I've had a mate on the watch,' he said, 'one of his men, so I had to keep quiet. Yon lord has set himself on the poop with the captain's spy-glass, an' he's looking all ways as if he expected something to turn up.' Here Jack broke off abruptly, and though I waited near the door several minutes again, I heard no more.

So time wore on till it was the middle of the afternoon; and then, looking from the cabin windows, we saw the sea rippled by a steady breeze which sprang up suddenly, and the *Lucky Venture* began to lurch and creak over the waves again. An hour later we were startled by the loud report of a cannon fired on deck. In a few moments a second roar followed, then a third.

'What can they be firing at?' I said. 'Surely the ship is in no distress in fine weather and on a quiet day such as this.'

'Hist!' came Jack Horne's whisper, and I flew to attend it. 'Brother, this lord's a very cunning fellow, and things are worse than ye think. Did ye hear the signal-gun?'

'Yes,' said I. 'Why was it fired?'

The seaman hesitated a moment. 'I must tell ye,' he said. 'It would be cruel to let it come on ye a sudden surprise. Brother, we're rising

a king's ship as fast as can be. She's hull over horizon already, and the signal was to call her alongside. The mate was in charge, for the captain had the last watch, and this lord made him do it. As far as that goes, the captain himself dursn't say no, for we're in a tight place, brother—there's no denying it. Ye'll see her on the weather-beam, I dare say, through the cabin windows.'

'What is it—oh! what is it?' asked Cicely.

'That,' said I, and pointed.

The *Lucky Venture* had turned a little in her course, and the movement brought into view a tall ship coming down upon us under a swelling cloud of canvas.

'How beautiful she looks!' said Cicely. 'But what has she to do with us?'

I hesitated even as Jack Horne had done; but her clear, brave eye was fixed full on mine, and she made a little beckoning gesture with her hand as if bidding me tell all and not be afraid.

'She is a man-of-war,' said I; 'a king's ship.' Cicely saw at once what it meant.

'And the cannon was fired to call her hither?' she asked.

'Yes,' I replied.

'What will they do?'

'She will be a surer prison than this,' I returned, 'and a swift passage back.'

'Oh for dry land!' she cried. 'What a horrible, horrible prison is this waste of waters! We are held here helpless while that ship sails steadily upon us. Is there nothing we can do?'

There seemed nothing for it. To burst from the present place of confinement would be merely to enlarge the dungeon, and to what end? Overwhelming force was near at hand, and neither flight nor fight was possible. Nearer and nearer came the great ship; then, as if by magic, her sails seemed to vanish, so swiftly were they taken in, and at the same moment we saw a boat lowered from her side. At the instant it touched the water the oars sprang out and were dipped in the sea, and the boat shot from wave to wave towards the *Lucky Venture*.

Cicely turned her shining eyes on mine and drew a deep breath. 'They shall not separate us,' she said.

'Hist!'

We looked round sharply. The sound had not come from the door, but from the other end of the cabin. In the farther corner we saw a face—a red face—looking at us through a hole in the floor. We knew it at once. It was that of the captain of the *Lucky Venture*. He beckoned us with his finger, and we went quickly and quietly to him. It was a trap-door in the floor. I lifted it higher, and we saw a rough ladder leading down the darkness below. The captain stepped away, and there was no need to prompt Cicely. She gathered her skirts together and was down in a flash. I stepped after her, letting the trap descend very slowly and carefully. It fell back into its place without

the slightest sound. As soon as it was down a yellow gleam shone out in the darkness. The light widened, and I saw the captain withdrawing the slide of a dark-lantern. I looked round and saw we were in the hold of the vessel, a dark, confused space of dusky corners, here piled with goods till the bales and boxes touched the roof, there a narrow gangway left by which the sailors could make their way hither and thither. Beside the captain stood the fresh, pleasant lass who had shown her sympathy with Cicely.

'I don't know what makes me do it,' grumbled the captain. 'It would be a lot less danger and trouble to me to let you boat's crew carry ye off.'

'Now, father,' said the young woman, 'you know very well you couldn't do any such thing. You'd never know an easy moment again.'

'I s'pose that's it,' said the captain.

'You mustn't take any notice of what he says,' went on the young woman, turning to us. 'He's got a good heart, has father; and as for letting those men take you because you're in trouble like this, he'd never dream of it. Why, when he was a young man he was one of Oliver Cromwell's best soldiers. He helped him to win at many a fight—Dunbar and Worcester, and many a place.'

She had taken the lantern, and the light fell on the captain's face. All his bluff, gruff authority was wiped from it; and, as far as a stout, short, elderly ship-captain can do so, he simpered. The martinet on deck before whom Jack Horne and his comrades fled like so many rabbits before a terrier was but clay in the hands of this clever, red-cheeked daughter. He clutched at his dignity again.

'Be quiet, Jenny,' he commanded. 'Your tongue runs too fast, and time is running too. I must be on deck to meet yonder boat.—You,' he continued to Cicely, 'must go with my daughter. The women are ready and eager to hide you. Among them you will be perfectly safe, more by token as it is your husband who is sought. Him I'll put in a safe corner down here.'

'I would rather stay with him,' said Cicely.

'You can't, and that's the end of it,' replied the captain. 'I've only one place to stow him, and there's bare room enough for him there.'

We heard a faint, hollow rapping somewhere above.

'That's for me,' said the captain. 'Quick's the word. Come this way.'

There was no time for delay. We parted. Cicely went away with the captain's daughter, and I followed him deeper into the hold. He gave a low whistle, and another lantern was opened.

'Here he is, Tom,' whispered the captain, and turned and hurried away for the deck.

'This way, mate,' called Tom, and I went to him. It was one of the crew standing beside a huge box from which the contents had been removed.

'In with you,' said Tom. 'It'll cramp you a bit; but ye shouldn't be so great. An ordinary man could roll about in it.'

I stepped in and lay down. My first thought was of air; but I saw three or four auger-holes drilled in the side at the level of my face, and was satisfied. Tom clapped down the lid, and I heard keys turn in padlocks. Then—*bump, bump*—heavy bags were pitched on the top of the chest, and one or two placed in front, but not before the air-holes.

'There ye are, mate,' said Tom. 'All snug, and looks as innocent as may be. Lie still, and I'll be down first chance and let ye out again.'

I thanked him, and the queer, hollow, muffled sound of my own voice surprised me. He went away, his bare feet making no sound; and I saw him pass the holes, and with him went the light. I was now left in an utter blackness. I lifted my hand and felt for the holes, for the box seemed solid about me. Of breadth and depth there was ample; but I was a little longer than the chest, and had to draw up my knees. A small bag had been left to serve as a pillow, and I laid my head on it and resigned myself to wait patiently for the return of friends.

## A QUEEN OF THE ROAD.

By THORMANBY, Author of *Kings of the Hunting-Field*, *Kings of the Turf*, &c.



SOME five-and-twenty years ago, when the Savage Club was quartered at Haxell's Hotel in the Strand, I had many talks with the then proprietor of that hostelry, the late Mr Edward Nelson Haxell, about the old coaching-days and the part played in them by his relatives, the famous family of Nelson. Turning over a lot of old papers the other day, I came across a batch of notes on the subject, with which he had obliged me, and among them I found some interesting memoranda relating to

that notable woman Mrs Ann Nelson, sometime hostess of 'The Bull' in Aldgate, then the most popular coaching-house in the city of London, and proprietress of some of the most celebrated coaches in the east and south of England.

It is now more than forty years since Ann Nelson went over to the majority, and I suppose there are few persons living who remember even her name; but time was when that name was familiar as a household word all along the road from London to Devonport southwards, and from London to Leeds northwards. There were no



faster, more punctual, or better-horsed coaches in England than the celebrated 'Quicksilver' (the Devonport Mail), the Oxford 'Defiance,' the Leeds 'Courier,' and the Brighton 'Red Rover,' all owned and horsed by Ann Nelson.

It was on the eastern road, however, that her fame was greatest. Of that road, as far as Norwich and Ipswich, she was autocrat, and beat all rivals from the field. In those days of fierce and reckless competition, none but a woman of extraordinary nerve, courage, resolution, and resource could have gained and kept the supremacy which Ann Nelson enjoyed for years. Whenever an opposition coach was started, she spared neither money nor horse-flesh till the opposition was crushed. It was a very common occurrence for her coachmen to be brought up before the magistrates on a charge of reckless and dangerous driving. On one of these occasions the chairman of the Bench said to Mrs Nelson, who appeared as a witness in defence of her coachman, 'I understand, madam, that you give your coachman instructions to race the rival coach.' 'Not exactly,' replied the hostess of 'The Bull'; 'my orders are that they are to get the road, *keep it*, and let nothing pass them.'

Faithfully the coachmen obeyed these orders, for they knew well that if they failed to do so their imperious mistress would promptly dismiss them at a moment's notice. I will give an example of the incidents which marked one of these struggles for supremacy. It was, I think, in 1829 that an opposition coach to Ann Nelson's was started from London to Ipswich. The regular fares for the whole distance, sixteen shillings outside and twenty-eight shillings inside, were dropped to five shillings and eight shillings, then to half-a-crown and a crown; and for one week those passengers who were bold enough to risk their necks were carried free of charge, and in addition were provided with a good dinner gratis at the 'Blue Posts,' Witham.

I remember a similar case of rivalry when the Isle of Man Steamship Company, many years ago, found themselves confronted with opposition. Passengers were conveyed from Liverpool to Douglas at a shilling a head by the opposition. The old company promptly underbid their rivals, and charged only sixpence. The opposition advertised that they would carry passengers to the island gratis. The old company trumped that card by offering to take passengers across for nothing and give them a free luncheon. This took the wind out of the opposition's sails, and the old company had the satisfaction of driving its rivals from the sea.

The terrific recklessness of the driving was the most sensational feature of this life-and-death struggle for the possession of the Ipswich road. The seventy miles were covered by Ann Nelson's coaches in five and a half hours, and sometimes even less. Stables were built by both parties at six-mile distances; only thoroughbred horses

were used; pairs of leaders were stationed at every steep hill, with boys in the saddles, and two men to hook on the leader-traces almost before the coach stopped. At the six-mile changes the fresh horses were drawn out the moment the coach was sighted; when it pulled up four men sprang to the used-up team, as many adjusted the fresh ones, and the cloths were drawn. The coachman never left his box: the reins were thrown at him. One minute and a half only was allowed for changes, and then they were off again on their mad career. Ann Nelson had a coach, the 'Blue,' specially built for these races. Being heavily ballasted and heavily weighted, there was scarcely a possibility of its being upset, and it never stopped anywhere for passengers. It was by this coach, at the time when the furious competition was at its height, that Mr Haxell first travelled to London, the only passenger besides himself being Colonel Shane, a friend of his father's; and the following passage from his notes will show what a perilous journey it was:

'In one stage of it we dashed wildly by the fish-vans that then galloped every inch of the way from Yarmouth to London. In other cases we were challenged, and for a time even headed, by the itinerant eostermongers who then travelled through England in light carts drawn by eight or ten powerful dogs, lashed into frenzy by the galloping of our blood-horses and by the yells and long thongs of their drivers. I remember the Colonel saying to the coachman, "Upon my soul, I think they're off!" "There ain't no thought about it; they've been off these ten minutes; and, what's more, I'm hanged if I can hold them."

'So we sped on, an opening being made in the ranks of some friendly market-carts *en route* for town—for the Nelsons were ever popular on the road—only to be closed again on our antagonists making their approach. There a horse fell or staggered, and was instantly recovered. Now we were a few yards ahead, again neck-and-neck with the "Quicksilver;" and so we raced on until we approached the old bridge at Bow, the possession of which as a rule gave the then first coach the entry into London. Up to this point things had gone fairly enough. Our last change was made at the "Rising Sun" at Upton, a few miles this side of Ilford, the "Quicksilver" being then a few yards ahead. When the bridge at Bow was in sight our coachman said to Colonel Shane, "I am going to drive at that bridge if you have the nerve to sit by. Take the leaders; I will hold the wheelers in hand. All you have to do is to sit fast and keep their heads straight. I'll go at that fellow, and either get through first or be knocked into the river."

'One wild shout, a flash of the whip, and we were off at a fearful rate. Instantly the other coach was caught; for a moment we were both driving at the narrow gorge affording barely



room for one. For a second or two it was impending death to all; in the next, the driver of the "Quicksilver," fairly cowed, drew off on one side, and, I may add, disappeared altogether after a few more days. We dashed ahead, and a few minutes more saw us—our horses a sheet of foam—before the door of the Bull Inn, Aldgate.

There, standing at the door to receive them, was the majestic figure of Ann Nelson, her wonderful sloe-black eyes flashing with excitement, and her stern, handsome face lit up with a smile of triumph.

There is in the National Gallery a fine portrait of a Flemish landlady by Franz Hals, which, whenever I look at it, recalls Ann Nelson to me. That stately hostess of Hals I can imagine standing at the door of her model hostelry to welcome her guests with the dignified courtesy becoming the mistress of a large and well-ordered establishment. You have only to look at that grave, comely face, with its proud serenity of repose, its conscious expression of capacity, or at the resolute pose of the folded hands, to feel sure that this is a business woman to the tips of her fingers—a capable and commanding woman who rules her household firmly, who will tolerate no slovenliness, no laziness, no half-and-half ways of doing things, but will with her own eyes see that everything about the house is perfect; a hostess with whom the guest may feel assured of finding his comfort and his appetite superbly catered for.

Such a hostess was Ann Nelson. 'She was,' writes Mr Haxell, 'one of the handsomest and stateliest women I ever met. I think I see her now, dressed in the fashion of full one hundred years since—the red high-heeled shoes with massive silver buckles, the snow-white mob-cap and Indian muslin kerchief. In summer she wore the choicest of choice bombazines, which were changed in winter for the richest of velvet gowns, worn to the last days of her long life in remembrance of her fondly-loved husband.'

At the date of her husband's death Ann Nelson was upwards of forty; but she had for years been practically at the head of affairs, and her spouse, John Nelson, was but a cipher. He had in his time been a notable coachman, and he was quite content to sit in the bar with his pipe and glass and tell stories of his adventures on the road to admiring customers while his capable wife managed the business. His decease therefore threw no fresh responsibilities upon his widow; but it brought her suitors in plenty—some attracted by her purse, others by her person, for she was still a singularly handsome woman, with not a streak of gray in her coal-black hair and not a shade of dimness in her flashing black eyes. Country gentlemen of good position and birth and City men of solid respectability offered her their hearts and hands; but she would have none of them. She had been sincerely attached to her first husband, who had the good sense to

submit good-naturedly to her authority, and let her have things her own way. It was not likely that she would again meet with such an amiable and accommodating spouse; therefore she preferred to retain her independence and make no further rash speculations in the lottery of marriage. So Ann Nelson reigned without a consort as Queen of the Eastern Road; but she had to fight for her throne, and it was only by the exercise of constant vigilance and energy that she kept it. Desperate attempts were made by hostile organisations to wrest from her the supremacy she had won; but she foiled them all, mainly by her own indomitable enterprise and pluck. She had, however, to thank some of her good friends, of whom she had many, for timely help in the most formidable crises she had to face. The following anecdote shows what romantic chivalry there was at her command:

At one time a very powerful clique had been organised to start an opposition line of coaches. This fact came to the ears of a rich gentleman of Essex, who numbered himself among Ann Nelson's adorers; so he set off post-haste to 'The Bull,' and demanded a private audience with the hostess. He told her of the danger, and there and then offered his hand and heart. Mrs Nelson thanked him for the honour he had proposed, and added that if anything could have induced her to marry again it would have been his noble generosity; upon that point, however, her determination was unalterable. 'But,' she added, her black eyes kindling, 'I do not fear these people. I have overcome as formidable rivals as they can ever prove; and, please God, I will do it again.' 'And by — you shall, madam!' said the rejected suitor, starting up. 'Do me the favour to accept my arm and accompany me as far as the "Three Nuns" where your enemies are now in conclave, and I'll prove to you I'm in earnest.'

Wondering what he meant to do, but not liking to refuse his request, the hostess of 'The Bull' put on her best bonnet and mantle, and was then escorted to the opposition inn. As her gallant conductor was well known there, he walked upstairs unchallenged, and, without even knocking, burst into the private room where the chiefs of the hostile syndicate were discussing preliminaries. Their consternation when the stately form of Ann Nelson suddenly appeared may be imagined. Her cavalier went up to the table. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'here is the lady to ruin whose business you have met. I have just offered her my hand, which she refused; but if you attempt this cowardly act I will place my whole fortune at her disposal; and for every coach you start, within forty-eight hours I will have another on the road to oppose every one you individually or collectively possess.' Then, without another word, he led the lady from the room. His bold defiance had the desired effect; the meeting broke up, in most ad-

mired disorder,' and nothing more was heard of that opposition.

A just and even a generous woman, Ann Nelson nevertheless ruled her subjects with a rod of iron. She exacted absolute obedience from all her employés. Her orders must be obeyed to the very letter, and her watchful, critical eye was on every man and woman in her service. Any breach of discipline called from her a prompt and vigorous warning. If it occurred a second time the penalty was instant dismissal. She was there, standing on the steps of 'The Bull,' to witness the departure of each of her coaches in the morning; she was there to greet their arrival in the evening. Her keen eyes ran quickly over horses, harness, coachman, and guard, ready to detect the slightest laxity. She insisted on time being kept to the minute. If a coachman was ten minutes behind time he was fined half-a-crown; if twenty minutes, five shillings. What happened if he was half-an-hour late the following anecdote will show:

One winter the Norwich 'Phenomenon' had unusually bad roads to contend with; but powerful horses had been provided, and time *must* be kept. Mrs Nelson had said it, and her word was law. One day the marshy roads were unusually heavy—the weather had been everything bad in the shape of rain, frost, snow, and thaw; and when twenty minutes past the hour for the arrival of the coach had passed away there was an ominous frown on 'the missus's' brow as she looked at her watch, which caused significant glances to be exchanged, and whispers were heard that Sam Reynolds, the coachman, would 'cop it hot.' He was just half-an-hour late when he drove up to the door of 'The Bull' and threw his whip across the wheelers' backs. Mrs Nelson at once took it up and hung it on a hook inside.

'That whip is no longer yours,' she said; 'you're thirty minutes late.' 'But the roads are so bad, marm,' Sam answered. 'That's no excuse,' said she sternly. 'I'm sure, marm, those gents knows I did my best,' pleaded Sam, appealing to the passengers; 'but I felt bound to spare the cattle.' 'I find the cattle, and employ you to drive them; all you have to do is to keep time. I've warned you before, so draw your wages and leave the yard.' Remonstrance was useless, and another man tooled the 'Phenomenon' next morning.

On another occasion the coachman of the 'Defiance' allowed himself to be passed by the opposition coach, the 'New Colchester.' 'Why,' said Mrs Nelson with grim curtness to the unhappy coachman, who hung his head before those flashing eyes—'why did you let the "New Colchester" get in first?' 'Well, ma'am, you see, I *could* ha' passed him; but I feared to distress my horses.' 'Man!' she blazed out in wrath, 'that is *my* business. I find horses, *you* find whipcord. Hand me over that whip.' The whip was handed over, hung up, and the 'Defiance'

was driven thenceforward by a coachman who, you may be sure, did not spare either the whipcord or the horses.

One could wish that there were some equally drastic mode nowadays of dealing with the exasperating unpunctuality on certain lines of railway. 'Oh for one hour of Ann Nelson!' is an exclamation that has been often wrung from me when one or other of our southern railway companies has landed me at my destination thirty minutes or more behind time.

With all her good sense and strong intelligence, Ann Nelson could not see that the railway was bound to beat the coach out of the field. In that respect, however, she erred in company with many persons with a far higher reputation for wisdom and sagacity. The greatest and most desperate contest of her life was that against the Eastern Counties Railway Company. She led the opposition against the company's proposed London terminus in Whitechapel, and she won the day, driving the company to make their headquarters at Shoreditch. It was a Pyrrhic victory. Ann Nelson reaped no permanent benefit from it, and thousands of Londoners have since cursed the opposition which has caused them untold inconveniences. Doubtless she gloried in her triumph. She had driven the enemy from the purlieus of 'The Bull,' but she could not drive them from the road which she had ruled so long. One by one the coaches dropped off for want of passengers, and Ann Nelson, who did not die till 1857, lived to see the great steam rival that she hated and despised triumphant everywhere.

Her son, Robert Nelson, almost rivalled the fame of his mother at the 'Belle Sauvage' in Ludgate Hill, and like her was ruined by the railways.

The Bull Inn in Aldgate, where the Nelsons reigned for five generations, was dismantled and pulled down some thirty years ago, and I remember seeing the announcement of the sale by auction of its rare stock of wines. The mention of those wines recalls to me the following anecdote:

Amongst the many patrons of 'The Bull' was an eccentric gentleman named Van der Zee, who dined regularly in the old coffee-room, and whose peculiarity it was never to order at once more than one half-pint of port with his dinner, which the old head-waiter perfectly well understood. I am speaking of a period anterior to the advent of gas, when the old house was lighted with immense candles, in huge brazen sticks two feet high. It happened on one occasion that the head-waiter was out when Mr Van der Zee quietly dropped into his usual snug corner for his steak and customary half-pint of port. The under-waiter, a new hand, carelessly placed one candle before him, and in reply to the question why two were not brought, said, 'No, sir; certainly not! One half-pint of wine and one candle.'

'Very well,' rejoined the old *habitué*; 'then bring me another half-pint and another candle.' So he went on till he had twelve half-pints and as many candles. A well-seasoned toper, the good wine had no effect on him; but ere long the increasing half-pints with the accompanying candle half-frightened his attendant sprite. At this juncture the old head-waiter, nicknamed from his height Long Ned, and a great favourite with Mr Van der Zee, returned. 'Thank the Lord you've come!' said the other. 'There's that Mr Van der Zee with nineteen candles and nineteen half-pints of port; and he swears he'll have every candle in the house

before he's done. Lord's sake! Go and stop him; he's mad drunk!' The moment Long Ned appeared upon the scene Mr Van der Zee burst into a roar of laughter, in which Ned heartily joined; and the amazed under-waiter saw the gentleman whom he deemed mad drunk become suddenly as rational and sober as himself. Then he realised with a feeling of humiliation that the eccentric old customer had been 'making game of him.'

With this little glimpse of old-time conviviality at 'The Bull' I may fitly conclude my reminiscences of that famous Aldgate hostelry and its regal mistress.

## THE SUN AS PAINTER IN WATER-COLOURS.



ANY one who, strolling along Regent Street during the annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society for 1900, should have chanced to enter the New Gallery, where this fine show was held, could scarcely fail to have been attracted by one of the smallest and most unpretentious exhibits, which occupied a prominent position in the central hall. This exhibit was presided over by a most courteous attendant, whose time was largely occupied in explaining to a wondering throng that what appeared to be a neat little collection of exquisitely finished lantern-slides, coloured by hand in an astonishingly perfect style, were actually nothing of the sort—that the human hand had taken no direct part in their production, but that they were untouched photographs in natural colours by the Sanger Shepherd process. He proceeded to demonstrate that these pictures were not the hand-painted transparencies they at first sight suggested, by taking up a separate specimen and showing that it was composed of three pieces of celluloid held fast in a letter-clip. On this being opened the three films fall apart, and at a casual glance present a strong resemblance to three prints from a single negative, each in a different colour, and without any specially noticeable features beyond a possible suggestion of imperfect detail at some points. The skilled attendant replaces them in the clip, one upon another, taking a little care to ensure perfect 'registration'—a matter very easily settled—and, lo! there is a finely painted lantern-slide! The effect upon the mind of abrupt transition from three unattractive monochromatic prints to a single brilliant nature-painted picture, delightfully accurate in its rendering of all the original colouring, is very striking. It is hard to find suitable words to express the pleasure experienced on looking at these superb productions. The change from prints made by ordinary processes to those of perfected natural colour

photography is the more noticeable because the chiaroscuro of the former does not agree with that of the original as seen by the eye. The varying 'luminosities' or intensities of the light reflected to the eye by ordinary coloured objects are, it is well known, widely different from those registered by photography in the ordinary way. So great is this difference that to represent pure spectrum colours (or mixtures of these colours) with even an approach to correct gradation, in monochrome, by means of the older photographic methods and plates is impossible. In fact, were it not for the almost universal admixture of white light with the colours of nature, photography by such processes would have had, to say the least, but a limited range of usefulness. Monochromatic photography of light and shade, or colour luminosity as the eye sees it, is now, however, rendered as simple as it is effective. It is likely to be merely a matter of time for this special improvement in monochrome work to be universally adopted; in portraiture its significance can hardly be overestimated. The process is known as 'Orthochromatic Photography'; it cannot, however, deal with colour as colour—cannot, for instance, specialise a dark blue or a light red—but it does properly portray the relative luminosity or eye-exciting power of those colours, which, as most people are aware, is usually reversed in ordinary photographs.

To return to our sun-painted transparencies. It was remarked that *at first sight* they appear as though painted by hand; the reason for the italics is instantaneously apparent when one proceeds to scrutinise these exquisite miniatures through a lens. Best of all, as affording the deepest insight into the superlative beauties of the new pictures, are the stereoscopic specimens. Three slides in particular—Japanese lilies, cacti, and a large overturned basket of grapes, pears, and apples—were surpassingly interesting. These remarks may perhaps be thought extravagant, but written descriptions fail to convey any adequate



idea of the satisfying pleasure of examining such lovely objects—they must be seen to be appreciated. Some months ago such satisfactory natural paintings had no existence. It may well be asked how such a triumph has been effected, for it is scarcely too much to assert that never have nature and art combined to produce anything more perfect or more beautiful. Seldom, also, have means for the attainment of a grand object been rendered more simple, applicable, or reliable; any amateur can at once bring the process into use with confidence. In support of this statement it may be remarked that the subjects of the foregoing comments were taken by amateurs using an ordinary camera.

Persons now living are able to recall the advent of the Daguerreotype: how, in the fourth decade of the last century, Daguerre startled the world with his sun-pictures or heliographs—positives, each impressed on a prepared silvered plate after prolonged exposure, and developed by mercurial vapour. The writer well recollects such portraiture and seeing specimens in a showcase in the City Road, London, in the early fifties. Fox Talbot patented his Calotype process very shortly after Daguerre's invention was made public. This was a system of forming a negative on paper in the camera, from which many positives could be printed. The Daguerreotype was spoken of on its introduction as 'little short of miraculous.' From these pioneer processes for rendering permanent the fleeting images of the 'camera-obscura' (justly considered at the time an immense achievement) to present-day photography is indeed a far cry.

Photography in natural colours has been a dream of experimentalists and of enthusiasts since a very early period in the history of the art—a goal which for many years appeared unattainable, so slight were the grounds for hoping that it would ever be reached. Most inventions of importance have been brought to pass through the persevering endeavours of a few great minds to develop the facts of nature for truth's own sake. It is so in the present instance. Among those most prominent in this class of research may be mentioned the names of Clerk-Maxwell, Helmholtz, and—foremost in the work of reducing light and colour to an exact science—Captain (now Sir William) Abney. Without such generalisations and apparatus as those of the eminent physicist last named, the solution of the problem in its entirety must still have remained a 'thing hoped for.' M. Becquerel long ago found that a 'curious compound' formed by the action of nascent chlorine on the surface of a plate coated with metallic silver, and which he was led to believe was violet sub-chloride of silver, 'has the faculty of diffusing rays of the same refrangibility as those which have acted chemically upon it'—in an article in the *Photographic News* of the year 1859, he stated that he had photographed the spectrum in its purity. This

discovery, however, though a most significant one, proved of merely theoretical interest, as no means could be devised of fixing coloured images so produced. After Sir Isaac Newton had demonstrated the compound nature of white light, it was long held that the primary constituents of white rays were red, yellow, and violet rays. This deduction has been found to be erroneous, it being determined by more exact methods of analysis and synthesis that the actual hues to be regarded as primary are a particular red, a particular green, and a particular blue-violet. The way was thus paved for experiments by which Professor Clerk-Maxwell, as far back as the year 1861, was enabled to indicate a plan (involving the employment of rays of coloured light of the three primary hues) which, worked out and perfected, it was thought might lead to the power of reproducing natural colours. The photographic plates of the period were, however, far too insensitive to the red part of the spectrum to admit of perfect results. An important advance had been made, but the end was not yet. M. Lippmann's reproduction of colours, on the 'interference' principle, with a single exposure, though extremely ingenious and replete with interest from a philosophical point of view, would appear to have been not altogether and conclusively satisfactory, apart from the fact of its yielding but one positive for each exposure—an enormous drawback to commercial utility. Mr Frederick Ives, of Philadelphia, with his kromograms (colour-records) and kromsköp (colour-viewer), did some good service to the cause, actually producing truthful effects on a plan identical in principle to that of Clerk-Maxwell's lantern demonstration. The instrument was a combination of mirrors designed to reflect the primary hues through three transparent positives. It well confirmed the Young-Helmholtz theory that any colour effect whatever is reproducible to the eye from red, green, and blue-violet. But, apart from the cumbersomeness of a special viewing-apparatus, any process directly employing coloured light is seriously handicapped in respect to the brilliancy of the resulting picture. Such systems demand rays of exceptional intensity in order to sufficiently illuminate the transparencies, and, when used in connection with the triple magic-lantern, only admit of very small pictures being thrown on a screen.

Louis Ducos du Hauron, in 1869, struck the keynote of a more excellent way, and it is the full development of his idea that has at length culminated in a triumph for natural colour photography. Without forsaking the 'three-colour' principle, he pointed out the road to ultimate success by attacking the problem in a reverse direction. The direct process consisted in printing ordinary lantern transparencies from three negatives, the densities of which resulted from the action of the three primary colours (this being the usual



first step in three-colour work), and through these transparent positives were poured light-rays of approximately the same colour as those which had formed the negatives—each through each. Instead of 'filtering out' red, blue, and green rays, and directly combining them through the three positives, this ingenious inventor printed his transparencies each in the (compound) colour complementary to that which had formed its negative. In this way he obtained three transparencies, each of which absorbed (or prevented the passage of) light of the colour which the original had not reflected at any particular point, the negative being obviously transparent at all such points. Du Haaron thus brought about indirectly the results of the Clerk-Maxwell and Ives systems, but his plan involved the conditions essential to commercial success. It dispensed with viewing-apparatus, or the alternative of projection by three sources of differently coloured light; and, the pictures being illuminated by white light, and themselves acting as colour-filters, very much greater brilliancy would result. These remarks are only intended to form a rapid sketch of the logical outcome of Du Haaron's method. Thirty years of experiment have been required to enable Messrs Sanger Shepherd & Co. to bring their perfected process before the world. It may be observed that the idea of printing in complementary or 'minus' tints bears an exact analogy to the monochrome system, where the negative is taken by the action of white light, and the print is made in black or quasi-black—that is, *minus-white*.

In the case of experiments like that of M. Becquerel, or in the Lippmann process—where delicate variations in the thickness of a film backed by a mercurial reflecting-surface engender colours by the interference of one light-wave with another, an effect often seen in soap-bubbles—nature is employed in creating the hues by setting up a molecular condition productive of chromatic effects. In the newest process the sun's influence is invoked to select and then to apply a manufactured colour-stain, hence the title of this article; for the sun's light—and all light may be said to have originated with the sun—is now employed to paint pictures in a literal, if a modified, sense. It not only determines, first of all, in the negatives, where each of the three minus hues is to be laid and with what depth of tint—thus forming a colour-record analogous to the phonograph's sound-record—but is afterwards the direct agent in bringing about the depositing and permanent retention on the positive film of each complementary to the precise extent indicated by the varying transparency of the negative. The truthfulness of the resulting triune picture is thus, in the issue, made dependent upon that of the tinted stains. If these are not absolutely to be relied on to produce on the films the real complementaries of the respective

pure primary spectrum hues the system is valueless.

In photographing natural objects by the new colour-process, what takes place in practice is this: Each of the negatives—taken through the red, green, and blue-violet filters respectively—receives when developed an infinitely varied thickness of deposit more or less all over its surface, which in printing causes an equally varied deposit of the colour-stain on the positive film. The amount of this minus-colour deposit is in inverse ratio to the intensity of light of the primary colour reflected into the camera through the lens and filter in the first instance. The reason for the apparent similarity of the separate transparencies, mentioned at the commencement, is now manifest; obviously the resemblance would be much closer in some cases than in others. These enigmatic pictures, separately unpleasing in their uniformity, being placed one over the other and looked at by transmitted white light, bring about such a balance of transmission and absorption that the details of the original object in all their original gradation of colouring reappear. No visible natural effect is beyond the scope of these, minus-tints thus inimitably applied. A little reflection will show that such a result is the inevitable consequence of the preceding conditions.

The prefix 'minus' attached to a primary colour is to be understood as implying that this particular colour is cut out of the spectrum of white light, and that the negatively-named compound is a blend of the hues remaining. 'White minus red,' 'white minus green,' and 'white minus blue' would be the complete expressions; they are ordinarily termed complementary colours. The first excites a greenish-blue sensation, the second a kind of pink, and the last-named (minus blue) is a yellow. Each operates by subtracting, or preventing the passage of, one primary hue—affording, of course, a free passage to the other two. At whatever point, then, any primary colour is absent in a photographed object, at that point of the picture it will be correspondingly absent, being cut out or absorbed by its complementary, or minus, colour. If, for instance, blue is totally absent at any point, no blue rays will reach the eye from that point of the triple transparency; all light of that colour will be barred by a full deposit of yellow stain. The same remark applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to green or red. After what has been said, these remarks will be construed as implying, in nearly every instance, a diminution in the amount of light reaching the eye rather than a total extinction of any primary colour. With the exception of those witnessed in the prismatic analysis of light, pure colour effects (or hues containing not more than two of the primaries) are seldom seen; in nature such hues may be regarded as phenomenal. An overwhelming majority of colours, or shades of colour,

contain all three primaries in some degree, thereby becoming 'impure' colours—that is, colours with which is blended more or less of white light.

It should be noted in passing that the able French experimenter, Du Hauron, invented an instrument which led to the *krönsköp*, besides suggesting the fundamental principle of another system employing closely-ruled lines of colour on a glass screen. His most important and valuable practical conception, however, was destined to remain long in embryo: the entire problem was beset with ominous physical difficulties. Very much remained to be done ere a reliable process could be obtained. The preparation of a light-filter that shall be both accurate in the performance of its function and constructed of such materials that it can be relied upon not to cause distortion of the image, while being at the same time durable, portable, and convenient; a sensitive plate properly adapted to secure rapidity of action under the influence of light-waves of the varying lengths found in the spectrum (which wave-lengths regularly decrease from red up to violet); lastly, the vitally important matter previously referred to, of three perfect colour-stains: all these are just so many links in a chain—each is indispensable.

We must be certain that our light-filter permits all the light from the selected portion of the spectrum to pass, and no light from any other portion. This is a condition which no unaided human eye can decide. Apart from a very probable 'personal equation,' the eye is not adapted for such perfect analysis. One filter may appear to differ from another, both really being equal; and, *vice versa*, two may present an identical appearance and yet each may be found to cut out a different range of hues. The instrument now employed to decide the question is the ingenious and beautiful Colour Sensitometer of Sir William Abney, whose researches and investigations in this field may be looked upon as exhaustive. This apparatus makes it easy to

determine what portions of the spectrum are being transmitted by any transparent medium, and the eye is assisted in such a manner and to such an extent that its decisions become trustworthy. The form of filter adopted is a film, stained as the sensitometer indicates, by an aniline dye, and sealed in optical contact between two pieces of optically-worked glass. For use either in orthochromatic or colour photography, light-filters, the properties of which have literally been measured (and which can therefore be guaranteed to perform correctly), are now commercially produced. So complete are the arrangements under which they are manufactured that a filter guaranteed to cut out any previously specified portion of the spectrum can be made to order.

Accuracy of tint is secured in the colour-stains by the crucial test of spectroscopic analysis during the compounding of the dyes from which they are derived.

There remains the plate. Light passing through lenses shielded by green or red filters would produce little or no effect on the plates in general use—at least, not in anything approaching the times of ordinary exposures. Professor Vogel discovered in 1873 that the incorporation of various dyes with the emulsions used in preparing the plate sensitised the film to equally various portions of the spectrum. This served to encourage the laborious experiment which in the consummation of a perfect colour-process has borne such magnificent fruit. The Cadett Lightning Spectrum plate is that employed by the inventors of the system now described.

It is but just to conclude by remarking that the world owes a debt of gratitude to the eminent practical investigator and scientist whose process is here outlined. The writer was informed that Mr E. Sanger Shepherd, to whose writings and lectures he is largely indebted in the preparation of this article, has been engaged on the details of this splendid problem for the past ten years. *Finis coronat opus.*

## A HOLIDAY IN EAST KENT.



INTER has been very mild with us this time—unless indeed he takes us by surprise with a sudden re-appearance. As the days lengthen a slight restlessness, a desire for change, steals over us: we begin to discuss the possibility and advisability of an outing, even if but for a week or a fortnight. Deciding that the brevity of our holiday makes it hardly worth while to visit the Continent, what corner of our own country will be most pleasant?

Supposing that question to be put to me, I shall certainly recommend a stay in East Kent—

let us say at Folkestone as headquarters, and with the purpose of cycling or driving to all the interesting and picturesque spots in its vicinity. Not only can Folkestone boast of plenty of sunshine, an equable climate, and charming views both seaward and inland, but it is within such easy communication of London; and then, too, the towns in East Kent and the Isle of Thanet may be reached for a very small expense by rail.

We will suppose a visitor to have secured comfortable quarters in one or other of the hotels or boarding-houses on 'The Leas'—The Leas Hotel

or Bale's Hotel, for instance, or the favourite Pension Schmidt. Or he may choose the Pavilion Hotel, which faces the harbour station, and boasts good-sized grounds. The views from the heights on a fine day will be a tonic to one whose ordinary life is spent in some street, with nothing to gaze upon but bricks and mortar, vehicles and pedestrians. Not only is the French coast clearly visible, but round the Kentish coast-line also as far as Dungeness.

The first excursion should be to Canterbury, a distance of only fourteen miles—we must not forget that during the Saxon Heptarchy this was the capital of the kingdom of Kent, the residence of the king, and more important even than London. The cathedral is, as a matter of course, the chief attraction; but there are still left many interesting old buildings—the Chequers Inn at the corner of High Street, which is the inn Chaucer immortalised in his *Canterbury Tales*, and was the resort of many of the pilgrims of ancient days who made their way to the shrine of St Thomas. The old Butter Market disappeared some years ago, but on its site there is a monument to the Canterbury poet, Kit Marlowe, who flourished in the seventeenth century. In this part of Kent thousands of acres are devoted to the cultivation of hops. In the hop-picking season whole families from the surrounding districts and also from London come to earn what they can. The excellence of Canterbury ale is proverbial. Dover is worthy of more than a day's visit. Some people imagine that all its interest centres in the Admiralty Pier and the coming and going of the mail steamers. But there is the Castle to visit, and no 'pass' is required. It occupies, as most of us know, the site of a very ancient fortress, and the Romans constructed strong fortifications here, some of the work of which still remains. After the battle of Hastings the Castle held out against William the Conqueror, and only surrendered when he had sworn to confirm the defenders in their rights and privileges.

St Mary's Church in the Castle has been used by the soldiers since its complete restoration in 1862; but the public are admitted to the services. It is one of the most ancient buildings in the kingdom, dating from the time of Eadbalð, the son of Egbert and Bertha. For one hundred and sixty years after the Civil War the church was allowed to remain in decay, with its roof gone and its area open to the skies. There is a grand view from the heights, both over land and sea.

Keatsney is a charming suburb of Dover, which may be reached by train, electric tram, or on foot, as it is only a distance of two miles. Half a mile farther is the village of Temple Ewell, so called because in the twelfth century the Manor of Ewell was granted to the Knights Templars by one William Peverell. Here King John met the Pope's legate before resigning his crown at Dover; and the document by which Langton

was recognised Archbishop of Canterbury is dated 'Temple of Ewell.'

St Margaret's-at-Cliffe is to be a watering-place of the future, as an 'Undercliff Reclamation Scheme' passed Parliament in 1896 for a drive of three miles to connect it with the Dover sea-front. At present it is a very picturesque little place, with a particularly fine specimen of Norman architecture in its parish church. On the road between the village and the bay is the seaside convalescent home for working men, which bears the name of 'Morley House.' The submarine telegraph and London and Paris telephone enter the sea at St Margaret's Bay.

There are some delightful walks and drives on the other side of Folkestone in the direction of Shorncliffe and Sandgate.

Next comes Hythe, a quiet place now, but interesting because it had a busy and a prosperous past. For time was when Hythe could not only supply ships, but man them from the townsfolk; when there was life and movement in connection with the coming and going of vessels. The church is well worth an inspection; it has been the work of different periods, and consists of nave, aisles, north and south transepts, and a battlemented tower. Beneath the altar is a vault containing a mass of human bones and skulls which have been there from a very remote period; indeed, they are said to be the remains of Saxons and Britons who fell in battle on this coast in the year 456.

So much, then, for excursions during a week or fortnight of pleasant weather. With boating, walking on the sea-front, the amusement of the coming and going of the Boulogne boat, and other such pleasures peculiar to watering-place existence, the visitor to Folkestone will not be likely to consider that his money or his little holiday has been wasted.

#### UNDER THE LABURNUM.

BENEATH the slim laburnum-tree,  
Where lights and shadows meet and fly,  
Sank deep in drowsy thought sits she,  
Still while the loitering hours go by,  
Lulled by the dusky wandering bee,  
Sung by the hidden thrush on high.

Winds through the trailing branches go  
And loose the fragile blossoms' hold;  
They part, and, where she sits below,  
Down in a broken rain are rolled.  
The petals, light as flakes of snow,  
Lie on her curls pale gold on gold.

The dropping notes about her rouse  
Thoughts of a tale of old renown,  
And she is Danaë in a drowse;  
Fall'n now her high tower's brazen crown,  
And through the bright laburnum boughs  
Jove in a golden shower comes down.

WALTER HOGG.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### 'REVEILLÉE TO THE BREAKING MORN.'

By W. A. SOMMERVILLE.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in his unfinished novel, *Weir of Hermiton*, describes Glencorse Church in the Pentlands; but in speaking of Mr Torrance, the minister of the parish, he forgets to mention what was Mr Torrance's chief characteristic: that he used to pray with his eyes open. In summer the door of the church was left open, and we could see the white, worn gravestones and the waving branches of the trees. Now and again a collie dog would come late, and saunter in and lie down beside his master's seat. The shepherds' wives delighted to give their children sweets in the form of peppermint lozenges to eat during the sermon; and towards the end of the service the church became perfumed with the smell of peppermint as some Roman Catholic church becomes perfumed with the smell of incense.

The good people we have known—who have spoken kind words to us and done kindly acts; the artists who have painted pictures for us, composed music, written for us prose or poetry—perhaps influenced us in those early years,

When all our path was fresh with dew,  
And all the bugle breezes blew  
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

First of all comes the love of our father and our mother. Sometimes my mother would ask me to read to her 'The May Queen'—the great gift Tennyson has left to the children of England:

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy  
bowers,  
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint sweet  
cuckoo-flowers;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps  
and hollows gray,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother; I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

When the days of childhood are past, you are sent to some distant school, and there you form your first friendship, as Tennyson formed his friendship with Arthur Hallam: the man whom in

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after-years you learn to love, as Schubert loved Beethoven. When you have been on a visit to Switzerland you may have slept at the inn on the Riffelberg, and risen early in the morning, while it was still dark, to toil with the aid of a lantern to the Théodule Glacier, where you have rested, and seen the crimson light of morning fall upon Monte Rosa. The time comes when you meet the woman who is to be your wife, who is to be to you what Monte Rosa is among the wonderful chain of mountains that gather round the valley of Zermatt. Perhaps Robert Browning has said it better than any one else: the woman whose hand you may hold as long as all may, or 'so very little longer.'

After a time the silence of your home is broken by the voices of children. You look back upon your own childhood, now 'for ever beautiful and tender and far away;' but here the story is to be told for you all over again. Once more the tiny pathway, by the brook and the pollard willows, is to be trod by a little child. You often say to yourself, 'What would the world be without the children?' You return home from the city or from your literary work, or from a couple of rounds on the golf-links. What a welcome they give you!

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations  
That is known as the children's hour.

But the children bring grave thoughts at times. What would you not give that theirs might be a pathway lined with roses without the thorns? It used to be common at one time to speak much of the good we derive from the thorns. When you get past middle age you will not have failed to observe men who would have been glad enough to have passed through life without them. When Longfellow came to be fifty years of age he said of the children:

I, nearer to the wayside inn,  
Am weary, thinking of your road!

MAY 11, 1901.



With regard to painting, I shall speak of two pictures. The National Gallery in Trafalgar Square has been in part rearranged. When you enter, if you turn to your left, you find yourself in the British School. In the third room there are two pictures—they have quite recently been placed there. The one is Sir John E. Millais's portrait of Mr Gladstone, presented to the nation by Sir Charles Tennant; and the other is 'King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid,' by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

John G. Millais, in the autumn of 1899, published the *Life and Letters* of his father. It is not generally known that it was Sir John Millais's wish that his son should not follow the profession of painting—for much the same reason, I presume, that if Shakespeare's son had reached maturity it would not have been desirable that he should write plays. It was decided that young Millais should go into the army; and when he left Caius College, Cambridge, he went up for his examination in the usual way. During the period of suspense, he was staying with me at Strathnaver in Sutherlandshire, and he seriously believed that he had failed to pass. One day, when we were out on the river, we found in a London paper his name in the list of those who had qualified to enter the army. I have seldom seen any one so pleased. He had great sympathy with his father, and great admiration for his art. He often told me that he thought no one could paint a portrait like his father; and when you stand in front of picture No. 1666 in the catalogue of the National Gallery you will see no reason to differ from him. Millais's portrait speaks in every line and flash of colour. You may pass into the Dutch School and look at Rembrandt's portrait of himself, No. 672, and return and look at the portrait of Mr Gladstone without fear of the comparison. Only a short while since I stood at the northern entrance of Westminster Abbey, and watched the people gather for the funeral of Mrs. Gladstone. The silence was broken by the bell of the Abbey; and then the bell ceased, and another story of love was for ever at an end.

In 'Romeo and Juliet' Shakespeare says King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid. The following description is from Percy's *Reliques*:

'Cophetua was an imaginary king of Africa, of great wealth, who "disdained all womankind." One day he saw a beggar-girl from his window, and fell in love with her. He asked her name; it was Penelophon—called by Shakespeare Zenelophon (*Love's Labour's Lost*). They lived together long and happily, and at death they were universally lamented.'

Cophetua, clothed in armour and holding his crown in his hand, sits on the right of the beggar-girl. There is little expression in her face, and not much upon the face of Cophetua. When you see the picture for the first time you will perhaps wish that Burne-Jones had said more; but

after a time this impression will pass away. Art, that says so much, leaves so much unsaid because it never can be said. The picture is a symbolical expression of the scorn of wealth: a king laying his crown at the feet of a beggar-maid for her beauty's sake. Here, in the heart of London, once more is the story bravely told of simple faith and love triumphant over things material: the apotheosis of chivalry and poverty. You may recall a time when 'the long bright day was past.' You could not sleep, only lie awake and listen to the waves, as in sequence upon sequence they broke upon the shore; and all your life long art is trying to tell you the meaning of the breaking waves upon the shore.

It seems presumption to write it down; but I would place music above all other arts. Yet this is only a question of preference, as some would prefer a red rose to a white. You can place no one art above another, any more than you can place the primrose which Oliver Goldsmith saw 'peep beneath the thorn' above the forget-me-nots that make bright the morning for a woodland hedge.

If you have literary work to do, let it be done in the first six hours of the morning. You will find it better to postpone your newspaper reading until late in the day. If you wish to read, read a page or two of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' No one in our day has so perfected the art of putting thought into words as the author of 'Enoch Arden.' It will be equally good, if it be possible, for you to listen to the music of Mendelssohn, Schubert, or Beethoven. Residence in London has disadvantages; but from the point of view of art it has singular advantages. To give one example: for three months in the autumn of the year you can go to the Queen's Hall and listen to what is acknowledged to be one of the best orchestras in Europe performing the music of the great composers. The price of admission is one shilling. If you go on Sunday afternoon you may be one of a little band of about sixty who are admitted free. Within the last few weeks I have listened to music by Wagner, Beethoven, and Schubert: to Beethoven's greatest overture, the third to *Leonora*, to two of his nine Symphonies, and to Schubert's unfinished Symphony.

Very beautiful was Schubert's friendship for Beethoven. When he was dying he said, 'But Beethoven is not in the room.' He asked that he might be buried beside him; and Schubert's body rests near Beethoven's in the village of Wäldring. Schubert was so poor that at times he had not money to buy paper upon which to write the music of his songs. Within a year of his death he was eating biscuits and drinking coffee because he had not eightpence halfpenny to buy his dinner, and selling songs for tenpence each that are now greeted with applause in every capital in Europe; and Sir George Grove tells us that at his death his effects were valued at two pounds.

I cannot help at times associating Oliver Goldsmith with Schubert—Goldsmith in bankrupt lodgings in some Fleet Street lane, Schubert in poverty-stricken rooms in Vienna. They were both poor. But were they so poor? Perhaps not. In the squares of London and Vienna you could not find their mansion, with servants to serve the evening meal; but they had things to say and the art to say them which the gold of the Bank of England cannot buy.

More consideration is given to writers of poetry than of prose. Every poet may aspire to becoming Poet Laureate, with a little income to keep him from starving. Why should not a benefit of a similar nature be open to the writers of prose? How it would delight Mr Balfour, after two rounds of golf on North Berwick links, to sit down and try to find some 'forlorn and shipwrecked brother' worthy to fill the post! Now that Mr Ruskin has gone, a harder task even than to find a Poet Laureate.

I was speaking one day, in the Gladstone Library of the National Liberal Club, to a member of Parliament who represents a great constituency in the north of England, and he told me that the first book which awakened him to serious thought was John Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. How many of us can say the same thing! Think of it, and you will find that, so far 'from art being immoral, little else except art is moral; that life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality.' It has ceased to be a question of agreeing with Mr Ruskin; that is immaterial. You cannot read his books without feeling yourself better for having read them. It is like leaving the heat and dust of the valley of the Rhone, to pass among the pine-trees of the Tête Noir into Chamouni, or going to the sea and hearing 'the league-long roller thundering on the reef.' Here are some wise words spoken to the students in Oxford University:

'You have no business to read in the long vacation. Come here to make scholars of yourselves, and go to the mountains or the sea to make men of yourselves. Here in Oxford read to the utmost of your power, and practise singing, fencing, wrestling, and riding.' Then he counsels them to have no boat-racing: 'Leave the river quiet for the naturalist, the angler, and the weary student like me.'

The art of saying things with melody, perhaps in rhyme: we call it poetry. I often pass into a garden. The name of the gardener is Mr Austin Dobson. He has quaint things to sell in prose about the eighteenth century, and poems. I am under the impression that his poems are not half so much read as they should be. I do not know in English literature where you will find a

story told with such simple pathos as in the 'Child Musician.' It consists of sixteen lines, one hundred and sixteen words, perfect as the miniatures that Jean Baptiste Isabey of Nancy used to paint for the first Napoleon:

He had played for his lordship's levee,  
He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and bright;  
And they said, too late, 'He is weary.  
He shall rest for, at least, to-night.'

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,  
And they heard him stir in his bed;  
'Make room for a tired little fellow,  
Kind God!' was the last that he said.

Yes, you will be wise to buy the little volume, and to learn by heart the lines beginning:

Once at the Angelus  
(Ere I was dead)  
Angels all glorious  
Came to my bed.

I remember when a boy reading a delightful book called *The Lamplighter*. I have never chanced to see the book since. Here is a child's poem about a lamplighter written by Robert Louis Stevenson—not a poem written for men and women, and called a child's poem, but the words are words that would be spoken by a child. I have stood by Liberton Church as the darkness gathered, and watched the lamps being lit in Minto Street. After a time the south end of Edinburgh would be ablaze with lights; and as I turned away to walk towards the valley of the Esk, I have thought of the words of this child's romance:

But I, when I am stronger, and can choose what I'm  
to do,  
Oh, Leerie, I'll go round at nights and light the lamps  
with you.

My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has left the sky,  
'Tis time to take the window to see Leerie going by;  
For every night at tea-time, and before you take your  
seat,  
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the  
street.

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,  
And Leerie stops to light it, as he lights so many  
more;  
And, oh! before you hurry by with ladder and with  
light,  
Oh, Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night.



## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

CHAPTER XX.—(continued).

**T**HE box was set against the side of the ship, and the roar and dash and rush of the waves was at my ear. I was now well below water-line, and the imagination of the green depths below and around filled my mind as the swirl of the waters filled my ear.

It was twenty minutes later—so I was told afterwards: it seemed to me years—when I heard the sound of feet in the farther part of the hold. I drew a long breath and lay as still as a mouse. I felt certain it was not Tom to release me; he was barefooted. It was the heavy clump of shoes ringing on the hollow planks. Then a faint gleam came into the darkness. It broadened, and I saw things once more—only the boards of the deck and the sides of the bags which flanked my peep-holes; but they looked strange and new after the solid darkness.

Who were the people coming? I knew at the next moment.

'This is the sort of place,' cried Damerel. 'He is hidden here for a hundred guineas. Now, sir, set your men to turning this out.'

'You do not proffer me the most agreeable task, my lord,' replied a cool, quiet voice.

'I proffer you your duty,' cried the Viscount in a loud, overbearing tone; 'and if you do not see fit to do it, I shall seek an instant interview with your captain, my friend Mr Bolitho. And further, Mr Lieutenant, I have also some influence at home; and it will not be to your interest that I should mention your name as lax in serving the King.'

'I do not need to be told my duty by you, my lord,' returned the voice of the lieutenant dryly. 'If I take the man I shall carry him to my captain, who will decide what is to be done.'

He gave two or three brisk orders, and I heard them start an instant rummage among the goods which filled the hold. Casks rattled and banged as they were turned about to see if I was hidden behind; bags and bales bumped heavily as they were flung aside to expose hidden nooks; and there I lay unable to lift a finger to help myself, and heard this fury of search-work draw steadily nearer and nearer to me. The hold was bright with the shine of three or four lanterns in the hands of the searchers, and I lay peeping through my air-holes like a mouse in a cage-trap, reduced to a pitch of helplessness such as made me rage inwardly.

Footsteps drew nearer, and presently I saw feet pause opposite me. Feet, I say, for higher than the ankles of those moving about I could not see. Then came a dragging noise right at my ear.

Some one was pulling aside one of the bags heaped on the lid of the chest. Next a smart rap rattled above my head.

'Here's a box that would hold him, big as he is,' said Viscount Damerel. 'I'll have the lid of this up, and that instantly.'

'It is padlocked,' said the naval officer. 'Have you the keys, captain?'

'I haven't,' replied the captain. 'It doesn't belong to the ship. It is consigned to a gentleman at Paris.'

'I hope he'll excuse us smashing his padlocks,' said the Viscount.—'Fellow, fetch a heavy hammer here and burst this box.'

I wished at that moment with all my heart I had never entered the unlucky chest. I might have had a fight for it. I could at any rate have been seized like a gentleman; but now I must be unkenelled like a fox who has taken to an earth with one hole. It was very easy to imagine Damerel's insolent delight when the lifting lid disclosed me; but I was resolved to give them as great a surprise as lay in my power, and so I drew myself together ready to burst through them when the padlocks were broken.

'Quick! Curse you, quick!' roared the Viscount. 'Why do you delay with that hammer?'

A man shuffled up on bare feet, crying as he came, 'Shall I knock off the padlocks, your honour?'

'Do, good fellow,' said the naval officer.

The heavy hammer came down with a thunderous bang upon the lid above my head. The noise in the tiny confined space was an actual pain. It stabbed my brain through and through. Blow after blow was delivered. I put up my hand cautiously to feel if the lid moved. It was as firm as ever. All the while a general rummaging was being carried forward by the other seekers.

Suddenly there was a scream of pain and a heavy body fell on the box just above my head. There was a babel of outcries, above which I heard the officer's voice demanding what was the matter.

'Why, sir,' cried a man, 'here is a clumsy sailor let fall a great piece of wood, and struck my lord on his shoulder, fair on his green wound. He's fainted.'

'Ay, ay; so he has.' The voice of the naval officer sounded as if he was bending over the body on the box.

'Tis one of the spare spars,' said Jack Horne. 'We'd stowed them here, and, d'ye see, it slipped from Tom's hand as he moved it to peep behind.'

'Let my lord viscount's men carry him up to the air,' commanded the officer. 'He will never revive in this foul hold.'

There was a shuffle of feet as Damerel was borne away, and in another moment the hammer came down with a bang on the box.

'You can lay that hammer aside,' said the naval officer. 'There is no need for you to dent the iron band of this chest further. You have not struck any nearer to the padlock than three inches yet.'

'Why, your honour'—cried a voice which I knew again as Jack Horne's.

'That will do, my man,' said the officer, interrupting him. 'You must not answer me back. Put the hammer down and roll out yonder row of barrels.'

I heard the hammer flung down, and then I laid my head again on the bag, for my neck ached with the strain of holding it up. What did this mean? Was the attack on the chest given over?

My eyes were turned now to the air-holes, and suddenly the tip of a sword-blade came into view. A lantern had been set down so that its light fell between the bags straight into the holes, and the point of the sword was thrust an inch or so into one hole after another, and then a little of the sawdust which lay near them was scraped together. This sawdust was plainly fresh and new. It had fallen from the auger as it was drawn out after boring the holes, and, in the hurry, Tom had forgotten to gather it up. The sword was the officer's, and I knew now for a certainty he must suspect my presence in the chest. I waited with a quickly-beating heart. I heard a slight creak, and saw two legs leisurely extended. He had sat down to rest himself on my hiding-place. In a moment he laughed. My heart was easy at a bound. It was a low, frank, pleasant laugh. He knew, and meant to do nothing. So I read it, and I was to find I was not wrong.

For ten minutes or so again there was a mighty rumble of search, then the officer got up from his seat. I heard him blow a soft call on a whistle, and there was perfect silence.

'That will do, my men,' said he quietly. 'You may put things back in their places.'

He went away, and I breathed a blessing after him. He had saved my neck. There was a hasty

setting to rights, then men and lights moved off, and the inky and now thrice-blessed blackness settled down once more.

It was an hour again before Tom turned up with a lantern. He tossed the bags aside, and *click, click,* went the two padlocks. Then he flung back the lid, and I sat up and drew a long breath.

'Pretty close quarters, mate?' said Tom.

'Did they find anything about my wife?' I asked.

'They never turned a thought her way as far as I can see,' replied Tom. 'They were keen set on you, though. Yon lord was blazing to take ye.'

'Yes,' said I; 'he has private reasons for owing me a grudge.' I got out of the chest and stretched myself mightily. 'Have the sailors gone?' I asked.

'Yes,' said he; 'and the ship's made sail, too.'

'What brought them searching the hold?' said I.

'All the doing of that lord,' replied Tom. 'There was a window wide open in the cabin where you'd been, and the captain, he was of opinion as what you and your wife had seen it was a desperate case, and had thrown yourselves into the sea; but nothing would satisfy the lord but a search. And a search it was, and a close one too, through the ship, except for one cabin. The women were in that, and the captain turned them aside there.'

'And what now?' I asked. 'May I go up?'

'No, mate,' replied Tom. 'That would never do. You must stop here till it's safer. Him and his people, they're all about the ship. I've come down to let ye out and leave this lantern for company.'

He set the lantern beside me and slipped away, his naked feet moving noiselessly over the planks. I heard a latch softly creak into place after him, and I was alone again in the depths of the ship. But I had a light now, and a wonderful companion it was. I sat down on my ark of refuge, stretched out my legs as my benefactor, Mr Lieutenant, had done, and waited with complete patience for the next move in my friends' game.

## THE ROMANCE OF MOUND-OPENING.

By Dr GANN, J.P., Author of *Some Central American Indians*, *Life in Central America*, &c.



MEXICO, the former capital of the Aztec Empire, has for the last three hundred years been the happy hunting-ground of the antiquary and the novelist; and even Yucatan has of late years enjoyed a share of public interest, especially in the United States. That portion of Central America, however, which is bounded on the north by Yucatan, on the south by Honduras, on the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the Pacific is almost as

much a *terra incognita* to-day as it was at the first coming of the Spaniards. This is due partly to its inaccessibility, and partly to the fact that it is covered by dense and almost impenetrable virgin forest. Being the last home of the remnant of the great race preceding the Aztecs in the valley of Mexico—the remnant after decimation by pestilence and internecine wars—from whom the Aztecs acquired all their scientific and astronomical knowledge, all the civilisation and refinement they possessed, and



everything that was good in their religion and government, the region is full of interest, and ruins and mounds are abundant.

In this little-known region the Maya-Toltec language is spoken at the present day in something very like its original purity by certain remote tribes. Its inhabitants are the degenerate descendants of those Toltecs who occupied the valley of Mexico from the seventh to the eleventh century. Almost every part of this region shows traces of its former inhabitants. Indeed, it is next to impossible to dig down a few inches over the whole area, except in hopelessly swampy tracts, without finding broken pottery, flint and obsidian chips, broken whorls, toys, and fragments of the thousand-and-one things which had pertained to the everyday life of the ancient inhabitants.

The mounds, which are found in great numbers everywhere, though now for the most part buried in impenetrable bush, are naturally the chief centres of interest; and from these we are able to reconstruct, though somewhat imperfectly, an outline of the long-dead civilisation to which they belonged. The mounds vary in size from little heaps of soil two or three feet in height and ten or twelve feet in circumference to vast erections covering several acres and reaching a height of one hundred and fifty feet or more. Their uses appear to have been various: some are sepulchral, some sacrificial, some kitchen-middens, some look-out mounds, some fortifications, some erected over buildings, and others erected for no purpose now apparent. Occasionally they have been erected singly, sometimes in small groups, and more rarely in great clusters of two or three hundred.

One of the most interesting collections of mounds that I have examined is situated at St Rita, near Belize, in the British colony of Honduras. Whilst excavating in one of the largest of these mounds, a wall neatly built of large squared stones was brought to light; on digging farther, this wall proved to be the skeleton of a building, three sides of which were still standing. The upper part was of squared stones; and the lower, divided from the upper part by a triangular stone cornice, was covered with painted stucco. On the stucco of the east wall was depicted a spirited battle-scene, on the north wall a string of prisoners, and on the west wall two warriors offering severed heads to the Aztec god of war. The building had no doubt been an Aztec temple dedicated to Huitzilopochtli, their god of war, in commemoration of a victory obtained over the Toltecs; and it was most interesting by showing that before the coming of the Spaniards the Aztec Empire had extended thus far south. I had a wide trench dug round the whole of the wall, and roofed it over with palm-leaves; then, after tracing the figures, I proceeded to colour them after the originals; but in doing this only a few feet could be exposed at a time, as the original colours soon faded on exposure to the

air. The task was not altogether a pleasant one, as the little earth-chamber, besides being hot and stuffy, swarmed with mosquitoes; and, moreover, it afforded a sort of hospital for snakes, which crawled in to cast their skins, perhaps attracted by the shade and quiet as well as the convenience afforded by the large stones, against which they dragged off the old skins. Once, after a heavy rain, nearly two feet of water collected in the chamber, and when the water subsided I counted no less than seven drowned snakes. Here I had a very narrow escape from snake-bite. Some palm-leaves had been strewn on the floor to keep the damp from my feet, and in stepping down on them I trod on the tail of a *tomugoff*, a very dangerous snake, which was partially concealed by the leaves. He struck at once, but fortunately fastened on my saddle-bags, which I was carrying in front of me.

The Indians have a superstition that any one who digs in these mounds will die within the year, and this belief was strengthened by the unfortunate death of a man who was excavating in a very large mound. He was tunnelling beneath it without erecting wooden props, and the whole structure fell in and buried him alive.

When I had nearly half-finished my work of copying, I began to feel very ill; but I was loath to give in, as I knew that such an opportunity would never occur again. The Indians were not consolatory, telling me that I was possessed by the demon of the mound, and that my days were numbered. I became worse and worse, and at last my headache was so intolerable and my hand so shaky that I was obliged to desist, though not before I had traced the last four figures; but I was too ill to fill in the colours. Two days afterwards I was down with malignant malaria, as it is usually called in Central America, or yellow fever; and it was only after a twelvemonth's residence in Europe that I could resume my work. This fever I attributed to digging in soil so long undisturbed; and no doubt the Indian superstition is the result of long experience, for Europeans who dig in these mounds are nearly always attacked with fever, more or less severe, the demon of the mound being nothing more than the disturbed malaria bacillus.

At a place about one hundred and fifty miles up the Rio Neopan, the river has washed away a great part of its right bank, and with it a portion of a mound which stood on the brim, exposing one side of a small and roughly-built stone chamber within the mound. On removing this side, the interior of the chamber was exposed. It was about twelve feet by nine feet, the walls built of rough stones without any mortar, and the floor and roof of flat, unburnt flags. On the floor, lying in a circle, were the skeletons of a male, a female, and three children, and within the circle were a number of earthenware pots, some rough and some glazed and painted, together

with a few jade beads and ornaments, two axe-heads, a number of flint heads of spears and arrows, and a few whistles and children's toys in terra-cotta. At one part some of the great stones had been removed, and lay on the floor of the chamber, and a considerable excavation had been made in the earth which covered the chamber. Here was a mystery which will never be solved. Had this poor family—for presumably it was a family of father, mother, and three children—died of some plague or epidemic? That they had not died from violence seemed probable, as there were no marks of fracture on any of the skulls or bones. How, then, are we to account for the great hole in the chamber, as if the occupants had endeavoured to escape? Again, if they had been buried alive for some crime or in the execution of some barbarous ritual, how are we to account for the disposition of the skeletons in a circle upon the floor? At the same place—which, judging by the number of mounds, must formerly have been a populous centre—but on the opposite side of the river, we found a vast flat mound, circular in shape, occupying nearly half an acre, and nowhere more than six feet in height. Excavations were made to the ground-level all over this mound, and human bones were found everywhere, representing probably many hundreds of human beings; but no weapons or ornaments of any kind were discovered. Nearly one-half of the skulls discovered showed some form of injury, many having a great quadrangular jagged hole over the frontal or parietal regions. There can be little doubt that this mound was the burial-place of the meaner victims of some battle, possibly between the Toltecs and the invading Aztecs. The bones are no doubt those of the Aztec warriors who fell; it is unlikely the victors would take the trouble of erecting a mound over the bodies of the vanquished, when the river flowed within one hundred yards. The dead must have been stripped before burial, not so much as a bead or an arrow-head being found near them. Quite close to this mound are from forty to fifty small mounds which I had not time to excavate; in these, perhaps, were interred the officers of the victorious army killed in battle.

At Cape Chen, on the extreme eastern frontier of the republic of Guatemala, a large building composed of roughly squared blocks of stone, held together by mortar, but buried in almost impenetrable bush, was discovered a few years ago by some mahogany-cutters. This building was originally about thirty feet in height, and consisted of three stories, the uppermost of which is now in ruins. In each story were nine small cells or rooms, with pointed roofs, covered with a layer of exceedingly hard and smooth yellow cement. The building stood on a mound thirty feet in height, and the nine cells in the first story were built of rough blocks of limestone, the interstices being filled with mortar. It is impos-

sible to determine the reason for the use of the mortar, but it may have been a device to give strength and solidity. The second story was almost perfect; and on scraping away the mildew which covered the stucco of its central room, a curious sketch was brought to light. The drawing, which was roughly scratched on the plaster with a sharp-pointed instrument such as a chip of flint or obsidian, depicted a man riding upon some four-footed animal, and holding a cross in one hand well held out in front, and having the thumb of the other hand applied to his nose and the fingers spread out as if in derision. This sketch reminds one forcibly of the *graffiti* found at Rome and Pompeii. It may be assumed that the drawing was made by some heathen Indian after the destruction of the temple, in mockery of the new faith which, even in those early days, was rapidly superseding the old idolatry; though, as the cross representing the four winds was also a symbol much used in Toltec mythology, it may have some other significance. This large building was surrounded by four pyramidal mounds. At the base of each of these mounds, and facing the building, stood oblong blocks of limestone from eight to twelve feet in height; the lower part of each being sunk in the ground. On one of these monoliths was carved the figure of a warrior, wearing a very elaborate feather head-dress; and on excavating beneath the foundation of this great stone we found a number of most beautifully chipped flint and obsidian implements and ornaments in the shape of crosses, rings, hooks, crescents, and other articles of more complicated design, together with a few exquisitely shaped heads of spears and arrows. It is difficult to decide to what use some of these things had been put; but, judging by their small size and the symmetry of their chipping, they were probably intended for personal ornaments.

At the base of the great mound upon which the building stood, some local Indians pointed out the opening of a passage nearly hidden by bush. None of them would, of course, enter, alleging their fear of *tigre* or *culebra* (snake); but they really dreaded ghosts more than either, for they are extremely superstitious. I therefore procured a native black wax-candle, which I fixed to the end of a piece of bamboo; and after tying a piece of rope round my legs, by which the Indians could haul me out quickly on a given signal, I went down on my stomach and began to crawl into the shaft, which was about two feet square and built of blocks of squared stone. I noticed as I progressed that the width of the passage neither increased nor diminished, and that lying on the floor in a layer of fine brown dust were the skeletons of numberless small animals, which had evidently entered this retired place to die. After crawling along with great difficulty for about fifteen yards, I heard a slight rustling noise in front, not unlike the crackling of very

fine paper; so, lifting the stick to which the candle was fastened, I advanced it as far as I could in front of me. As my eyes got accustomed to the gloom, I distinctly made out a large *woula* (a snake of the constrictor family) coiled up at the end of the passage—which appeared to terminate in a blank wall—with his head raised, in a position to strike, his tongue flicking rapidly in and out of his partially open jaws. He was an enormous fellow; I could not estimate his length, but his central coils were certainly thicker than my thigh. At once I gave several vigorous jerks to my signal-line, when the Indians began to haul me out, and I assisted to the best of my ability with my right hand, and held the light in my left. I had not retired more than a few yards when my feet struck against something solid, and farther progress was stopped. On carefully feeling, first with one foot and then with the other, I came to the conclusion that part of the roof must have fallen in and blocked up the passage. I had not heard anything like a fall of stones; still, the soft dust which covered the floor of the shaft might deaden the sound. I was now in a terrible position, for though the *woula* will, as a rule, run away from a human being, I did not know what such an enormous specimen as the one in front of me might do when disturbed during the process of digestion. Moreover, I was almost certain the Indians would not have the pluck to come in and clear away the loose stones

which barred my exit. Keeping the candle as far in front of me as possible, I was pleased to observe that the snake did not seem inclined to make a move. Then I jerked vigorously at the line, which was fortunately not fouled by the stones; and, after what seemed hours of waiting, but was really only a few minutes, I was delighted to hear my own black servant—who had come up with the lunch—evidently quite close behind me, asking if I were all right. I told him I was, and explained the predicament I was placed in. He said that, as far as he could make out, only three or four of the blocks had fallen down, and he would get them out one at a time as quickly as possible. This, fortunately, proved to be the case, as only four blocks had fallen; and when they had been removed, no further fall having taken place, I was safely hauled out.

Later in the day the Indians smoked out the *woula*, by burning several chilli-pepper bushes from an adjacent *milpa* in a fire of dry sticks in front of the hole; and when he made his appearance they chopped him in pieces with their *machetes*. These Indians are very fond of *woula*, though they do not eat any other snake. They first skin and clean it, wash it in salt and water, and then cut it in sections and stew the flesh with fresh chilli. The meat is white and tender, and exactly like chicken or iguana, from either of which it is almost impossible to distinguish it, unless a tell-tale vertebra is found.

## A HALF-CROWN FORTUNE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

**Y**OU'LL maybe give me a hand to lay the table on Sabbath night, Christine,' said Mrs Nicolson, whose nervous fears regarding the proper reception of her future daughter-in-law waxed greater as the appointed hour approached. 'I was thinkin' to have a bit of boiled ham; but, keep me! there's no' a shop in a' London where they sell it. Naething but boiled bacon is to be had, and that's a ransom in price, and aye that fat it's most wasteful. But ye'll come down yourself and take a bite with us?'

Christine consented. The acute pain had already sunk to a dull ache. Throughout her colourless life she had been accustomed to stand aside and witness the joys of others; and, the first sting of the bitter disappointment which so speedily eclipsed her transient glory once over, she had taught herself to believe that she was no suitable wife for Adam, and that it was but natural that he should have chosen a more fashionable bride.

When, clothed in humility of spirit and her shabby best frock, Christine descended to the Nicolson's rooms on the Sunday afternoon, it was

to find everything in readiness for the expected guest, and the hostess, overweighted by a gorgeous and most unbecoming cap, fidgeting about rubbing infinitesimal specks of dust off the shiny surface of her haircloth furniture. A large checked apron protected the front of her dress and shielded the black-silk apron of state from possibility of damage.

In the sitting-room, which also served as Mrs Nicolson's bedroom, the household gods were displayed to great advantage. White antimacassars covered the backs of the small chairs, and a crocheted worsted one of lively hues decorated the arm-chair by the fireplace. A large Family Bible and the entire stock of crystal were exhibited on the top of the well-polished mahogany chest of drawers.

Over the narrow bed a shepherd's plaid had been carefully spread; and, to quote Mrs Nicolson's words, 'If ye didn't know it was a bed, ye'd jist think it was a sofy!'

The new cloth hung in harsh folds over the centre table, and on its white expanse were placed green-handled forks and knives, and the white-and-gold cups and saucers that had been Mrs Nicolson's marriage china.



A piece of cold salt-beef formed the chief dish, for, as the housewife explained, she could not have the 'fash' of cooking on her mind when expecting particular company.

Stephen, Adam's younger brother, sat stiffly upright in the corner seat, his red hair oiled to a dark auburn shade, and brushed preternaturally flat. He was at that self-complacent stage of budding adolescence when untried man deems himself invulnerable to womanly wiles; and his interest in Adam's state of subjection was largely tinged with pity. Yet, in spite of this assumption of superiority, he had all a hobbledehoy's anxiety regarding his personal appearance, and, considering his views, was ridiculously anxious to impress his future sister-in-law favourably; hence his saturated locks and vivid tartan necktie.

'I've brought you a flower,' said Christine, tendering a little bunch of white chrysanthemums which she had bought late on the previous night while making her scant purchases. A half-romantic, half-sentimental strain in her quiet nature enabled her to feel a species of gratification in the notion that in giving these flowers for the adornment of the betrothal feast she was also laying their pale blossoms on the grave of her buried love for Adam.

'That was real kind and mindful of ye, Chrissy. They'll set off the table grand,' replied Mrs Nicolson, sticking the chrysanthemums in a tumbler of water and placing it in the centre of the table. 'How do you like my new cap?'

Mrs Nicolson had trotted a dozen times to the little kitchen to see that the water in the kettle had not boiled away; and the youthful philosopher had long ceased to recite his platitudes regarding women to the dull ears of Christine—who was too engrossed in the management of her own perturbed soul to have any attention to spare for Stephen's aphorisms—before the lovers arrived.

Before setting forth to fetch his bride, Adam had been carefully instructed to give due warning of their approach by ringing the bell at the street door; but he forgot, and the sound of feet on the uncarpeted stair was Mrs Nicolson's first intimation of the arrival of the expected guests.

'Keep me!' cried the good lady, tugging at the fastening of the checked apron. 'That's them!'

In her haste she wrenched the wrong end, and Adam ushered in his prospective bride to find his mother, hot and flustered, tugging with futile effort to disencumber herself of a coloured cotton apron whose strings were in a run knot.

From this inauspicious first moment the little company were conscious that Miss Louisa Colston did not suit them. Her entrance—in a blue velvet toque trimmed with artificial blossoms, and a frock that was a cheap copy of her mistress's, boasting as it did an attempt at a train, and much imitation lace on the bodice—made them tongue-tied and awkward.

In her anxiety to welcome the stranger cordially, Mrs Nicolson gave herself away in a manner that immediately afterwards made her ready to cry with vexation, by saying, 'Will ye no take off your hat and jacket, and I'll lay them on the bed there?' thereby betraying what she had previously prided herself upon as being a most successful, and quite legitimate, deception.

However, if the others were constrained and nervous, Miss Colston owned self-possession enough to equip a regiment. She was a large, buxom maiden, with abundant coarse black hair and a florid complexion. Her fringe, whose existence was entirely a secret and had to be carefully concealed during the hours of service, was in evidence on her Sunday out, and helped to vulgarise a face that already lacked forehead. When wearing her prescribed uniform of black-and-white, Louisa Colston doubtless looked trim and tidy. Left to her own devices, and free to squander her earnings in the attractive warehouses of Edgware Road or Westbourne Grove, Louisa's love of brilliant colours, and her craving to limp after the fashion, proved her pitfall.

Even before she had retired to the back kitchen—where the kettle was loudly proclaiming the fact that its contents were boiling—to fill the best china teapot, Mrs Nicolson had mentally decided that Louisa was by no means the dounce, sensible wife she would have chosen for Adam.

When they were seated round the table, it was Miss Colston who led the conversation: led it, too, by paths which the others had difficulty in following, for the text of her disquisition was Mr Bridges, the new butler at her master's house in Wilton Crescent, whose sayings appeared to Louisa so witty that she deemed them worthy of retailing at great length. Her garrulous accounts of the petty differences of her master and mistress, and of the facetious comments thereon wherewith Mr Bridges delighted the servants' hall, brought a flush of annoyance to Adam's brow, and caused a disapproving tightening of his mother's lips.

It was Christine, up to this moment a silent observer, whose quick feminine intuition taught her how to interpose tactfully, and to lead the converse into a safer channel.

'I suppose you see a great deal of the Royal Family, living in the West End, Miss Colston?' she asked. The question proved sufficient provocative to embark the young lady on a flood of royal anecdote, composed of scant personal reminiscence and abundant hearsay.

'I was standin' just as it might be there, and the Prince he looked at me like that, he did, and lifted his hat so gentleman-like! My! I was pleased,' she was concluding, when a peremptory knocking on the floor overhead warned Christine that her father had returned and demanded her attention.

'What do you think of her?' whispered Mrs



Nicolson, who had accompanied her departing guest on to the landing.

'I think she's very stylish,' Christine replied, speaking in the same confidential undertone.

'Ay, she's a' that. Far ower stylish for oor

Adam. What's a lass in service doin' with all they gum-flowers? Did ye notice she never said a word about my scones! I'm sure she'll get name like them among a' her grand folk. Chrissy, my woman, I'm real vexed Adam didna fancy you!'

## TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

By E. A. FUHR.

**I**N these days of keen competition throughout all spheres of commercial and industrial activity, when the law of the survival of the fittest seems more than ever to assert itself, and when attainment of the highest degree of manual as well as theoretical excellence is essential to success, the study of the methods to be employed calls for close and unremitting attention. Not only must machinery and tools be of the highest order, but the operatives in charge should know how to handle them with quick-witted intelligence, well-trained practical knowledge, and manual dexterity.

It is an utter fallacy—into which, strange to say, even men so highly gifted as the late Mr Ruskin have fallen—to believe that with the wider application of machinery human labour has been lowered to the level of mere automatic action; that the modern operative is himself turned into a machine, as it were; and that, since no mental exertion is any longer required for the performance of his task, work has become soul-killing instead of elevating. Quite the contrary: the duty assigned, for instance, to the power-loom weaver of our day—tending a number of complex mechanisms with very rapid action—exacts a much higher degree of mental exertion than that of the hand-loom weaver of old in sending his shuttle to and fro. As a matter of course, where master-minds like John Ruskin have erred, minor capacities often go astray. Only the other day Mr Fitzgerald, the well-known and highly esteemed Professor of Engineering at the Royal University of Belfast, in speaking of the great modern development of machinery, referred to a book published under the title of *Erewhon*—that is, 'nowhere,' spelled backward—in which the writer demonstrates to his own complete satisfaction that man was destined to become the abject slave of the machine, created by himself for his own destruction. Professor Fitzgerald had no difficulty in convincing his audience that such a state of things would never come to pass, considering that the proper handling of improved modern machinery called for a much higher order of intelligence than what used to suffice for the primitive mechanisms formerly in use.

Notwithstanding all contentions to the contrary, the labour of man still is, and seems likely to remain, the most important of all factors in the

various fields of production. Conviction on this point is brought home to us when we remember what a heavy proportion wages bear to the total cost of agricultural and mineral, as well as manufacturing, output. There has been a tremendous rise in wages during the nineteenth century. In the manufacturing industries they have been doubled, in agriculture even trebled; while necessities of life are nowadays on an average only about 25 per cent. dearer than a hundred years ago. This means that the material well-being of our working-classes has vastly improved, and the same may be said of their moral and intellectual standard.

The important part labour plays in our economy involves the necessity of rendering it as efficient as possible in all directions. Knowledge of the raw materials, and thrifty care in dealing with them, should go hand-in-hand with the closest attention to details and great dexterity of action, so that a minimum expenditure of time and means may yield a maximum result, both as to quality and quantity of the articles produced. Technical education should impart the necessary mental and manual training, diffusing it widely enough to enable not only the favoured few but the great mass of the people to attain a higher standard of excellence. While much has already been accomplished in this direction throughout the United Kingdom, more yet remains to be done; and when considering how to set about it, the experience gained in other countries may serve as a light to guide our footsteps.

For a long time Germany has taken a leading position in matters of education, and a brief record of her achievements in providing means for technical training will prove both interesting and useful.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century a new mode of instruction, the so-called 'inductive method,' was propounded and applied by the Swiss philanthropist and pedagogue, John Henry Pestalozzi, in somewhat tardy recognition of whose merit his native city of Zurich has just erected a statue of commemoration, which, like most Swiss monuments, is most touchingly impressive in its eloquent simplicity. Instead of 'cramming the youthful mind with a sufficiency of the three R's, and then leaving it to its own devices'—as the old method of national education has been facetiously described—Pestalozzi's aim was to develop the innate power of observation,

opening each mind to the perception of cause and effect, and leading it onward by the natural expansion of its faculties, step by step, along the links of a chain of consecutive reasoning.

Nearly a hundred years ago Germany suffered deep humiliation at the hands of that great conqueror, Napoleon Bonaparte. Prussia also was laid low; but her vigorous vitality survived. Striving to resurrect herself under the guidance of Baron von Stein, that eminent statesman and social reformer, she was the first among the great European powers to fully adopt Pestalozzi's principles in her scheme of improved national education. From the university down to the kindergarten the entire organisation was placed under Government control. Attendance at the elementary schools was rendered compulsory by law; poor people had to pay no fees whatever, and for the others they were fixed low enough to throw even academic training open to the highly-gifted ones of almost every stratum of society. Professors and teachers, from the highest to the lowest, were henceforth Government officials, and had to be systematically trained at seminaries provided for the purpose.

Baron von Stein's law of education was at first confined to the old Prussian provinces, and only a good many years later extended to the Rhenish-Westphalian districts newly acquired by the Treaty of Vienna. By that time many other German states had followed the example set by Prussia, and ere long elementary State education, under compulsion by law, was the order of the day throughout the confederacy. The result should convince even the most zealous adherents of voluntarism that a great deal may be said in favour of State interference in matters of education. Undeniably, the present power and prosperity of the German Empire is to a large extent due to the results it has yielded. Of the numberless benefits arising from children's attendance at elementary schools being rendered compulsory, only one need here be mentioned. The law proved an invaluable safeguard against those shocking abuses from which juvenile workers in the English manufacturing districts, more especially in Lancashire, had to suffer before the passing of the Factory Acts; and it is also a historic fact that before the new Prussian school-law had been extended to Rhineland and Westphalia, where much industry is carried on, the physique of young people had so much deteriorated that recruiting officers and surgeons met with considerable difficulty in raising a sufficient number of conscripts for military service year by year.

Upon the excellent system of national education, partly compulsory, as described, technical training has been engrafted, also to a large extent under the control and at the expense of the different Governments. Technical instruction in Germany begins where elementary education ends, with the age of fourteen to fifteen. After special

preparation and examination by the clergy, each child then for the first time partakes of Holy Communion, and in the generality of cases this event marks entrance into the active pursuits of life. The great majority of children go into service as factory workers, agricultural labourers, apprentices to the various trades, domestic servants, and so forth; while only those of the wealthier classes continue their education at the intermediate schools, whence a limited number finally matriculate at the universities.

There are in all parts of the country technical low-grade, middle-grade, and higher or collegiate schools. The aim of the low-grade ones is not to sift the more intelligent out of the great mass of scholars, thus enabling the comparatively few to excel in the battle of life, but rather to raise the mental standard of all, to improve their manual dexterity—in fact, 'to train them in habits of accurate observation, careful measurement, and exact workmanship.' The State is justified in giving particular attention to these schools, which are to render the great army of labour fitter to cope with its destiny; and it seems likewise just and proper that parishes and communes, trades-unions, agricultural associations, factory-owners, and the employers of labour generally should contribute to their support, on condition that poor children are taught free, and that only very moderate fees are charged for those whose parents or guardians are able to pay. The imposition of some fee proves useful. It induces parents to take more interest, and it stimulates the zeal of scholars. Compulsory attendance for a certain number of hours in the daytime of each week would be desirable in many respects. In the evening, when tired after a hard day's work, young people can scarcely be expected to give proper attention to the words of the teacher, and Sunday should be devoted to religion and rest for all. There are, however, great obstacles in the way of regulating attendance at these schools by law, as in many cases it would operate too harshly, to the detriment of the whole industry or trade; and it has, therefore, been left to the sense of duty both of employers and employed, for the former to afford sufficient facilities to attend in daytime, and for the latter not to shirk attendance when such permission is granted. Alas! selfish greed on the one side and thoughtless folly on the other too often frustrate the benevolent end in view; and herein lies the most serious defect of the German system—a defect difficult to remedy without using that compulsion which for many and various reasons is not expedient. Thus there is still a great deal of the undesirable week-day evening and Sunday teaching; and unless both employers and employed act more conscientiously, this drawback must continue to detract from the efficient operation of a system otherwise well-nigh perfect.

At all the great centres of manufacturing industry, special attention is given in the elementary

technical schools to each separate branch; while in agricultural or mining districts the training connected with these pursuits is made prominent, as a matter of course. Workshops are attached where apprentices and even masters' assistants can improve their practical knowledge of the various handicrafts; and girls' schools are provided to teach sewing, knitting, dressmaking, millinery, laundry, and dairy-work, cooking, fruit-preserving, as well as orthography, bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, &c. In the smaller villages, where no agricultural or technical school exists, itinerant teachers attend regularly at stated times. Success pre-eminently depends on the fitness of the members of the teaching staff, who should not be mere theorists, but men and women in whom pedagogic aptitude is blended with sound practical knowledge and experience. It is obvious that such teachers are difficult to procure, and the German Governments deserve great credit for the masterly way in which they have solved the problem. No expense has been spared to render the training seminaries thoroughly efficient, and great care is taken to select the most suitable individual for each particular appointment. Promotion can only be obtained by merit; liberal pensions are granted, and teachers are so well paid and occupy so high a social position that some of the best elements of the nation are attracted to the ranks of the profession.

Fitness for a particular sphere of labour being the object at which scholars attending elementary technical schools aim, it is impressed upon the teachers that no higher knowledge than what is needed to attain that end must be imparted, but that the instruction must be given with all thoroughness, step by step, no link in the chain being hurriedly passed over, and at the same time the practical utility of each onward move clearly demonstrated, so that the scholars may appreciate it as palpable progress. Instruction at such schools should be much more practical than theoretical, and an efficient staff of inspectors is set to watch that this main object is always kept in view. This staff consists exclusively of experts, whose experience enables them to advise the teachers and suggest improvements of method. In addition to the subjects already mentioned, the following receive prominent attention at the low-grade technical schools—namely, the elements of natural sciences, such as geography, chemistry, and physics, mechanics, arithmetic, and, above all, *drawing*.

Middle-grade or intermediate technical schools naturally fall into two widely distinct categories—schools of art and schools of science. Industries attain highest perfection when art aids in shaping and embellishing their products. Manufacturers can then readily hold their own against competition, and superiority of shape, quality, or design assures the easy sale of fabrics at remunerative prices. Schools of art point the way

in which production by hand or by machinery should be blended with art. The object of their training is to open the minds of scholars to the perception and due appreciation of what is beautiful, at the same time leading them to translate their conceptions into practical work, be it in manufactures, architecture, the plastic arts, or painting and decoration. France, to a certain extent, still enjoys the advantage of having taken the lead in this direction. Her distinguished and eminently practical statesman, Colbert, founded the first establishment of the kind in the reign of Louis XIV.; and French supremacy in art-industry remained unchallenged until 1857, when the South Kensington Museum, School of Art, and Training Seminary were called into existence. Austria followed in 1863, with her Museum of Art and Industry, to which, five years later, the Industrial School of Art at Vienna was added. The first attempt in Germany was the Hall of Industry at Karlsruhe in the Grand-duchy of Baden, opened in 1865; while during the year 1867, originally by way of private enterprise, the Industrial Museum at Berlin and the National Museum of Munich became available to the public. Slow to commence, Germany has taken vast strides since the reconstitution of the Empire in 1870, for she now possesses sixteen large central organisations of the kind, with numerous offshoots; while there are seven in go-ahead little Switzerland, and four in Austria. Attached to each centre is an extensive and choice collection of art specimens, models, and designs, great attention being given to keeping them up to a high standard by constant additions, as their importance in rendering instruction suggestive and practically useful is fully recognised. These institutions are now supported, controlled, and managed by the State, and are open to all alike, on payment of a moderate fee, which, on application to that effect and due cause being shown, can be still further reduced or altogether remitted.

German schools of science applied to production, on the other hand, are still to a large extent private enterprise; but the day is probably not far distant when in this field also the State will interfere more and more, with a view to uniformity of management and efficient control. Without exacting from scholars the high degree of scientific preparation required for admission to the technical college, the aim of the schools is to impart higher instruction in the sciences, at the same time keeping their practical application always in view. Scholars enter for two or three years, and while they remain must give their whole time. Prominence is given to electro-technical knowledge, the construction of the more complex kinds of machinery, improvements in the methods of production, and to the more elevated phases of commercial culture. The scholars' age varies between eighteen and twenty-one; and



when their course is finished they enter direct upon the practical career chosen, be it as electricians, mechanical or civil engineers, assistant technical managers, merchants, or bankers.

Finally, there are the technical high-schools fostered by the State for the purpose of giving the very highest scientific training in connection with all kinds of production. To these institutions the proud privilege has lately been accorded by the Imperial Government of conferring degrees as Doctors of Engineering, thus raising them almost to a level with the universities. Theoretical rather than practical training is here the prominent feature, and the honour of originating these polytechnical colleges, as they are also called, rests again with France. The Paris École Polytechnique dates as far back as 1794, and proved so markedly successful that similar establishments soon grew up in other countries. Germany has nine of them now, the most important being

located at Charlottenburg, that pleasant suburb of Berlin, with its healthy sylvan surroundings. About three thousand students are there in regular attendance, obtaining the highest possible training as agriculturists, architects, engineers, electricians, &c. Mining, smelting, and forest lore are also taught at some of these high-schools, although, as a general rule, the State provides separate academies for the study of these pursuits.

A brief but comprehensive outline of the actual condition of technical education in Germany has thus been given, and if it is carefully studied, many features worthy of emulation will be revealed. The importance of strenuous effort to improve our own methods is obvious; for victory in the great international contest for supremacy in the world's trade will assuredly be won by that people which contrives to combine good natural aptitude and resource with the highest order of scientific, artistic, and technical development.

## IN 'THE PINE-TREE PROVINCE.'

By Rev. ROBERT WILSON, Ph.D., St John, New Brunswick.

**E**YES or No Eyes' was the somewhat suggestive title of a lesson in one of the text-books used in the schools when I was a boy. The lesson contained the report of a conversation between a teacher and two of his pupils at the close of a holiday. To the one pupil the day had been dull and wearisome, devoid of interest, and had furnished neither profit nor pleasure, while to the other it had proved a day of rare enjoyment and genuine satisfaction. The moral of the lesson was the improvement of opportunity, the cultivation of an observant habit, and the wisdom of ever keeping one's eyes and ears open. That lesson was not lost upon me; and during a lengthy residence in Canada I have gathered some knowledge of facts and incidents that may be of interest to the general reader.

New Brunswick, sometimes spoken of as 'The Pine-tree Province,' is that part of the Dominion of Canada which has Nova Scotia on the east, Quebec on the west, the Straits of Northumberland and Chaleur Bay on the north, and the Bay of Fundy and the State of Maine on the south. It contains about twenty-seven thousand square miles, and has a population of some three hundred and fifty thousand. With the exception of a few thousands of French Acadians, the inhabitants are nearly all of British birth or origin, and possess in a marked degree the distinctive characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. The southern counties were largely peopled by the Loyalists, a brave, hardy, enterprising people, who came hither at the close of the American Revolutionary War, and who, rather than take

the oath of allegiance to the new republic, abandoned their all in the revolted provinces, and sought homes in what was then a wilderness. In the northern and central sections many of the settlers were from Scotland; and the thrift, energy, and independence which distinguish the Caledonian everywhere soon made them a power in the land. Speaking of Scottish independence reminds me of an incident for the correctness of which I can vouch. When Sir Archibald Campbell was Governor of the province he chanced to meet with an aged Highlander of the name of Maclean, who had done brave soldierly service for his country, and had borne himself well in many a fierce encounter. After his discharge he had settled in the woods; but things had not gone smoothly with him, and his circumstances were quite straitened. Anxious to befriend him, His Excellency invited him to make his home at Government House, where he could find easy work to do in blacking boots and shoes, and such-like little things. The old man was quite indignant, the hot blood mounting to his cheeks; and, drawing himself up to his full height, he replied, with all the dignity of a lord, 'Na, na, sir—na, na. A Maclean never blackit a boot for a Campbell.' He preferred privation with independence on the farm to ease as a menial in a rich man's house—a feeling that was appreciated by no one more warmly than by the genial and kind-hearted Governor.

Of the physical features and varied resources of the province only the briefest mention is necessary. The scenery is very fine: lofty hills, fertile valleys, and extensive lakes, noble rivers, and capacious bays in which fish of almost every



known variety abound. The agricultural capabilities of the province are very great, crops equal to any produced in the north-west being raised in certain sections; but its wealth in wood is specially notable. Though the lumberman's axe and the forest fire have marred and disfigured many a mile of magnificent woodland, there still remain large tracts of unbroken timber-lands which cannot be utilised until they are reached by the railway. In the more settled sections pine is becoming scarce; but in the remoter parts it still abounds, and hunters and trappers tell of extensive groves of this valuable and beautiful tree.

Although discovered in 1604, no permanent settlements were established for more than a century later, when French rule had come to an end and the Anglo-Saxon, with his colonising genius, had obtained possession. The leaders during the French régime had been more intent upon the securing of personal gain and glory than upon the development of the country's resources, and their hatred of each other was fierce and deadly. One illustration of this will suffice. In 1631 Charles La Tour planted a settlement near the mouth of the St John River, built a fort, and opened up a large trade in furs with the Indians. He was a prudent ruler, beloved by his employés and trusted by the natives; and in his brave and intelligent wife he found a capable supporter. His success, however, had aroused the jealousy of D'Aulnay Charnissay, who ruled at Port Royal. Fierce fights took place for the mastery; and in one of these, during the absence of her husband, Madame La Tour thrice repelled the forces of the enemy and forced them to retire. Then famine compelled her to capitulate, after articles of agreement had been duly signed; but when the gates were thrown open, Charnissay tore up the contract, hanged her followers one by one before her eyes, and carried her, with a halter round her neck, to Port Royal, where she soon after died of a broken heart. Not long afterwards the brutal conqueror was drowned, so he had little enjoyment from his ill-gotten gains. By a strange turn of the wheel of fortune, La Tour married the widow of his enemy, and thus by a union of interests made himself master of all Acadia.

Among the unique and wonderful things to be seen in this province is a waterfall that is reversible. During a part of every twenty-four hours the waters go sweeping over the falls in their course towards the sea; during another part of the same period the water rushes as madly up the river, bearing everything before it; and then, after a time, the cataract disappears entirely, and the waters are as smooth and still as those of a summer lake sleeping among the hills. For these sudden and surprising changes the following is the explanation: The St John River—which takes its rise some four hundred and fifty miles up in the interior, and in certain parts is miles in width, as it drains an immense

tract of country—is here forced through a narrow gorge of less than five hundred feet wide. At the time of low-tide the river goes rushing over the rocks in its natural course; but the incoming tide drives back its waters, and the time of smoothness and quiet is at half-tide. Then begins the battle for the mastery. Back, back the waters are forced, until the level of the tidal stream rises higher than that of the river, and the roaring, turbulent waves roll upward instead of outward. It is somewhat exciting to see a raft go through when the falls are waking into life after the time of stillness. Above and below terrible whirlpools appear and vanish, and great surges are shot up suddenly as if from an exploding mine. As the bodies of persons drowned at or near the falls are rarely recovered, the opinion very generally prevails that there are underground outlets by which they are swept out to sea.

The Petticodix 'Bore' is one of the natural curiosities of this country. This river is not more than from fifty to sixty miles in length, and at low tide is fordable in many places; but at high tide the little muddy stream becomes deep enough to float an ocean steamer in safety. This sudden rise is caused by the waters of the Bay of Fundy, which rush along at the rate of from ten to twelve miles an hour, and force the river back upon itself. The sight is one to be remembered, for the face or front of the incoming tide presents a moving wall of salt water from five to ten feet higher than the stream of fresh water that is being driven back. I had a fine opportunity on one occasion to watch the flow of the 'bore.' For miles the highway runs parallel with the river; but although our carriage was drawn by a pair of good horses, his boreship went sweeping by and left us far in the rear.

Yet another mysterious thing is the 'Phantom Ship' of Chaleur Bay. The story is not an apocryphal one, as its correctness is vouched for by thousands; therefore, whatever may be the explanation, the apparition is no mere fancy. During heavy eastern gales, shortly after dark, what looks like two small square-rigged vessels of old-fashioned design are seen locked together, both on fire, and driven before the gale. Figures of men are seen struggling in the rigging, and the sea around is lit up by the fire; then, when the excitement of the beholder is wrought up to fever heat, the whole thing suddenly disappears. The Acadians say that a French merchantman, laden with provisions and ammunition for the St Lawrence, was chased by a pirate. During the chase an easterly storm arose. The Frenchman was followed into Chaleur Bay; and, crippled by a shot from the pirate, and unable to escape, the brave Frenchman fired his ship before the pirates boarded her; then, holding his foe in fight until the fire reached the powder-magazine, both ships were blown up. About the apparition there is no doubt; as to the explanation I offer no opinion.

New Brunswick is rich in rivers, the most important being the St John. While there are many larger rivers, it would be difficult to find a finer; and, lest I should be charged with making extravagant statements, I will quote a description of it which appeared not long ago in a New York paper:

'We confess admiration of noble rivers and Alpine mountains. The latter are the huge backbones and ribs of the world; the former the grand arteries and veins of fertile valleys and luxuriant plains. We have admired mountains and rivers in many lands. We have sailed on the Nile, on the Tagus, on the historic Rhine and the magnificent Danube. But the tide of our admiration rose higher when we sailed up the romantic waters of the noble St John of the borderland.

'This remarkable river is in some respects unsurpassed by any we have seen. Near the mouth and colossal gateway of its rushing and roaring waters sits the city of St John, like a queen upon her lofty throne, the pride of the provinces, the guardian angel of the stream. Like a loving couple they are mutually dependent; and beginning their historic career on the same day, under the name of the sainted seer of Patmos, they sail down the stream of time together. The advent to the river is unique and imposing. At its grand gateway are four rushing, roaring cataracts each day—two inward and two outward. The river waters come down in their power and might, and rush through the gateway, as if advancing to the conflict with the enemy outside. Then the whole Bay of Fundy rises, up in its might and majesty, backed by its ally the Atlantic Ocean, to repel the attack, and combines all its forces to drive back the St John through its narrow gateway. The whole region is the grand family gathering-place of tidal magnificence.'

The river does not always present so pleasing an appearance. When the spring rains have melted the snow in the woods, and every rill and brook pours its flood into the main stream, it assumes magnificent proportions. The low lands along its course are submerged, the houses look like little islets dotting the waters, and for four or five weeks boats are the only conveyances usable. It is a pretty sight on Sabbath mornings to see people going to church by boat and mooring the craft around the doors. It is said that on one occasion the water had so flooded the main audience-room as to render it unfit for use. However, the people had come for service, and service they would have; so the minister, by careful management, having reached the pulpit, and the people the galleries, the exercises were conducted according to prescribed usage. In stormy weather there is not a little danger, buildings on the river's banks being sometimes carried away; and occasionally outhouses may be seen drifting down the stream, and the bleating of sheep, the squealing of pigs, and the

cackling of fowls are heard from within as they float away.

Much more to be dreaded is an ice freshet, which happily is of rare occurrence. This is occasioned by heavy rains before the ice is started. Then begins a battle between the attacking waters and the resisting ice. If the jam takes place at a curve in the river, and the land is low, the danger is great. Gathering force by the temporary check, the river rises, the ice is piled in shapeless heaps, the adjacent fields are submerged, and everything in its course is swept away. On one occasion the waters rose so high that in the house I afterwards occupied the water was about four feet deep in the parlour.

Forest fires have been referred to. Every new country has had them; but perhaps none has been more destructive than that which occurred in the northern part of this province in the autumn of 1825. The summer had been unusually warm, little rain had fallen, everything was dry and parched, and fires had broken out in various places. The Rev. Dr Cooney, an eye-witness of the scenes, writes as follows:

'From the 1st to the 5th of October an unnatural heat prevailed, produced by the protracted drought of the summer and the numerous fires that were abroad. On the 6th, fitful flashes were seen in different directions, while a noise resembling intermittent discharges of artillery fell upon the ear. On the 7th, about noon, a pale, sickly mist, tinged with purple, emerged from the woods, and for three hours hung like a pall over the land. There was not a breath of air. The atmosphere was overloaded, an irresistible lassitude seized the people, and a stupefying dullness was general. The woods rustled, trembled, and shook with incessant and thrilling explosions rapidly following each other. About four o'clock the sky was absolutely blackened by an immense pillar of smoke, through which came terrific flashes of fire, and which hung over us threateningly, while showers of flaming brands and cinders fell around us on every hand. About nine o'clock a succession of appalling roars thundered through the woods—peal after peal, crash after crash, every succeeding shock creating fresh alarm, every clap loaded with its own destructive energy. Nothing could impede the progress of the fire; on it came with awful violence, devouring at every step and hewing a frightful avenue through the woods. The earth seemed to stagger; the harmony of nature appeared to have been deranged; earth, air, sea, and sky all seemed to conspire against man, and to totter under the weight of some dreadful commission they were charged to execute. The river, tortured into violence by the hurricane, foamed with rage, and flung its boiling spray upon the land; the thunder pealed, the lightning rent the firmament. For a moment all was still; a deep and awful silence reigned over all. All nature appeared to

he rushed into dumbness; when, suddenly, a sullen roar came booming through the forest, and Newcastle, Douglastown, and the whole northern side of the river for over a hundred miles became enveloped in a sheet of flame, that spread over nearly six thousand square miles.

The writer goes on to speak of the terror and consternation of the people as they witnessed the destruction of their homes and the loss of their property; of the separation of families—parents searching for their children, and children for their parents; of mothers with infants in their arms forcing their way through the fire in the hope of reaching a place of safety; of wild and domestic beasts and birds seeking refuge in the presence of man; of the river-banks strewn with fish poisoned with the ashes that polluted its waters; of the whole face of the scorched and blackened country, with the charred remains of man and beast and bird—all combining to produce a scene of desolation dreadful in the extreme. The greatness of the calamity, however, can only be estimated, for the hundreds that perished in the fire were only a small proportion of those who directly and indirectly were its victims.

'The Pine-tree Province' has produced some fine specimens of the self-made man; and two of these men are worthy of special mention. The first was Leonard Tilley, of the vigorous and stalwart Loyalist stock to which British America is so deeply indebted. He began life on the lower steps of the ladder, had few educational advantages, and his parents had little to give him except wise counsel and good example. Tilley left his home in early life and went to the city, determined to improve his education and make a man of himself. There he secured a position in a drug-store, and by faithfully discharging his duties won the confidence of his employers; so that while yet a young man he became a member of the firm. When but little more than thirty years of age, Tilley was elected to represent the city in the Provincial Legislature, and took an active part in bringing about the organisation of the Dominion of Canada, in the Parliament and Government of which he was for years a leading member. He was Lieutenant-Governor of the province for about eleven years, and in consideration of his many and eminent services was knighted by Queen Victoria. Tilley was a man of high character, and an able and broad-minded statesman. The feeling of the thousands who followed his body to the grave was that the province had never produced a worthier man than the Honourable Sir Leonard Tilley.

Another representative man is Alexander Gibson, who was born in the north of Ireland, and arrived in Canada when a child. He knew what hardships and privations meant, and found in his mother his chief instructor. Ambitious and self-reliant, while a mere boy he resolved to make his mark in the world. Being sober, honest,

and painstaking, whatever he undertook was done well, and he met every difficulty with a clear head and a brave heart. Gibson indulged in no extravagances and kept out of debt; so before he had passed out of his teens he had become his own employer. He invested his savings in the purchase of an interest in a milling establishment, of which he became sole owner. Before middle life had been reached Gibson was known as the Lumber King of the Maritime Provinces, and around his home he had built up a town of several thousand inhabitants, with a lumber-mill, a flour-mill, a mammoth cotton-factory, and several other industries. With the exception of a few private residences, the entire town is owned by him, as is also more than one hundred miles of railway, the business of which he largely controls. Alexander Gibson is a shrewd, practical, common-sense business man, who has never dabbled in politics nor engaged in speculations of a questionable character; and he furnishes a fine illustration of what can be done with a blunt axe in the hands of a man of determined energy. Indeed a remarkable man, and not the least among the many in this Canada of ours who have won an honourable name, is Alexander Gibson.

In closing, let me say a word or two about the people. They are industrious, intelligent, and progressive. More and more attention is being paid to farming and manufactures. The log-cabin has disappeared, the ox-cart is no longer seen, and real poverty is rare. Great crimes are uncommon. Temperance principles are widely believed in and acted upon. In several counties there is not a single licensed liquor-dealer; and on the question submitted by plebiscite recently, 'Are you or are you not in favour of the entire prohibition of the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquor?' three-fourths of the votes polled were cast in the affirmative. Being the Atlantic terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, St John is now the winter port of Canada, as Montreal is the summer one, and a large trade is being developed, the commercial outlook being highly encouraging. Schools and churches dot the land, and nowhere can be found a people more attached to British institutions or more contented and happy than the inhabitants of 'The Pine-tree Province.'

#### A SOUTH SEA ISLAND.

Island of Rest, Pearl of the Southern Sea,

Summer to thee comes as no transient guest;  
Love, warmth, and song are thine eternally:

Island of Rest.

Blue haze-clad mountains, rising from thy breast,

Tower upwards in might and majesty  
Until at length the white clouds claim their crest:

Soft breezes sigh some soothing lullaby

As the red glory paleth in the west.

World-worn and weary I return to thee,

Island of Rest.

SHANGHAI.

GEO. H. LUDOLF.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE ADVENTURES OF A ROYAL MESSENGER.

By P. H. DUFFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

**O**LD documents stored in the Record Office or British Museum often contain strange stories of adventures which are far more exciting than those woven by the imagination of novelists, and bear witness to the truth of the trite saying that fact is stranger than fiction. Amongst much that is very dry and uninteresting to the ordinary reader, amongst scarcely decipherable writings which are valuable only to the historical student, we sometimes meet with the account of some dramatic and exciting episode which is quite as thrilling as the stories of Mr Stanley Weyman or Mr Anthony Hope. Here is one such story, told in plain unvarnished language by one 'John Brett, gentleman, servant to the King and Queen's most excellent Majesties, who was despatched into the parts of beyond the seas by their Majesties, with commission dated the 16th day of June 1556,' to deliver certain letters to certain important persons who had found England too hot a country to live in.

On the accession of Queen Mary of evil memory, several ladies and gentlemen, being alarmed for their safety, fled the country and took up their residence in Frankfort, Strasburg, and the Rhenish Palatinate. Amongst the refugees was Katharine, the Dowager-Duchess of Suffolk, who married one Richard Bertie, of Birsted, Kent. She favoured the Reformed religion and especially disliked Bishop Gardiner. On one occasion she caused a dog to be dressed in a rochet and called by his name; and when the Bishop was a prisoner in the Tower she saw him at the window of his chamber, and cried out that it was merry with the lambs when the wolf was shut up. So Gardiner bore her no goodwill; and on his accession to power, hearing that they were in danger, the Duchess and her husband fled abroad. Fuller says of their adventures: 'It would trouble one's head to invent more troubles than they had all at once, and it would break one's

heart to undergo but half so many, seeing their real sufferings out-romanced the fictions of many errant adventurers.' Other refugees were Sir Thomas Wroth, a favourite of Edward VI.; Sir Henry Nevell; Sir William Stafford; John Hales, Esquire; Jane Wilkinson, who was 'silkwoman to Anne Boleyn, a gentlewoman of great credit and also of fame for her worthy doings;' and Bishop Barlow of Bath and Wells.

The Queen and her royal consort Philip desired the return of their wandering subjects, in order to correct their errors or burn them at Smithfield. Hence they sent their confidential messenger, John Brett, with letters strongly urging their return to England. Master Brett shall tell his own tale with regard to the adventures which befell him during his not very successful mission.

At Frankfort he discovered Jane Wilkinson, and presented their Majesties' letters, which she received, as it seemed, very humbly. She declared that her indisposition and sickness was the cause of her coming out of England to see if she could recover her health at the baths in these countries. However, if it pleased the Queen's Majesty to call her home, she would repair towards England with the best speed she could, for loath she would be that any person should be cumbered for her cause. The lady spoke fair, and so far all was well with Master Brett's mission; but I fancy that Mistress Wilkinson's 'indisposition and sickness' were of a lingering nature, and German waters do not always effect a very speedy cure.

With John Hales he was not so successful. The refugee refused disobediently to receive the letters which the Queen had so kindly sent him, declaring with many threats that she had no power to send processes into these countries, nor had Brett any right to present them, as he should well perceive to his pain ere his departure. Many hot words and much threatening followed, and Brett retired to his lodging. Then Hales and his two companions girt their swords about them



and hastened to the Mayor, and complained that, contrary to the liberties and laws of these countries, the Queen of England had sent to vex him and others who for their refuge and conscience's sake had come thither to fly persecution in England. They demanded the punishment and arrest of Master Brett. This the Mayor did, and sent an officer to summon him to the council chamber. However, Brett with honeyed tongue persuaded the Mayor that he did no wrong 'to deliver letters to Englishmen from their sovereign mistress, to their great comfort if God gave them well and wisely to weigh it.' So the Mayor gently dismissed him.

Now his troubles were to begin. The Duchess of Suffolk and her husband had taken up their residence in an old castle on the summit of a hill near Weinheim, and thither Brett repaired to deliver his letters; and this is his account of what followed:

'Leaving my horse in an inn, I went up the hill, a good half English mile high, afoot, accompanied with mine own servant and a man of the town to show us the way. When I came before the castle gates I found them fast shut, and a stripling like an English lackey standing afore them. Of him I demanded if the Duchess and her husband were within. The lackey answered yea, and had scarcely spoken this word but one looking out of a grate in the gate asked who I was and what I would have? I told him that I would gladly speak with the Duchess and Master Bertie, and that I had letters to deliver them from certain their friends. He demanded my name, and I told it him. Then he bade me tarry at the gate, and he would go tell the Duchess of me. And with that he and his companion went a speedy pace towards the inward parts of the castle.

'Then we heard a noise of laying down stones in the window of a little turret over the gate; and, looking up, we saw one or two people look out as though they did not wish to be seen, and immediately they began to cry out in French, "Kill them, kill them." Then we heard other people coming towards the gate. As I approached, the people in the turret threw down a stone. Then another came. It was lucky that it missed my head; but it hit me so heavy a blow on my right hand that I could not rule my forefinger and thumb a fortnight after. Then some of the servants of the Duchess rushed out of the gate with great fierceness, so it seemed to us high time to retire, or to tarry by force. Some cast stones at us, and six fellows followed us into the market-place of the town afore my lodging; and as we struggled the townsfolk gathered together, and to them the Englishmen said that we were thieves and papists who had come to carry away the Duchess their lady, or by some secret means to poison her and their master, favourers of the gospel and truth.

'In the best Duche [German] I could, I made the people understand that their childish exclamations were false, and that I came to try no matters with weapon in hand, but in an honest and just cause, nor to the confusion of their lady, but rather to her singular comfort and to all theirs also, if they bore true hearts towards their country. Then two of the men had away my two horses to the castle, and disposed of them at their pleasure for eight days without other remedy to be had at their hands. Then came the Mayor of the town, to whom the Englishmen told their complaints against me, and to these I replied with much spirit, but with little avail. The Mayor placed me in the custody of his men until he should have learnt the wishes of the Duchess; meanwhile the Englishmen uttering many brave braggings and deep oaths against me and the Queen's Majesty and her honourable Council. In three hours the Mayor returned, and with him Barlow and three or four Englishmen. This Barlow wanted to know whether the letters from Her Majesty were letters or processes. If they were processes they would not receive them. The Duchess was discontented with her servants for my ill-usage at the castle. He began to threaten me, saying that I might well repent myself for my presumption in taking upon me such an enterprise in case my letters were found to be processes. When I refused, he called the Mayor, who was always ready to gratify him and his company, and ordered me to show my commission and deliver to him all my letters. As they were ready to rille me, I consented to produce them, and handed them to the Mayor in a sealed box. The Englishmen requested that I might be warily looked to for writing or going away; so I remained as a prisoner with my keepers in an inn where I was evilly lodged and entreated for several days. Then the Palsgrave, who lived at Heidelberg, two good leagues away, sent two men-at-arms to fetch me. I wanted my two horses, but the Mayor said I must go afoot in company with the horsemen. I prayed him that I might have horses or a wagon, otherwise I assured him they should drag me thither, for I would not go so far afoot. At last a cart was gotten with much ado, and I set out for Heidelberg. There I was delayed eighteen days as evilly lodged and used as I had been afore. Two doctors of the Palsgrave's council informed me that I should deliver none of the Queen's letters to any Englishman within the Palsgrave's dominions, and that I should pay for all my charges and my keepers the time of my detainment. They added that the Palsgrave had taken the Duchess and her husband *in fidem tutelam et protectionem suam*, and that, therefore, he would defend them and the others who had submitted themselves to him.'

So Master Brett was forced to depart with his letters. He says the Englishmen tried to persuade him not to make any report to the Queen

of what had befallen him, and to accept some office in these countries, so that he should not return to England. This failing, they thought to use force, and Brett perceived that certain men lay in wait to do him displeasure. So he gave out that he was going to Worms, but changed his course and went through the forest towards Speyer, and thence to Venice, in order to escape their hands.

However, his adventures were not yet over. He returned to Germany, and went to Strasburg in order to find Sir Thomas Wroth. The day before his departure he heard of a conspiracy against him. 'Who were the chief procurers thereof I wot not; but a Frenchman that came with the arch-heretic of Geneva seemed most diligent to procure that a Ryter Knight and his men, ready for hire to do any mischief, should have rid me out of the way for making report of my former service. And although I sought divers ways how to have rid me of the Ryter's company, yet could I not be freed from it. Whether I went by water or land his purpose was still towards me. One day when I was going to Speyer by the Postes, he sent his man on the way afore; and I being afterwards scarcely two flights' shot from the town, though I rode so fast as my post-horse would suffer me, yet did the Ryter easily pass afore me, as he that rode of a very good horse, with two daggers at his saddle-bow and two others behind him. When I saw that and considered all the circumstances afore, lest I might seem rather desperate than diligent in my business, I turned back again to Strasburg with my guide that doubted no less than I the peril that might have

happened to me on the way.' Verily discretion is the greater part of valour.

Master Brett obtained a safeguard from the rulers of Strasburg, and presently departed to England with his letters still undelivered but his body safe. One man told him that he might repent his enterprise, and that he would not have been in his coat for a thousand pounds to have come to deliver any letters in these parts. He might therefore congratulate himself that he escaped with a whole skin. He had quite the genius of the spy, and ferreted out most of the refugees, recording where they were residing and who were their companions. He did not add fuel to the fires of Smithfield; and after narrating his adventures, he concludes his report somewhat regretfully: 'This is all I did or could do in the execution of my said charge and commission.'

After this he passes away into obscurity. We hear no more of his adventures as a spy or queen's messenger. There is one John Brett whose name occurs in the State Papers of the reign of Elizabeth, and who was employed in the service of the Government in a humble position as a collector of fines. Probably this is the same man. Of the other actors in this drama, many returned to England on the death of Mary. Bishop Barlow became Bishop of Chichester. The Duchess and Bertie suffered much during their exile; their resources began to fail them, until at length they were invited by Sigismund Augustus, King of Poland, to the earldom called Crozan, where they continued in great quietness and honour until the death of Queen Mary.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER XXI.—WE LEAVE THE 'LUCKY VENTURE.'



LONG interval passed, and then Jack Horne appeared with food. He told me all was going well as far as cheating the law was concerned. The *Lucky Venture*, to be sure, for all her pitching and tossing, was making but little headway, since the wind had veered about and was dead against her. He stayed but for a moment to set down his store of victuals and pass the news.

I was hungry and made a hearty meal, taking plenty of time over it; and plenty of time I had, for I was beginning to think I must have been forgotten again when I heard the creak of boots and saw the captain come into the circle of the lamplight. I hastened to thank him for what he had done; but he cut my thanks short.

'Bound to do it,' he growled. 'We're all good Protestants here; and that lord, he's a rank Papist. We'd do anything to chouse him out of a catch. Now listen to me. I must get you and your wife out of this ship. It's too small to hide

you, except at a pinch, and a pinch it's been to-day.'

'It was a pretty close shave once,' I remarked.

'Yes, yes,' nodded the captain. 'If Tom had hit the padlocks, as he was bidden, you'd be miles away in yonder man-o'-war by now. Well, then, I'm going to put the two of you in a boat, with Jack Horne to row ye. The sea's quiet, and ye'll easily make the land.'

'What land?' said I.

'Why, that's it,' returned the captain, scratching his chin uneasily. 'It'll have to be somewhere on the Kentish coast. I wish I could do better for ye; but I can't.'

'Are we no nearer to France than that?' I asked, for I had no fancy for England at present.

'No,' he answered, 'we're not. What with the calm, and now this contrary wind, we're making no headway in the world.'

'Could we not reach the French shore in this boat?' I asked.

'Impossible,' he replied. 'Tis but a little one

that I can spare ye, and it would be madness to attempt the Straits in it.'

I sighed in perplexity. 'I would lie in any corner,' I said, 'as close as you please, if only we could be landed on the other shore.'

'I don't see my way to it,' returned the captain doggedly. 'Yon folk are watching everything as a cat watches cream. I'm sure they suspect the ship is not clear of ye; and if the least thing comes to light I'm a lost man if ever I run my ship into the Thames again—and where else am I to go? My living's at stake.'

'I know that very well,' I replied, 'and I am greatly indebted to you for what has happened already. There is clearly nothing else for it. We must go ashore again and do what we can for ourselves.'

'I'll tell you when I'm ready for you,' went on the captain. 'Will ye have more to eat?'

'Thank you,' said I, 'I didn't finish all that Tom brought. There's plenty to serve for a meal again.'

He went away, and I munched my provender and thought none too joyfully of the bad luck which flung us back on our mother-land, like enough in this case to prove a stepmother to us.

Some time passed again, and the seaman named Tom came to call me. He led me to the farther end of the hold, where a couple of planks had been removed from a bulkhead. I squeezed through the gap, and found myself in the fore-castle. It was empty, and the light of the swinging lamp, striking up the stairs which led to the deck, fell on the red face of the captain watching for me. He beckoned me, and I went up. Ah, the sweetness and freshness of the night air after the rank closeness of the hold! I filled my lungs again and again in sheer delight of tasting its cold purity. It was clear moonlight. I looked about the deck; it was empty. The ship lay as silent as if all in her slept quietly save we who stood on the fore-castle.

Tom closed the hatch which led below, and disappeared towards the stern. The sails had been taken in, and the ship barely moved.

'Here's the boat,' said the captain, and I looked over the side and saw a small boat riding at the end of a rope. 'Ye must get in and be off from this end,' he said. 'It's the least open to notice. The stateroom windows look astarn.'

'Where are the others?' I asked.

'Here comes Jack now,' said the captain as a barefooted seaman came silently towards us.

'I fear this will lay you open to suspicion,' I said—'a boat and a man gone.'

'I scarce think so,' replied the captain. 'Only this lord and his people are prying after you. They know too little of the gear to miss the boat, and too little of the crew to miss the man.'

Jack came up to the fore-castle, and busied himself with putting a short rope-ladder into position

and carrying a jar of water and some food into the boat.

Suddenly the click of heels on the deck rang out clear and sharp in the moonlit silence. The captain looked up in surprise. What untoward thing was this that some passenger should be abroad? He crept swiftly to see who it was, but returned more swiftly still.

'Down here with you,' he whispered shrilly. 'Tis that lord, as I'm a living sinner.'

I dropped into hiding behind a pile of cordage, and Jack Horne pulled the boat close into the shadow under the ship's counter.

'Who would have thought of him turning out at this time to ramble about by night?' whispered the captain.

'Tis his way. He loves the darkness better than the light,' I replied.

The captain moved forward to watch him, and upon the instant I remembered Cicely had to come the length of the ship to join me. Suppose this evil night-bird recognised her? Her face I knew she would muffle, but her walk might easily betray her; no other woman in the ship could move with her free, graceful carriage. I left my refuge and crept, under shelter of the bulwarks, after the captain. The latter had come to a stand, and was watching Damerel. The Viscount was pacing the deck from side to side, his head bent as if in deep thought. He moved briskly; he seemed easily twice the man by night he was by day. The captain was breathing short and heavily. Upon what a rack of suspense was he stretched! If Damerel chose to walk forward he might see the rope-ladder and the boat. Where stood the captain then? I reproached myself that I had thought a little hardly of the man for refusing to carry us to France. As long as we were on the ship there was but a plank between him and destruction in more senses than one.

'Ha!' breathed the captain, as if he saw something beyond common. I raised myself a little from the shadow of the bulwark and saw it too. A closely-muffled figure—a woman's figure—was coming along the deck. It was Cicely. Damerel was leaning at the moment on the bulwark. He turned to resume his march, and his eyes fell on her. He stepped forward to her. She knew him and stopped dead. He flourished his hat with a bow which was an insult in itself. I do not think he knew her. His thick voice came plainly to my ears.

'Madam,' he said, 'you have, I trust, come up to take the pleasant air in the moonlight. Permit your most humble servant the honour of waiting upon you.' His tone was as insolent as he could make it.

He believed that no woman on the ship was of a rank to receive the compliments he was paying. He fancied, doubtless, that he was making a fine fool of her.

I straightened myself, and the captain saw me.



He waved his hand to me to keep back. His face expressed such terror that I was still for a moment for his sake. Then he pointed, and I checked myself and waited; for Jack Horne, climbing like a cat and going as silently as a shadow, was already in the rigging, and gliding from rope to rope above the Viscount's head. Cicely still stood immovable. She said afterwards that she feared to move, feared to speak, lest he should know her.

Damerel gave another fine flourish of his hat, and stepped towards her.

'So coy,' he said; 'so silent. Let me draw aside this cloak and have the pleasure of seeing my fair companion of the watch.'

The captain had made one stride to me, and now held me by the arm.

'Wait,' he whispered. 'Keep still, man; keep still! Give Jack a chance.'

Jack saw his chance at the moment. Damerel straightened himself up, and was about to replace his hat, when the seaman from above dropped a heavy block upon him. Fair and square the block took the Viscount on top of his skull and felled him to the deck. The dull crack of wood and bone meeting was plain where we stood, and now I ran forward. Cicely flew to meet me, and I took her hand.

'Was your face muffled all the time?' I asked.

'Yes,' she said. 'He could not have known me.' We hurried up to the fore-castle, where the captain was waiting at the ladder.

'Away with ye,' he said; 'haste, haste. And then I must go pick up yonder lord. He lies like a dead man.'

'I trust this will bring you into no further mischief,' said I.

'Why should it?' he asked, with a grim chuckle. 'He comes out to ramble, and a block shakes loose aloft and drops on his head just as he's talking nonsense to my daughter, who's come up to speak to me. No, no; he can get hold of

nothing here. Let me but once see ye clear of the ship and I care for nought.'

Jack Horne was already in the boat, holding it off the ship's side with an oar. I went down the ladder and landed easily in the stern. Then I prepared to receive Cicely, whom the captain above was helping to gain a footing on the rope rungs. She came down nimbly, and I took hold of her and lifted her clean into the boat.

'Sit down astern there,' said Jack, seating himself and thrusting out the oars. We both looked up to the captain to give him our last words of thanks; but he had gone, and now the boat moved steadily away from the vessel, the sailor drawing his strokes so that not the faintest splash was to be heard. At the same moment we saw sail made on the ship, and off she glided, sheering away from our course, so that in a few minutes we were far apart.

'Who struck him down?' asked Cicely when we were clear away and speaking was safe.

'There the man sits,' I replied, pointing to Jack Horne. 'And a neater, cleverer bit of work I never saw in my life.'

I told the story, and Jack interrupted by growls and snorts of disdain at the idea of any one taking notice of such a trifle as that.

'Pooh, brother!' he cried; 'twas nothing at all. Wait till ye've something to thank me for. Don't count that as aught.'

'I fancy my lord will count it something,' said I. 'It was a rare crack, I know. We heard it plainly from where we stood.'

Jack chuckled and allowed it was enough to keep him quiet till we were safely off.

'Brother,' he said, 'ye had a stroke of luck in that young officer as come wi' that boat's crew; and ye had another stroke o' luck, too, in yon lord bein' such a bad-tempered man. Between the two ye just scraped out of it.'

'Tell us what happened,' said I. 'I know you are right about the officer.'

## ON THE SPREAD OF INTRODUCED PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

**I**T is dangerous to disturb the nicely-balanced equilibrium of nature by the importation of foreign, or the ruthless extermination of native, species of plants or animals. Those who do so are in something of the position of the man who opens the flood-gate and is overwhelmed by the rush of water.

We have in recent times many notable and interesting examples. The rat follows man in his wanderings over the globe, and the few settlers on a certain island unwittingly and unwillingly took it with them. The place and climate proving suitable, the rat multiplied exceedingly, and became

a plague. To get rid of it the settlers imported cats. These soon reduced the number of rats, and then began to exterminate other small animals and birds: they became a plague in turn. To get rid of the plague of cats, foxes were next imported. The cats were soon reduced, and then the foxes became a plague. No remedy seems to have suggested itself to the settlers for getting rid of the foxes, and the history leaves them petitioning Government for aid. It has been suggested that they should now import fox-hunters from this country, to whom such a fox-plagued land should be an Elysium.

Many other accidental importations have resulted



as disastrously as the introduction of these rats. Few countries have suffered more from the introduction of insect pests than the Hawaiian Islands. The two chief products of these islands are sugar and coffee, while a considerable amount of fruit is also grown. Along with the imported trees came their insect enemies, notably the scale insect and the aphid. In the course of time these increased so prodigiously that they threatened to destroy the industries of the country. Man is doomed to a constant struggle against Nature, and he is often compelled, so to speak, to fight her with her own weapons. So it was in this case. The trees were being destroyed by insects; remedy: import more insects. So, in 1890, a certain ladybird (*Pedalia cardinalis*) was sent over from Australia. It became completely naturalised, and increased prodigiously, feeding on the scale insects, which it soon reduced in numbers, until they became comparatively scarce. But there were other insect plagues—aphides and others of different orders. The Government therefore employed a naturalist to import more insects. These were brought from Australia, and many of them were ladybirds. Several of them have established themselves, and done good service. One of the most useful is a ladybird which feeds on the aphides, which had seriously attacked the sugar-canes. It has done such good work that there is every prospect of the canes being speedily cured. A visitor describes the fruit-trees, especially orange and lime, in a beautiful garden as in a most deplorable condition from the attacks of aphid and scale. Very few ladybirds could be found after a careful search. In a few weeks the ladybirds were swarming, and after six months the infested trees were all in perfect condition, full of flower and fruit. In a certain district, again, many of the trees were literally festooned with masses of a highly injurious species, and seemed on the point of being totally destroyed. Many large trees in the city of Honolulu had several square feet of bark entirely hidden by larvæ. A species of ladybird was turned loose among them, and the trees speedily recovered. To keep down the ravages of a certain caterpillar a fine beetle has been introduced from China. This caterpillar had seriously affected the bananas and palm-trees; but since the introduction of the beetle the trees in many localities have already quite recovered. Another beetle, accidentally introduced from Japan, multiplied prodigiously, and soon destroyed nearly every rose-tree in Honolulu. Rose-culture had been a great feature in the city, but now became impossible. Presently a parasitic fungus was discovered, and the beetles were infected with it. The disease spread far and wide, and the ground under the rose-bushes was literally strewn with dead beetles.

A similar warfare has been going on in California. The same ladybird that was introduced from Australia into Hawaii has done good service

in this state. By exterminating the white scale insect it has saved the orange and lemon industry of the region. A grant of one thousand and eighty-three pounds was made by the state in order to send an expert to Australia, New Zealand, &c., for the purpose of importing insects. Some sixty thousand individuals of many different species, chiefly ladybirds, were sent over. A certain number have become naturalised, and done excellent service in exterminating the scale insects and restoring the fruit-trees to health.

The above injurious insects were accidentally imported, but sometimes the plague is the result of human experimentation. Those who introduced the rabbit into Australia were doubtless actuated by the laudable motive of importing a pleasing variety into the native food-supply. The disastrous result of the experiment is now an old story, and up to the present date no thoroughly efficient remedy has been found, though many means have been tried. Our familiar sparrow, too, introduced from sentimental motives into New Zealand, has become a pest, and quite beyond the control of man. The success of the imported ladybird leads one to suggest that the introduction of foxes on the one hand, and hawks on the other, might help to reduce these plagues.

Sometimes a plant is introduced in a similar way. In the year 1890 a number of plants of the water hyacinth were thrown into St John's River, Florida. They grew luxuriantly, and produced beautiful masses of flowers. So attractive were they that the plant was introduced at various points for the sake of beautifying the river. Presently, however, it grew so thickly as to make the river difficult and dangerous of navigation. It has had a most disastrous effect on the fishing and lumber trade, while no efficient means for combating the evil have yet been devised.

A striking example of a plague produced by an animal purposely introduced is furnished by the recent extraordinary development of a caterpillar in America. This caterpillar of the 'gypsy moth,' as it is called, was brought over from the Eastern Hemisphere to Medford, a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts, by a French *savant*—too *savant* by half, as the sequel shows—some twenty-six years ago. It has been said that his object was to cross this hardy creature with the more delicate silk-worm, and so produce a robust silk-producing hybrid. This, however, is probably incorrect, as no one with any pretension to scientific knowledge would believe a cross possible between two such dissimilar creatures. But whatever his (doubtless amiable) object was, it has resulted disastrously for the state of Massachusetts; for, escaping from their enclosure, these creatures began to spread slowly over the town of Bedford, and then over the adjacent country. In the course of nine or ten years they had become a local nuisance, and in 1889 they simply swarmed. Like a swarm of

locusts they swept groves and gardens, fields and orchards, clean. Then war was made against them. Eggs were collected by the peck, even by the cart-load! It has been calculated that within a restricted area during a space of six weeks, in 1891, 456,000,000 eggs were destroyed. The progeny of a single pair of 'gypsy moths,' it has been estimated, would, if unrestrained in their increase, in eight years be sufficient to devour the entire vegetation of the United States. A certain province in the days of Rome's power sent to seek military aid from Augustus against a plague of rabbits, and the state of Massachusetts presently saw the necessity of official warfare against the caterpillar of the 'gypsy moth.' They 'took arms against this sea of troubles,' which had by this time spread over two hundred and twenty square miles of territory. First of all the arsenic spray was tried; but the caterpillar was found to stand it fairly well. In fact, it was found that in proportion to its weight it could take twenty times the amount of arsenic a robust man could possibly stand. The trapping of the females, and killing the males which were then attracted to the spot, was tried, but this also failed to reduce the number very considerably. The caterpillars can stand extremes of heat and cold remarkably well, and the vitality of the eggs is described as 'appalling.' By means of a hose the intense flame of vapourised petroleum waste was applied. Some of the eggs in sheltered crevices escaped even this. Certain of the native birds eat the caterpillars, but not in sufficient quantity to be of any practical assistance. The only effective way of reducing the plague, in fact, is found to be the laborious one of gathering with the hand; and a whole army of gatherers has been organised. These must go over every foot of ground, searching carefully. One method of capture is by putting bands of sacking round the trees. The caterpillars feed by night, and in the morning like to crawl down to shaded spots; so they shelter in the bands, and the gatherers come and take them. The force is organised like an army, with inspectors, superintendents, and a field director. Later in the year the eggs are sought for and destroyed with the same diligence. The tallest trees must be climbed and searched; smaller trees, shrubs, growing crops, fences, gateways, walls, &c. must be carefully examined. After the first searchers have gone over the ground, a more expert one goes gleaming after them; then another still more competent, and perhaps after him yet another selected from the most able egg-finders of the force. In some cases cavities in the trees which form favourable nesting-places are covered over with tin-plate shields well smeared and caulked with coal-tar. Sometimes badly infected trees are burned. By these means some 42,000,000 trees and over 400,000 buildings, walls, and fences have been inspected. Some 2,000,000,000,000 caterpillars have been destroyed.

With those whose destruction has been unrecorded, the number is estimated to rise to 4,000,000,000,000. In this laborious way the pest has been kept down sufficiently to prevent serious effects in the region where it has been worked. But although kept down, the caterpillar is not exterminated, and fresh projects are being devised. Thus it is proposed to introduce the ring-necked pheasant, which is believed to feed its young on the gypsy caterpillar. The advantages and disadvantages of introducing insect enemies are also being discussed. Meanwhile, as a result of the measures already taken, it is said that 'never has extermination looked so promising as it looks to-day.'

Sometimes the inordinate increase of an animal is due to the destruction of its enemies. This seems to have been the case in the plague of voles in Scotland. Gamekeepers, in their zeal for pheasant and partridge, are the determined enemies of hawks, owls, and other birds of prey. These being much reduced in number, the voles, on which they largely prey, increased inordinately, and became a serious nuisance to the farmer. Many means were tried to put it down, but it was the natural increase of its enemies which finally stayed the plague of voles; and while Royal Commissioners were investigating the matter, and scientific men were advocating the introduction of mouse typhus by means of bread infected with the typhus bacillus, Nature provided the remedy. The short-eared owl is usually a bird of passage only in Scotland; but in 1892 over three hundred nests of this bird were recorded in the vole-infested districts. By means of the mysterious freemasonry existing among birds, the knowledge of the abundant food-supply spread, and they came in large numbers to share it. Or it may have been that the birds of passage which ever and anon visited the spot always remained. An abnormal increase among the kestrels was also noticed, and the voles were speedily reduced to their normal numbers. A similar example is recorded by Dr Jessop in his article on the mole in the *Nineteenth Century* for August 1900. Farmers, it is well known, look upon the mole as an enemy, and wage ruthless war against it. This has led to the enormous increase of two species of ground-beetles, which have played havoc with the strawberries. The writer relates his own experience. He had about one hundred and fifty square yards of strawberries, which looked well and promised an abundant crop. But the beetles attacked them; and, 'alas!' says the writer pathetically, 'I have not had six strawberries to eat.' In that district they are now considering how the mole can be reintroduced.

The plants and animals of the Old World seem to have a special hardiness and robustness of constitution which enables them to contend successfully with the natives of other countries. English weeds accidentally introduced into New Zealand are a striking example. Introduced

animals have aided the weeds by destroying the native plants. Sheep and rabbits have eaten some districts almost bare, and all but exterminated the more delicate plants. The pig and the rat have almost exterminated others. A curious orchid (*Castrodia Cunninghamii*) with highly nutritious tubers has become very rare where the rat is plentiful. Thus the foreign weeds have the way prepared for them. In some cases such weedy plants as common brome-grass, docks, fleabane, catchfly, and Yorkshire fog have taken possession of the sea-beaches. Such robust plants as New Zealand flax, a coarse sedge known as *toe-toe-whatu-mannu*, and a common fern have been overcome and ousted by grasses and clovers. Another interesting example of how a native plant can be overcome by an alien without the agency of man is afforded also in New Zealand. The seeds of certain species of *Epacrids* have been carried by atmospheric currents over the twelve hundred or fourteen hundred miles of ocean which separates New Zealand from Australia. These are replacing the native plants, and spreading rapidly in the direction of the prevailing winds. In the same country, furze, broom, sweet-brier, dogrose, and bramble by their rapid spread are causing injury to pasturage and destroying the native plants.

The introduction of the merino sheep into South Africa has brought about a series of changes

in the vegetation. In the first place, the sheep brought in their wool the seeds of a plant known as *Xanthium spinosum*, occasionally found in this country, though not a native. This weed has increased so much that the presence of its seeds in the wool has seriously affected the value of that article. Special legislation has had to be made with regard to it. When the sheep were introduced there was plenty of grass, and they fed upon it. But the grass was unable to stand it, and vanished rapidly. The sheep then took to pasturing on bush and shrub, while obnoxious and poisonous weeds took possession of the ground. Among these was the intoxicating *Melica*, which the Dutch call *dronk-grass*. Cattle feeding on it become intoxicated in an alarming manner. As a result of the changes in plant-life the climate became affected, it rained less frequently, and the rain oftener took the form of thunder-torrents. Hardy plants from the karroo travelled northwards, and helped to exterminate the natives. Thus the region became but an extension of the dreary, scrubby, half-desert karroo.

Such are a few of the examples of how, in the struggle for existence, the foreigner has proved victor over the native; and the plants and animals of the Old World thus supplanting the denizens of the New offers a striking analogy to the effects of human migration in the same direction.

## A HALF-CROWN FORTUNE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

**N**OVEMBER and December, months drearier in East London perhaps than anywhere else on God's earth, had drawn out their weary, sodden length of days, and the new year had opened in a dense veil of fog. Then followed a time which Christine ever recalled as a dread nightmare.

On the opening night of the fog her father, who, as usual, had sauntered out after his midday meal, did not return. At first Christine, inured by custom to his absences, did not disturb herself; but, keeping up a cheerful fire, she sat late at work, awaiting his coming. When the noisy streets outside were hushed, and she realised that midnight had passed and he was still away, Christine became alarmed, and, wrapping a shawl over her head and shoulders, crept down the dark, creaking stairs to search for him. Feeling her way by the shaky banisters, she reached the street door, and as noiselessly as possible let herself out into the murky thoroughfare.

The thick, noisome air gripped her throat and made her cough. The almost impenetrable gloom made her shudder. The corner tavern, at an earlier hour a blaze of light, was invisible and

silent. Even the position of the street lamp was indistinguishable. As Christine trembled on the doorstep, assailed by all manner of strange fears, the sound of an approaching footstep smote her ear. It was an even, measured tread, as remote as possible from her father's uncertain slouch. A faint, mysterious halo seemed to attend the solitary pedestrian; and when he had advanced within arm's-length Christine saw it was a policeman with whom her father's infirmities had made her acquainted.

'It's my father—Dalkin, you know!' she gasped out as he raised his lantern to her face. 'Have you seen him? I was going up to the station to ask.'

The officer laid a kindly hand on her shoulder. 'He's not in the station. I was there a minute ago. Run back to your bed, my girl; it isn't a night for a livin' soul to be out in. I'll look for Dalkin, and let you know if he turns up.'

Realising the hopelessness of any attempt at search in a fog that converted the atmosphere into a dense, bewildering envelopment, Christine took his advice, and felt her way up the long stairs to her home. After heaping fresh coal on the fire, and setting water to heat with the idea



of preparing for certain of the vaguely foreseen possibilities which floated mistily through her brain, she lay down fully clothed, feeling assured that sleep would not visit her; but nature is stronger than will.

When Christine awoke with a start the sounds from the outside world told her accustomed ears that morning was already well advanced; and the echo of a shuffling, familiar step, yet with something strange in its progression, made her jump to her feet. Her fears, then, had been premature. Dalkin had returned.

Her first thought was that the fire was out, and that he must be cold; but the first glance at his ashen face told Christine that something more than fire would be required to warm his shaking limbs.

Springing forward and guiding her father to the arm-chair by the hearth, Christine saw him seated therein and covered with a blanket before running downstairs to borrow coals from Mrs Nicolson; for the extra fires of the previous night had exhausted her slender stock of fuel. In a few minutes the relit fire was blazing brightly; but, to his daughter's alarm, Dalkin failed to experience any relief from its glow.

'I am cold, cold,' was his only reply to her anxious inquiries as to where he had spent the bitter night, and if he were unhurt. 'I am deadly cold,' he chattered, shivering incessantly in spite of the encircling blanket. It is in like moments that the restrictions of straitened means have most power to torture. Christine had at hand no generous cordials wherewith to restore vitality to the chilled limbs. Her only refuge lay in the poor woman's panacea—hot tea; and the few minutes that passed before she could hold a cup of the steaming fluid to his blue lips seemed endless.

Before more than a sip had been taken the chill had become a fever, and the warm drink and heavy wrappings were thrust aside. Terrified by her father's laboured breathing, and by the sharp pain in the side, of which he now complained, Christine knocked on the floor to summon Mrs Nicolson, who, after despatching Stephen, who was at breakfast, for a doctor, helped Christine to warm Dalkin's bed and get him into it.

From the first there was no hope. The patient's already high temperature continued to rise, and before night the fever had increased to delirium. The severe chill contracted during a raw, foggy night passed out of doors in a drunken stupor resulted in acute pneumonia. Dalkin's drink-enfeebled constitution had no power to withstand the strain, and at dawn on the fifth day he died.

There was a quiet funeral, when only the Nicolsens, mother and both sons, accompanied the one mourner to the cemetery. Driving homewards, Christine, gazing with blank, unseeing eyes out of the carriage window, found herself wondering at the feeling of apathy that had usurped the

place in her heart that should have been filled by a sense of loss; but though the dutiful girl was loath to confess it even to herself, her father's death had removed a burden under which her slender strength had long bent.

Since the loss of her mother seven years earlier, Christine had sewed early and late to support a father who was a disgrace as well as an encumbrance. Dalkin had been a soldier; but his little pension, so far from proving a benefit to the household, was a curse, the payment of each recurring instalment being merely the signal of a fresh debauch. While the coin lasted he troubled his home little save as a place of refuge during the hours when the taverns were closed. Even when his funds were liquidated a ready credit awaited him at the adjacent 'Three Tuns,' whose owner knew that with the next receipt of pension-money his claims would be satisfied.

Christine's chief consolation lay in the thought that her father had died at home. During the foggy night when he was missing many dread possibilities had haunted her. Thoughts of accident and misadventure—mishaps that may befall even the most abstemious in a London fog—kept obtruding themselves on her mind.

'You'll take care of your father, Christine, for he can't take care of himself,' her dying mother had counselled; and it pleased the lonely girl to remember that among the fevered, half-coherent utterances of his last moments her charge had muttered a word or two of commendation. The words were few and tardily spoken, but Christine treasured them up in her heart.

Dalkin had been a bad father and a ceaseless care, yet in his absence the attic rooms seemed empty, and her life objectless and dull. Despite a busy season of abundant work, the time hung heavy on her hands.

Oddly enough, Adam the affianced was the only one who guessed at her loneliness. The course of his love-affair was not running smoothly. His bearded face wore a grave expression; a sadder look shadowed his frank hazel eyes; and his devoted mother was too deeply engrossed in her conjectures regarding the love-troubles of her first-born to have a thought to spare for anybody else. Indeed, the good dame honestly regarded the removal of Dalkin as an unmitigated blessing, and did not scruple to hint so to his daughter.

It was on a wet Saturday night, when Christine's spirits touched their lowest depth of depression, that she discovered that the Cupid-harassed carpenter was not too engrossed in his own worries to be able to sympathise with hers. She had done her shopping, buying from the barrows in the side-alleys to avoid jostling among the crowd in the glaringly-lit thoroughfare of Mile End Road. Returning home, she had put away the purchases that seemed so small now that there was only one mouth to feed. Sitting by the fire drying her damp skirts, she was giving



rein to her sad thoughts when some one tapped at the door. Opening it, she discovered Adam Nicolson.

'I won't come in,' he said, speaking with the low, hurried voice and displaying the furtive manner of one who acts against his better self; 'but here's a canary. It's not a bad whistler, and, if you can be bothered with it, it might be company to you.'

Thrusting the cage, which was clumsily wrapped in a newspaper, and a bag of bird-seed into her hands, he clattered off down the steep stair without giving her time to say a word of thanks; and Christine heard the door of the flat beneath close after him before she had recovered from her astonishment.

Ever afterwards Christine regarded that dismal January night as the turning-point of her life. Never again did despair possess her. Adam's canary speedily found a place in her heart. To it she transferred the care she had lavished on her father; and it is not absurd to say that from the twittering yellow ball she received a hundred-fold greater recompense for her affection than she had ever done from Dalkin.

January was drawing to a close when one morning Mrs Nicolson, the goffered frills of her white morning-cap instinct with importance, hurried upstairs to unburden her mind to the ready ears of Christine.

'Chrissy, my woman, you'll never believe it; but that silly haverel lassie has thrown oor Adam over. Ay, that she has, clean over. I had been thinkin' there was something up, he's been lookin' that down-in-the-mouth-like these twa-three weeks back; but you ken oor Adam's way: he never said a word. Last night he was away west scein' her, and when he came in I says—just like that—"And how is she keepin', this cold weather?" and he turned on me real fierce-like, and he says: "Dinna speak to me again about her, mother," says he. "She telt me the night that she had changed her mind, and it was all over between us." Ay, I thought that Sunday she was here, that she was far ower taken up wi' that butler-body; his nanie was never off her tongue. Well, they'll no spoil a pair. Adam's well rid of her.'

On the evening of the same day, before Christine had quite absorbed the welcome fact that Adam's engagement was a thing of the past, Mrs Nicolson was again 'tirling at the pin,' eager to confide another piece of news which was even more important in that it foretold the upheaval of their household.

'Oor Adam's got a good offer to go to the country—down in Dorsetshire it is, a most awful

distance away; but there's quick trains. The gentleman in Portman Square where Adam's been workin' this month back has an estate there; all round about belongs to him, and he keeps a man there just to do the joiner-work and odd jobs about the property. So he's offered Adam the place, and he's to begin in a fortnight.'

Regret, born of the knowledge that in the event of Adam Nicolson leaving London their chances of meeting would become rare, warred with Christine's sense of relief in that his country appointment would remove Adam from the vicinity of the faithless Louise.

'The master said he would prefer a married man,' Mrs Nicolson was prattling on; 'but when oor Adam telt him that his mother had aye kept house for him he jist said that would do fine.'

'And what will Stephen do if you both leave London?' asked Christine.

'Well, Chrissy, we were thinkin' if you wouldna object to Stephen boardin' wi' you, it would be company to you and a real obligement to us all. For he's but a laddie yet; and, though he's aye been a good laddie, you dinna ken who he might take up wi' if he had no right home here in London.' Christine gladly assented to the plan, as leaving her a connecting-link with Adam.

During the next fortnight there were no idle moments among the occupants of the upper floors at 17 Brimley Buildings. Every spare moment Christine spent in sewing and mending for Mrs Nicolson; while that active matron washed, polished, and purchased, with a view to the tasteful plenishing of her new home. The early years of the Nicolson family had been passed in a Scottish village, and many a time had Christine—who had the misfortune to be town-bred—listened with envy to Mrs Nicolson's description of the China-asters and ten-week stocks that had flourished in their garden, or lent an attentive ear while she enlarged on the extravagance of town-living as compared with the economy of housekeeping in the country.

Adam was busy and preoccupied; but he found time, as they parted at the station, to wring Christine's hand warmly, and to thank her for past kindness to his mother and prospective attention to Stephen. Then Mrs Nicolson, thrusting her head, crowned by an ornate bonnet designed by the most fashionable milliner in the Mile End Road, out of the carriage window, for the sixth time reminded Christine that, though she was not much of a letter-writer, Adam would drop them a line, and that when Stephen and she came down at Easter they would see everything for themselves.



## BIRD WAYS.



T the building of our house two holes had been left reaching under the slates, one just above each side of the front door. These holes were eagerly seized as nesting-places; and the regular order for many years was that early in the spring they were taken possession of by sparrows, a little later the starlings came, and after them the swifts. Sometimes the sparrows would have their young reared before the starlings wished to get possession; but if there chanced to be eggs or young birds, the starlings threw them out and proceeded with their own operations. In due time the swifts arrived, and after a few days' flight by way of survey and inquiry, they made up their minds to enter their old homes, and very soon drove off the starlings, treating their eggs or young just as the starlings had dealt with the sparrows.

For many years we had watched this regular procedure, picking up in the morning the young birds cast out—some but newly hatched, and others almost ready to fly, which, having broken their fall with outstretched wings, were taken up alive—or finding only the broken eggs to tell us we had got new tenants above. This record remained unbroken till one late spring a pair of plucky sparrows took possession of the hole above the left-hand side of the door. Not more than two or three days after they had finished their nest an unusual screaming told us the starlings were on the ground. Day after day the sparrows kept up the defence of their hole, and prevented the starlings from gaining an entrance; when, the hen-starling having dropped two eggs, they set to build a nest for themselves in the ivy growing near, leaving the sparrows in peace. But the sparrows had not managed to rear their young when we observed the swifts had arrived. There was the usual preliminary survey, and the starlings on the right of the door were driven out of their home; but our friends on the left were evidently prepared to renew their defence. A swift flew to the hole, clung to the wall, and tried to look inside; but it was met by a determined challenge, sometimes by both the sparrows within, and at other times one sparrow sat on a tree close to the house, and as soon as the swift made its way to the hole, dashed at it from behind, so that it was taken both front and rear, and beaten off. Towards the close of the week the determination of the swifts increased. The attacks were more continuous, and the excitement of the sparrows was shown by their cries growing with their effort. On Sunday morning the battle began with daylight. The pair of swifts, one after the other, flew to the hole, and were met by both the defenders

blocking the way. Standing on the lawn, I observed one of the swifts retire a considerable distance from the house, and after a few graceful circles, dash with extraordinary velocity straight for the hole, into which its head and right wing were pushed by a side-motion. Then there was a struggle. The swift had expanded its wing within the hole to increase its power, but it could neither overcome the sparrows and get farther in nor withdraw. Very soon the swift seemed to be getting the worst of it; and within a couple of minutes the tail quivered, the left wing grew limp, and the bird hung helpless on the wall. After church service I got a ladder and went up to see what had happened. The swift was wedged in the hole by its fully-expanded wing; and when drawn forth I saw that one of its eyes was torn out and hanging by a slight film of flesh, and the head so severely peaked that it had been done to death by the two sparrows still blocked inside by the body of their victim. When the ladder was removed the sparrows came out in triumph, and soon began to feed their young as if no great event in their history had taken place.

In another year we observed an event not less interesting in its way, though with a less tragic close. In early spring there came a few weeks of mild weather, when the sun shone bright, the snowdrops opened, and the birds were led to think summer at hand. Opposite our breakfast-room window a pair of yellow-hammers began to build their nest in a low rhododendron bush, and had just got it nicely lined with hair when the wind jumped into the north-east, and a great snowstorm came on. For a week we were again in the midst of winter; but the thaw came, and in another week the snow had gone. When the sun and the warmth returned, a pair of hedge-warblers became interested in that same rhododendron bush, and all the day were about it with their little perky, jerky ways. Very soon it became evident they had observed the yellow-hammers' nest, and began to debate the propriety of appropriating it as their own. They both examined it from all points of view, jumped in and out of it, and round about, and seemed greatly pleased with their find; but the yellow-hammers had not forgotten their nest. I never saw them near it during the day, but almost every morning they were in the hedge close by; and morning by morning, as soon as the bush was clear of snow, they were in it and looking round the nest. At length, on a bright morning a little blue egg was laid in the nest by the hen-warbler. They had indeed appropriated the yellow-hammers' nest. Perhaps the snowy interval between the fine weather made their circumstances pressing,

for next morning the streaky egg of the yellow-hammer was laid alongside of the blue one. Early the following morning there were two blue eggs when I looked; but disaster was at hand. The nest must next have been required by both the birds at the same time, and a struggle had ensued, with the result that the nest was injured and the eggs lay broken inside. This is the only case in which I have found the eggs of two different birds in the same nest, though from my boyhood I must have examined thousands.

Towards the close of last summer, when the days began to shorten, the windows were left uncovered when the lamp was lit. The unusually dense foliage makes a perfect screen round the house, and the long soft twilight of the north has a soothing influence. The household had retired to bed, and towards midnight I was sitting alone reading when a large soft mass came lightly against the window. With a gentle half-turn of the head I saw the brilliant light of the lamp reflected from two great white wings extended across the upper part of the window, a flat face was pressed against the glass, and two goggle-eyes were making a survey of the room. Suddenly, without a sound, it dropped back into the darkness. A large owl, attracted by the glare of light, had come so softly against the glass that but for a slight scratching of the claws in catching hold of the middle sash of the window its presence there might not have been noticed; only the perfect stillness of the room and of the night outside made the softest touch on the glass audible. The absolute silence of the flight of so large a bird is very impressive when suddenly seen at night. Standing within twelve paces of a birch-tree watching a pair of owls on a clear, calm winter night, I have seen them rise from the branches and fly low over the lawn without breaking the absolute stillness.

My first experience of an owl was, however, very different from this. A stranger in the place,

I was asked at the New Year to take part in a social function some four miles distant. Driving along, I observed that the level road for the greater part of the way was bounded on one side by a peat-bog, while on the other side for over a mile there was a very dense pine-wood stretching far away over rising ground on a long hill. The wood was fenced at the roadside by a low wall, the only entrance from the road being by what seemed an old stone-quarry overgrown with whins and broom and young trees. There were few houses on this road, and the stretch of peat-moss, with its black pools, gave the place a look of desolation.

The hospitalities were prolonged till after midnight, and I set out to walk home in the clear frost a little after twelve o'clock. Not a sound was to be heard till I was past the old quarry, when a low moaning wail rose from just beyond the dense thicket. It came again with a peculiar penetrating, vibratory quiver, as of a woman in great distress. I stood and listened. No bird or beast I ever knew of could make a sound like that. Again, but from a little farther into the wood, came a cry breaking into a succession of rapid throbs, as if a person in anguish were sobbing life away, and the cry ended in a long *hoo*. I leaped on the wall to make my way to the spot from whence the cry came; but, looking down in the darkness to see where I might find a footing on the other side, I noticed a star reflected on the water far below. This caused me to hesitate, and then the cry came from a different part of the wood, and brought the melancholy owl to memory. Could this be the hooting of which I had read, but never heard till now? A pair simultaneously calling to each other settled the point; and with the smile of satisfaction at new knowledge gained, I slipped down from the wall to the road feeling rather 'sold,' and jogged along the remaining two miles, thinking of the *Idylls of the King* and my lost quest.

## TWO GEORDIE TRAMPS.

I.



HEY were crossing the Bay when the accident occurred, and the young skipper dug his heels very angrily into the deck-planks of the bridge and listened to the adorned tale of the engineer with a superabundance of patience. The surplus expression of Mr Jamieson was at times particularly appalling, and covered more than half of his story. The pith of it was this: The crank-shaft of the tramp *Tudor* had long since seen and ended its better days, and having lately been severely worked by the hard-driven engines, had, from sheer and

utter weariness of an overtaxed old age, fallen into sections on the flooring of the engine-room.

When the expansive account was finished, Captain Bennet put a question to the engineer:

'Can you fix her up; and how long would the job take?'

The engineer thoughtfully applied a wad of grease-black waste to his perspiring forehead to awaken his intellect, leaving a beautiful coal-coloured mark where he had rubbed, and then answered:

'Impossible to say how long the job would take to fix.'



'Then we'll need to look out for a tow?' asked the captain, and raised his eyes inquiringly around the horizon in search of any steamer that it seemed probable they would have to call upon for assistance.

'That's what you'd better do,' answered the engineer surlily; and he shaded his eyes and gazed into the far-off afternoon sunlight, seeing the word 'sack' written large over his job in the *Tudor*. 'I've done the best I can,' he added after a pause. 'I've driven her a clean ten knots right through from Jaffa—and—confound it!—I'd have done it all the way to Liverpool but for that lazy lump of a second.'

'Well, it's no earthly use crying over spilt milk,' said the philosophical tramp skipper.

'Spilt machinery you mean,' growled the irate Jamieson.

He seated himself on the casing of a steam-winch pipe to consider the situation, and stared gloomily into the depths of purple that ran in swollen periods across the Bay; while Bennet paced the tramp's deck forward of the chart-room, fuming at the fate that had brought his ship to a standstill, and waiting for a definite decision from the engineer.

'Look here, sir,' said that worthy mechanic; 'I might get her to go under one engine. It has been known to be done. Only once she started she'd have to keep on going; and you couldn't go astern. Stop her, and we'd be long enough in starting her afresh.'

'And if you can't manage the one engine business?' inquired Bennet.

'We'd have to fit another shaft. We have a spare one in the No. 3 hold.'

'Go ahead then, Mr Jamieson; that's the tune. Try her at that.'

Then the engineer strode away, and Bennet mounted to the upper bridge; and while, below, the levers and machinery worked to the jerk of hissing steam, and much personal enunciation floated up to the captain's ears, he watched anxiously for any solitary puff of smoke or sign of a steamer. In front of the foremast-head he had hoisted two cork fenders as intimation to vessels that his ship was not under control; though, indeed, no vessels came their way. For two hours the fenders had swung lazily to the heave of the *Tudor*, when Jamieson came on to the bridge and delivered his verdict in a rusty voice, and Bennet listened with the feelings of despair that come to a man who sees his only means of livelihood flying from him.

'It's no use,' said the engineer. 'We can't get the cylinder to work. We'll have to mend the job. I'd like all hands if I can have them. The job may take three days, or it may be a week.'

'Hang it!' muttered Bennet, sticking his hands deep in his pockets. 'A week? And the oranges will be rotten before we get home. Just the luck of a first-voyage skipper.'

He gave orders to the mate to rouse all hands and send them below, then lit a cigarette, and kept a rigid lookout for help. 'Owner's cargo,' he said as he raised the binoculars—'owner's cargo. It'll be, "Out you go, Bennet; out you go!" For these Geordie jobs are no sinecures.'

## II.

During the dark hours the *Tudor*, with two red lights swinging from her mast-head lamp halliards, tumbled about the ugly seas of Biscay Bay in grim solemnity and loneliness.

Two gaunt and very ragged-looking trysails and staysails ballooned from her spencer and forestays. Such sails would hardly have been of use to an up-to-date mail-boat, much less to the *Tudor*, built as she was on the splendid lines of the average dividend-paying tramp; indeed, she provokingly turned her flat bows to all points of the compass, and wallowed and poked in the shimmering crested swells the whole night through.

Her enraged skipper watched her movements as he paced athwart the bridge. His anxiety grew as time dragged on, and not without cause. The barometer was falling, and the clouds heaping up in the north-west.

About midnight, when the breeze gathered heart, two sailing-ships came out of the north, and crept swiftly, with a red eye gleaming from each hull, until they worked abaft the *Tudor's* beam, then vanished like weird spectres. But no steamer came, and the night trailed through to dawn and daylight.

Not until the *Tudor* had lain at her own sweet will full twenty-four hours did anything show up to lessen Captain Bennet's anxiety. It came in the shape of a tub-bowed, flat-bottomed, stump-masted, rolling, big tramp, that wallowed up from the southward through the long seas, dipping her ugly nose as she came, and exhibiting a round, rusty side to the glinting red of the sinking sun.

The stranger, no doubt seeing the signals flying from the *Tudor's* mast-head and span, and interpreting them as the promise of something that lay rich to his hand, sent belches of smoke from his lean and five-coloured funnel, and bore down to the helpless ship with all his might. He came shooting to within a mile of the *Tudor*, then slowed his engines and rolled slowly to within a couple of ship's-lengths of her.

A face adorned with mutton-chop whiskers and blinking eyes rested above the canvas dodger on the bridge, and a trumpet-voice hailed the distressed tramp.

'What's the matter, cap'in? Engines broken down?'

There was a grim smile of confident satisfaction on the hairy face of the interlocutor. He gave the man at the wheel an order, and the tramp seethed a few yards closer; then he revealed himself, a big, stout, pompous individual, and leaned over the



bridge railing, while he rubbed a pair of broad tarry palms together.

'What's up?' he grinned. 'You've got two balls up for'ard.'

'Broken down,' answered the *Tudor's* master.

'Um!' grunted the other tramp's skipper as he cast a comical look fore and aft the ship. 'Where from, cap'n?'

'Jaffa; with a cargo of oranges my owners picked up for Liverpool.'

'S'pose you're in a big 'urry to get 'em 'ome—ch? Oranges soon goes bad.'

'I'm wanting a tow,' said Bennet. 'The engineer tells me he may be a couple of days mending her up below.'

'Rotten?' queried the new-comer. 'Um! The *Miltiades*—my own barge here—ain't up to much—my own bit o' property. Pretty good-looking though, and able to drag that ramshackle affair of yours. What do you offer for a tow?'

'Two hundred and fifty pounds to Liverpool,' answered Bennet modestly.

There were other ports a deal closer, but out of all consideration. At any other place the cargo would have to be forwarded by rail or transhipped. The latter course would cause delay, the former entail enormous expense.

In answer to the *Tudor's* demand the *Miltiades* skipper raised a big hand in deprecation.

'Phew!' he said; 'and who's to pay for the coal what's used in steaming, the grubbing of two days, and pay for all hands, I'd like to know; and wear and tear of my steamer? Besides,' he added, with a grin and chuckle, 'do unto others as others 'ud do unto you if they got half a chance.'

'Isn't two hundred and fifty sufficient?' cried Bennet, with some indignation.

'Don't leave scarce no margin for profit,' answered the other man coolly. 'I'll tell you what I will do. For nine hundred pounds I'll take all risks of weather and so on. Your cargo must be worth all of ten thousand pounds. As for the ship—well, she ain't what I'd call a beauty; so we won't say much about her. Anyhow, she'd fetch a couple of thousand sold as old scrap-iron. Ain't my offer fair?'

'It's an almighty pickle,' muttered Bennet, for the *Miltiades* skipper had struck home. The *Tudor's* cargo of sixty thousand cases of oranges was worth ten thousand pounds to the owner. But this was the point; if Bennet refused a tow, and landed a bad cargo through delay caused by his broken shaft, he would get the blame and a permanent holiday; on the other hand, accepting assistance and arriving home with a clean cargo, he might be able to dispense with the holiday and keep his job. Still, the *coup* was very, very doubtful. The sword of Damocles could not be held by a finer hair.

Bennet signalled to Jamieson, who stood beneath the bridge coolly grinning, and when he reached the top of the ladder, the skipper ardently ex-

horted him to promise steam in twelve hours, or even twenty. But the engineer would not make any promises. He did not see why he should kill himself with work to save another man's neck, and said aloud something about 'more jobs than church steeples.' At this Bennet spouted up an indigestible adjective, and treated the engineer to many vivid and lightning-like prayers concerning rotten engines and unlucky tramp-steamboat skippers.

Jamieson did not resent the language. On the contrary, it gave him a twinge of satisfaction, and he dropped a remark about 'being in the same box;' which insinuation brought vividly to Bennet's mind visions of tramping Mosley Street and Quayside in Geordie-Land, and Water Street in Liverpool, looking for a ship, armed with thick-soled boots and much strong language, and a few small pence borrowed from a hard-up landlady to buy biscuits and beer. It was in the middle of these bad dreams that the *Miltiades* skipper impatiently hailed the bridge of the *Tudor*.

'My old steamboat ain't going to wait here all night for your coffee-mill, cap'n,' he roared, giving at the same time his engines a touch ahead and sheering his vessel close to the *Tudor*. 'What's the decision?'

'Three hundred and fifty,' answered Bennet nervously.

'Thank 'ee very much,' came the mocking reply. 'Then the oranges will be perfectly rotten before they gets 'ome if you wait for my services. Good-night,' and he put his hand to the telegraph.

'Four hundred,' shouted Bennet desperately. 'Come, that's a fair-and-square price.'

'It is,' replied the warrior's master sarcastically. 'It's simply monstrous; and you'd better eat your oranges rather than chuck 'em away.'

Before he had finished speaking his propeller was churning the blue water astern to a frothy milk, and Bennet watched the immense square stern of the *Miltiades* as it wobbled slowly past the *Tudor's* stern. He held his breath for one impatient minute; then he bawled at the top of his voice, 'I'll make it seven hundred pounds.'

The other steamer wallowed round, and her screw ceased working. A ship's-length distant from the broken-down tramp her skipper called triumphantly:

'Eight hundred. Not a cent less.'

The unfortunate Bennet saw it as his last chance, and a glance at the uncomfortable north-west hastened his decision.

'I'll take you at that,' he groaned. 'I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb; and if I get booted out by the owner I'll lay the result at your door.'

'You may come to me for a job,' jeered the hairy-faced man, 'if he sacks you. I shall be wanting a trustworthy man for this ship after this paying job; for I'll retire. Send a boat

with your hawsers and we'll connect your old orange-box on to my ship.'

Bennet, with deep forebodings, put out a boat and passed his steel wires to the *Miltiades*.

So into the coming night the rescuer steamed, with the *Tudor* working through the white-waked swells behind her, and the noise of her clanking hammers in the engine-room ringing echoes through the stillness that came in untuneful melody to Captain Bennet's ears as Sack! sack! sack!

### III.

They had not been more than six hours in tow before no less than a half-dozen steamers came out of the southern horizon and passed into the north. Bennet, on the bridge, watched them with glowering and hungry eyes, and as they passed, cursed the folly that had led him to accept assistance in such haste. Here, from this host of vessels, he could have chosen a most respectable tow with two hundred pounds as a limit, and Matthew Walker was the man to know it. There was absolutely no excuse for his paying such an extravagant sum as eight hundred pounds. Bennet almost prayed that a gale would come. 'It would save my bacon, if anything could,' he mumbled. But the weather obstinately kept fine. He went to Jamieson for sympathy, and confided to him his thoughts. The engineer became quite hearty. 'Friends in distress make sorrow the less,' he said. He even grinningly asked Bennet for the promise of a chief's job in the *Miltiades* when he should take her over, and tried to bargain for eighteen pounds per month wages. Indeed, he seemed to take heart, induced perhaps by the motto, and worked so spiritedly at his engines, that the shaft was fitted and had taken half-a-dozen turns to his complete satisfaction the day after the *Miltiades* took the *Tudor* in hand. Bennet received this piece of news very gloomily; he saw in it another nail in his half-sealed coffin. Again he cursed the steamer that had picked him out of the frying-pan and hove him at his own request into the fire. He remonstrated with Jamieson.

'Look here,' he said heatedly; 'why didn't you tell me the job could have been patched so quickly? Surely you must have known?'

Jamieson smiled gently, while the greasy wrinkles on his face shone in sympathy and dirt.

'Didn't,' he replied; 'and it's no matter—is it? The owner can't blame you for doing the best in his interest. You have my word I couldn't promise.'

Full well he knew that the *Tudor's* owner was not the man to take abstract conclusions, however good, into account in Bennet's defence, while the gross results of the voyage came dangerously near comparative loss instead of affluent profit. He was not a being of that sort. He

would rate his employé's worth, not according to his moral or intellectual ability, but solely in consonance with his capacity for increasing, and on occasion multiplying, the *Tudor's* exchequer. The dénouement of the *affaire de Tudor* came unpleasantly before Bennet's mind, and he produced the effect in words.

'Well, it's all u-r,' said the latter moodily, 'and the *Tudor* and I'll part company after this—my first voyage.'

They were talking the matter over in the cabin, and it was while the skipper pondered further on his foggy future that he was suddenly roused from his apathetic state by a loud and violent blast on a steam-whistle. He rushed on deck to see what the matter was, followed by Jamieson.

Right abeam, moving slowly and losing way, was the great and unshapely tramp *Miltiades*; alongside the *Tudor* her own hawsers trailed like white and gleaming snakes. Bennet gazed at her for a minute, looking curiously at her still propeller; then he turned to the chief engineer and said quietly, 'Stand by, Mr Jamieson. I guess it's our turn now;' and as Jamieson rushed below to the engine platform, Bennet raced on to the *Tudor's* upper bridge, where the mate was bawling orders to haul in the wires. He rang up the engines to 'slow ahead;' then he put the helm down, and the old tramp wore round under her restored machinery and oozed up to the *Miltiades*. Bennet stopped his engines, leaned over the bridge-rail, and took a cool survey of the *Miltiades'* crestfallen skipper, who glared savagely but helplessly back.

'Yes, I'm all right, thank you, captain,' said Bennet, nodding his head. 'But what's the matter with that old tug-boat of yours?'

'Engines gone smash,' shouted back the elder man, his late sarcasm exchanged for a white-heat of rage.

Bennet smiled; he could afford to do it now, and lit a cigarette with great care.

'Where are you from?' he asked at length.

'Alexandria, with a cargo of onions for some Liverpool people.'

'Big hurry, I suppose? Want a tow?'

'I'd take one cheap.'

'Depends on what you call cheap,' was the irritating reply of the man with the big trump-card. 'What's your offer, anyhow?'

'Call it two hundred pounds.'

'Yes, that's pretty decent for some old hooker that's coming home light or with a bad freight, and wants to make her dock-dues. But I couldn't think of it, although I don't want to be hard on you;' and Bennet smiled genially.

The elder man's face beamed and he stroked the tag-ends of his goat-beard lovingly. 'I'm glad you don't bear no spite,' he said pleasantly. 'What would you tow me for?'

Bennet lazily swung himself over the railing of

the bridge and smoked placidly; he was the picture of calm contentment and victory.

'Nine hundred pounds is my price,' he replied.

The master of the *Miltiades* made no intelligible reply; he beat the rail and stamped on the bridge for five minutes, and when he had shouted himself hoarse and blue in the face, called to the mate and engineer of his ship.

Bennet watched him with an amused smile; and when another five minutes had been registered and still no answer came from the other ship, he thought it time to follow up the everyday motto delivered to him from the hairy-faced man twenty-four hours previously: 'Do unto others as others do unto you.' So he hailed the bridge with some show of impatience.

'I can't wait here all night for that old onion-box of yours,' he called. 'My oranges, as you well know, may go bad.'

'Call it four hundred,' reeled off the other skipper.

'You may call it what you like; but as long as you call it anything below my figure—nine hundred—captain, your onions will rot before they reach Liverpool, if you wait for my services. I'll remember you to Messrs Ramshackle, Tub, & Co., and tell 'em you're having good onion soup. Good-night, and a pleasant time. There's some nice weather coming shortly out of the nor-west.'

Bennet pointed to a fiery glow on the bow, where a mass of clouds banked heavily below the falling sun; and the purple tinge of the promising storm came over the fat seas and sighed to him a melody of satisfaction and a hundred or so of weather cash into the pocket of Matthew Walker of Newcastle.

He rang up his engines with a swift hand and grinned at the telegraph face. The reply had but 'tring-tringed' from the engineer when a loud and hoarse shout, accompanied by something strong, arrived to him.

'—, your offer's vile. You'll swallow up all the earnin's of the voyage. I'll give you seven hundred,' and the oak-like fist of the man who shouted thumped the bridge-rail in emphasis.

'That's better,' murmured Bennet, who had only rung his engines to 'stand by.' 'I thought that would bring him—that and the weather, God bless it! "It's an ill wind"—though it pipes out of the nor-west—"that blows nobody any good."

'Can't help it,' he bawled. 'If you get broke over the job, you may call in on my owner—Matthew Walker of Newcastle—and tell him that I can recommend you as a thorough business man, captain. He wants people who can coin money for him. Only—don't tell him you bagged eight hundred pounds for towing one of his ships a distance of five hundred miles. It'll look bad, you know. Now, captain, this is the last time—take my offer or leave it.'

There was a hasty consultation on the bridge

of the *Miltiades*, while Bennet suddenly became anxious. What was that in the south'ard? The other captain could not have seen it. He made answer.

'Yes. I'll take you at that,' he cried; 'nine hundred.'

'Very well, captain. I'll send my hawsers aboard again, and you may hitch on to my steamboat that old tin coffin of yours.'

'I could not resist it,' muttered Bennet, 'although it is not wise, in the hour of triumph over your enemy, to be too sarcastic—for the tables may yet turn.' He looked hard and earnestly astern, where three faint lines and the bulge of a steamer's funnel pricked the clouds.

Meanwhile the *Tudor* and her bait were connected, during which the owner and master of the *Miltiades* groaned at his folly. It was the moral of the proceedings that hurt him most. He had used a compound of well-matured ignorance where all that was required was an atom of young wisdom. His mule-headed sarcasm had all come back on his own shoulders—or, if you will, his own pocket.

So, with all arranged, Bennet rang up his engines 'full,' and shouted down the engine-room tube, 'Mr Jamieson, some dirty weather's coming on. Give it her for all she's worth. You save the oranges and I'll save your neck. Though, you beggar,' he mumbled as he capped the brass piping, 'you don't deserve it.'

Then he glanced at the big oncoming steamer, hull down, and blessing his luck, set his course along the great steamer track, straight for the rocky islands that grow up like jagged and wolfish teeth out of the Channel mouth.

#### TO LOVE.

A FEW quick years, methought, would cause youth's fancies

To fall away like blossoms early blown;

And Time, I sighed, would take my rich romances

And grant me bare contentment for my own.

And yet, while Spring and Summer bring their posies,

My sages gather dust upon their shelves;

For still I take the violets and roses

As hints of something sweeter than themselves.

And still a bird can set my pulses beating—

Nay, ev'ry year I love the mavis more!

I always think he sings of some glad meeting,

Of listless days and longing safely o'er.

I still receive the secrets of the ocean,

The strange, long wonder-stories of the wind;

And see the sun's desire, the moon's devotion—

And in them all some dearer thought I find.

O Love! O Love! the years have made you splendid;

'Tis glory where I hoped for scarce a gleam.

The fancies and romances are not ended—

Time has but blessed and beautified each dream.

J. J. BELL.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE BRAVEST BRITON AT WATERLOO.

By E. BRUCE LOW, M.A.

The success of the battle of Waterloo turned upon the closing of the gates of Hougoumont.—WELLINGTON.

**D**R CONAN DOYLE has told, and Sir Henry Irving has realised for us in life-tints on the stage, the story of Corporal Gregory's daring deed at the great North Gate of Hougoumont, in dashing through the flames with a wagon-load of ammunition for the defenders; but another heroic incident took place at the same spot, which was of even greater interest, and certainly produced results of much greater importance.

All British and French writers agree that the defence of the château and farmhouse of Hougoumont was the key to Wellington's position at Waterloo. When Lord Uxbridge asked the Duke which was the material point of his operations in case any accident should overtake him, the reply was, 'Keep Hougoumont.' Victor Hugo, describing the battlefield, writes: 'Hougoumont: this was the beginning of the obstacle, the first resistance which that great woodcuter of Europe called Napoleon encountered at Waterloo—the first knot under the blows of his axe. Behold the court, the conquest of which was one of Napoleon's dreams. This corner of earth, could he but have seized it, would perhaps have given him the world likewise.'

To hold this vital point in his line of battle Wellington chose the Coldstream Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James MacDonnell, a gigantic, broad-shouldered Highlander from Invergarry; and to these same broad shoulders and the *perfidum ingenium Scotorum*, which at the supreme moment and crisis of the assault refused to yield, Wellington after the battle accorded the laurels of victory. When appealed to, in awarding the prize of five hundred pounds bequeathed to 'the bravest soldier in the British army at Waterloo,' Wellington wrote: 'The success of the battle of Waterloo turned upon the closing of the

gates of Hougoumont. These gates were closed in the most courageous manner at the nick of time by Sir James MacDonnell. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that Sir James is the man to whom you should give the five hundred pounds.' Like a true Highland gentleman, MacDonnell handed over the money to the stalwart sergeant who, shoulder to shoulder with this colonel of the Guards, had forced back the door on its hinges in face of an overwhelming force of the enemy.

The following details of this soul-stirring incident are gathered from the most reliable French and English sources:

The Coldstream Guards, who, with the 3rd or Scots Guards, formed the Second Brigade of General Cook's Division of Guards, arrived on the field of battle at five o'clock on the evening of the 17th June, wearied with the long march from Quatre Bras, where they had helped the Highland Brigade to win a costly victory. It was then a fine evening; but at seven o'clock, when MacDonnell's men advanced to take possession of the château and grounds, a tremendous storm of rain, wind, lightning, and loud thunder broke over the country. Nor were they a moment too soon; for hardly had they closed the gates before a party of French cavalry approached at full speed and sought to seize the orchard. A short and sharp encounter satisfied the enemy that the attempt with their numbers was fruitless.

All that night the small garrison were kept at work by MacDonnell in strengthening the buildings for defence; and in the morning they started to pierce the brick walls of the orchard and garden for loopholes, and to erect low platforms for a second firing-line who should shoot over the walls. All the gates giving access to the château or the farm were barricaded with flagstones, beams, broken wagons, and the like; but the great North Gate leading to the British ridge was left open to allow of free ingress for ammunition and reinforcements if necessary. This open



gateway constituted a source of much danger, as a rush of the enemy might at any moment in the conflict force an entrance before a sufficient number of the defenders could rally to the spot.

Early in the morning of the 18th, Wellington and his staff rode down to the spot. Müffling, the Prussian officer, and other foreigners were with him. Taking a survey of the defences, the Duke expressed himself well satisfied. 'Now Bonaparte will see how a general of Sepoys can defend a position,' he said; and was about to remount, when Müffling expressed some doubt as to the possibility of the post being held against assault. Wellington merely pointed to MacDonnell, to whom he had been giving some final instructions, and remarked, 'Ah! you do not know MacDonnell.' After the battle—'after Napoleon had sent his brother Jerome against Hougomont; after the divisions of Foy, Guilleminot, and Bachelu had hurled themselves against it; after nearly the entire army corps of Reille had been employed against it, and had miscarried; and Kellerman's iron hail had exhausted itself on this heroic section of wall'—Wellington again met Müffling near the chateau, and shouted exultingly to him, 'Well, you see, MacDonnell held Hougomont after all.'

The first French gun was fired at half-past eleven, and was the signal for a general advance of their Sixth Division, under Jerome Bonaparte, which attacked the wood on the south side of the position with great impetuosity, in the face of a heavy artillery fire from Major Bull's howitzer horse battery—to whom the Duke gave orders in person—with the effect that the French columns were twice checked ere they entered the wood and drove off the Hanoverians and Nassauers posted there. Time after time the attack was renewed, the defenders contesting every inch of ground and making a rapid advance at the first indication of hesitancy in the attack. Slowly and surely the French infantry pressed back the skirmishers of the Guards through the beech-wood into the alley of holly and yew-trees running round the north and west sides of the position. Under the belief that this hedge formed the only obstacle to a rush into the garden and orchard, the Frenchmen, mistaking the red colour of the brick wall for the British uniform, sprang rapidly forward, only to find themselves the target for a deadly fire, which burst upon them from loopholes and platforms along the garden wall. Though staggered for a time, the assailants, rendered frantic by the unexpected obstacle and constantly reinforced from the main body, rallied, and obtaining a vast preponderance of force, swept round the flanks of the farmhouse, and, like the onward sweep of a tidal wave, carried all opposition before them. The French had ascertained that the defenders received their supplies of ammunition and were being reinforced from time to time by way of the great North Gate.

It was therefore determined to make a fierce onslaught on this portion of the line of defence. To this point, accordingly, General Bauduin, the commander of the First Brigade of Jerome's Division, directed the advance of the 1st Regiment of Léger Infantry. Later, seeing Bauduin fall mortally wounded just before the gateway was reached, the colonel, Cubières, assumed the direct command, and with loud shouts rode forward towards the one vulnerable spot in the armour of the defence. In order to beat down all opposition he ordered forward a party of Sapeurs, at whose head he placed a brave young officer, the Sous-Lieutenant Legros, but better known among the soldiers as 'L'enfonceur,' otherwise 'the smasher,' who, though at the time an officer of Light Infantry, had served for a period with the Engineers, and was recognised by all as a brave and capable leader for the task in hand.

Seizing a hatchet and waving his comrades to follow, Legros rushed past the blazing haystack, the dense black smoke from which filled the lane and hid from the defenders the terrible danger which now threatened their position. At this critical moment the group of Guardsmen who had been holding tenaciously to the lane leading to the gateway were compelled by the overwhelming smoke and heat produced by the burning hay, and now by the rapidly increasing pressure of their enemies, to relinquish their post. Seeing themselves about to be outflanked and their retreat cut off by a force now entering the 'friendly hollow way' from the other or east end, the Guards withdrew into the great courtyard of the farm, and hastened to close the great North Gate.

This handful of Guardsmen, upon whose courage and devotion to duty must now depend the fate of Hougomont, and, in Wellington's own words, 'the success of the battle of Waterloo,' who were they? From contemporary newspapers, from short obituary notices, and from the lists of Yeomen of the Guard, Bedesmen of Westminster Abbey, Tower and Chelsea Pensioners, and the like, it has been possible to trace a few of these brave men. How difficult the task has become is shown by the fact that Mr Dalton's *Roll-call*, published in 1890, contains the names of but a few out of the many who fought in the rank and file of the regiments of Foot-Guards. Thousands are as forgotten as 'autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa.'

The party now retiring slowly into the courtyard consisted of men from the light companies of the Coldstreams and of the 3rd or Scots Guards. Among them were two brothers, Graham by name, natives of the County Monaghan; also two sergeants of the Scots Guards—Bryce McGregor, a native of Argyllshire, who enlisted at Glasgow in 1799, and remained in the service till 1822; and Sergeant-Major Ralph Fraser, a veteran who had served with distinction in Egypt in 1801, in Hanover, at Copenhagen, and in the

Peninsula, where he was twice badly wounded. Upon these men then fell the brunt of the determined attack of Cubières' regiment, headed by Legros and his Sapeurs.

A fierce hand-to-hand fight now ensued. Step by step the gallant defenders were forced to give ground. Then, in order to create a diversion, Sergeant Fraser, while his comrades made for the gate, rushed forward into the thickest throng of the enemy, alone and at great personal risk, and attacked the mounted officer whom he saw urging his charger forward with the obvious intention of preventing the heavy gates from being closed. With a powerful thrust of his sergeant's halberd he pulled the officer, who was no other than Cubières himself, from the saddle; and then, with a swiftness which utterly disconcerted the Frenchmen around him, he 'rode into the courtyard on the Frenchman's horse' before the surprised assailants had realised his daring design. Fraser was, however, closely followed by Legros and about a hundred of the enemy, who, parrying the vigorous bayonet-thrusts of the defenders, threw their combined strength upon the partially closed gate; and, amid the crash of falling timbers and the rattle of crumbling masonry, the great North Gate of Hougoumont was captured.

Only for a moment did victory rest with the Frenchmen. Attracted by the loud shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' and the counter-cries for help from the hard-pressed defenders of the gate, MacDonnell, calling the three officers near him to follow, made for the courtyard. The sight which met his gaze was sufficient to stagger even the bravest heart. Already a hundred Frenchmen had entered the gateway, and some had penetrated as far as the wicket-gate of the inner yard by which he and his party must pass from the garden to reach the North Gate. Here a dozen Frenchmen of the 1st Léger Regiment had been surrounded by a number of Hanoverian infantrymen, who had been driven into the garden from the orchard by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. In a few moments the fight here was over, and the intruders hunted down; but not before the Frenchmen had the satisfaction of seeing a young Hanoverian lieutenant, Wilder by name, pursued by another party of Frenchmen towards the farmhouse, and, at the moment when he grasped the handle of the door, cut down by a ferocious Sapeur, who hewed off his hand with an axe.

On entering the courtyard, MacDonnell saw that the Guardsmen there were defending themselves at the entrance to the cowhouse and stables which ran eastwards from the gate, and that several of their number were lying wounded at the doorway. Among these latter was one of the brothers Graham of the Coldstreams. From the windows of the parlour, from behind the walls, from the summits of the garrets, from the depths of the cellars, through all the air-holes, through every crack in the stones, the Guards, now in ambush,

were firing upon the French in the yard. At the château, the defenders, besieged on the staircase and massed on the upper steps, had cut off the lower steps. To-day, the ends of these broken stones resemble broken teeth of some monster as they project from the ruined wall, and among the nettles around still lie the blue slabs which formed the steps; above, but inaccessible, are the stairs where the Guards held their ground. Well may Victor Hugo declare: 'This corner of the earth, could Napoleon have held it, would have given him the sovereignty of the world.'

However, it was not to be. MacDonnell, as we have said, was a man of giant stature and breadth of frame; and when he rushed like an infuriated lion upon the Frenchmen around the gate they scattered before him. With him were the handful of young officers, whose names have been honourably preserved to us by Siborne, the Kinglake of the Waterloo campaign. They were, like Colonel MacDonnell, all officers of the Second Battalion of the Coldstreams. Captain Harry Wyndham (afterwards General Sir H. Wyndham, K.C.B., M.P.) was a son of the third Earl of Egremont, and had already seen eight general engagements in the Peninsular war, although on the day of the battle of Waterloo he was not yet twenty-five years old. Besides earning immortal fame by the heroic deed which we are now about to relate, Wyndham is remembered by an incident which occurred immediately after the battle, as darkness was falling upon the field. Pressing on in the general pursuit of the French, he saw one of the Imperial carriages attempting to escape, and soon ascertained that the occupant was none other than Napoleon's brother Jerome, against whose columns he had been fighting all day. Quick as thought he opened the carriage-door, only to catch a glimpse of Jerome as he leapt out by the other door and disappeared in the darkness.

Following Wyndham into the courtyard came Ensigns Gooch (afterwards Colonel) and Hervey; and as they approached the small tower and well in the centre of the farmyard they were joined by Sergeant John Graham of the light company of their regiment, who, as already described, had, with his now wounded brother and Sergeants Fraser and McGregor, been holding the enemy in check and preventing them from setting the stables and barn near the great North Gate on fire. As this small party approached the gate there appeared before them, at the farther end of the narrow way, a strong reinforcement of French infantry pouring in from both flanks. The British officers became at once roused to frenzy by the thought of the dire calamity which must befall the whole army if they should fail. With Hougoumont taken, Napoleon would entrench himself in the key to the British position, enfiling the right wing and opening the highway by the Nivelles road direct to Brussels.

The impetuous rush of the little party of officers

no sooner burst in fury upon the Frenchmen near the gate than they turned tail and broke up into several parties, some taking refuge in the open cart-shed adjoining the gate, and others making for the barn, where many of the British wounded were lying, and through which there was a direct road to the south or French side of the position. The remainder stood their ground, awaiting the arrival of the reinforcements now in sight. In less time than it takes to relate, MacDonnell and Sergeant Graham placed their broad shoulders against the open gates; and while their comrades engaged and overcame the daring spirits among the enemy who struggled to resist, the heavy doors were swung together, and—Hougomont was saved! Immediately stone slabs, broken beams, and the remains of wagons and farm implements were heaped against the gate, and then the storm of baffled and impotent rage burst against the outside. In another instant the heavy cross-bar which held the doors together was fixed by Graham, and the infuriated blows of hatchet and bayonet beat unavailingly on the solid planks of which the gate was composed. Long afterwards the imprint of bloody hands upon the gate-post and timbers told the tale of the frantic disappointment and passion of the assailants, which became fiercer as the piercing cries of the hunted Frenchmen still within the yard became gradually silenced in death. As at Quatre Bras the 42nd Highlanders (the Black Watch) received the French cavalry into the still unformed square, then closing its ranks, turned upon the intruders and exterminated them, so now the Guards at Hougomont proceeded to dispose of Cubières' Light Infantry one by one.

So fierce now became the pent-up wrath of the baffled enemy that an effort was next made to scale the high brick archway above the gate, and for this purpose a tall French Grenadier, amid the shouts of his comrades, mounted on their shoulders, and leaning over the top, took deliberate aim at Captain Wyndham, who at the moment was holding a musket in one hand while directing Sergeant Graham where to rest a massive beam of wood which Graham had brought to strengthen the gate. Noticing the Frenchman's movement and intention, Wyndham calmly handed the musket to Graham, who was a marksman of note, and with a significant gesture indicated the sharpshooter, whose musket was levelled, and who had merely to draw the trigger. Instantly grasping the situation, Graham took aim and fired. Two shots rang out, but the Frenchman's weapon discharged itself harmlessly in mid-air, and he fell backwards on the heads of his companions, pierced through the brain. At the same moment the assailants were taken in rear by a force of four companies of the Coldstream Guards under Colonel Alexander Woodford, a Peninsular veteran, who afterwards rose to the rank of Field-Marshal, and survived till August 1870. Woodford's men fixed

bayonets and charged. The enemy immediately gave way and 'withdrew from the contest;' which enabled Woodford to enter the farm by a side-door in the lane. Woodford had come at the personal request of Wellington himself to assist MacDonnell; but although senior in rank to that gallant officer, he refused to supersede him.

The French continued during the whole of the day to renew their attack, but at no time were they able to enter the farm. As already stated, the attack had begun at half-past eleven; the assault on the great North Gate took place at one o'clock, and was succeeded by a series of determined attacks by the whole of Bachelu's Division till three o'clock, when it became apparent to Napoleon that these troops were being thrown away without result, and that now a different line of action must be adopted. He resolved to make the position untenable by setting the whole of the buildings on fire. Among the two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery which Bonaparte had brought into the field of battle were a number of howitzers, which he directed to be formed into a powerful battery in order that their fire might be concentrated upon the château and farm. It was not long ere the incendiary projectiles thrown among the inflammable materials accumulated in the farm caused them to burst into flame. The great barn, filled, as we have seen, with wounded Guardsmen, was the first to catch fire; then followed the out-houses on the north side of the château and the farmer's house; and, finally, the château itself burned furiously. Amid dense volumes of black smoke, which attracted the attention of the combatants far and near—producing a temporary lull in the general engagement—the roofs of these buildings were seen to fall in, in quick succession, sending vast sheets of flame upwards, with brilliant effect. It speaks well for the discipline of the defenders that although many of the Guardsmen had brothers and kinsmen lying wounded within the burning buildings, it was recognised by all that the defence of their various posts was the first duty of each man, and not one left his rank, terrible as was the anxiety to save the wounded, until the permission of the officer in command had first been obtained. It was at this moment that Sergeant Graham, whose post was now at the hastily improvised banquet composed of benches, tables, chairs, and other like materials, appealed to Colonel MacDonnell to allow him to withdraw from the fighting-line. MacDonnell consented; but he asked Graham, whose bravery was well known to him, why he should retire when matters were at such a critical point. 'I would not,' said Graham, 'only my brother lies wounded in that outbuilding which has just caught fire.' Leave was cheerfully granted; and Graham, laying down his musket, ran into the blazing building, lifted his brother to a place of safety in a ditch close by, and was back at his post almost instantly.



Graham's wounded brother survived to thank his commanding officer, who in his turn repeatedly expressed his admiration for the high sense of duty and the brotherly affection shown by these lads from County Monaghan. Nor did MacDonnell forget the sergeant's gallant behaviour; for not only did he keep him in mind in various ways till Graham died at Kilmainham on 23rd April 1843, but when the Duke of Wellington awarded the Norcross bequest of five hundred pounds to Colonel MacDonnell as 'the bravest soldier at Waterloo,' it was to Graham that he passed on the gift, with the remark, 'I cannot claim all the merit due to the closing of the gates of Hougoumont; for Sergeant John Graham, who saw with me the importance of the step, rushed forward, and *together* we shut the gates.' The other brave fellows who had held the post at the lane and gate till succour arrived were not altogether forgotten; for it appears that Sergeant-Major M'Gregor retired after twenty-two years' service with a considerable pension, and was selected as one of the Yeomen of the Guard, and was thus well provided for till his death on 27th November 1846. Sergeant-Major Ralph Fraser was, after his discharge in 1818, appointed a Bedesman in Westminster Abbey, where he continued till he was over eighty years of age.

Besides receiving from Wellington the high honour of being credited with the 'success won at Waterloo' through his stout defence, MacDonnell was recognised by the Prince Regent and by the Emperor of Austria, who made him a Knight of the Order of Maria Theresa. He afterwards became General Sir James MacDonnell, G.C.B., Colonel-in-Chief of the Highland Light Infantry. Of this officer, it is interesting to note that his family, the MacDonnells of Glengarry, Inverness-shire, were of very ancient descent from the Lords of the Isles, and that Colonel Alexander, the eldest brother of Sir James, was the Fergus MacIvor of Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley*. The family were much reduced and the estates heavily mortgaged in consequence of the prominent part taken by them in the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745, when, as official documents show, they brought five hundred clansmen into the field. The result was that at the death of

Colonel Alexander MacDonnell, in 1828, the whole of the estates were sold, and the chieftain's son and immediate followers emigrated to Australia. The hero of Hougoumont survived till 15th May 1859, and with him ended the direct male line.

On the French side, General Baron Bauduin died of the wounds received in the attack, aged forty-seven; and at the door of the little chapel of the château, to which, when the gate was closed, he had fled for safety, was found the corpse of Sous-Lieutenant Legros of the 1st Léger Regiment, still holding the axe in his hand with which he had beaten in a panel of the massive gate. His colonel, Baron de Cubières, afterwards made General and Governor of Ancona in 1832, was loud in his praise of the British soldiers, who, when he was unhorsed by Sergeant Fraser and fell severely injured, 'forbore to fire upon him, and to this he declared he owed many good years since the battle,' as Sir Alexander Woodford tells us.

To-day the great North Gateway still stands much as it stood on the day of the battle, though the brick arch and massive beam on which it rested have long since disappeared. A bit of the north door, broken by the French, hangs suspended to the wall of the farmhouse. This consisted, till recently, of four planks nailed to two cross-beams, 'on which the scars of the attack are visible,' says Victor Hugo. He adds: 'Bauduin slain, Foy wounded; conflagration, massacre, carnage; a rivulet formed of English blood, French blood, German blood, mingled in fury; a well crammed with corpses; the regiment of Nassau and the regiment of Brunswick destroyed; Duplat killed, Blackman killed, the English Guards mutilated, twenty French battalions, besides the forty from Reille's Corps, decimated; three thousand men in that hovel of Hougoumont alone cut down, slashed to pieces, shot, burned—and all this so that a peasant can say to-day to the traveller, "Monsieur, give me three francs, and if you like I will explain to you the affair of Waterloo."'

Oh, Hougoumont, whose bloody name shall live to days  
of latest fame!

While storied page and poet's song shall last, uncon-  
quered Hougoumont,  
For ever linked shall be thy name with proudest day of  
England's fame.

## THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

### CHAPTER XXI.—(continued).



WELL,' said Jack, pulling a strong, leisurely stroke, 'it was like this. When that young fellow first came aboard he didn't seem over and above pleased at finding he'd got a sort of thief-taker's job. And when my lord began to give him orders about searching the ship, all very high and mighty

like, he didn't take everything too pleasant, and they had a few words. He was a fine, straight, young fellow, too, with as smart and bright an eye in his head as ever I see,' said Jack. 'So when we came to that very box where you lay, and my lord got that rap on his green wound and had to go, the officer left that box alone. And why? Because he knew you were inside. Brother,



he was as certain as I was. I saw him, with a little smile on his face, *a-scraping* together the sawdust out of the breathing-holes.'

'I saw him too,' said I. 'I saw him from inside, and felt certain he must know the only thing it could mean.'

'It pointed him his way as straight as you like,' said Jack. 'So you see my lord spoilt his own game through his bad temper, and serve him right.'

Next I related the adventure as I had seen it, and Cicely told her story of how the women had kept her out of everybody's way.

'Let me have an oar,' said I. 'I know how to row, and it is not fair for you to do all the work.'

'It's the same as play to me,' replied the honest seaman. However, I took an oar, and we sent the small skiff at a swinging pace over the water. Luckily the night was fine and the sea quiet. As we went we talked over a landing-point. I had a plan in my head, and wished to be set on shore as far westwards as possible, well down the coast of Sussex if possible. Jack was quite willing; but he feared that in so small a boat we could not do it. However, just as the dawn was breaking we heard voices, and presently drew near a fishing-vessel, the people of which were drawing up their net.

'What cheer, brothers?' called out Jack to the astonished fishermen. 'How goes the catch?'

'Badly—very badly,' they answered. 'Who are you?'

'We have left a vessel which puts into the Thames,' he replied, 'and are rowing westwards to save ourselves a long land-journey.'

We pulled alongside, and found it was a fishing-boat out from Deal; the crew consisted of an old man and his two sons.

'Are you willing to mend your bad catch by a good bargain?' I said. 'I will give you ten guineas to cross the Strait and land us in France.'

'No, no!' cried the old man; 'we will take part in no such thing. We are as far from the shore as we will go.'

'Very well, then,' I returned; 'will you carry us westwards?'

At first there was some demur, for they did not like the idea of passengers who wished at first to cross to France; but as they were very poor the money tempted them, and it sounded innocent enough to run along the coast. The wind, too, set fair down the Channel. Past Beachy Head they would not go; and finally they agreed to land us somewhere near it for the sum of six guineas.

We went aboard the little vessel, and the skiff was made fast to it by a rope. The sail was hoisted, and away we went down Channel before the favouring breeze. Cicely and I seated ourselves aft where the sail broke the wind. Jack

Horne entered himself at once as one of the crew, and gave the fishermen a hand in everything they did.

'Cicely,' said I, 'do you know where we are going?'

'No,' she said. 'But doesn't it seem like a fate that we can't get away from England?'

'It does,' I replied; 'and I mean to turn the fate to account. I propose that we go straight to Rushmere.'

'Where every one knows us?' said she.

'I do not mean that we should walk down the village street in open daylight,' I laughed. 'But think for a moment. The search for us in that part of the country must have died away long ago. At the present moment the only people who know we are in England, and who would do us mischief, are Kesgrave and his man and that old woman. Do you know, I believe that rogue spoke the truth when he assured the parson that they would be their own hue-and-cry.'

Cicely shivered a little.

'Are you afraid of them?' I asked.

'Afraid of those men, and you here?' she said.

'No, not likely. I was thinking of that horrible old woman. She was wickedness itself.'

'Well,' I went on, 'it seems to me that if we go very cautiously and creep into Rushmere by night—and the days close in early now—we can come at Sir Humphrey and Lady Lester very well. And there I look to get our pockets filled with money, and off with us again to some safe place abroad.'

'I will go anywhere as long as you will take care that no one knows you,' said Cicely.

'I think it's safe enough,' I said, pressing her hand. 'You see, poor as we sit here, we can raise money easily if we can but come at our own, and I look to Sir Humphrey to give us a hand there. The money we have in purse now is nothing at all to go abroad upon; but it is ample to carry us to friends who will help us to everything we need.'

By this time the day had come, and we looked out and saw the Kentish coast low and dim to the north and west of us, curving hook-like to Dungeness. The wind still held, and the fishing-boat ran freely and steadily before it. Now Jack Horne came, bringing the food with which the boat had been stored, and we ate and drank. The captain had made ample provision, and there was plenty for all, and Jack fed the fishermen and put them in the best of humour with us.

About mid-morning the breeze slackened. We had now cleared Dungeness. The sun was bright, the sea blue and sparkling, and here and there white sails flecked the shining plain of waters.

'Look at that large ship spreading every inch of sail to catch the wind,' said I, pointing to a vessel coming up astern.

Jack Horne at this moment came along and joined us.

'Brother,' said he, 'how far westwards d'ye want to go?'

'As far as Hampshire,' I replied.

'Then ye were thinkin' o' road-travel after Beachy Head?'

'I was.'

'Sea-travel's easier a good bit.'

'It is,' said I.

'Well, then,' replied Jack, 'here's your chance. D'ye see this brig overhaulin' us? She berths next the *Lucky Venture* in the Pool, and runs from London to Southampton. I know her well, and they know me.'

'Southampton!' I cried. 'The very place I should wish for.'

'We'll hail her and go on board,' said Jack.

'Will it not give rise to suspicion?' I asked.

'Why?' queried Jack. 'There's nothing commoner than for folks who live alongshore where no ship calls to come off in a boat and pick her up as she passes. I know. I've been up and down here scores of times.'

'But they'll wonder to see you,' I said.

'Brother,' said Jack, 'sailor-men never tell tales of each other. It'll be all right.'

'How about the skiff?' said I.

'Tis sold,' he replied. 'These men want one, and the price is settled.'

He hailed the fishermen and bade them stand out a little more into the path of the brig. They saw his purpose at once, and the old man came to demur. He had agreed to go as far as Beachy Head, and was willing to finish the trip. I understood what he meant, and paid him his six guineas on the spot. The rudder was at once altered, and we stood out to sea to lie on the brig's course. She came up, shortening sail as if our wish were understood. Jack hailed them, and was recognised. A movable patch of the bulwark was opened and a ladder flung down. The brig was heavily laden and lay low in the water, so that it was a short climb to her deck, and we were soon on board. Sail was made once more, and the brig glided on her course rapidly, leaving the fishermen astern.

'This is a stroke of luck and no mistake,' said I, returning to Cicely's side after settling matters with the captain of the vessel. 'We shall be landed within the easiest journey of home, and at a capital place. I know Southampton well enough to find my way about; but I do not think I am known there.'

Off and on, the wind held pretty steadily all day, so that the brig made good headway, and was still driving her nose westwards when the misty autumn evening shut down upon the sea. There were several other passengers, and the brig's limited accommodation was somewhat strained by our arrival; but the captain's wife happened to be aboard, and she took Cicely under her care, while Jack and I got along very well with shake-downs in the main cabin.

I was afoot again before the dawn, and went on deck. Jack was already there, and I saw him among a group of seamen standing near a bright lantern hung amidships.

'Where are we now?' I asked as he came towards me.

'Runnin' up to Southampton with the tide,' he answered. 'D'ye see yon lights twinklin'? They're from housen on the shore.'

'And how long to the journey's end?'

'She'll be fast beside the quay an hour after daybreak.' He looked round and lowered his voice. 'Have ye a safe place to be off to, brother?'

'As safe a place as good friends can make it, Jack,' I replied.

'Ay, ay,' he said. 'I'm right glad to hear it. A friend in need is a friend indeed. How will ye get there?'

'I must find something for my wife to ride, and I shall walk.'

'Why, then,' said he, 'I know the very place for ye to go—Joe Dyott's, behind the "Jolly Mariner" inn, not sixty yards from the quay. He does a rare trade buyin' and sellin' horses to travellers.'

'The very thing I wished to learn,' said I.

One of his acquaintances hailed Jack, and he went forward. I went to the bulwarks and looked eastwards, where a faint, gray streak marked the coming dawn. The light grew and grew until a soft pallor lay over water and land, and I saw the fields once more, and trees, and scattered cottages. England still encompassed us.

As the light broadened the ship became astir, for the passengers were eager to set foot on shore. A plentiful breakfast was spread in the cabin, and by the time we were making an end of the meal the sailors were casting their ropes over the posts on the quay.

In the bustle and confusion Cicely and I, accompanied by Jack Horne, slipped away and sought the dealer's yard. Here we found Joe Dyott himself, already busy among his horses, and almost at the first glance I saw an animal to serve our turn. This was a stout brown pony of about eleven hands; not, to be sure, the handsomest mount for a lady, but with plenty of bone and in capital condition. The dealer demanded eight pounds for him; and though this was beyond his worth, and as there was no time to haggle, I agreed. For thirty shillings he furnished us with a side-saddle, bridle, and so forth, and I set to and made the pony ready for the road forthwith.

'What are you going to buy for yourself?' asked Cicely in my ear.

I laughed. 'And the journey less than thirty miles,' said I. 'I shall walk, and you'll find then I could outstrip you easily if I wished on the track we shall follow to-day.'

(To be continued.)

## IN COVENT GARDEN.

By H. D. LOWRY.

**F**OR those who live in London and who have to be at work sometimes until early risers are just turning to their last brief nap, the existence of the flower-market is a boon beyond price. At six o'clock in the morning, and from that time on till nine, London is wont to be the slovenliest, ugliest, most inhospitable of cities. The pavements—one speaks of the central parts—are lined with tin dust-bins. There are places where you can get tea or coffee and other things that go to make up an apology for a breakfast; but you need to be very hungry in order to visit them. They too are slovenly and inhospitable; and you are very likely to find a tousel-headed woman scrubbing the floor.

In the Strand and Fleet Street there are workmen going most unwillingly to their various labours. Everything is gray, untidy—unwashed, one might almost say—until you come to the side streets that lead up to the Market. There the scene is altogether different. The streets are filled with carts which have come from even the remotest suburbs to gather the wealth of the Market. The pavements are often almost impassable for flowers in pots. There are open-fronted shops where busy men are dealing with boxes of lovely blossoms; and so you come at last to the entrance of the great Floral Hall, and stand amazed at the beauty there displayed.

The scene is always beautiful: there is always a blaze of colour; but it varies from week to week. Sometimes the predominant note is given by the azaleas—white, pale-golden, flame-coloured, or rosy. Sometimes you remember chiefly the roses and lilies, and the all-pervading perfume of mignonette. Sometimes—in early April—you are rejoiced to perceive that the Japanese irises have come in; but perhaps the best of all seasons is when the Market is filled with daffodils, and you can, by becoming a purchaser, convert your silver into gold. They lie there in big wooden boxes, and side by side with them is the silver of narcissi. They make one dream deliciously of good days spent in the west-country—where alone, as gardeners all admit, the daffodil attains its fullest beauty; and every year some more exquisite new variety comes to be procurable in wholesale quantities. The daffodil season is the best!

Apart from the flowers there are differences in the scene from day to day. There are always a multitude of sparrows chirping overhead; always big women going about with heavy baskets balanced on their heads. The salesmen have ever a curious air of not caring whether they

do any business or not, and sit drinking coffee and eating huge slabs of buttered toast brought in on the lid of a flower-box from a neighbouring hostelry. Very rarely, if you linger for a little while to look at their wares, they suggest that you would do well not to go home without having made a purchase. But this does not happen often, and somehow one is never able to boast that he has bought things cheaply. There are capable-looking women who inspect the display on all the stalls before they attempt to make a purchase: among them, very likely, you recognise the manager of your favourite flower-shop. There are also people like yourself who have come to the Market because they were perforce awake and at work at the hour when it opened, or because, having vainly sought the boon of sleep, they have come forth in despair to find refreshment of another kind. 'Bread,' said Mohammed, 'is the food of the body; but narcissus is the food of the soul.' He spoke truly, as many a tired man has found in the early morning at Covent Garden.

One of the greatest days is that on which the primroses first come. They are tied up in ungraceful little bundles just big enough to form a button-hole, and a dozen of these may cost you anywhere from eightpence to a shilling. Thus massed they make a respectable show; and there is one strange thing about primroses: you may go homeward along the Strand laden with roses, daffodils, or irises, or even carrying a tall lily in a pot, and none of the workmen you pass will say a word or even seem to look at you; but it is different with primroses. If you have these they all look and are interested; they all make some such remark as, 'The spring cannot be far off now that the primroses have come.' Very likely one of them will stop you, and, after a brief apology, ask you if the flowers are fairly cheap; and the odds are then that you give him one of the little bunches and are most gratefully thanked.

Another day to remember is once you have seen it is the morning of the Saturday before Easter, when the Market is crowded, and by a throng whose members never get there at other seasons. Here you see an elderly clergyman led from stall to stall by a wife of commanding appearance; there are a couple of Sisters of Mercy, anxiously considering and debating as to how they shall expend the limited funds at their disposal. Here is a curate, young and earnest; there a group of pretty girls from the suburbs, all of whom are greatly excited at this unwonted adventure. Most of them carry big bundles of flowers, which will be used later in the day for



the decoration of churches. One is not at all certain that they save much money by the expedition; but they most assuredly—except, perhaps, in the case of the elderly clergyman—have a most enjoyable morning, and on that day the Market assumes for their sakes a virginal whiteness.

Going outside, you come on an almost busier scene. Here are also stalls laden with flowers. They are cheaper than those within the Floral Hall; but one has known them to fade with a disappointing celerity. You may here procure the stained leaves that are used for making up into button-holes when violets are first in season, and all sorts of oddments of greenery. You may lay in a stock of the thin wire which is used for tying such button-holes. An old woman sits on the pavement surrounded by an assortment of the blue labels which will presently shout at you from costers' barrows that the oranges are 'Like wine,' or that the apples are a penny the half-pound. Then there are numbers of flower-girls dividing the market-bunches they have purchased into the smaller bunches they will sell a few hours later in the streets, or devising button-holes of varied pattern. For across this open space you have to go if you would visit the 'Chapel.'

The Chapel, otherwise known as the French Market, is the place where the street-sellers get their supplies. It is a long building, with a roof of corrugated iron. Down two sides and along the end there are counters, and on these the salesmen stand, each in his allotted space, and each faced by a little knot of would-be buyers. A porter brings a box or a basket of plaited bamboo to the salesman, who opens it, examines a ticket, and then announces that it contains so many dozen bunches of violets, daffodils, hyacinths, or roses. He then reveals its contents to the people before him, and even tosses a few bunches into the little crowd. These are caught and examined very critically, for they may vary considerably both in respect of the size of the bunch and the quality of the flowers that compose them—and the buyers are people who have to be particularly careful that they get the best possible value for every penny they expend. Very quickly the bidding begins, and in a few seconds the box is knocked down. The sample bunches are returned, the purchaser departs, and another box is put up. Here you may buy flowers very cheaply indeed; but what are you to do if, having incautiously nodded, you find yourself suddenly possessed of a bamboo basket containing eight dozen bunches of violets, each of them altogether too big for the button-hole of a man?

Another little story may be told. There was a youth who was chosen for the part of best-man at the wedding of the friend with whom he had shared chambers for a year or two. On the day

of the ceremony he was up early, but not early enough to get to the Market, and he scoured all London in order to get white roses. He got them at last, though it was late in August, but his success was only partial: they were Niphetos, not the Bride. The bride received them with so great a show of delight that he was moved to promise her that so long as he and she lived she should have on that one day in the year some beautiful roses. A year went by, and he remembered his promise; but he was lazy again, and so he instructed a certain porter to go and get some roses, and to spend somewhere about five shillings. He expected to receive about a couple of dozen blooms. There was a knock at his door, and he opened it, to behold the porter beaming at him over a box of thin wood which was about thirty inches long by eighteen wide and eight deep. The roses it held were just one hundred and forty-four, and they had cost, with the box, just four-and-ninepence. The little wife was a trifle astonished when they came to her; but although, as was natural late in August, they were not well-formed blooms, they made her house smell like a garden for many days.

Another day when it is good to visit the Chapel is also an anniversary—for example, that of the death of Lord Beaconsfield. On that morning primroses come in from all parts of the kingdom. Many come from the deep lanes of Devon and Cornwall. Farmers in Essex and Kent send out small boys and girls to scour their fields, and on this one morning in the year the slow-moving carts which come up laden with cabbages and other vegetables generally carry on top a few baskets of primroses. In the Floral Hall you may still see roses and carnations, irises and azaleas, but in the Chapel primroses are in sole demand. On this occasion, if one is not mistaken, a good many people take to flower-selling who usually make their living by other methods. The crowd is, at any rate, larger than usual, and the outside space fuller and more noisy.

Then—to conclude—there are the roses which Londoners, however poor, may buy in November. They are technically described as 'very single tea-roses,' and as a matter of fact they are made up of only about twenty petals. If you happen to buy them wired and keep them in a moderately warm room they do not wither but simply dry, and so you get a bunch of everlasting roses. They come from the south of France, where they grow on hedges and get practically no attention until the time comes for culling them. They more or less resemble the Gloire de Dijon in colour, but usually the outer petals have a deep stain of red. They always come with stems a foot long and a plenitude of glossy dark-green foliage. The baskets generally travel to this country by way of Paris, where they are opened and the choicest of the blooms extracted and put into special packages. These selected roses



fetch comparatively high prices; but the others, in baskets containing from eight dozen to a gross of the blooms, go so wondrous cheap in the Chapel that you may buy them in the streets in November at the price of just a half-penny.

London is dull and depressing sometimes, and one longs for green fields and the sound of the singing of birds; but the grayest day opens brightly for the man who has risen early and wandered for a while among the flowers of Covent Garden.

## A HALF-CROWN FORTUNE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.



WITH Stephen to attend to and a plenitude of work in hand, the chill months of early spring sped quickly for Christine. Despite, or more probably because of, his little foibles, Stephen Nicolson was a lad of parts, with aspirations towards self-culture. Attending night-classes he esteemed beneath his dignity; but he took full advantage of the privileges extended by the Free Library Act, and many a pleasant evening hour did the twain pass in Christine's snug little kitchen, she sewing and listening while Stephen read aloud from one of his borrowed volumes.

Twice only had letters, written in Adam's laborious handwriting, reached them from Meresland. His work, they gathered, was congenial. Mrs Nicolson found the cottage roomy and dry. Evidently all was satisfactory, and often Christine caught herself thinking of the pleasure Mrs Nicolson must experience in being able once again to live a peaceful rural life, far away from the distracting sounds and sights of the crowded city.

The ardently anticipated date came at last, and two excited travellers found their way to Waterloo Station, Christine burdened with a green carpet-bag and her canary, and Stephen bearing a ponderous tome labelled *A Critical Study of Shakespeare* and a second-hand knapsack, which he flattered himself gave him the appearance of an experienced tourist. After wrestling with the holiday crowd at the booking-office, and colliding with piles of baggage and myriads of eyes on the platform, they succeeded in finding seats in the Weymouth express.

Christine was so lucky as to secure a window-seat, and throughout the journey she sat gazing entranced at the ever-varying panorama that kept opening out before her. Every pool of willow-bordered water, each nursery-garden with its long beds of brilliantly-hued bulbs, the white tents of the military camp, the scarlet-coated soldiers marching along the chalky roads—all the wonted sights of the route were to her unaccustomed eyes as fascinating as scenes of foreign travel. When the train reached Southampton, and the wide stretch of blue water dotted with shipping came in sight, her delight was hard to restrain. During the first portion of the journey Stephen affected the airs of a *blase* traveller, and pre-

tended to be engrossed in his weighty volume; but he would have been more than human if he had failed to feel the intoxicating influences of sunshine and crisp sea-air. By the time the express had deposited them and the carpet-bag and the canary at Tootlebury Junction, whence a single line ran to Buttleton, he was almost as excited as Christine.

Adam stood awaiting them on the little platform at Buttleton, and he looked bigger and handsomer than ever. Christine rejoiced to see that the depressed look that had haunted his face during his last weeks in London had been replaced by a broad smile of welcome; but the proverbial reticence of the Scot sealed his lips, and his gratification at the sight of his visitors did not find verbal expression.

'Your train's half-an-hour late the day. Mother'll be thinkin' something's happened to you,' he said, clutching the green carpet-bag and leading the way to where a ramshackle vehicle awaited his guests. In five minutes the thriving seaside town, which was the terminus of the railway line, had been left behind, and they were jolting over the white road that led across Seven Barrow Down to where, four miles beyond, Meresland nestled in an elm-sheltered valley beside the sea.

In the little green-painted porch of the deep-eaved cottage Mrs Nicolson stood ready to receive them; and it was almost a shock to Christine, in whose eyes the cosy thatched house, with its budding rose-bushes and clumps of fragrant wall-flower, seemed a paradise, to find that her hostess replied to her congratulations in a tone that implied hidden reservations. Mrs Nicolson was not one to conceal her feelings; and when they had climbed the narrow creaky stair leading from the kitchen to the attic, and Christine was taking off her outdoor garments in a tiny casement-windowed chamber, Mrs Nicolson lost no time in acquainting her with the drawbacks that in her eyes overbalanced the advantages of Meresland.

'It's that quiet here, no a dozen folks pavin' in a day, that when Adam's oot o' the house it's fair lonesome. You'll never hear me speak against the town again, Chrissy, my woman. I'd clean forgotten all about the inconveniences of living in the country till I was plumped down among them again. If you believe me, there's neither

gas nor water in the house. Just lamps—nasty, bothersome things. And all the water has to be fetched from a pipe outside the gate—you would see it as you came in; and all the coal has to be carried in from out-by. There's no a shop in the place exceptin' a wee grocer's. Everything comes in carts from Buttleton; and as for the prices—well, it's fair ruination compared to London. Why, on a Saturday night in the Mile End Road I'd get as many vegetables and potatoes as Stephen and me could carry home for twa-three pennies; but here vegetables is that scarce at this season that it's a ransom even to buy a cabbage—and sic a favour to get it, too! And never a bit of fish to be had though we're that near the sea. D'ye mind how cheap salmon was last August?'

The perfume of the wallflower was wafted in through the open casement, and an early brood of fluffy ducklings waddled solemnly over the grass beneath, quacking vociferously as they went.

'There's thae ducks yammerin' for meat again,' said Mrs Nicolson, rising to go downstairs. 'If you take my advice, Chrissy, my lassie, you'll bide in the town, where you're comfortable, and no be pinin' for the country, where a body's wark is never done.'

It would have taken stronger arguments than those advanced by her hostess to quell Christine's raptures at the rusticity whose every evidence was a revelation to the city maid, for whom Nature had been a sealed book. To breathe the pure air was an unceasing delight; each trivial rural task, so irksome to the worthy dame, was to her a recreation.

Before leaving town she had invested sundry coppers in flower-seeds, and in the long April evenings, while Adam delved vigorously in the garden, Christine, armed with a trowel and the seeds in their gay floral packets, went about and sowed sweet-peas and sunflowers and nasturtiums and mignonette in little patches all along the flower-border.

As Adam watched Christine stooping over the rich, humid earth, her pale cheeks flushed with pink, and her brown hair, stirred by the soft west wind, making little vagrant curls about her face, he felt the awakening of a new interest. Though slow to grasp an idea, his mind was tenacious; and during the following days—for, at Mrs Nicolson's earnest entreaty, Christine remained at Meresland after Stephen had returned to town—the new-born fancy grew apace. He found himself working near the open door of his workshop that, without her knowledge, he might see Christine as she moved out and in, carrying water from the pipe or feeding the chickens.

By the second Sunday Adam's regard had advanced so far that, during the morning service in the tiny Norman church among the mossy grave-stones, he found it impossible to keep his glance from straying to the quiet and rather dowdily dressed girl who sat beside him.

After their Sunday tea-dinner had been disposed of, and the evidences thereof cleared away, the trio set off for a stroll along the sandy beach. The influences of the exhilarating sea-air ever awoke a keen delight in Christine; and her raptures at the discovery of the delicately tinted shells that lay along the wash of the waves awoke a corresponding pleasure in Adam, who stooped his tall figure to help her to pick them up.

Long before they had reached the point which was to be the limit of their walk, Mrs Nicolson began to lag behind. During the walk she had kept up a spasmodic grumble at the difficulty of walking upon sand, and the way salt-water ruined leather. When about half-way she subsided on a tussock of stiff, wiry grass, and, proceeding to empty the sand out of her shoes, suggested that the others should walk on alone, and rejoin her upon their return, the twain cheerfully acceded to her proposition.

A few minutes of steady walking brought them to the goal, where they paused to rest, sitting on a weather-beaten log of ship's timber that some fierce autumnal gale had washed high and dry on the beach.

Before them was the wide ocean; behind lay a long stretch of heather-covered moor. No sound, save the distant cry of a sea-bird, and the soft, reiterated note of the cuckoo from an adjacent clump of pine-trees, broke the Sabbath stillness. Lighting his pipe, Adam smoked contentedly; while Christine, punctuating her action with murmurs of pleasure, examined the shells contained in her damp pocket-handkerchief.

Adam watched her silently. The thoughts that throughout the past week had gradually taken shape craved utterance; but the hinges of his tongue were never lightly moved. His self-communings were still vainly striving to clothe themselves with language when Christine, turning to call his attention to some of her treasures, found his eyes fixed upon her with the look that no woman, however unskilled in matters of the heart, fails to interpret aright.

An overwhelming desire to be honest with the man she loved made tidings that, against her better judgment, Christine had kept secret, rush to her lips.

'Adam,' she began timidly, not daring to pause lest her courage should fail, 'there's something I ought to have told you before; but, somehow, I put it off. Two or three weeks ago—it was near the end of March—Miss Colston came up to Brimley Buildings to visit you. When she found you had left she came up to see me. She asked very especially about you; and she told me that Mr Bridges—he was the butler, you know—had not given satisfaction, and that he was leaving, and that they had found out that he had been a married man all the time. And, Adam, I think she would like to be—friends with you again.'

Christine finished her sentence with a jerk, and sat gazing out to sea. Adam sucked fiercely at his pipe, and made no reply. Just as he put up a sunburnt hand to remove the pipe, with a view to speech, a shrill cry reached them; and looking back along the way they had come, they saw that Mrs Nicolson had risen to her feet and was vigorously gesticulating in her desire to call their attention to a heavy rain-cloud that, creeping up unnoticed from behind, had blotted the sunshine from the sky.

Adam had received her confession silently. He was a man of few words, and the sudden shower and their hurried return through the heavy rain—for there was no shelter at that end of the beach—had precluded the necessity for conversation.

On Monday Adam was busy at The Grange putting up a new summer-house on the tennis-lawn. Christine passed the day alone with her hostess, Mrs Nicolson indulging in regretful reminiscences of her life in London, when she did not realise how well off she was; while Christine, with a weary pain at her heart, tormented herself with reproaches against the foolish rectitude that had impelled her to discard her only chance of happiness for the benefit of the fickle and unreliable Louisa Colston. The knowledge that, in telling Adam of Louisa's overtures, she had only done what was strictly just and honourable proved but a chill consolation.

The one holiday of her starved life was drawing to a close. Early next morning she would be obliged to leave the country, which was just bursting into life under the enchanted wand of spring; and her courage faltered at the recollection of the grime and misery of town.

The first part of the day had been depressingly wet, but in the afternoon the rain ceased; and, after an early cup of tea, Christine took a basket and walked to the west bay to gather primroses on the sheltered slopes under the high chalk-cliffs, hoping in the shape of the fragile blossoms to import some of the country sweetness to her dingy city home.

There, two hours later, Adam found her sitting on the edge of the bank looking out wistfully over a gray sea arched by a yet

colder gray sky. The shallow basket, filled to overflowing with bunches of primroses and little clusters of blue violets, was in her lap.

She did not hear Adam's approach over the short, springy turf. When he spoke her name she started up, capsizing the basket, and emptying the blossoms in a fragrant heap at his feet.

It was like the offering of some devotee at the feet of the idol she worshipped; but that idea did not occur to either of them. Christine felt annoyed at her confusion and clumsiness, and Adam was relieved to find something to do to conceal the feeling of awkwardness that seized him. While he picked up some of the nosegays and stuck them anyhow into the basket he managed to blurt out the avowal that had been obstructing his conversational powers for the past two days.

'Chrissy, I'm thinking maybe you would like the country better than the town. Will ye no try it?' Then, conscious that his meaning was slightly ambiguous, he added, 'And me with it, of course.'

'Oh Adam!' faltered Christine. With his halting words a sudden radiance seemed to illumine the gray sea and grayer sky; and with the first flash of a distant lighthouse her star of hope was kindled.

'But Miss Colston? I know she wants to make up the quarrel,' Christine said, breaking a happy interlude wherein they had rested side by side on the damp bank; while Adam, his tongue, once unloosed, now running with extraordinary glibness, had spoken of the approaching time when Mrs Nicolson would go back to the London she loved, and Christine would return to Meresland as a bride.

'Louisa Colston is a senseless, glaiket woman. I would never put the two of you in comparison,' replied Adam with conviction. 'You're the wife for me, Chrissy.'

The happy years that followed proved Christine Nicolson an ideal wife and mother. In one point alone might her judgment be deemed fallible—she had an unswerving faith in fortune-tellers.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### SCIENCE IN WARFARE.



RECENT lecture by Colonel R. E. Crompton on 'Scientific Engineering in the South African War' gives many interesting particulars concerning modern aids to warfare which have not reached us through the usual channels of information. Colonel Crompton was in command of a corps which con-

sisted mainly of educated men, chiefly electrical engineers, with a small sprinkling of skilled artisans. They devised an electrical search-light for service in the field, which proved to be so efficient that Lord Kitchener telegraphed home for more of the same pattern. Telephone lines were laid with extreme quickness by the aid of a cyclist corps; for, owing to the extreme dryness of the climate, insulation was dispensed with, and fifteen miles of bare wire could be carried

and laid on the ground by one cyclist. 'The result,' says Colonel Crompton, 'was a brilliant success; and people at home ought to know that much of the news telegraphed during last June came through the wires laid by our cycles.' In the construction-trains trucks were employed which were forty feet long and carried each twenty tons, although the gauge of the railway was only three feet six inches. Colonel Crompton concluded his lecture by a suggestion that officers in our army should be 'caught young,' that they should have eight or nine years' hard training, and then take up civilian occupation, with a lien upon their services in case of war.

#### A PLANT WHICH DINES.

Among the insectivorous plants there is hardly one of greater interest than the sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), which is common on boggy ground in many parts of Britain. The leaves of this plant are supplemented by highly sensitive glandular hairs or tentacles which secrete a viscid fluid; and when any small insect inadvertently alights on these, it is held fast while the tentacles gradually bend down and hold it in a close embrace until its digestible parts are incorporated within the substance of the plant. The entire process has recently been photographed by Mr A. E. Goodman, and the pictures are reproduced in the pages of the *Amateur Photographer*, under the quaint title of 'A Tragedy in Six Scenes.' In the first of these pictures we see a small fly, an aphid, settling upon the treacherous and sticky points of the plant which is destined to devour it; and in the subsequent photographs, which were taken at intervals of from thirty to forty-five minutes, we see how the victim is drawn nearer and nearer to its doom. In this interesting photographic experiment we are told that the digestive process lasted for about three days, when the tentacles once more resumed their extended position; but they remained dry for about twenty-four hours, and thus allowed the remains of the repast, the indigestible portions of the aphid, to be carried away by the first puff of wind. After that the glands once more began to secrete their viscid fluid, and were ready again to act as fly-traps.

#### GLASS-POLISHING.

If any one were asked to point to what he considered was the most perfect example of a polished surface, he would probably assert that a well-made lens, such as is used for a photographic camera or for a telescope, presented the most perfectly polished surface it was possible to produce; and he would be right. According to Lord Rayleigh, such surfaces, although as perfect as mechanical skill can make them, are in reality a series of hollows and ridges; but in order to detect these irregularities a very minute examination is necessary. Lenses are ground into form

by the use of emery; but Lord Rayleigh affirms that the finest polish on glass is to be obtained by the use of hydrofluoric acid. This seems to be quite a new departure, and opticians will no doubt institute a series of experiments in order to test the value of the method as against the system in more common use. The use of this acid by glass-workers has hitherto been confined to etching patterns upon the material, the acid having a corroding action which leaves a grain or 'frost' upon the surface of the glass.

#### A COIN CHEST.

Any one whose business takes him often to a banker's counter will be familiar with the manner in which canvas bags of money change hands and are accepted without examination. Cases have, however, been known when £5 in copper have been fraudulently substituted for £100 in silver, the two sums being identical in bulk and weight. To prevent such frauds the coin chest has been devised. By this arrangement the coin is kept in perforated steel boxes of four inches cube, a size which will hold exactly £50 of silver or £1200 in gold. The perforations are half-an-inch in diameter, and are placed as closely together as possible, the nature of the contents of each box being thus easily discernible. These boxes are fitted into skeleton drawers, which in their turn slide into a compact chest which measures twenty-five inches cube, and holds £6250 in silver or £150,000 in gold. This ingenious device has been patented by a bank manager, and further particulars concerning it may be obtained from Milner's Safe Company, 92 Prince of Wales Road, Norwich.

#### THE SUNFLOWER.

The sunflower is regarded in this country in the same light as the hollyhock and other old-fashioned plants, as an ornamental addition to the charms of an old-fashioned garden, mingled perhaps with a respect for its alleged habit of turning its golden face westwards at sundown. In America the sunflower is also valued on economic grounds, and it recently formed the subject of a special report to the United States Department of Agriculture. From this report we learn that the sunflower can be grown successfully over large areas in the United States, and that it is a crop which makes a considerable drain on the elements of soil fertilisers; but its principal value lies in the oil which can be expressed from its seeds, and in the fact that the economic production of sunflowers is at present confined almost exclusively to Russia, where it is an agricultural industry of great importance. It is believed that the cultivation of the flower in the United States would prove commercially advantageous, and it is stated that the methods pursued for growing Indian corn should be followed if success is to be achieved. The seeds of the sunflower are



considered beneficial to poultry and to birds generally, and they are also of medicinal value in the treatment of farm animals.

#### EARLY GOLD-MINERS.

It is the general impression that the early seekers after gold confined themselves to alluvial workings; but that this is not the case so far as India is concerned has been shown in an interesting paper recently read before the Camera Club, London, by Dr J. W. Evans. The modern development of the Kolar gold-field has shown the existence of ancient workings at a depth of nearly four hundred feet from the surface, and it seems astonishing that the ancient workers should have done so much with the imperfect appliances which they possessed, more particularly as these workings are very wet. It seems that the old method of mining comprised the sinking of two shafts connected underground by a short drive or passage. This arrangement permitted of a free draught for the fires which were lighted to shatter the gold-bearing rock, for that was the method of procedure before the use of explosives. Accumulations of charcoal and blackened rocks are yet to be found in these old workings. There are also found in the wetter shafts broken fragments of *chatties* (earthenware pots), which it is believed were used for draining the mine. A succession of men, or more possibly women, were stationed in each shaft; and while one party handed the empty *chatties* down, they were handed up full of water by means of the other shaft. The niches where these water-bearers stood while engaged in their monotonous labour can still be seen. It was stated in the course of the paper referred to that the best gold-mines in India are richer than those in South Africa, but that the latter are more regular in their yield.

#### TOWERS WHICH LEAN.

In an interesting article in *Country Life* Mr W. N. Flower points out that the leaning tower of Pisa is by no means the only building which by accident or design is far out of the perpendicular abroad and at home, and he instances some which are more or less well known in Britain. The first instance given, and illustrated by a photograph, is that of the Temple Church at Bristol, which, although quite intact and faultless with respect to architectural design, leans very conspicuously. The church at Ermington, South Devon, affords an instance of a spire which is curiously curved; but, although appearing to be in a dangerous state, it is perfectly stable and safe. The very curious twisted spire at Chesterfield is probably better known than any in this country, for one of our main lines of railway passes close to it, and the appearance of the building is quite enough to provoke remark. The writer of the article attributes the deformity to the fact that the builder of the spire used green wood, which

warped with the heat of the sun and twisted the erection into its present cork-screw shape. Other instances are given of leaning towers in Britain; and the writer concludes with the observation that the historic Monument of London, which was built by Wren to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666, not only slopes many feet from an upright position, but swings in the wind on breezy days.

#### ALUMINIUM FOR BOOKS.

An American paper is responsible for the prediction that aluminium will come into use as a substitute for paper in the making of books. It is found possible to roll this metal to a thickness of one two-hundred-and-fiftieth part of an inch, which corresponds to the average thickness of paper used for books, while with regard to weight the metal is somewhat lighter than the paper. Nothing is said about the price of the metal as compared with paper, nor is any mention made of the suitability of existing printing machines to deal with a material so different from paper. These are most important points, as practical men will readily admit. The use of aluminium for the purpose indicated would have many advantages, not the least of which would be the undoubted permanence of the metallic leaves as compared with paper, which from modern methods of manufacture is doomed to early disintegration.

#### FIRE-BUCKETS.

We are often reminded that some of the very simple remedies for various ills which were adopted in the pre-scientific days of our grandparents are by no means to be despised. Among these may be placed the homely fire-bucket, which has again and again been proved to be the most efficient help that has yet been devised in the initial stages of a conflagration. In nothing this fact, *Cassier's Magazine* points out that the weak point in the fire-bucket system is the loss of water by evaporation or by being borrowed for other purposes. By simple means this difficulty has now been surmounted in a certain large mill. The hooks on which the pails are suspended are fitted with pieces of spring-steel strong enough to lift the pail when nearly empty, but too weak to lift a full pail. Over this spring is a metal point which is in connection with a battery circuit and a bell in the manager's office. When from any cause one of the pails becomes of light weight the spring is brought into contact with the point, the bell rings, and an indicator points out the position of the delinquent water-bearer. The idea is a good one, and the example might be followed with advantage in all large buildings.

#### THE TEACHING OF MUSIC.

The grammar of music, as usually taught, has many terrors for the beginner, and a natural love for sweet sounds and pleasant harmonies is

apt to be crushed out in the effort to master the intricacies of the diatonic scale and climb the giddy heights of the ledger-lines. Some five years ago Miss E. A. Fletcher, a Canadian girl, recognised the imperfections of the existing system of teaching music, and determined to attack the stronghold by kindergarten methods. By means of blocks and other toys of a special kind, she has succeeded so well in making smooth to child-beginners the rough places of musical notation that some hundreds of ladies in Canada and in the United States are now teaching by her method. By means of games, in which the children take a huge delight, they are taught the mysteries of time and of musical signs; they are also trained to recognise the sounds of notes when struck on the piano, and their wrists and fingers are also exercised in order to make them supple and strong upon the keyboard. Instead of learning their way from a mass of lines and black dots on a printed page, the children handle a number of large blocks, each having a definite meaning, which they place in position. It is said that the children thoroughly enjoy this method of instruction, and are saved much toil and many tears.

#### VAGRANT ELECTRIC CURRENTS.

Some years ago, when the first of the electric railways was opened in London, it was soon discovered that the delicate magnetic instruments at Greenwich Observatory, seven miles away, were seriously affected. The same complaint is now made by the authorities of Kew Observatory with reference to the electric tram-lines which are being developed in the neighbourhood. A very much more serious question, however, arises from the present method adopted in these enterprises whereby the return current goes through the rails. Professor Perry, in his presidential address to the Institute of Electrical Engineers, called attention to this matter, the gravity of which will be better appreciated if we quote his words: 'Suppose we do not insulate our returns, electricity will certainly return by the gas and water pipes, and the amount of harm done to these pipes is merely a question of time. Because of the ignorance of legislators and gas and water companies, nothing is said just now; but will nothing be said at the end of ten or twenty years, when pipes are found to be eaten away everywhere?' It seems to us that this question of electrolytic action on water and gas pipes is one of far more urgency than the disturbance of instruments at Kew Observatory. The Observatory can be removed; the pipes are necessarily fixtures, and, moreover, their stability is a matter of serious import to thousands.

#### SIGNALLING TO MARS.

There has been of late quite an excitement with reference to the possibility of exchanging

messages with our fellow-planet Mars, and most of the newspapers have referred to the matter either in a flippant or a serious vein. So widespread have been the references to this fascinating idea that Sir Robert Ball, in his Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution, felt constrained to mention it, and so far as visual signals are concerned, to give it its quietus. He pointed out that Mars when nearest to the earth is one hundred and fifty times as far away as the moon. Now, if a thing the size of St Paul's Cathedral were transported to the moon, it might be discerned as a mere speck by aid of our largest telescopes. To discern a thing on Mars it must be one hundred and fifty times larger than St Paul's Cathedral. If the inhabitants of Mars elected to signal to us by a flag, the flag would have to be about the size of Ireland, with a flag-staff five hundred miles long. Under these conditions we might just be able to see it twinkling to and fro by the aid of our largest telescopes.

#### THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

It has often been said that 'people cannot be made sober by act of Parliament.' It is, however, very certain that drunkenness can be diminished by judicious legislation, and this is evidenced by what has taken place in Russia during the past few years. In 1895 a State monopoly of the spirit trade was established in certain Russian provinces, all private shops for the sale or consumption of alcohol being closed, and in the newly established Government shops no consumption on the premises is allowed. Now for the results, which were lately brought before our Royal Statistical Society by Mr Raffalovich. The number of establishments for the sale of drink has diminished by 44 per cent. The forty millions of roubles which the revolution in the trade cost have been received back by the Government, with a bonus of sixteen million roubles (excise revenue not included). Drunkenness has greatly diminished, deposits in savings-banks have increased, taxes are paid with greater regularity, crime has decreased, there are fewer cases of disease traceable to drink, and the consumption of spirits per head has been lowered.

#### SHARK-SKINS AND SHARK-FINS.

In all the equatorial islands of the North and South Pacific, shark-fishing is a very profitable industry to the natives; and every trading-steamer and sailing-vessel coming into the ports of Sydney or Auckland from the islands of the mid-Pacific brings some tons of fins, tails, and skins of sharks. The principal markets for the former are Hong-kong and Singapore; but the Chinese merchants of the Australasian colonies will always buy sharks' fins and tails at from sixpence to elevenpence per pound, the fins bringing the best price on account of the larger amount of glutinous matter they contain, for which they are highly relished by the

richer classes of Chinese as a delicacy. The tails are also appreciated as an article of food in China; and, apart from their edible qualities, they have a further value as a base for clear varnishes, &c. It is stated, on the authority of a Chinese tea-merchant, that the glaze on the paper coverings of tea-chests is due to a preparation composed principally of the refuse of sharks' fins, tails, and skins. All the natives of the Gilbert, Kingsmill, and other equatorial Pacific islands are expert shark-fishermen; the wild people of Ocean Island (Pagan) and Pleasant Island (Nauru), two isolated spots just under the equator, being *facile principes* in the art. The Ocean Islanders will venture out in frail canoes, made of short pieces of wood sewn together with coco-nut fibre, and with rude but ingeniously contrived wooden hooks will capture sharks of a girth that no untrained European would dare to attempt to kill from a well-appointed boat with a good crew. Five-and-twenty years ago there were quite a dozen or more schooners sailing out of Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands, to the isolated atolls of the North Pacific—notably Palmyra and Christmas Islands—where sharks could be caught by the thousand; and the crews, who were engaged on a 'lay' like whalers, made 'big money,' many of them after a six months' cruise drawing five hundred dollars—a large sum for a native sailor. The work is certainly hard, but it is also exciting.

A CORRECTION: 'ABOUT SOME OF OUR LATEST CONTRIBUTORS.'

Mr Walter Jeffery, Editor of the *Town and Country Journal*, Sydney, writes to correct a statement contained in the notice of Mr John Arthur Barry in the article 'About Some of our Latest Contributors,' in our issue for December last. Mr Jeffery says: 'In a sketch of the life of Mr J. A. Barry, my friend and valued contributor, you state that some of his articles in the *Sydney Mail* on Old Sydney caused quite a local sensation. These articles were published in the *Town and Country Journal*, and not in the *Sydney Mail*. Mr Barry has for some years written for this *Journal*; and I am sure he will be quite as much annoyed as I am to see some other paper receive the credit of his good work.' We gladly publish Mr Jeffery's correction; adding only that the original statement was made on the authority of a friend and correspondent of Mr Barry in this country.

PORTABLE SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

When a public school is overcrowded, some hardship is frequently experienced before an addition can be made to the existing buildings. To get rid of the difficulty in some parts of America, as at St Louis, the expedient of portable school buildings has been found to work very well. The idea originated in Paris after the Franco-Prussian war, when a compulsory Education Act was passed which caused such a sudden influx

into the schools that the existing accommodation was overtaxed, and temporary portable buildings were erected. In Munich these have also been tried with success. At a cost of little more than the rent of a room for two years, a building to accommodate fifty children can be erected which is well heated, and ventilated, fitted with adjustable desks, and in all respects a satisfactory schoolroom. In St Louis these have been erected at a cost of about one hundred and thirty pounds; and they are so constructed as to be readily taken apart and removed if wanted elsewhere. The inside measurement is twenty-four by thirty-six feet, with a clear height of twelve feet. The floor is constructed in eight sections, the sides in six sections, the ends in four sections, and the pitched roof in sixteen sections. Each section is built upon frames easily bolted together in such a way as to make a tight and secure room. All joints between the sections are covered both inside and out by movable pieces secured with screws. The heating and ventilation are accomplished by an indirect stove, each pupil being supplied with sixteen cubic feet of warm air per minute.

AD MATREM MORTUAM.

DEAR Mother-eyes

That watched while other eyes were closed in sleep,  
That o'er my sliding steps were wont to weep—

Are ye now looking from the starry skies,  
With clearer spirit-vision, love more deep,  
Undimmed by tears, while I my vigil keep:

Dear Mother-eyes?

DEAR Mother-hands,

That toiled when other hands inactive were,  
That, clasping mine, constrained me oft to prayer

For grace to run the way of God's commands—  
Are ye now resting, or in realms more fair  
Still find ye some sweet mode to minister:

Dear Mother-hands?

DEAR Mother-heart

That felt the good where others found the ill,  
That loathed the sin, yet loved the sinner still,

And charmed his soul to choose the better part;  
Farewell! a moment's fleeting space until  
God reunites us when it be His will:

Dear Mother-heart.

JOHN HENDERSON.

\* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.